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modern screen

DEC.
20c

THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF MARILYN MONROE

with sensational
two-page color pin-up

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betty grable



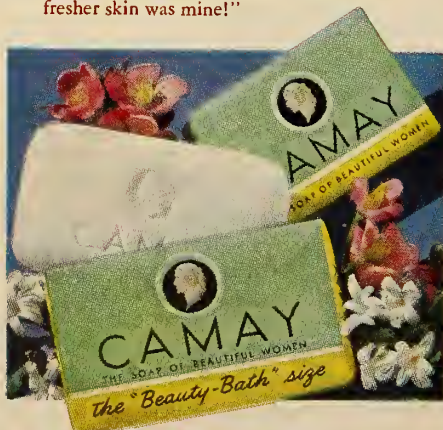
Bring your skin "Out of the shadows" with Camay...

INTO THE LIGHT OF LOVELINESS!



MRS. JEROME JOSEPH KALMUS—a stunning Camay Bride—says: "Camay keeps my skin 'out of the shadows,' all right. As soon as I changed to Camay and regular care, a clearer, fresher skin was mine!"

This lovely Camay Bride can tell you—
the First Cake brings a brighter, clearer skin!



ROMANCE is often only a dream—marriage merely a hope—for girls with cloudy and dull complexions—skin that's "in the shadows," so to speak.

So why should you let shadows hide your charm? Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. Your complexion will have a fresher, clearer look—be smoother to the touch, with your very *first cake* of Camay.

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. Camay has such a gentle touch—and its lather is rich, creamy, abundant. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

New beauty—top to toe!

Chase the shadows from all of your skin with a daily Camay Beauty Bath! Bring your arms and legs and back that "beautifully cared-for" look! Camay's fragrance is so flattering, too. Buy big, economical Beauty-Bath size Camay for more lather—more luxury!



Camay

the soap of beautiful women

It tastes better... cleans teeth and
breath better... reduces decay better...

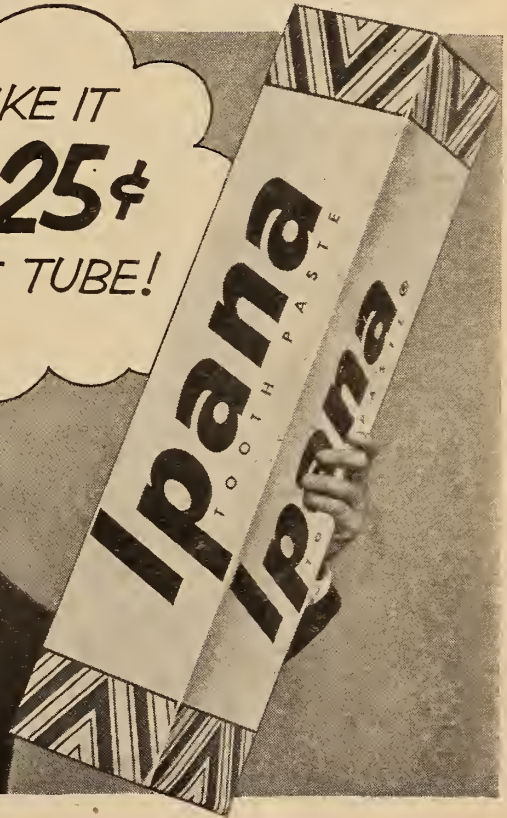
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WE'RE SO SURE YOU'LL LIKE IT
WE'LL PAY YOU 25¢
 FOR TRYING YOUR FIRST TUBE!

25¢
IN CASH

TV-Radio Star
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 Box 56
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Twenty-five cents in cash will be promptly mailed to you. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1952. Limited to one per family. Take advantage of this cash offer now. (Offer good in continental limits of U.S.A. only.)



Product of Bristol-Myers

Special offer to introduce this completely new tooth paste!

You get all the ingredients needed for *effective mouth hygiene* — in the wonderful new Ipana.

Its two scientific purifying agents clean better than any single tooth paste ingredient known. Tests *prove* brushing with new Ipana gets teeth *cleaner, brighter*.

It not only stops mouth odor *instantly*, but stops it longer—for *hours* in most cases. And every time you use it, you get better protection from tooth decay.

Take care of your gums. Brushing teeth from gum margins to-

ward biting edges with new Ipana actually helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

You'll be *delighted* with Ipana's new "Sparkle-Fresh" flavor and twice-as-rich foaming...delighted at how the youngsters *love* it. New Ipana was voted *far pleasanter* to use by hundreds of men, women and children.

So take advantage of new Ipana's Special Introductory Offer! You'll discover a grand new tooth paste . . . and you'll get 25¢ in cash in the bargain.

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY!

The Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay! And Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth!



Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating makes your mouth feel cleaner longer—gives you a clean, fresh mouth all day long! Scientific tests have proved in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate Dental Cream instantly stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. And no other toothpaste cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S
WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

DECEMBER 1952

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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It's the most dazzling of all musical
water-revels... marvelous music
inspired by the true story of the

spectacles... with its wonderful
...and rapturous romance...
queen of bathing beauties!

Million Dollar Mermaid



It's a hippodrome of aquatic
spectacle with the loveliest
mermaids that ever swam
across your vision!

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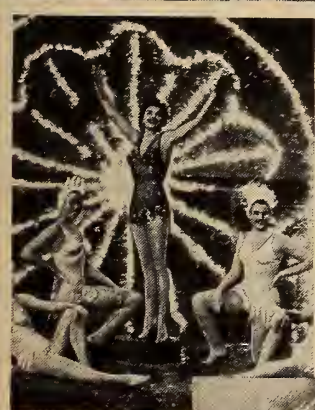
Screen Play by

Directed by

Produced by

EVERETT FREEMAN · MERVYN Le ROY · ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR.

AN M-G-M PICTURE



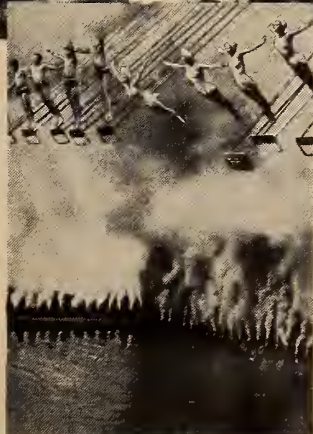
It's a pyrotechnical
treat of rhythm and
splendor such as
you've never be-
held before!



It's the story of
a star-maker
who sparked off
the meteor-like
rise to fame of
a modern
Venus!



It's a kiss-sweet
love-story that
rockets madly
and merrily...
from Broadway
to Hollywood!



It's Neptune's gorgeous daughters
and daredevils living a thrilling,
glamorous story of show business!

Dinner alone...again?



the woman to blame may be **YOURSELF!**

When a husband starts working late, more and more often, a wife naturally tortures herself with doubts. Actually, though, you may find the reason for his neglect right at home! Have you allowed yourself to grow careless about intimate feminine hygiene? Well, it's not too late to correct. You can be your own sweet, dainty self again so simply—so effectively—by douching with "Lysol." It's easier than ever today!

Gentler "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissues. This proved germicide, used in a douche, completely cleanses the vaginal canal—even in the presence of mucous matter. It kills germ life quickly, on contact. Yet, "Lysol" is designed for freedom from caustic or irritant action when used in feminine hygiene.

You need never again be guilty of offending—even unknowingly—if you remember that complete internal cleanliness is the way to counteract unpleasant odor. "Lysol" does this; helps keep you dainty!

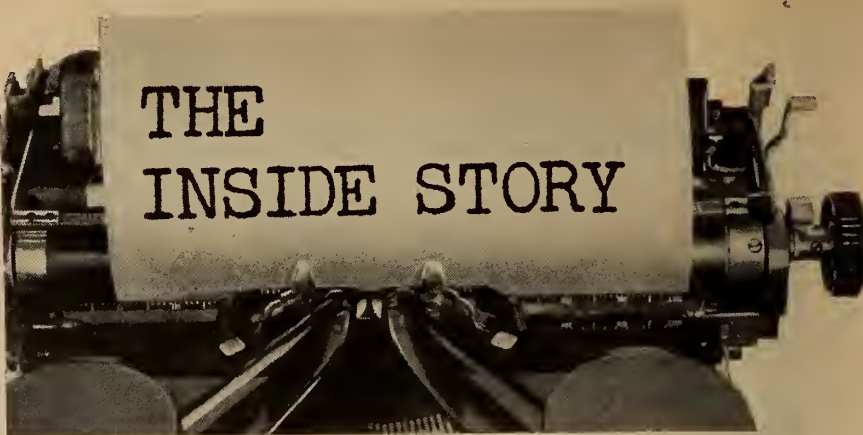
Get "Lysol" today, at your drug counter. Use it in your douche. Be sure of yourself—and secure in your marriage!

Preferred 3 to 1
over any other liquid preparation
for Feminine Hygiene

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

In 1952, after long scientific research, the formula for "Lysol" disinfectant was improved by the replacement of most of its cresylic acid content with orthohydroxydiphenyl.

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to **THE INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Audie Murphy is married to a full-blooded Cherokee Indian girl?
—Y. U., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. Mrs. Murphy is one-eighth Indian.

Q. I've been told on good authority that Kathryn Grayson does not do her own singing in pictures. Is this true?
—H. D., DANVILLE, VA.

A. Definitely not.

Q. In private life does Bill Holden use the name of Holden or the name of Beedle?
—G. D., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Holden.

Q. Is Ann Miller Mexican? Has she ever been married to a Mexican? Has she ever been married?
—A. S., AMES, IOWA

A. Ann is American, has been married once to a Texan.

Q. I understand that Leslie Caron was discovered in Paris while working in burlesque. Isn't that where Gene Kelly first saw her?
—C. F., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Miss Caron has never worked in burlesque. She was a rising star in the Paris Ballet company when Kelly discovered her.

Q. If Bing Crosby is Catholic and Dixie is Protestant, what are the four Crosby boys?
—W. E., DENVER, COL.

A. Catholic.

Q. Does Jeff Chandler really answer all his fan mail himself?
—W. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. Yes.

Q. Are all those stories about Mario Lanza being out of his mind true? What is the inside story of his fight with MGM over *The Student Prince*?
—E. R., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Lanza is not out of his mind; he and director Curt Bernhardt did not see eye to eye on the picture.

Q. Aren't the Gene Kellys having marriage trouble in London?
—S. T., BRISTOL, ENG.

A. No. (see the story on page 24)

Q. Didn't Judy Garland and Frank Sinatra once have a torrid love affair?
—E. S., TULSA, OKLA.

A. Yes.

Q. Why don't Farley Granger and Shelley Winters talk to each other any longer? Is it because Shelley got married?
—B. H., DEMING, N. M.

A. They are still good friends.

Q. Isn't Lucille Ball much older than her husband Desi Arnaz?
—G. R., FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.

A. She's only six years older.

Q. Why did Anne Baxter leave 20th Century-Fox?
—T. T., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. She prefers to free lance.

Q. Does Nancy Sinatra date frequently in Hollywood.
—V. H., NEWARK, N. J.

A. Yes.

Q. How come Teresa Wright's marriage broke up?
—F. T., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. Incompatibility with writer-husband Niven Busch.

Q. When June Allyson first started in movies, is it true that Lana Turner was very cruel to her?
—C. L., HAMDEN, CONN.

A. Lana has never been cruel to anyone.

Q. Aren't the Red Skeltons battling like tigers? Don't they contemplate a divorce?
—M. L., VINCENNES, IND.

A. Battling yes; divorce no.

Q. Gordon MacRae snubbed me in Toronto. Does he usually snub girls?
—E. M., STRATFORD, ONT.

A. No.

Q. Weren't Cary Grant and Mae West engaged to each other in the 1930s?
—J. J., NORFOLK, VA.

A. Never. (Continued on page 26)

**ALL THE GLITTER, GRANDEUR AND
SPECTACLE THAT WAS VENICE!...ALL THE INTRIGUE,
LUST AND DANGER OF AN ERA OF
ADVENTURE AND ROMANCE!**

ROBERT HAGGIAG presents

THE THIEF OF VENICE

starring

**MARIA MONTEZ
PAUL CHRISTIAN
FAYE MARLOWE • MASSIMO SERATO**

Screenplay by JESSE L. LASKY, JR. • From an original
story by MICHAEL PERTWEE • Music by ALESSANDRO
CICOGNINI • Played by the Rome Symphony Orchestra

Released by 20th Century-Fox

ALL THIS...And More!

THE RACE of the galley
slaves for Venice... under
the whipmaster's lash!

THE REVOLT... of the
rabble against the Prussian
mercenaries!

MEDIEVAL TORTURE!
...The Thief - broken on
the rack... Tina - tortured
on the wheel!

THE THIEVES... against
the might and terror of the
Chief Inquisitor!

MARRIAGE PARADE...
of the Doge's daughter -
tens of thousands on
the screen!

ANGELS ROOST
...fabulous hideaway of
the cut-throats of Venice -
where law ended and
revelry began!

THE INNOCENTS...
swinging from the gal-
lows - for the crimes of
the Masked Assassins!



Guest of honor Louella Parsons happily links arms with the Harry Ackermans, host Jim McHugh, Rosalind Russell, and Freddie Brisson, at her party.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

I've never enjoyed a party more than the beautiful "get well" garden party in my honor given by songwriter Jimmy McHugh.

I was not only feeling completely well and rarin' to go, but it had been six long weeks since I had seen many of my friends, and Jimmy thoughtfully invited over 250 to the garden of his beautiful home in Beverly Hills.

The decorations were so unique I think they deserve special mention. In place of the conventional bowls of flowers, our host had ordered pink plastic poodle dogs with wide skirts of pink net decorated with real pink rosebuds. The little dolls were so different and unique.

In the swimming pool floated large bouquets of pink, orchid and white water lilies, a beautiful background to the all-white tables, chairs and umbrellas.

Among the first to arrive was Olivia de Havilland wearing a brown taffeta cocktail dress and matching hat. Livvy seems so happy these days, so contented. She's a different girl from the repressed person she was as Mrs. Marcus Goodrich.

Ann Blyth wore a white feathered turban with a blue cocktail suit. Ann said that after years of never wearing a hat she's suddenly gone crazy about the smart, chic chapeaux of



The Gary Merrill-Bette Davis family, all present and accounted for as they disembark in New York, where Bette will soon appear in a play. The three children, Barbara, Marga and Mike, loved the airplane trip.



Bing Crosby takes time out from the shooting of his new movie, *Little Boy Lost*, being made in France, to chat with three of his young co-workers. This scene takes place in the Tuileries Garden in Paris.

this season so she's stocked up on them. Rosalind Russell, who ALWAYS wears a hat, came hatless wearing a white dress trimmed in green and looking as pretty and fresh as an apple blossom.

Jack Benny, just back from Europe, had much to tell us of his experiences—and when Jack tells it, everything is funny.

Jeanne Crain wore a bright green jacket over a green and white print dress and someone remarked that there's no handsomer couple in Hollywood than Jeanne and her devoted Paul Brinkman.

It was a warm afternoon, but Jane Wyman looked like a fashion plate in a violet wool dress with a deeper violet velvet jacket and chiffon scarf at the throat.

Looking like the happiest bride and groom in the world Ginny Simms never let go the arm of Bob Calhoun. And, then, just ten days later, they were SEPARATED!

Ginny refused to move into the house Bob had bought for her. Instead, she took a smaller place, moved in with her two sons by her marriage to Hyatt Dehn, and Calhoun didn't know anything about her plans until he read my "scoop" in the papers!

Break-ups in Hollywood marriages frequently come suddenly. But this one was so REAL-

LY out of the blue that even one of the principals didn't know it was over.

MOST couples in love spend their time trying to escape relatives of all people!

That's why it seems so amusing to me that whenever Marilyn Monroe and the love of her life, Joe DiMaggio, get a spare moment together they hie themselves to San Francisco to visit Joe's uncles, aunts and young cousins.

As an Italian, DiMaggio is naturally a family man. And Marilyn, an orphan who has never known real family life, just loves it!

Instead of haunting the nightclubs and gay spots, Marilyn and Joe spend most of their time at Uncle Louie DiMaggio's cooking spaghetti dinners and watching shows and sports events on TV.

The DiMaggio cousins bring their teen-age girl friends home and Marilyn shows them how to make up, set their hair, do their nails, etc. Joe calls Marilyn "baby." The kids call her "doll."

One night, Marilyn and Joe hosted a party for 16 teen-agers in Chinatown feasting on chop suey, rice and tea and dancing to juke box music.

When Marilyn is with the kids she dresses just as they do—sweaters and skirts and NO

publicity-type, low cut gowns, thank you.

If you ask me, one of the nicest things Joe has brought into the life of the lonely girl who is the "hottest" property in Hollywood today, is sharing his family life with her. All the fame and fortune in the world couldn't bring this happiness to Marilyn.

THE figures in the John Waynes' property settlement sound like telephone numbers. According to Mrs. Wayne's attorney, John and Chata spent \$13,000 monthly during their marriage; John made \$500,000 last year and he is many times a millionaire.

I've talked with John—and I know he has his dander up. This promises to be one of the most bitterly fought divorces in years.

SHELLEY Winters Gassmann is the funniest expectant mother of all time.

"I got morning sickness," quoth Shell, "and afternoon sickness, and evening sickness. I'm nauseous all the time. And the things I wanta eat! Pickles and eggs! I've always hated bananas—and now I gotta have 'em. The other day, after I'd HAD luncheon, I stopped by a drive-in and had a peanut-butter sandwich and a root-beer float.

"Before we got pregnant, Vittorio was the



Hostess Joan Crawford makes sure mother-to-be Nancy Davis Reagan has everything she wants, while father-to-be Ronald Reagan looks on beamingly. Joan and William Haines, the silent screen star, gave the party for Ann Windfohr from Texas.



Guests Diana Lynn and Angela Green chat with a newspaper columnist during the party, which was held in Joan's garden. The decorations were very striking: a bright red tent covered half the garden, and red and white candles outlined the pool.



Joan gave Judy Garland, another expectant mother, a big hug when she arrived. Much later on, after most of the guests had gone home, Judy sang and sang.

one who could not sleep at night. He's the nervous type and was always pacing around thinking of his role the next day.

"Now he sleeps like he was hit over the head—and I'm the one getting up all the time. The other night I was so restless I got the car out and went for a two-hour drive—and when I came back he didn't even know I'd been gone!

"He's sweet though, bless him. He doesn't get angry with me no matter what I do. Of course, I can still start a battle, but it's one sided. He just says, 'Mama, you're upset because the bambino is coming.'

"I'll be glad when the baby is born and he'll yell back at me like he used to.

"How long does this nauseous business last, I want to know? How long will it be before I start looking like all those pretty pictures of expectant mothers in women's magazines?"

HOLLYWOOD CHIT-CHAT: The first thing Arlene Dahl did after separating from Lex Barker was to change the color scheme of the bedroom they WERE to have occupied together from beige and green to three shades of pink. . . .

Before Marilyn Morrison Ray (Mrs. Johnnie Ray) left the Chicago hospital after losing their expected baby, Johnnie showed up with a big square cut diamond to take the place of that little-bitty engagement ring so many columnists ridiculed at the time of their marriage. . . .

Ursula Thiess doesn't like Robert Taylor's mustache. You can expect it to go any time now. . . .

Dale Robertson has turned thumbs down on 20th's idea to "glamorize" his publicity, soft-pedaling his home life, for instance. "I'm a home boy and a cowhand," said Dale, "and you can't change me. There's no sense trying to get me to list the ten sexiest actresses in



The day of
the shame



The rifle that made
all the difference



The rope, the rage,
the sweet revenge



The lips of the
lonely girl

When they said
that Kearny had
disgraced his woman

...THAT'S WHEN HE

REACHED FOR HIS RIFLE!

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

GARY
COOPER

the right man for the right gun

'SPRINGFIELD RIFLE'

IN COLOR BY
WARNERCOLOR



ALSO STARRING PHYLLIS THAXTER · DAVID BRIAN WITH PAUL KELLY

SCREEN PLAY BY CHARLES MARQUIS WARREN & FRANK DAVIS · DIRECTED BY ANDRE DeTOTH · PRODUCED BY LOUIS F. EDELMAN

MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

TERRY MOORE IN GERMANY or LOVE IN A COLD CLIMATE

Most mothers would yell for the Life Guards if their daughter persisted in making mad love to a bare-chested fellow in the middle of an icy whirlpool. Not so Mrs. Helen Koford. She hung her Terry's clothes on the nearest hickory limb, and grabbed her Brownie. Here is her personal record of Terry and Cameron Mitchell shivering with melted snow and melting passion on location in Germany for 20th Century-Fox's *Man On A Tightrope*. She's added this comforting note: "Terry feels fine—the Germans certainly admire her courage." So do we, ma'am. So do we.



On the banks of the famous Isar River where the water is made of melted snow, Terry (with bathing suit under clothes) rests on Cameron.



The love scene will be shot in a whirlpool, so Terry pins up her hair before being covered with grease to help her keep warm in the water.



Terry gets greased down while a makeup man does the same for Cameron. Note in the background the Bavarian Alps of Southern Germany.



In water over their heads, Terry and Cameron play the love scene. They worked in this swift current off and on from 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.



Between takes, Pat Hening serves them hot soup from his oil burner. Terry and Cameron 10 also sat against a reflector with hot lights.



Shivering under their robes, they await the next take. Terry's mother says later it took six soopings to get the grease out of her hair.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Hollywood—because I don't know who they are, or care. . . ."

No star from Broadway has so completely enchanted her co-workers in a movie as Ethel Merman making *Call Me Madam*. Around the 20th Century-Fox lot, they're calling Madam—doll. . . .

Nicky Hilton may be "completely over" Elizabeth Taylor—as he says. But his new honey, Sheila Connolly, is a deadringer for Liz. . . .

Fernando Lamas wants to adopt Lana Turner's little daughter, Cheryl, after he and Lana are married.

WHEN I asked Rosemary Clooney if she was going to marry Jose Ferrer she said, "Louella, I love Jose. But I don't want anyone to be hurt."

I knew she was referring to Phyllis Hill, Jose's wife, from whom he has been separated just five months. From what I have been reading about Mrs. Ferrer's dates in New York with an attractive young man, I doubt that she has any intentions of hanging onto Jose.

No young personality in years has come up as fast as Rosemary, the young singer who first attracted attention last year with her "Come On A My House" record.

When Paramount signed her for *The Stars Are Singing* it's no secret they thought she might be just a "one shot" star, an attraction to the jive kids who loved her records.

So what happens? Rosemary comes across with such a wallop she's now being touted as the girl to step into Betty Hutton's shoes in Paramount pictures.

I've come to know her very well during the short time she has been in Hollywood and I can tell you that she is a very honest and sincere person.

Jose Ferrer will be a lucky man when and if Rosemary says, "Yes"—and I'm sure she will.

WHEN Joan Crawford and William Haines, the decorator who used to be a silent screen star, decided to give a party for Mrs. Ann Windfohr, a Texas friend, they really did things up red and white.

Joan used her garden, covering over half of it with a bright lipstick red tent in which white and red balloons floated against the tent top. Red and white candles outlined the swimming pool, their flames flickering slightly.

There were 120 guests for dinner and dancing and without any doubt the most startling couple were Kirk Douglas and youthful, Italian beauty Pier Angeli. The sophisticated Kirk was really something to watch being very, very boyish and utterly gallant to the wide-eyed Pier who would have looked like a child in her flowing gray chiffon if the neckline had not been cut so low!

The infatigating girls, Judy Garland, Eleanor Parker and Nancy Davis Reagan were present with their respective husbands, each wearing a different type of maternity gown. Incidentally, Nancy and Ronnie Reagan held hands all evening under the table not caring whether anyone watched them or not.

It never seems to bother Ronnie and his ex-wife, Jane Wyman, when they meet at parties. They are always very cordial and seem to have much to talk about.

About four o'clock in the morning, after most of the guests had left, Judy Garland

THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Hi, fans! Here I am again and I'm high as a kite about a picture I've just seen—"Road to Bali" with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. These three aren't exactly strangers to each other, having traveled a few previous "Roads" together. Maybe you saw one (or more) of them. If you did, you'll agree that when Bing, Bob and Dotty team up to hit the road, it's a laugh marathon for sure! In "Road to Bali" I want to tell you, they're but colossal.

* * *

What happens to them could only happen to *them*! They have all kinds of impossible adventures—with music—including diving for sunken treasure (a little situation Bing maneuvers Bob into); tangling with savage head hunters and beautiful native women; wrestling with ferocious animals; and running into some of your favorite Hollywood personalities (surprises galore!) in the middle of the jungle. It's all for laughs and, believe me, laughs for all. In a "Road" show anything goes, and in this one not only anything—but *everything*!

* * *

Dotty has a wardrobe of whistle-bait Balinese sarongs (she plays an island princess) and, of course, the two B.s buzz around her like crazy, each outdoing the other, pulling all kinds of wild wires to be the lucky one who wins her.

* * *

Story? Well, now, between you and me, anything sensible couldn't stand up under Bing's and Bob's gaff, although Dotty does her feminine best to provide motivation and maintain a semblance of sanity. There's a villain, though, who cooks up enough trouble to keep "our heroes" hopping. He's played by Murvyn Vye and I seem to remember that he connives to cheat the princess of her fortune, but who really gives a care about a story when Bing, Bob and Dotty are in action in glamorous Bali?

* * *

"Road to Bali" is the first of the "Road" films in color by Technicolor. And wait'll you see the Balinese dancers in their lush and lavish, colorful costumes. It's an eyeful you won't soon forget. There are six new songs, among them a couple of Crosby-Hope comedy routines that are worth the price of admission alone. Take it from me, fans, this "Road" rates traveling to, no matter how far you are from the theatre that plays it.

* * *

There's another Technicolor movie coming out soon, too, that I think you'll enjoy—a thriller called "The Blazing Forest," that is tops in action adventure. That gorgeous guy all the gals are gone on—John Payne—has the number one starring role as the tough boss of a logging camp in the tall timber country. Other stars in it are William Demarest, Agnes Moorehead, Richard Arlen and lovely newcomer Susan Morrow (remember I told you about her last month in connection with "The Savage"?). "The Blazing Forest" has all the action excitement its title implies, set against magnificent mountain scenery—wonderful background for the romance between Payne and Susan.

* * *

And pretty soon you'll be hearing about "Come Back, Little Sheba," the movie version of the Broadway stage hit, co-starring Burt Lancaster and Shirley Booth. Miss Booth starred in the stage play, too... but more about that simply immense picture next month. Goodbye for now, fans, and happy movie-going!



Paramount Presents
BING CROSBY · BOB HOPE
DOROTHY LAMOUR
in
ROAD TO BALI

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

Produced by Harry Tugend • Directed by Hal Walker
Screenplay by Frank Butler, Hal Kanter and William Morrow • New Songs—Lyrics by Johnny Burke
Music by James Van Heusen



Paramount Presents
THE BLAZING FOREST

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

starring
JOHN PAYNE

WILLIAM DEMAREST • AGNES MOOREHEAD
RICHARD ARLEN • SUSAN MORROW

Directed by Edward Ludwig • Written for the Screen by Lewis R. Foster and Winston Miller • Produced by William H. Pine and William C. Thomas



Paramount Presents
**BURT LANCASTER
SHIRLEY BOOTH**
in HAL WALLIS' Production
COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA

co-starring
TERRY MOORE with Richard Jaeckel
Directed by Daniel Mann • Screenplay by Ketti Frings • Based on the original play by William Inge
Produced on the stage by The Theatre Guild



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

(with Roger Edens playing for her) started to sing as only Judy can.

At that late hour, in such a beautiful setting, it seemed to everyone that Judy had never sounded so thrilling and her listeners were torn between tears, laughter and applause.

SPEAKING of Judy, a few days later, I ran into her shopping in Beverly Hills. It was the day I had run the "lead" story in my column about her new contract to make movies for Warner Brothers.

"Are you going to diet strenuously for your screen come-back?" I asked her.

"I'm going to diet a little, Louella," she told me. "But I'm not going to ruin my health by peeling down to the size of a banana. Look what happened to Mario Lanza. Look what happened to me before in the last stages of my MGM contract when I nearly wrecked myself striving to be a sliver."

"No ma'am," she said emphatically, "they're going to get Garland back plump and HEALTHY."

Parents of teen-age girls averse to youthful marriages can no longer point to Mitzi Gaynor and her lawyer fiancé, Richard Coyle, as wise and perfect examples of "looking before you leap."

Touted as the ideal engaged couple, Mitzi and Richard were officially engaged for three years, supposedly the happiest lovebirds in the world just waiting for her to become 21 before saying their "I do's."

So what happens? Three weeks after Mitzi reached the 21 goal line, she and Richard decided the whole thing had been a "mistake" and called off all wedding plans.

Well, it's better to find out, even after three years, that a mistake has been made than it would be AFTER wedding bells have rung out.

I can remember very well the words of my grandmother, witty, wise and humorous, when I decided to be married at 17.

"A girl of 17—and a WOMAN of 21 think very differently," she said. And this is quite as true today as it was when I was a girl, Maggie.

THE LETTER BOX: Laine Ross, Toronto, Canada, writes: "In *The Merry Widow* Lana Turner again proves that she is the star of stars and the loveliest lady on the screen. But I would have preferred to see Michael Wilding opposite her in place of Fernando Lamas." Lana wouldn't!!!

Dozens and dozens of letters asking, "What's the matter with Mario Lanza?" No one would like to know the answer to that more than his MGM bosses.

I am delighted to acknowledge the letter from Louis Jordan, President of The Male Teen-age Club of Detroit, consisting of 11 Negro boys and five whites. "We are great screen fans," writes Louis, "and our greatest favorite is Bette Davis—proving that teen-agers can and do admire mature actresses. We think Ava Gardner the most beautiful—and Joan Crawford the most perennial." Glad to get your opinions, Louis, although space prohibits printing all of them.

Violet Ainsworth, Memphis, opines: "Rory Calhoun is better looking and a better actor than Tony Curtis, Farley Granger, Rock Hudson, and John Derek rolled into one." Bet you start something with that crack, Violet.

That's all this month. See you next issue.

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



TIME TABLES:

"Missy" Stanwyck and Ralph Meeker, hottest romantic combo of the season—ma-a-a-ad for each other—and don't care who knows it! Babs got up at the unheard-of hour of 5:30 one morning recently to meet his plane from New York; she goes to the fights with him and to ice shows; and she lunches with him in the MGM commissary even though she's finished working in *Jeopardy* there. So don't sell this romance any shorter than the Bob Taylor-Ursula Thiess amouring!

... Gossips keep linking Terry Moore with this one and that one but mark it down in your book that there won't be anyone *legally* until after next April 14, when she's unhitched from Glenn Davis ... What are we columnists going to do for juicy news items after Lana Turner marries Fernando Lamas?

Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding plan calling their first-born Michael if a boy, Michelle if a girl ... The Judy Garland-Sid Luft heir will be Junior too, but Amanda if a girl ... While Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz chose Junior for "him" and Victoria for "her" ... Strictly personal opinion: Ingrid Bergman had

better make her comeback picture quick or nobody's gonna miss her! ... One timetable that's gone awry belongs to Margaret O'Brien's mother. She's dressing her teen-age daughter like the teentys-weentys Margaret O'Brien we remember at MGM—and it's the silliest thing you ever saw ... You won't recognize Marlon Brando in *Julius Caesar*. He speaks perfect English, not unlike Sir Laurence Olivier's impeccable English, plus which he reported scrubbed and spotless for work on the picture throughout its shooting schedule ... Will Marlon marry Movita, his steady gal? But how can he unless she gets her divorce from her estranged spouse, Jack Doyle?

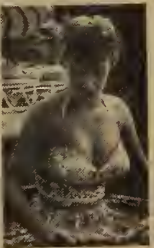


Brando

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

The most bloodthirsty duel between an actor and a studio in the history of Hollywood was that staged by Mario Lanza and MGM over *The Student Prince*. Some of the lowdown on the battle is amusing, some is unprintable. Sidelights on the feud: Ann Blyth, hired as Mario's leading lady, sitting by quietly and with dignity throughout the wrangling; Mario stuffing himself with Italian food again, unmindful that he was regaining weight and apparently not caring; Mario's loss of \$5,200 a week every time the Coca-Cola show went on the air without him—and it *had* to because of his MGM contract stipulating such a layoff during any suspension from the studio!

Jean Peters and Richard Widmark had to have a stand-by nurse for the first day's rehearsal on *Blaze Of Glory*. It was a "violent courtship" scene, as a result of which Jean suffered bruised lips, neck scratches, torn dress, loosened tooth and sprained ankle and Dick got a lump on the head, scratch over the right eye, bruised shins and a sprained rib! This is courtship?? ... Jean's, incidentally, is the role Shelley Winters bowed out of because of impending motherhood and Betty Grable bypassed because she couldn't see herself doing such fiery dramatics ... One night Evie Johnson was explaining to a reporter that every time she and Van have a quarrel he, "picks his wallet and leaves home for a double feature"; the next she and Van were out necking and holding hands at a local pub, just to help kill the nasty rumors about them ... Ginger Clayton of the *Ice Follies* left makeup man Frank Westmore waitin' at the church! ... Olivia DeHavilland had an argument with a still (Continued on page 81)



Taylor



Lanza



Peters

"My husband and I trade roles at Christmas!"

"All the rest of the year," Rosalind Russell explains, "he's Frederick Brisson, the producer. But come the holidays, *he's* the star and I'm in charge of production. It's I who actually 'deck the halls with holly.'



ROSALIND RUSSELL,
starring in
"NEVER WAVE AT A WAC"
An RKO Radio Release

"I scramble around attending to all the preparations 'til my hands wouldn't be fit to be seen if it weren't for Jergens. Pure, white Jergens Lotion softens them in no time!



"There are packages to be wrapped, then the eggnog to be made, and after washing up, of course, I smooth on Jergens Lotion. It restores beauty to hands *quickly!* See why: Smooth one hand with Jergens...



"apply any ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care.



"Under the mistletoe, my hands are nice for my real life leading man, Freddie. No wonder the Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1."



Keep your hands lovely, too. Protect them from roughness and winter chapping for only pennies a day! Jergens Lotion only costs 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Dora's DOWN



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Dora now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. F-122, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

DORA'S UP WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol



I am very much interested in love . . . the love a girl has for her man . . . not the phony sex-appeal for a camera, says Corinne Calvet in the eighth of MODERN SCREEN's new series on the art of living written by Hollywood's top stars

Take my word for it

by CORINNE CALVET; star columnist for December

CALVET SATIRIZES "SEX APPEAL"



First, an eighteen-inch waist . . .



. . . next, a "come-hither" glance . . .



. . . a bit of cleavage, and you're set!

WHEN I HAVE A PROBLEM, I take off my clothes and sit on the bed and think—like a yogi. I am thinking now, of many things, yet they are all related to one. A woman may talk about color, interior decorating, perfume, clothes, people, personality, and yet there is always involved, somehow, the subject of love. For these are the ways and things of love; of finding it, of keeping it, of enhancing it when you have it. I am going to talk about color, interior decorating, clothes, people, their personalities, and also about love directly. I am very much interested in love. So are you. So is everybody. Even those who seem to deny love are merely posing and by their various attitudes (or even by the absence of any attitude) make prevaricators of themselves. They all know that life is life only with love—otherwise it is just a process of aging.

SO, TO BEGIN, COLORS. When, for instance, I say that I feel best in red, but that green is prettiest for me, yet my husband likes me best in blue, what am I saying? The way I analyze it, I am saying that in red, which is the most bright, I feel that I will attract the most attention . . . which every woman wants; that once I have this attention, however, I know that I make the best impression in green; but that there are qualities to me which my husband visualizes most satisfactorily when I wear blue. There is more to it than that, of course. We none of us can make exact patterns of our emotional personalities, but I know I am close to the truth.

Does all this make me appear a confused person? I suppose so, but confused may not be the right word. I prefer to think I am like everyone else and that the word that best describes all of us who are human is complex. Being complex makes us hard to understand . . . even to ourselves. We all know this, but it does not stop us from trying. And we find the job of trying to make sense of ourselves very fascinating. Is there anything more fascinating? Here I will surprise you, I think. My answer will be yes. It can be even more fascinating to try to know and understand another person. Now we return to the grand passion. When you find yourself putting your whole mind and heart into this job of understanding another, and realize you are willing to spend a whole lifetime at it . . . then, cherie, that is love! Nothing less than this is love. Less than this is infatuation maybe, self-protection, self-emotional-aggrandizement often . . . but not love. Yes? No? We will see.

In Paris I studied interior decorating (There is



a lady of Hollywood who has said I am not French. In that case I must have gone through the *Beaux Arts* and the *Art Decoratif* institutions in Paris in my imagination, but I can assure everyone that the diplomas I hold for graduating after a three-year course are in real parchment. And the cancelled checks with which I paid for my course are not hay, either, but real paper once quite negotiable.) When it came time to decorate my house in Hollywood, I had the benefit of this knowledge. Did I follow it? Not exactly. Instead I answered some inner instinct that women look most pretty surrounded by coral, and that was my choice, although technically I might have gone to a number of other colors. In so doing, I recognized how I could best please my feminine guests—and not disappoint the male ones! If you follow my thinking you will see we are back to love again. We won't leave it very far behind if now I take up perfume.

PERFUME HAS BEEN IMPORTANT TO ME ever since I was a young girl. No one could give me a better gift. To receive perfume was to be recognized as a woman-to-be. I still somehow feel it is sad for a woman to have to buy her own perfume (although I often do). In my life I can remember all kinds of events and happenings involving perfume. There was the time, as a schoolgirl, when I was invited to a party and took some of my mother's perfume from her dresser. I used too much and it was too potent for me—for three-quarters of an hour I walked around the block where the house party was being held, fanning at myself with my hands, to weaken the odor before I went in. There was once, when I was 14, that a boy gave me a gift of perfume which I recognized as the kind his former girl used to use and rave about. I took it, but I was angry; he was using me to recall her! I never used it when out with him, only when I was out with other boys. There are 54 bottles of perfume on my vanity today; I use them according to my moods. My husband knows this, even knows what perfumes go with what moods. There are now those evenings when I come home and I find that he has left a message for me—this or that bottle of perfume has been pulled out in front of the others! Is that not a wonderful way to tell me something? (Continued on next page)



HOLLYWOOD TAPE TRICKS

to brighten your home at Christmas!



BRIGHT GREETING CARDS give your home a festive, friendly look. "Scotch" cellophane tape holds them firmly on any hard surface.

Wrap colorful packages the easy "1-2" WAY...



- 1. SEAL** with transparent "Scotch" Brand cellophane tape
- 2. DECORATE** with "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape and Gift Seals

NEW Gift Idea FOR YOUNGSTERS!

Fascinating toys to make, color, assemble... three-dimensional animals, buildings, vehicles. Look for the "Scotch" Cellophane Tape Play Box display at your favorite store. Only \$1.25!



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Tape's your all-star holiday helper!

FASTEN ornaments, candy canes, tiny bells on your gifts with crystal-clear cellophane tape.



ODD-SHAPED packages? They're a cinch to wrap when you use tight-sticking "Scotch" Brand tape!



EASIEST PACKAGE ever! A whirl of cellophane, a few bands of colored tape, and you're all finished!



REMARKABLE
FACIAL TREATMENT

FOR 4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"

So often the oil glands of "young skin" suddenly become *overactive*. At the same time, the skin turns sluggish. It fails to throw off the daily accumulation of dead skin cells. Day by day, these tiny dead flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings. Then—there's trouble ahead. Enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Now—the makers of famous Pond's Creams recommend a special treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It takes only one minute—and it works!

Restyle
your complexion!
Make it clearer, brighter,
softer!



Cover your face, except eyes, with a cool, snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave the greaseless Mask on one full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn, clinging, dead skin cells. *Actually dissolves them off!* Frees the tiny openings of your skin glands so they can function normally again. Now—after just 60 seconds—tissue off *clean*. See how tingling fresh your skin feels! How much smoother, brighter, and *clearer* it looks!

Don't "stifle" your skin under a heavy make-up! A light greaseless powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream is *sheer* flattery!

Take my word for it

continued

I will never forget how I used to stand in front of the windows of the perfumeries in Paris. To me, the perfumes thus displayed were the symbol of feminine enrichment. Those little bottles said to me, "Oh! This can be a wonderful life!" I loved them all. Maybe that is why I never then, or even now, could be content with one perfume. Then I used to change perfumes with each beau. Now I change with each mood with the same beau. Maybe in this way I am giving up the possibility of having my husband reminded of me every time he smells a certain perfume. All right then, I just have to be sure that I give him more than just the aroma of my perfume to remember me by! No, for me not one perfume, but lots. And when we had that earthquake in California last summer, I jumped out of bed and ran to the dresser to try and put my arms around every jiggling bottle! (Do you want to know a trick with perfumed bath oil? Rub it all over after the bath. In 15 minutes the odor disappears, as the oil is absorbed into your pores. But later, when you go out, when you are dancing, when you get warm, the oil is activated again and the perfume comes out and is detectable again. Which is a good time for it, no?)

I LOVE CLOTHES. But maybe I have to say that I make a study of the clothes . . . not the price tags. By this I don't mean the price tags are not to be considered. I mean that a big price does not to me indicate that a dress is wonderful. I have gone to parties and hostesses have said to me, "What a charming gown! Where did you get it?" And many times my answer has been "Ohrbach's," or "Junior Saks," or even "Penny's." Not the dress just as it came off the rack, but after I decorated it or, sometimes, *undecorated* it. When it comes to \$400 dresses I cannot tell you much about them. I can say this, that very often the designer of such a dress sets out to please himself and maintain his reputation for the unusual, but what he finishes up with is not always good for the woman.

To me a woman is her clothes, or should be, in a way. For instance, in *Powder River*, my latest picture, I play a gambling woman of the early West who carries a small gun. I wear beautiful gowns adorned with the big bustles of that period. When the scene was ready to be filmed, I found out I was supposed to carry my gun in a little pocket on the front of the dress, where it is smooth and tight against the body. I told the director I did not think any woman would do this . . . such an unsightly bulge. So they tried to think of other places to put it . . . from my hair to my bosom. I objected; none of these seemed right to me. Then I thought to myself, "Where would I wear a gun if I was such a woman in such a dress?"—and I knew right away. In the bustle, of course! There we sewed a little pocket and that was the place. *Voila! Le Derringer Derriere!*

WHAT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN LOVE? I asked myself one day (and a thousand before that!). The answer is . . . to be loved for yourself, of course. This is why it is so important not to be a poser . . . you endanger, you practically make impossible, the chance of being loved for yourself. From this, curiously enough, I get the reason why I both feel sorry for a snob and dislike her as well.

I am sorry because she is hurting herself, and since I can't go round all day feeling sorry I gradually get to dislike her for being such a stupid nuisance. Wherever you go, people are hungry for real, not artificial, people.

I love my husband for his faults. I can appreciate his good qualities, but his faults make up the color of his personality. Sometimes he is a victim of his faults, sometimes he conquers them. I sympathize or I applaud—with my love. I hope he loves me for my faults. If he does he must love me very much because I have many. Isn't it true that often a very best friend may be someone who didn't like you to start with?

A YOUNG GIRL CANNOT RUSH LOVE. It must come by itself. This makes for great difficulty. It means she is going to be lonely till it comes to her, but it cannot be helped.

Who dwells most on love, to whom is it a more important phase of life, the young girl yearning for it or the wife who has it? Most people would say the former, I think. But I am sure this is not so. It is when a girl gets married that love can be seen in its true proportion to happiness. *Now she must keep it.*

How? Of all the answers to this, there is one which overshadows the rest. We go back to what I mentioned in the beginning of this column. To be married is to have a fantastically interesting opportunity of knowing another life as well or even better than your own. If you do not take advantage of this opportunity you are playing a game, not living a love, and your marriage will fail, I think.

THE PHILOSOPHER STUDIES his fellow-men and by so doing, no matter what his findings are, is paying them a compliment; he is showing they are worthy of his deepest and most profound thoughts. The least, the very least, any wife can do for her mate (and for herself) is to devote her fullest interest to him. And he to her, of course.

No married friend of mine has ever gotten sympathy from me with a complaint that she was bored. Bored? Listen . . . there is so much to any human heart that it is impossible to get bored trying to know it. There is so much . . . not only that you don't know about, but that *he* doesn't know about! And in the very trying to learn it, a hundred dissatisfactions in the marital relationship will either adjust themselves or become less fearsome.

Bored? Listen! In the life of any person alive today, and most certainly in the life of your mate, there is a greater, more absorbing story than any yet written—if only there existed a novelist skilled enough to write it. Every writer, every editor, every publisher knows this. Neither will you be skilled enough to write it. But there is nothing to stop you from reading it . . . in the heart and the soul and the ways of the one you love!

Corinne Calvet

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Corinne Calvet personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, 1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.



Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle

lets you feel as free as this...



and look as SLIM as this...



"Fashion has a festive air this season of holidays and holly nights," says MARCEL ROCHAS, famous Parisian couturier. "The simple elegance of party clothes puts slender emphasis on *you*. All the more reason why your holiday figure needs a Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!"

Whatever the occasion, there's no girdle like Playtex Fab-Lined! Fashioned of smooth latex, with softest fabric next to your skin, it whittles you wonderfully, hasn't a seam, stitch or bone, fits invisibly under the most figure-revealing clothes. Four new Adjust-All* garters for perfect fit.

Invisible

Playtex **FAB-LINED** *Girdles* from \$4.95
— Fabric-Next-to-Your-Skin —

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. Playtex Pink-Ice Girdles. Playtex® Living® Girdles, from \$3.50. At department stores and specialty shops everywhere. Prices slightly higher outside the U.S.A.



MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn

picture of the month



Noreen

**SUPER
COLOR
RINSE**

Lovely, lustrous hair color is no gift of the fates. It is your personal artistry, a part of the design for your complete ensemble.

Express yourself flatteringly with Noreen, the Super Color hair make-up whose 14 flattering shades are inspiring material for a smart woman's artful design. Noreen rinses: subtle, safe, sensible.

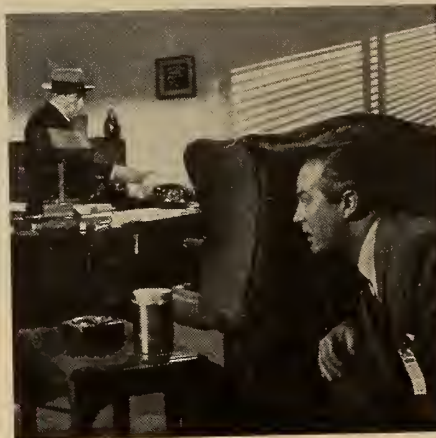
Professionally applied in beauty salons. Available in Canada.



Atomic scientist (Roy Milland) receives instructions from enemy agent (Martin Gobel) as he enters his guarded Government laboratory.



He microfilms records of his own work secrets, and of fellow scientists; starts them on their way to Russia.



By accident the FBI uncovers the theft. They are hot on Milland's trail as the spy ring engineers his escape from Washington and the U.S.



He meets mysterious Rito Gam in a New York tenement; and near death atop the Empire State building.

THE THIEF

This is the story of a traitor, a trusted and respected atomic scientist (Ray Milland) who operates out of Washington's cloistered government laboratories as finger man for the Communist spies. The story is starkly simple: You watch the spies in action from the delivery of orders to Milland, through his microfilming of the secret data, watch it as it passes through a chain of agents until the final courier takes off by trans-Atlantic plane. Suddenly the fantastic precision is broken when one of the links falls into police hands, and the FBI goes into action. Up to this point the plot roughly parallels the case of Britain's Klaus Fuchs, but to say that this is a story out of today's headlines would be trite understatement, because *The Thief* goes far beyond the headlines into the mind of the traitor himself, his split loyalties, his growing doubts, his shame and naked fear. As a thriller, this Harry M. Popkin production is unsurpassed. The undiminished tension builds from the first scene through the spine-tingling chase across the wind-whipped parapets of the Empire State tower. You know by this time that the screenplay by Clarence Green and Russell Rouse has no dialogue, no talking. The sound track is otherwise normal with a fine musical score. Occasionally you may feel that the muteness is forced (street noises should include the hum of voices) but on the whole you'll never miss the conversation. Milland handles his very difficult role with Academy-award perfection, and Martin Gabel is superb as the Communist contact man. Rita Gam, a very seductive young lady plays a very seductive young lady in a way you'll never forget. *The Thief* is a great achievement as well as an important milestone in motion picture making. You won't want to miss it. Released through United Artists.

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS

Marge and Gower Champion, that charming and up-and-coming dancing team, are starred for the first time in *Everything I Have Is Yours*, but the film is hardly likely to advance their screen careers. For to tell the truth the picture contains almost everything in the way of a backstage plot except any originality, and the Champions are hard put to make the people they play into much more than another bickering stage pair. They are cast as a young couple about to make their Broadway debuts in a new musical. After the curtain has come down and they have scored a resounding success, Marge faints and Gower gets a resounding shock. It seems he is about to become a father. So Marge retires to have her baby, and her husband goes on to continuing stage acclaim. Gower feels that Marge should stay home and mind the baby; she does so but minds even more the attention he gets from his new partner, Monica Lewis. The story is neither much more complicated nor any more interesting than it sounds. To string it out, there are some dances that are nicely executed by the Champions, and some songs. The Champions give their all but that's not enough to save *Everything I Have Is Yours* from being something of a bore.

Cast: Marge and Gower Champion, Dennis O'Keefe, Monica Lewis.—MGM.

THE TURNING POINT

Best by far of the many melodramas inspired by the Kefauver hearings, *The Turning Point* owes its success more to a slick screenplay direction, performances and over-all production than to its over-pat plot. At that, the story is never dishonest or downright unlikely; it's just that it compresses too much into a single film, so that even if possible it does seem a little improbable. Yet even its main point of improbability gains strength by the very tragedy of it. A crime prosecutor is appointed who doesn't know his beloved father is a dishonest cop. The prosecutor and his father, impressively played by Edmond O'Brien and Tom Tully, are a team tracking down the corrupt "syndicate" controlling the largest city in a major state. The father, basically not a very bad man, is forced to pay the penalty for his past weaknesses and keep the mob informed of his son's operations. Reporter William Holden learns this and finds himself in a difficult spot, for the prosecutor's family are among his best friends and he has fallen in love with Alexis Smith, O'Brien's socialite aide. How this story is resolved may be more lurid than likely, and yet almost every single action has had its counterpart in real life. It's a pleasure, too, to note such adult direction and performances.

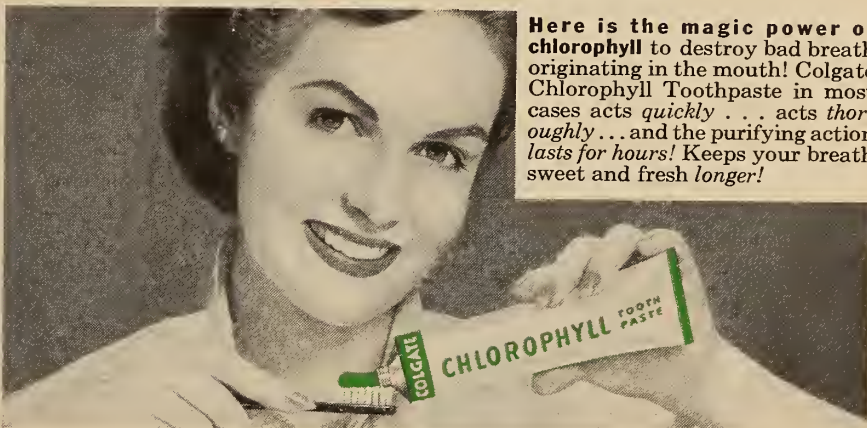
Cast: William Holden, Edmond O'Brien, Alexis Smith, Tom Tully.—Paramount.

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE

This motion-picture examination of Mario Lanza is really something for his fans. It features him in military uniform and in mufti; in operatic arias and popular tunes; in comedy, roughhouse and romance. There's no question about it being a vehicle. It is, and Mario comes off pretty well, considering. Tailored as closely to his talents as the un-G.I. uniforms he wears, it tells what at first seems to be a stale story about an opera star who is drafted. But then there's a definite twist. Tough barracks sergeant James Whitmore is a Lanza fan, and what's more, he sings himself. In addition he plays long-hair records, makes Lanza (Continued on page 22)

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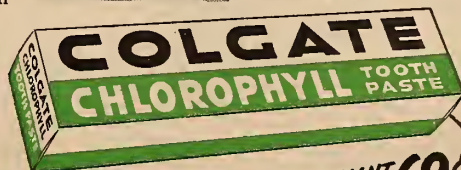
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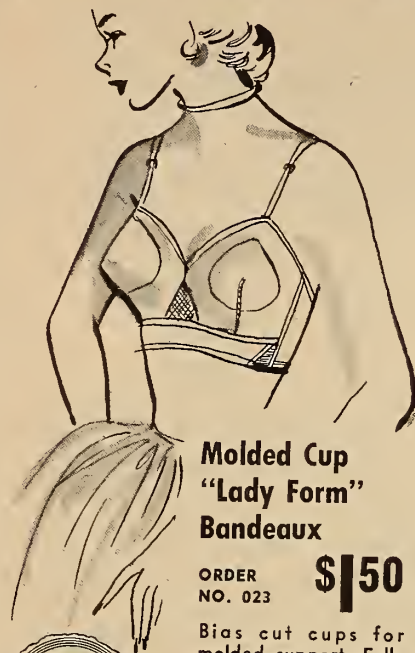
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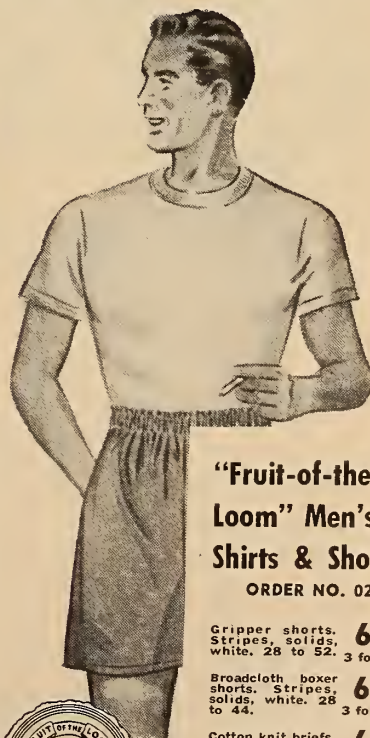
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ARE YOU MADE FOR 'FIRE AND ICE?'

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What is the American girl made of? Sugar and spice and everything nice? Not since the days of the Gibson Girl! There's a *new* American beauty . . . she's tease and temptress, siren and gamin, dynamic and demure. Men find her slightly, delightfully baffling. Sometimes a little maddening. Yet they admit she's *easily* the most exciting woman in all the world! She's the 1952 American beauty, with a foolproof formula for melting a male! She's the "Fire and Ice" girl. (Are you?)

- | | | |
|--|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Have you ever danced with your shoes off? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Did you ever wish on a new moon? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you blush when you find yourself flirting? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| When a recipe calls for <i>one</i> dash of bitters, do you think it's better with <i>two</i> ? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you secretly hope the next man you meet will be a psychiatrist? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you sometimes feel that other women resent you? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Have you ever wanted to wear an ankle bracelet? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do sables excite you, even on other women? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you love to look <i>up</i> at a man? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you face crowded parties with panic—then wind up having a wonderful time? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Does gypsy music make you sad? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you think any man <i>really</i> understands you? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Would you streak your hair with platinum without consulting your husband? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| If tourist flights were running, would you take a trip to Mars? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you close your eyes when you're kissed? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> | no <input type="checkbox"/> |

Can you honestly answer "yes" to at least eight of these questions? Then *you're* made of "Fire and Ice!" And Revlon's lush-and-passionate scarlet was made just for you—a daring projection of your *own* hidden personality! Wear it tonight. It may be the night of your lifetime!

(Turn to the back cover of this magazine—you'll see what we mean!)

movie reviews continued

sing for him and insists that the other men wait on both of them. This is funny. It's in the cards that Whitmore has a singing sister for whom he has ambitions. This is not so funny, for it means that Lanza must become infatuated with her and the screenwriters must return to more time-honored routines. Luckily the sister is Doretta Morrow, from Broadway and *The King And I*, who must have been as much of a treat for the cameramen as she was for the sound engineers.

Cast: Mario Lanza, Doretta Morrow, James Whitmore.—MGM.

THE SNOWS OF KILIMINJARO

Ernest Hemingway's famous short story called "The Snows Of Kiliminjaro," a modern classic, is a fable pointing to man's primary purpose as the seeking of the unobtainable. The movie of the same name, although billed as by Hemingway, owes little to his plot and less to his theme. A successful pot-boiling author (Gregory Peck) is first shown dying of blood-poisoning on the African veldt below Kiliminjaro, awaiting the arrival of a rescue party while his wealthy wife (Susan Hayward) does her best to get him well.

In flashback form, he recalls his past. These memories contain some stunning scenes, some stunning women (Ava Gardner, Helene Stanley, Ava Norring, Hildegard Neff). But none of them make much sense or helps explain what makes him tick. Now and then there is reference to his literary output, of which he is ashamed. But the man's failure, if any, is so obviously an interior, extra-personal one, that the montage-like flashbacks are unable to show it. Considering what the screenwriter has done to Hemingway's meaning, there is little left to show. Cast: Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, Ava Gardner.—20th Century-Fox.

MONKEY BUSINESS

The sometimes fumbling hands of human film-writers are all too evident in this motion-picture essay on monkeyshines. As so often happens in movie farce, the original funny idea seemed too hauntingly humorous to let go of, and there's not much left to laugh about by the time the curtain comes down. But the basic premise is amusing enough to start things off hilariously. It concerns a young-to-middle-aged research worker (Cary Grant) who thinks he has discovered the secret of eternal youth. The audience knows that actually the elixir has been discovered, but in the dead of night and by mistake, by a chimpanzee who escapes from his cage, pours a mixture out with scientific casualness and empties it into, a water-cooler. Later, the gimmick has it, Grant's own concoction proves so sour that various characters have to take to the water-cooler to cool down. Naturally, they un-age. First, of course, is Grant himself, who gets himself a crew-cut, a racing car, a youthful lingo and asks Marilyn Monroe out on a date. This isn't appreciated by wife Ginger Rogers, who proceeds to pour herself a double shot (and has to take a double drink from the cooling machine). The fun by this time has stopped multiplying itself accordingly; rather the reverse. What was funny to start, gets simply dull at the end. *Monkey Business* would have been a lot better if it had some sharp satiric point. Cast: Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Marilyn Monroe, Charles Coburn.—20th Century-Fox.

THE LUSTY MEN

Out of the bravery, brutality, cowardice and constant danger of the rodeo ring, Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna have made a fine film. The men of the title are simple individuals, as human beings go; but their motives, like all men's, are complicated ones that push them on, often against their better judgment. Jeff McCloud (Robert Mitchum), one-time national rodeo champion, has reached the end of the glory trail. He has retired from rodeo life until ambitious young Wes Merritt (Arthur Kennedy) persuades him to turn tutor so that Wes can follow in his footsteps, giving Jeff half the take. Wes' wife (Susan Hayward) fights both Jeff and the scheme, for she values her security even more than her man. The prize money, however, is a lure that is hard to resist, so the trio are soon riding the rodeo trail with Wes winning a name for himself wherever they go. When the success and money begin to be more than Wes can handle, their luck leaves; and the story reaches a logical climax. The lusty life and sudden death of rodeos provide the primary elements and the triangle tale told here is often profound in its simplicity. People talk in sentences that are realistically down-to-earth, and there is therefore sometimes a kind of earthy poetry about them. In few movies have Western scenes been so movingly photographed in all their stark and barren beauty. This is not a perfect picture, but it so often comes close to art that all its makers must be credited with the kind of creative imagination that all too seldom comes from Hollywood.

Cast: Robert Mitchum, Susan Hayward, Arthur Kennedy.—RKO.

LIMELIGHT

Not a comedy but the story of a comedian, *Limelight* serves as a fitting climax to the career of the screen's great Charles Chaplin. The film is both autobiographical (it contains several allusions to his personal life) and generalized enough to serve as an autobiography for all clowns. *Limelight* is not about a Little Tramp, but about a great British music-hall performer named Calvero who plays similar parts. Calvero's one purpose in life—to make people laugh—is disappearing as the applause of his audiences declines. With the help of drink, he is dying inside. Then he gains a reprieve from time. He saves a suicide-bent young ballerina (Claire Bloom) and sets her on the road to personal happiness and public acclaim. If there is any symbolism meant, it is that when an old entertainer manages to divest himself of self-centeredness, and passes on the privileges of an artist, he regains his soul. But *Limelight* is neither an illustrated lecture nor a mawkish backstage story. It can be looked at from many levels and seen many times. It is thoroughly worth seeing, for example, for any one of Chaplin's "acts" or sketches, executed in the old music-hall tradition. One particular masterly sequence is a routine that teams Chaplin with deadpan comic Buster Keaton in an old-time pantomime bit. *Limelight* is thoroughly worth seeing, too, for Claire Bloom; for its ballet (performed by Melissa Hayden and André Eglevsky of the N. Y. City troupe) and for Chaplin's melodic and memorable score. Most of all it is worth seeing for a rich performance by Chaplin himself in a role that calls upon all his resources.

Cast: Charles Chaplin, Claire Bloom, Buster Keaton, Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce.—United Artists.



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MSC 12-52

AMERICAN IN LONDON

An eye-witness account from Europe of Hollywood's triple-threat man in action, as Gene Kelly prepares to outdo himself in London

BY BEVERLY LINET

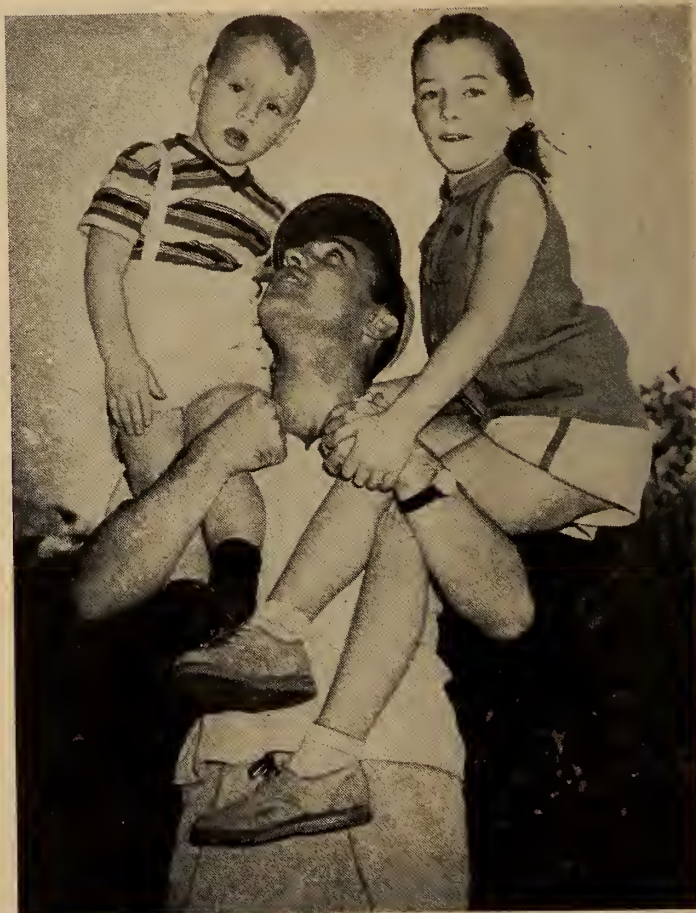
■ It's come at last! The Americans have invaded London. They've stormed Grosvenor Square, set up camp, and from all reports the head of the outfit is planning a revolutionary movement to startle the world.

What's more the British, bless their rolled-umbrellas and bowler hats, are helping them. They're conspiring like mad to keep the Kellys here as long as possible. They've shined up the Tower of London for young Kerry; leased the prettiest house in the Mews to Betsy; and are keeping strictly out of Gene's hair. All Mr. Kelly wants is to be left alone with his wonderful *Invitation To The Dance*.

This "hooper's dream," as he calls it, is a really fantastic project. It will be a technicolored spectacle consisting of four ballet stories danced to four totally different musical moods. The plans have been two years and three continents in the dreaming. Film is rolling through the cameras, but the entire picture is not even yet planned. Kelly claims he is still working "off the cuff." In fact, impressed but incredulous visitors to the set report, "He is actually making it up as he goes along!"

Far from being haphazard or careless, this daily improvisation is carefully maintained to keep to the spirit of the project. It is an exciting new idea. There will be no dialogue . . . no continuation of story. Each narrative ballet follows a rough plot outline, but the actual performance is dictated only by great dancers' responses to great musical inspiration.

The first ballet concerns the circus. Kelly dances a clown hopelessly in love with a beautiful tightrope walker. He meets his death (*Continued on page 58*)



Gene's so busy with his new movie, *Invitation To The Dance*, he doesn't have much time for relaxing. He's a real family man though, and loves to romp with daughter Kerry, and his young nephew.

Rose Point *sterling in the mood of romance*

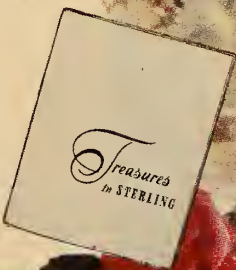
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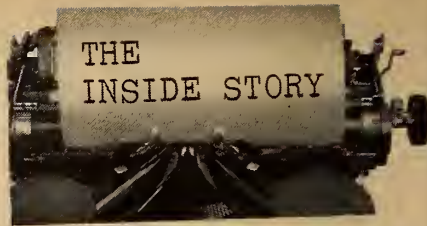
NEW! Cashmere Bouquet
French Type **Non-Smear Lipstick!**



*Stays Moist!
Stays Bright!
Stays On!*



25¢ and 43¢



continued from page 4

Q. I understand from a friend who works at RKO that Mona Freeman is madly infatuated with Dean Martin and vice versa. What is the truth about this?
—B. Y., CALNEVA, NEV.

A. *Theirs was only a fast friendship.*

Q. Is it true that a San Francisco restaurant plans to sue Judy Garland and Sid Luft for non-payment of bills?
—H. Y., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *The matter has been amicably settled.*

Q. Has Mario Lanza left his wife and moved in with his parents? Is he planning a divorce?
—D. E., EVANSVILLE, IND.

A. *No.*

Q. After all her complaints is it true that Ava Gardner has signed a new contract with MGM?
—J. U., RALEIGH, N. C.

A. *Her agent is working out a new deal whereby she will spend 18 tax-free months in Europe making pictures for MGM.*

Q. Isn't the reason for Clark Gable's frequent trips to Paris Joan Harrison whom he jilted to marry Sylvia Ashley?
—T. R., BOISE, ID.

A. *No. Gable's weekend trips to Paris are to avoid paying British income tax. Anyone working and living in England more than 186 days is required to pay such tax.*

Q. Why is Warner Brothers re-making so many old pictures into musicals?
—C. F., DENVER, CO.

A. *No cost for original story material.*

Q. Will Jane Wyman ever marry again or is she finished going to the altar?
—V. K., OKLAHOMA CITY, OK.

A. *Jane hopes to marry again.*

Q. How much will John Wayne have to pay his wife for a financial settlement?
—S. L., EL PASO, TEX.

A. *Probably 20% of his future income.*

Q. How many times has Fernan Lamas been married?
—H. D., AMES, IOWA.

A. *Twice.*

Q. How come Betty Grable is being suspended so much by her studio? What is right in these fights?
—E. R., SUTHERLAND, ILL.

A. *Betty refuses to make non-musical pictures in which the script calls for her to play any kind of wicked role or "heavy."*

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

** Highly Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars:
Average

FROM THE MOVIES

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN—*No Two People* by Danny Kaye and Jane Wyman* (Decca); Daris Day and Donald O'Connor* (Columbia); Barbara Ruick and Carleton Carpenter (MGM). *Anywhere I Wander* by Danny Kaye* (Decca); Tony Bennett (Columbia). *Wonderful Copenhagen* by Danny Kaye* (Decca); Paul Weston & Norman Luboff Choir (Columbia). *Thumbalina* by Danny Kaye (Decca).

Jane Wyman makes a fine fail for Danny on *No Two People*, but I suspect that no two people could do a more charming job on this song than Daris Day and Donald O'Connor.

SOMEBODY LOVES ME—Title song by, Neal Hefti-Frances Wayne** (Caral), The Four Lads (Columbia).

It would be easy to fill up a whole column with lists of all the first-class versions available of the dozen or more songs reviewed in this picture. Among them: *Jealous* by Les Paul (Capitol). *Rose Room* by Benny Goodman Sextet* (Columbia). *Way Down Yonder In New Orleans* by Louis Armstrong* (Decca); Ray Anthony* (Capitol). *Smiles* by Jo Stafford (Capitol). *I Cried For You* by Sarah Vaughan* (Columbia). Benny Goodman* (Victor); Louis Armstrong (Decca). In addition to the many old hits, there's a new song written especially for the film—*Thanks To You*—recorded by the Four Lads.

THUNDER IN THE EAST—*The Ruby And The Pearl* by Frankie Laine** (Columbia); Perry Como* (Victor); Nat Cole* (Capitol); Jari Southern (Decca); Leray Halmes (MGM).

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—*My Love, My Life* by Jane Froman* (Capitol); Cindy Lord (MGM).

POPULAR

ROSEMARY CLOONEY—*Blues In The Night*** (Columbia).

ALAN DALE—*Let's Call It A Day*** (MGM).

EDDIE FISHER—*Lady Of Spain*** (Victor).

MILLS BROTHERS—*The Glow Worm** (Decca).

LEE WILEY—Vincent Youmans album** (Columbia); Irving Berlin album* (Columbia).

Rosemary, Alan and Eddie all do a good job of bringing back these old songs. *The Glow Worm* is dressed up in new lyrics by Johnny Mercer. Lee Wiley's albums prove she's still one of the warmest, mellowest voices around. She's accompanied by the piano team of Cy Walter and Stan Freeman.

JAZZ

LOU DONALDSON—*Cheek To Cheek** (Blue Note).

JOHNNY HODGES—Eight numbers* (Mercury LP). Here are two great alto sax stars; one a young modernist, the second a great veteran. An exciting study in contrasts.

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Roxanne shows you how:

- 1 Every night and morning, massage SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather into your skin.
- 2 Always use an upward and outward motion, with particular attention to the skin around the nose and under the lips.
- 3 Rinse twice—first with warm, then cool water. In 7 days, see the difference! Get SweetHeart Soap today!



The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

Paintings by your favorite stars now on Hallmark Christmas Cards

They're all in the Hallmark Hollywood Star Box

Painting is a hobby with these stars. Groucho Marx sketches between rehearsals at the studio. Fred MacMurray likes to get up early in the morning and paint before breakfast. Jane Wyman finds paint brushes, oils and canvas the perfect companions between pictures. And Henry Fonda went to art school long before he became an actor.

Hallmark Cards asked each one of these stars to design a Christmas card they would like to receive—and the Hollywood Star Box is the result.

There are twelve Christmas cards in the Hollywood Star Box, three reproductions of each of the paintings by the four stars. Groucho paints an amusing candy-cane house; Fred, a winter landscape; Jane and Henry...well, why don't you see for *yourself* how the stars paint?

You'll find the Hollywood Star Box for \$1.00 at all the fine stores that feature Hallmark Cards. It's only one of many, many exclusive Hallmark styles you can buy in boxes. And there are lots of Hallmark boxes priced as low as 59 cents. So, no matter what limits your budget may have, your Christmas cards can have Hallmark on the back...the famous Hallmark that tells your friends, "You cared enough to send the very best"!

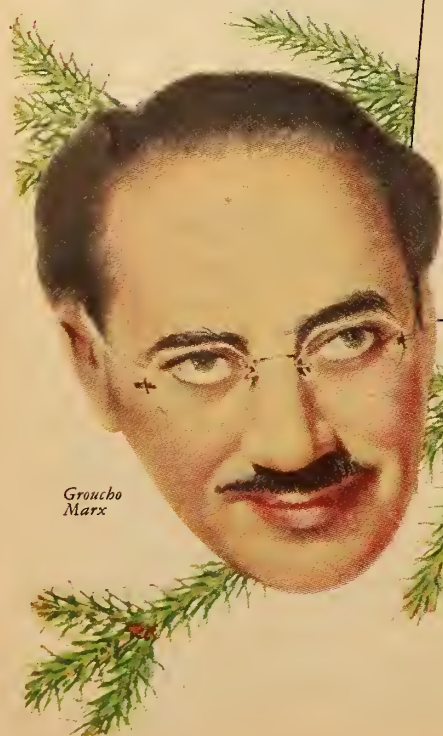
Henry
Fonda



Jane
Wyman



Fred
MacMurray



Groucho
Marx



See these other Hallmark Christmas Cards in boxes:

DESIGNS BY:

Grandma Moses
Norman Rockwell
Currier & Ives

Herb Olsen
Earl Bailly
Andrew Szoek

Winston Churchill
Paul Gaertner
Steinberg

VERSES BY:

Edgar Guest

AND

The Kodachrome Box
The Shadow Box
The Poodle Box

Mr. and Mrs. Box
Religious Box
The Big Value Box

The Comic Box
The Thrifty Box
The Parchment Box

what REALLY happened to MARIO LANZA!

BY JAMES CARR

■ They are saying in Hollywood that Mario Lanza is through, finished, washed-up. They are saying that even should he make a last-minute peace with MGM and agree to star in *The Student Prince*, an almost impossible possibility at this point—the motion picture industry wants nothing to do with him.

The problem child who once told reporters, "I'm a big baby, all singers are big babies; Caruso was a big baby, too," has not only earned the animosity of studio executives, but the hundreds of extras, supporting players, and musicians who found themselves dependent upon Mario's talent. They now regard him as a villain, a heavy, an irresponsible playboy, "a guy who has rocks in his head." As one studio official pithily put it, "the most unreasonable star I have encountered in the last 35 years—this guy should go to a good psychiatrist and get straightened out."

What is wrong with Mario Lanza? Why did he refuse to star in *The Student Prince*? Why does he refuse to give his side of the argument? Why is he willing to become the target for industry hatred? What's happening to him, anyway?

These are a few of the questions millions of his fans want answered. Explanations by the gossip columnists are inadequate and untrue, because Mario has refused to talk to them.

Hedda Hopper, for example, who shared in his discovery and helped bring him to the attention of the Hollywood bigs, tried to get Mario on the phone and print his side of the well-publicized dispute. Mario, who loves Hedda, declined to talk to her. Instead he sent her a couple of dozen roses and a card which said, "Will see you soon."

Another columnist wrote that Mario's enigmatic (*Continued on page 82*)

A report on

LANA AND LOVE



Lana made her first movie 15 years ago for Warners. Today she's starred in MGM's *The Merry Widow*

For 15 years she's loved
lavishly and taken heartbreak
with a smile. In this intimate
story Lana reveals what she's learned
and what she's going to do about it.

BY JIM HENACHAN

■ Lana Turner sat in a row boat and stared silently across the lake into the thick growth of trees that covered the distant bank. The water chopped busily, agitated by a playful wind, but the swell was gentle and the boat swayed easily in a restful, sedative motion. Lana leaned back, her hands flat on the seat behind her, and stretched her spine in a luxurious, cat-like movement and she looked into the sky where fat white clouds sat content against a field of bright blue. The oars rested in the water, slapping gently at the chop and creaking quietly in the oar locks. It was a day and a place for dreaming and remembering; the occasional chill in the autumn air, telling of summer's last days, was stimulating, and the whip of the wind in her hair seemed to spark thoughts in Lana Turner's mind.

This day was truly a day for meditation and for the (Continued on page 75)





hedda hopper spikes

**THOSE
BETTY
GRABLE
RUMORS**

The big news about
Shelley isn't that she's going to
have a baby . . . but
how it's made a new person
out of her. She's soft-
spoken and dreamy-eyed now

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

SHELLEY'S GREATEST SECRET

■ Petty annoyances which before would have caused Shelley Winters to blow up and turn over applecarts all around town now find her almost mystically remote. A promised picture role withdrawn? A new apartment all awry and life gone hectic? Somebody daring to take her name in vain and spreading invidious and baseless rumors? It doesn't touch her. Under her blonde, tousled poodle cut is a mind occupied with other matters, mainly those related to the great event before her—the expected birth of her son. A son? She knows it's going to be a son? Oh, sure. She committed herself on that point to her husband, Vittorio Gassmann, right from the first.

"Will it be a boy?" he practically ordered when the doctor gave her the news and a columnist phoned him about it before she had even reached home again.

"Absolutely," she told him.

In the third month of her pregnancy, about the time she moved into the new duplex apartment building she and Vittorio bought, she still had few doubts. Talking to some friends (an executive from the studio, a writer, workmen installing a gas outlet in the fireplace, numerous callers and various deliverymen—but all friends) she did admit an outside chance of error. But only for a fleeting moment.

"A girl?" she commented. "Well, if it's a girl, she'll be beautiful. But I'm certain it will be a boy. Shelley Winters, mother of a U. S. president. Imagine! Pretty good, eh? Of course he may have some competition. Elizabeth Taylor's baby will be born three (*Continued on page 89*)





After Tony started practicing for his *Houdini* role, Janet did nothing but pick up decks of cards and help him out of strait-jackets.

...AND EVERYTHING GOES CRAZY!

Tony and Janet's antics keep everybody talking . . . and guessing. Don't let their loud screams of discord fool you. These two are just looney with love

BY JACK WADE

■ One sunny autumn afternoon, Tony Curtis was stretched out on the living-room floor of his Wilshire Boulevard apartment clad only in shorts and a strait-jacket. As he puffed a cigarette held in one set of toes, and raked his curls with a comb clamped in the other—practicing up for his magician role in *Houdini*—his honey-haired wife, Janet Leigh, looked on with undisguised admiration, not unmixed with awe. She was pouring a glass of water down her husband's parched throat and mopping his beaded brow when a rap summoned her to the door.

"Good day, Madame!" began a beaming salesman. "You look like an intelligent young housewife. But in your humdrum duties are you keeping up with the world? Are you thinking sanely? Are you informed? I have here," he stated, "a sensational magazine subscription offer—three for the price of one. Now, if you will permit me—"

At that point in the pitch, Tony struggled to his feet, still manacled and bound, and staggered toward the door, wearing a wild look, half feigned and half natural. "Excuse me, please," said Janet.

"Now, Tony," she soothed, "it's all right. This isn't the nice man, but he's coming for you very soon, dear. It won't hurt when they take you away. Why, you'll love it there! And I'll come see you every day and bring you a cake!"

She turned back to the peddler who was already edging away. "I don't think," said Janet sadly, "that we'll (Continued on page 69)



There was nothing crazy about the Curtis kids the day they registered to vote.



Janet makes noises like a housewife in a very becoming manner Tony's mother says.



Mrs. Curtis boosts morale for players James, Dante, Chandler and O'Brian at a charity baseball game.



Why are so many people
gunning for Esther? She's rich,
she's famous and she's
happy. But she's about as
popular as a pound of parsnips

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

what's the trouble, esther?



Esther and Ben have been married seven years, have two sons. Still pessimists cry, "Split-up."

■ On Tuesday, November 25th of this year, Esther Williams will celebrate her seventh year of marriage to Ben Gage.

This means she will rise at 6:00 A.M., take a plunge in her heated pool at 6:15, feed the children if they're awake at 6:30, arrive at the studio by 7:00, appear on the set by 8:00, work eight or nine hours, then rush home to spend a few minutes with her Benjie and Kimmy before they're put to bed.

Should Esther and Ben decide to live it up a little and celebrate their anniversary, say by going to the Mocambo or dancing at Ciro's—incidentally, this spectacularly tall couple dance very well together which isn't too true of most Hollywood couples—you can bet even money that on the following morning at least one gossip column will carry an item to the effect that Esther's seventh wedding anniversary will probably be her last with Ben Gage.

Every year for seven years now, the columnists have been predicting—and here is a direct quotation—that "This is one marriage that can't last."

A few weeks ago, for example, a syndicated columnist who happens to be a close friend of the Gages and is usually careful about printing break-up rumors, told his readers that the domestic bickering between Esther and Ben had reached the boiling point.

When Esther was asked to comment on the item, she merely shrugged those broad, well-muscled shoulders of hers, (*Continued on page 91*)

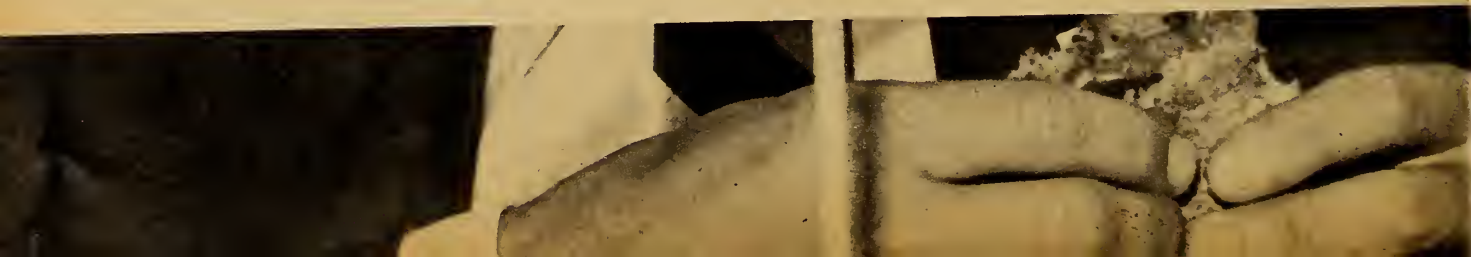


A new love for the Queen?

Barbara Stanwyck's dealt herself a

■ There was a time, not too many years ago, when every movie magazine photographer in Hollywood knew exactly where to go on Friday nights.

There was only one place—The Hollywood Legion Stadium. Each Friday at about 9:00 P.M. the stars would begin to arrive—Barbara Stanwyck with her then-





The muted color scheme in the living room was stolen directly from the foliage surrounding the house. The grey-green rug is the color of oak leaves, the red chair is a bright geranium shade. Furniture is English traditional.



Gene had only one request. He wanted to be able to stand in the center of the house and see all the downstairs rooms. The architect said he'd do it, and he did. This is the central spot.



The only Western decor in the Autry home is a three-dimensional mural in the butternut-paneled library. Created by artist Andy Anderson, it's a comic study of cowhands betting on who lasts longest on a bucking bronc.



Most of the Autrys' furniture, including the bed in their master bedroom, was designed especially for them. Their bedroom doubles as an upstairs parlor; the windows open on a balcony.

K

st

SLICK ENOUGH FOR THE MOST PERSNICKITY DUDE!

castle

by Marwa Peterson

■ "Don't you trouble yourself anymore, young lady. I think I'll take my own plane."

The warm, soft voice spoke good-naturedly, but the little redhead at the telephone desk of American Airlines was far from soothed.

"How do you like that, Mildred!" she sputtered to the girl beside her. "Here I am knocking myself out, trying to get Gene Autry one seat to Houston and he tells me to skip it. He'll fly his own plane."

Mildred grinned. "That's what a cowboy's gotta do nowadays to compete with the Space Patrolters."

She may be right as far as some cowboys are concerned. But Gene's explanation is quite different, and thoroughly Autry.

"Frankly speaking," he says, "I don't know what I'd do without my (Continued on next page)



Under Gene's portrait by Howard Chandler Christy, the Autrys survey their English traditional living room. This house is more formal than their ranch home.



The Autrys' efficient and sunny kitchen features an extra "island" sink which comes in handy when they have parties. Here two people can work together.



cowpuncher's castle continued

plane. I'm a small-town boy myself (born in Tioga, Texas and raised in Ravia, Oklahoma) and I can't resist playing rural communities where hardly any of the big stars ever drop in. The plane gets me there, and it gets me back home. Lots more often, too."

When Gene mentions home, a soft, small grin forms on his lips and his blue eyes light up. To him home means being with his wife Ina and having a few friends in for a barbecue in North Hollywood. It's as simple as that.

Ten years ago home was a Toluca Lake showplace. When it burned down in 1941 Gene joined the Air Force, and Ina camped out on their "Melody Ranch" in San Fernando.

Three years ago, Gene and his wife decided to build another "in town" house to replace the old one. By this time the Autry coffers were pretty well filled with loot so that the singing cowboy and his wife could have bought or built practically any kind of home they wanted.

This is a pretty enviable position to occupy. Put yourself in it for one dreamy, ecstatic moment. Suppose you had one or two or three million dollars. What sort of house would you get for yourself? Would you buy or would you build? Would you choose something modern or something traditional? Would you want an estate or just a home?

This is what the Autrys did. Sensible by nature they bought four acres in a wooded canyon, quiet and country-like, but very near the studios. Then they waited for the restrictions on home construction to lift. During this interval they thought out every detail of their post-war house. When it came to the actual task of transmitting ideas to blueprints, Mrs. Autry was able to tell her architect, her contractor, and her decorator exactly what she and Gene wanted.

A typical husband, Gene says, "I left all that to Ina. After all, I knew she'd live in the house more than I would."

Ina says, "I didn't go on tour with Gene that season, because it took one whole year to get our house finished. It was quite a job but I loved every minute of it."

The type of home the Autrys (*Continued on page 80*)

the men in my life

by Pipet Laurie

I don't know why it is, but as soon as time takes a girl out of her teens and into her 20's, people begin wondering why she doesn't get married. I won't be 21 until January, yet, already people are looking at the naked third finger of my left hand and leering ever so slightly.

I wish they'd give me time. I want to get married some day, sure. When I was little I had plush daydreams about growing up and falling in love and walking down the aisle. But it isn't quite that simple, I find. I have a supreme advantage in that I like men. I like them, as a rule, much better than women. I think they're more interesting and that they play the game more fairly. But that doesn't mean it's easy to find somebody I like who also likes me. It's usually been the case that when I set eyes on some tall and likely-looking male specimen, he either looked the other way or stepped on my foot and didn't bother to apologize. I guess you could sum the whole thing up that way; either he couldn't see me for dust, or if he could, he turned out (Continued on page 72)





"WE'RE NOT MAD AT ANYBODY"

He beats her . . . at
checkers. She weeps . . .
for joy. The
Grangers are making
Hollywood gossips eat
their lies

BY JIM NEWTON

■ "Go ahead," invited the big bruiser, "hit me!"

The little lady measured him carefully with her hazel eyes. Then she uncorked a sizzling right with all her 108 pounds behind it and connected—right on the button. The big guy staggered back and fell into the rose bushes. He bounced up right away, surprised but enchanted.

"Try it again," he urged. "That was beautiful!"

She tried it. Same result.

Jack Dempsey hauled himself to his feet again and extended the knobby paw which had once rocked the world's toughest sluggers to sleep.

"You're the champ," he told doll-faced Jean Simmons. "Guess I gave those boxing gloves to the wrong member of the family."

Now, that fistic upset never reached the sporting pages. It took place, not in Madison Square Garden, but beside the swimming pool at the Stewart Grangers' Bel-Air home. For another, the beautiful battler's husband was a little embarrassed about the whole thing. All his life Jack Dempsey had been Stewart's particular hero and here, just after the great ex-champ had actually visited him and given him a pair of autographed mitts, his wife employed an unladylike skill he had taught her back when she was a defenseless teen-ager—and dumped his idol right on his tail! But now that the incident has come to light, you might reasonably *(Continued on page 65)*



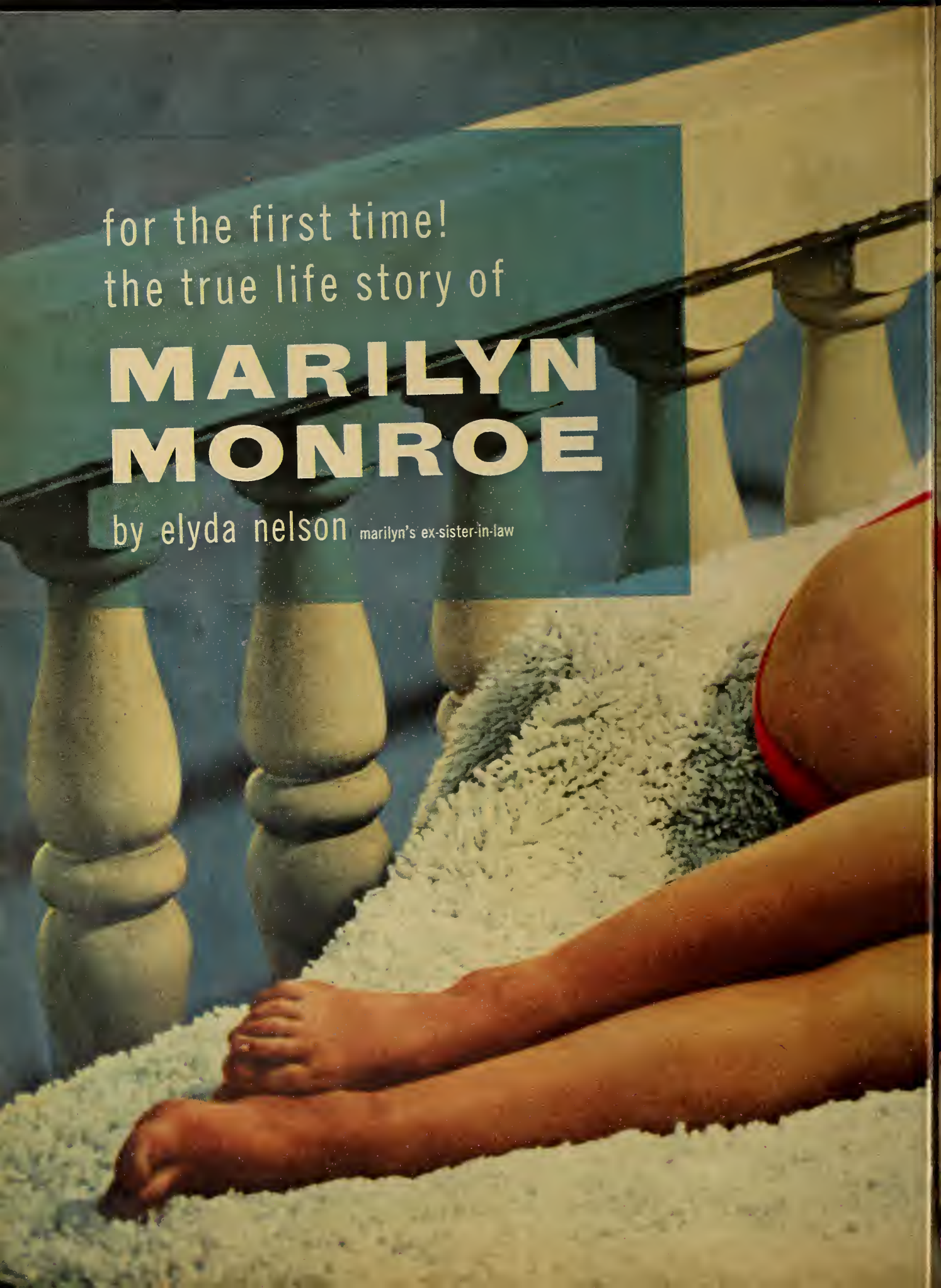
Out-of-doors he-man thrills are Stewart's stock in trade. Jeannie, far from being a shrinking violet, matches him in sporting blood. Her dad was a gym teacher.



Stewart loves it that Jeon can be moture and sophisticated, or mischievous and playful. Here he watches her with the poodle, Bess.



The ice-cream bar reflects Stewart's possion for Africo. He exhibits no couction when it comes to hobbies.



for the first time!
the true life story of

MARILYN MONROE

by elyda nelson marilyn's ex-sister-in-law



■ Probably at no time in the history of movies have so many men been in love with one woman. Soldiers, sailors, marines, Hollywood executives, not to speak of baseball players! And, while Marilyn Monroe is still single (if she still is at this reading), any one of them may by some miraculous chance become her future husband.

But no matter what man marries Marilyn, he will be haunted by the first and perhaps greatest love of her life. It may be at the hour just before dawn as Marilyn stirs restlessly in her sleep, her thoughts completely ruled by her subconscious. Suddenly she may sit bolt upright in bed, and her husband, abruptly wakened from deep sleep, will ask, "Sweetheart—what's the trouble?"

"Nothing, nothing," she may murmur. "Just a (Continued on page 61)

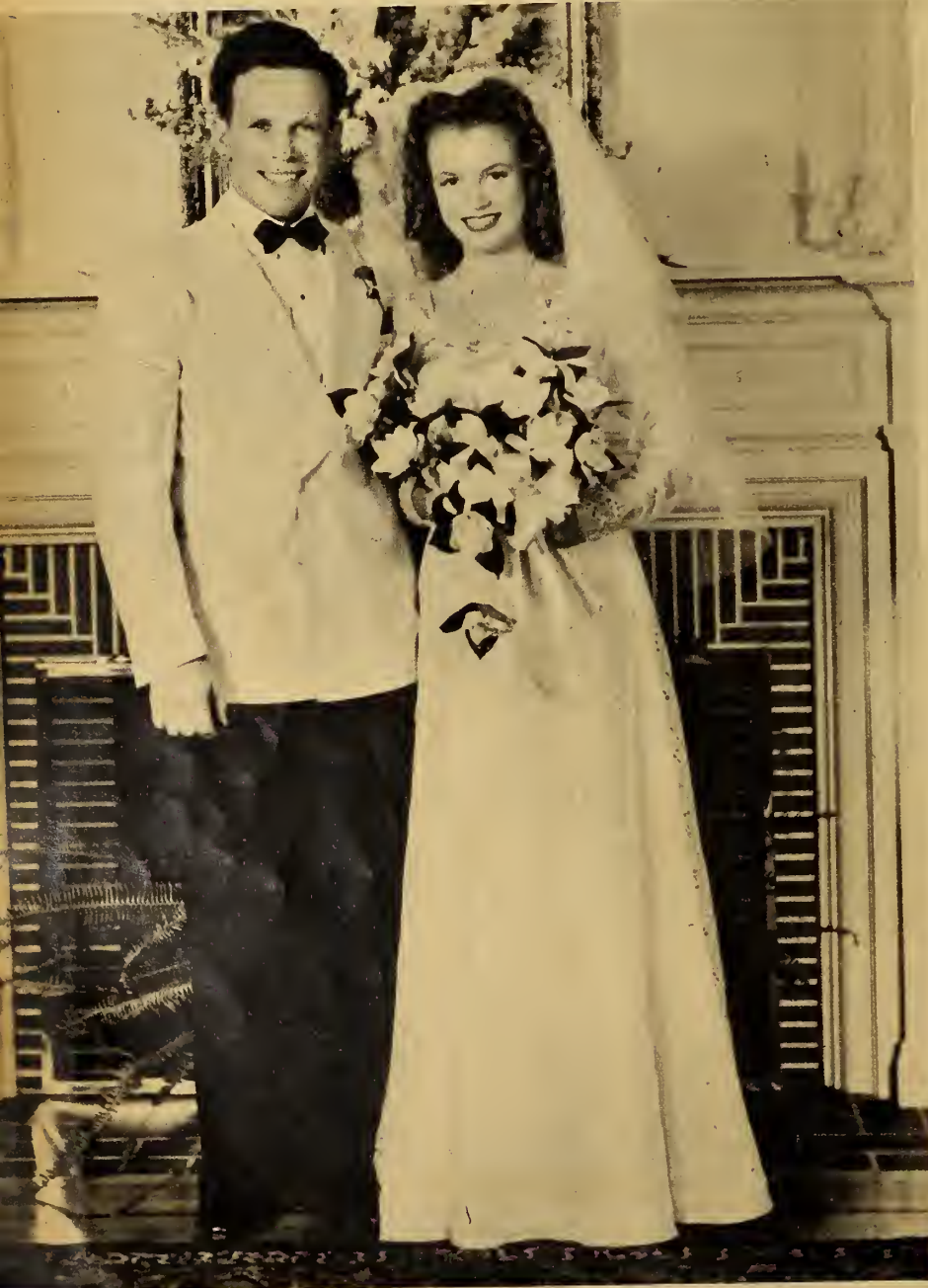
MORE PICTURES ON FOLLOWING PAGES ▶

MARILYN MONROE continued

These pictures chronicle the unhappy story of Marilyn Monroe's first romance. They come from the family scrapbook of a woman who knew her intimately, Elyda Nelson, the sister of the man Marilyn met, married and left behind long ago.



1 This is how Marilyn looked at 14, the first time her husband, Jim Dougherty, met her. He fell for her right away.



2 They married two years later; Jim was 21, Marilyn not quite 16. She wouldn't accept the engagement ring he selected, insisted on a less expensive one. Although her mother couldn't attend, several of her "foster mothers" were present.



3 There was no time for a wedding trip, but, a year later, Jim enlisted in the service, was sent to Cofa lina. They loved it there, called it a honeymoon.



8 Modeling for ads, magazine covers, like this one, took a lot of time. Jim didn't mind until it began interfering with his seeing her. The split came so

Jim was a simple man, content to lead the useful, but obscure life of a policeman. Marilyn wasn't made for domesticity . . . a dazzling career was her goal. Her success is a legend, now, but does she have what she really wants, at last?



4 Marilyn shared this first letter, and the ones that followed, with Jim's mother, after her husband was shipped overseas.



5 "To the most wonderful hubby in the whole wide world, love, Norma Jeane," was how Marilyn inscribed this picture she had taken to send to him.



A policeman's life appealed to Jim (*left*), who joined the force when he got out of service, but Marilyn longed for a career.



10 After they were divorced in 1946, Marilyn continued modeling. Fashion shots like this led to movie nibbles. Her first part was in *Scudda Hoo, Scudda*



6 This is the house Marilyn (*left*) rented when she worked at Radio Plone while Jim was away at war.



7 Co-workers chose Marilyn (*second from right*) Queen. The publicity brought modeling jobs.



11 It was a small part; but even then Colleen Townsend, director F. Hugh Herbert, knew she was on her way up.

HAPPY TALK

Doris Day keeps
talking that happy talk
of hers and mak-
ing dreams come true.

Hollywood just sits
and marvels at its
best-adjusted actress

BY STEVE CRONIN



Years of dance band traveling and being on her own made Doris self-reliant. She can still take care of herself, but now has manager-hubby Marty Melcher's help.





He approves her "buys" as he approves most everything his girl does. They married after a casual courtship in May, 1951.



Two of Hollywood's least complicated people become very much a pair when doing something important to both of them, like hunting antiques.



Whether they're buying furniture or selecting drapes, Doris and Marty work hard and have fun doing it—together.

■ During the recent shooting of one of the big Doris Day musicals at Warner Brothers' Studio, some out-of-town visitors dropped in on the set. It was in the middle of a very complicated musical number in which Doris and a couple of the other principals were required to interrupt their singing and dancing to put across a plot point. This is at best a harrowing procedure, for it involves cues for the actors, cameramen and technicians that must be hit right on the button. The timing, in other words, must be exact to the finest degree.

Nobody ever shoots a scene like this right the first time. As a matter of fact, 10 or 20 times is sometimes required before the scene is satisfactory to both the director and the cameraman. This shot, however, was a real toughie and it was shot again and again and again. As the hours wore on the visitors sat and waited, just, maybe, to see what would finally happen. The director was a nervous wreck. The leading man looked like a lunatic wanting to burst from his cage. The photographer seemed about to go right through the roof at any moment. But Doris Day just smiled and tried again every time she was asked to. She did each take with a smile, the same sort of smile she wore the first time. Finally one of the visitors turned to their guide.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked. "Hasn't she got any nerves? Doesn't she ever explode?"

The guide looked puzzled for a moment. "No," he said. "I guess she doesn't. Say, that's kind of funny."

You're doggone right it's kind of funny. It's just about as odd as a star working for nothing. It's something that has seldom been seen on a sound stage before. But it is no miracle. It is just that Doris Day is happy. She's found a peace, an ability to live with herself and others that is superior. There are those who say she has found religion, but that is only part of it. She has learned the secret of patience, and it is one of the main reasons why she is a star today. It is one of the main reasons she will go on and on while other stars fall or become victims of bad habits, greed and self-adulation.

It was a gradual process. When Doris Day first came to the movies she was as anxious as most newcomers who break into pictures are. She had been a band singer for years. A girl who had made a living by moving from one town to another every day of the year. A girl who had dressed in washrooms, slept for weeks in the back seat of a bus, and who had to get before a milling throng of strangers at each stop and sing warmly about love, or whip herself into a tizzie with a jump song she'd sung a thousand times. In other words, she was a fake by profession. A performer, but never actually in the mood she pretended to be.

When she first came to Hollywood, Doris was pretty bitter about life. She was married to a young fellow who was a musician with one of the bands she had sung with and they were broke. Instead of staying at a swank hotel, as most performers dream (*Continued on page 84*)

Return to Faith

by David Wayne



The Wayne children, twins Melinda and Susan, and son Timothy, are being brought up to *think* religion, as well as just *feel* it.

No one preached faith to me. It just came. I found it part of love, when love came to me

■ When I was seven and the minister of our Baptist Church in Bloomingdale, Michigan, thundered forth the phrase, "And the fiery wrath of God shall descend upon you!" I misunderstood him. I had never heard the word "wrath" until this Sunday morning. I thought he had said, "And the fiery *raft* of God shall descend upon you!"

I knew what a raft was. And I had a sneaking suspicion that I must be a sinner. All the shuddering way home I could see those flaming logs falling on me.

What made it worse was that up to that time I did not picture man as in God's image; the best I could do was picture God as in man's image. The man I felt He must most look like was my grandfather David McMeeking—a towering patriarch with a long, flowing, white beard. Grandfather was to me all-powerful. He could swing me high aloft with one arm. He would also give me dimes and pat my head. I loved him . . . why would he want to throw burning logs on me? It dismayed me and perplexed him because I (Continued on next page)

stayed away from him for days. Finally I came to the conclusion that he would never think of doing such a terrible thing. There was only one other answer. The minister must have been telling a lie. There was no such God . . . perhaps there was no God at all!

It was a pretty early age to embrace agnosticism, but there it was.

My subsequent childhood contacts with the church didn't help to remove any seeds of suspicion thus sown. In Sunday School the teacher made a lasting impression on me—and not a good one. She told her open-mouthed pupils that they all had a rope within them, and that every time they told a lie another knot formed itself in the rope. I had told my quota of lies, and at that moment I became conscious of a bellyful of kinks. Every time thereafter when I would catch myself fibbing, my hand would clap itself over my stomach automatically and I would be overcome by a wretched feeling of misery. To this day I can't see a rope without a sensation of discomfort.

It began to become plain to me that by the tenets of our church I was a lost soul. Since no one gives himself up without a fight, I refused to accept this. It was easier and more pleasant to take another tack—disbelieve the church. And I did.

I made my foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hodgman, who still live in Bloomington, pretty unhappy with my attitude. I would question their most cherished beliefs. I remember, when I was about 14, attending the Methodist Church one Sunday and then coming home and telling my foster father I saw no difference at all between Methodism and our own Baptist faith. "Besides, there weren't any more people at the service than come to our services," I added. "Hardly a third of the church filled. If they are the same, why don't they just have the one church and save on ministers and buildings?"

He argued that there was a difference, but the only one he could name was the form of baptismal; the Baptists believed in total immersion while the Methodists just sprinkled. I saw this as just a variation in symbolism and was not convinced.

I PERSISTED as a skeptic, though not a hard-bitten one, well into adulthood. I would waver during boyhood crises. For instance, once I was forbidden to drive our Model T and took it out anyway. It got stuck in a ditch. I was desperate to get it out and back in the garage before my foster parents, who were away, would arrive back home. When the wheels spun uselessly and all my heaving failed to budge the car, I decided to give Divine Intervention a chance . . . I prayed. Almost immediately—and it was a bit frightening as well as a relief—a farmer came along with a team of horses, and pulled me out. But my old attitude soon returned. What I needed was a much more believable God, not one so disconcerting—at least He was disconcerting as originally presented to me.

When I was 17 I left home to study at Western Michigan College at Kalamazoo. There was a good bit of religious activity around the campus, and I attended a few rallies held to foster faith among the students. The theme of the talks was always "Go to your church," but neither the people who presented them nor the way they went about it convinced me. There was always a sort of "save yourself" motivation to their appeals, and this seemed to me (and still does) a selfish basis for sparking a man's faith. Roughly, I think I felt that church should represent a chance to serve others, and thus God; rather than serve God, and thus yourself. There was one other way in which I felt that the church was improperly re-

garded. When I would come home during vacations and show no particular desire to attend services, my folks were hurt. To go to church was a family custom. Not to go was not only to exhibit lack of faith but reflect on the family. I felt all sorts of weight on me to go. I felt that I was regarded as being smart-alecky for not going. But custom is something one does from habit, without thought, and I could not help feel that such mechanical piety was not in reality true religious observance. Still I went, to please my folks, and felt that if there was a God he should resent my being there.

I think that, though I was a young man by this time, I was still conscious of God as a being; to some extent He was still a man who resembled Grandfather McMeeking but was not personally as nice as Grandfather. No great change in my views was going to occur until I would come to think of God as an idea, a conception of that phase of our existence which cannot be touched, weighed, or even located, which is called the soul, and which gives us the thought and emotion which characterizes the human animal from the other animals. And I know I was seeking this idea without being aware of the fact that I was on such a search. When I left college to work in Cleveland, no one there urged me to go to church . . . and there I did go. I went most often those days to the Unitarian Church where, it appeared to me, there was more of a discussion of the significance of God than a constant exhortation in His name.

I N this way I grew up, without faith, you might say; and yet today I am a man of faith. It isn't a formalized faith, yet it is a deep and true one. No one preached it to me, no one opened my eyes to it—it just came . . . and it is still coming. I found it part of love, when love came to me. I found it part of the immensity of the sky when, all alone, I lay in a slit-trench underneath it. I found it the only explanation for the wonder of the birth of my children, my own flesh and blood. I find it now in a growing consciousness of something above and beyond the words and the deeds of everyday life. I know that it comes to others this way, too.

On January 1, 1942, I sailed for the war front as a field service volunteer ambulance driver. I was attached to the British 8th Army in Libya and Egypt for 18 months, eight months of this time under fire in the Tobruk and El Alamein campaigns. Not to believe in God there, in the awesome flatness of the desert under the vault of the heavens, was an impossibility. Here came my conversion to faith, not once, but again and again. The sweep of God's hand, evident in the vast distances everywhere before my eyes, was conducive to the swelling of the soul . . . and it swelled, I knew, for and about Him.

I was not far from the Holy Land those days, and now when Christmas comes and my children ask for the story of Bethlehem, I am considered the most authoritative source. I try to do a good job but it is a little disconcerting when my audience, composed of my twin six-year-olds, Melinda and Susan, reveal that their curiosity extends only to the presents the Christ Child got. "Were His as nice as ours?" they want to know.

On the other hand I disappoint them at times, particularly in the matter of prayers. Prayers, it seems to me, are truly learned in childhood or never. I have since committed the popular prayers to memory, but they don't stick. Once, after a six months' tour away from home, I started to lead Susan in bedtime prayer as usual. I got as far as "Now I lay me down to sleep . . ." and couldn't think of the rest. She waited a moment then burst into tears.

Actually, I make no attempt to instruct my children in religion; rather I try to answer their questions as clearly as I can. When the twins wanted to go to Sunday School, my wife and I sent them. I think I would like the twins, and two-year-old Timothy, when he gets old enough, to go to church—not only the Protestant church, but the Catholic and Jewish churches as well. I think it will not harm them to know all the ways in which God is sought. I know it will set them to thinking, and if they can think their way to faith, as well as feel their way, the bond will be that much stronger.

MY closest friends are of all faiths . . . and I know no better people. When the United States entered the war, I returned from abroad and joined the American army in which I was assigned to officers' training school at Camp Lee, Virginia. A fellow student who graduated from school with me was Andy Levine, an old Jewish friend from Kalamazoo. Andy was my best man when I got married in the Little Church Around the Corner in New York. He fell so in love with the ceremony that when he wanted to get married he asked me to see if he, too, couldn't get married there.

I talked to Dr. Randolph Roy, the Episcopalian minister of the church, and at first he could not see how this could be accomplished. The tenets of the church expressly forbade such a marriage at its own altar. But from the start of the war there had been established a Victory altar in the chapel, and it was there that Andy was married. I have seen Dr. Roy many times since then, most often at the Lambs Club in New York, and he always makes the same inquiry: "How are my friends, the Levines?"

When I left for Africa as an ambulance driver, I carried with me not only Andy's good wishes but a Catholic prayer book given me by the mother of another boy friend. She came to me at a farewell party held for me and thrust it into my hand. "This will bring you through," she said. "Keep it with you always."

At that time my faith was not what it is today. Yet I kept the book on me, in a side coat pocket, always. I never read it but, after a few close calls in battle, it began to mean something. When I got back to the United States, I heard one day that this Catholic boy was in the army and about to sail for Europe. It suddenly became most important that I get his mother's book to him. There was no question in my mind but that he would come through, as I did, if he took it along. I made a trip to New York to present it to him. He came back unscathed.

THIS may seem an odd mixing of the faiths and the symbols which denote them: a Jewish boy married by a Protestant minister; a Protestant boy finding protection in a Catholic prayer book; a Catholic mother who extends the good words of her belief beyond her faith. But I feel it is eminently right. Whatever else the way of God, it must be boundless. I used to think that I had traveled to the outskirts of His domain before at last I turned to face inwards and retrace my steps again. But did I? Couldn't I have gone much further and still not go beyond Him when once belief came to me?

I was married hardly more than a year when I first went to war. I wrote many letters back to my wife, Jane, from North Africa. But the one I recall best had the following line in it: "I have come to believe again in a God."

I have.

END

(David Wayne will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Tonight We Sing*.)

(Continued from page 24) trying to impress her. Episode number two is as brilliantly sophisticated as the first is tragic. A diamond bracelet passes from husband to wife, to gigolo, to hatcheck girl, round and round till it gets back to the husband. The third section will follow some modern music. Gene hasn't yet decided what composer will do the job . . . and consequently hasn't a glimmer of what form the ballet will take. And those in the know are hinting that the fourth sequence will pattern somewhat after the wonderful cartoon dance in *Anchors Aweigh*.

Completely honest with himself, Gene Kelly knows that a movie of nothing but ballet is a tremendous gamble. Many of his gravest doubts were erased, however, the day he received a special Oscar for *An American In Paris*. In spite of anything he may have said before, or even at the time, he was thrilled to receive it. As a matter of fact, he didn't quite believe the BBC broadcaster who announced it. It took a recording from Hollywood, and a playback of those familiar voices in the actual ceremony to convince him. It was almost too good to be true. It meant more than personal acclaim. It meant that the public had accepted his ideas; that it was eager to receive the best he could give. It also meant that he could count on all the studio backing he needed.

Although the famous Kelly feet will star in only the "Clown" and "Modern" dances (he may do a "bit" in the jewel sequence) *Invitation* is really his baby. His heart and imagination will be in every downbeat, in every gesture. He is acting, dancing, choreographing, directing, and inspiring every foot of film.

Naturally, this kind of hard work means that Gene is not overly eager for gaiety and nightlife after studio hours. Much as he loves people, he has no time for parties, clubbing, or even the theater. He just wants to go home, relax, maybe dream up some new ideas.

COUNTRY living, though ideal, was out of the question considering Gene's hectic schedule. No more such idyllic spots as the darling old mill they'd lived in in France. There the great wheels had long since stopped churning water, and were covered with the kind of ivy that only grows on the handsome estates just outside of Chartres. The Moulin de La Roche, 40 kilometers from Paris, was fine while Gene was in the planning stages, but now, with things rolling, the Kellys had to live in the center of bustling London town.

It was no easy job to find a place. Many British homes, no matter how beautiful, look stiff and formal to American eyes. They looked absolutely forbidding to Betsy, remembering her casual California home.

The Kelly family was almost in despair the day they were sent off to somewhere called "the Mews." The agent, of course, knew it meant a row of coach houses around a "yard." But Betsy and Gene were delightfully surprised to step into a wide alleyway, with the mews branching off it. There are three soft old brick houses, all identical, on one side of the yard. Three exactly like them are primly mirrored on the other side.

They knew "their" house on sight. It is typically English, but seems to have a touch of California about it. The two upper floors have two bedrooms and a bath each; the first floor has a tavern-type dining room adjoining a spacious living room. The house seemed just tailor-made for an actor.

As a matter of fact, it is. After they'd settled the deal, the agent told them that it is Robert Donat's town house. Gene noticed at the time that Betsy seemed strangely

affected by this news. He thought no more about it, however, until Mr. Donat called on the telephone.

It seems that Donat had left a silver baby spoon in the house, and wondered if Mrs. Kelly would be good enough to find and send it on to him. Mrs. Kelly began blushing like a school-girl.

"Yes, Mr. Donat. Of course, Mr. Donat. I'll look, Mr. Donat," she stammered between giggles.

Gene couldn't believe his ears. When she hung up he accused her of sounding like a teen-aged fan, and did a creditable imitation of her to prove it. It was then that she admitted the awful truth. Long before she was a teen-ager she developed a hopeless love for Robert Donat. She was his A No. 1 fan. And still is.

The second time, she called him. She wanted permission to repaint the dining nook. Mr. Donat was out, but would call back. The living room was filled with friends celebrating Gene's birthday on August 23rd when the call came. He had alerted them all to the reaction his lovely wife underwent, and Betsy was determined to thwart them. She would maintain womanly poise and dignity. But when her idol's voice came over the phone, she reverted to type. She giggled and carried on. Gene has never stopped teasing her. And what is worse, she's afraid they'll be evicted, on good evidence, as unstable tenants.

This of course, is sheer nonsense. Even the energetic English are impressed by the "ard worker" her husband is. And her daughter, fresh from school in France, is their idea of the perfect visitor.

In The Student Prince, Mario Lanza was slated for 26 songs, leaving exactly 30 minutes for the story.

Kerry Kelly is a delightful child, according to any standard. She is that appealing creature, a shy, well-mannered little girl who is interested in others. Londoners often see Kerry and her mother at London Bridge, the Tower, Westminster or other points of local pride. Kerry looks into all of them. Then she writes full and interesting letters to her many friends at home in California, and her Parisian schoolmates. She learned to speak and write French beautifully last year. It was her first experience with a private school. At home she attends the neighborhood public school. This year she will again attend private school in England, but the exact one hasn't yet been chosen.

This switching around educationally is pretty hard for a little girl. First there's the language problem, but she overcame that wonderfully in Paris. This year, in England, of course, it will be smooth sailing. Then, Kerry sometimes gets a little homesick for her chums in Hollywood.

Betsy suspects that she sometimes gets a little homesick for Dublin, Ireland, too, although Kerry Kelly has been there only once. Here's how it happened.

AFTER Gene finished making *Devil Makes Three* in Munich he was ready for a short breather. He and Betsy decided on a week's holiday in North Africa. They rented a car in Casablanca, and spent a wonderful, non-spectacular seven days casually visiting all the little towns in the French Moroccan area. At least it was non-spectacular for the Kellys. French Morocco may never be the same. They are great movie fans there, which rather surprised Gene. But very respectful ones, standing quietly at a good distance, just looking. (In Germany, it is quite the reverse. Stars are followed around everywhere.)

The vacation was fine, except for one thing. Kerry was in school, and couldn't

come. So her Daddy promised to make it up to her as soon as they got together.

On the very first Bank Holiday after they arrived in London, all the Kellys headed for Dublin. From the moment they started, Gene and Kerry were like nine-year-olds. For what Donat does to Betsy, Dublin does for her husband and daughter. The mere name of the place thrills them. They prowled the countryside for hours. They haunted ancient castles. Long before the too short holiday was ended, Gene had instilled the love of Ireland in Kerry. And it looks as if it will remain a life-long romance.

Back in Engand again, the Kellys set right to work. Gene on the picture. Betsy and Kerry on Operation Birthday. Gene's birthday falls on August 23rd, and the ladies in the family determined to make a "thing" of it. Kerry became engrossed in a "secret project." Secret from everyone but her mother, that is. She has fine artistic talent, which has developed wonderfully this past year. She turned out an amazingly good painting for her father's birthday present. Meantime, she kept encouraging her mother to bake a home-made cake.

Betsy Kelly is an artist in the kitchen. In their early years in Hollywood she did every scrap of her own housekeeping. But baking a cake in London was more of a problem than she'd bargained for.

It wasn't a matter of getting the ingredients, Great Britain is, of course, on an Austerity Program. But for proper ration coupons, or for visitors, shop-keepers can supply any need. The trouble was mathematics. The English figure recipes in tea-cups, not the standard American measuring cup. Betsy was as busy with pencil and paper as with egg-beater and flour-sifter. But higher education and a light hand with the pastry were triumphant. The cake was a masterpiece.

So was the party that went with it. The Kellys invited many friends for the occasion. It was a special event indeed, the first major entertainment held by this popular couple.

LONDON finds the Kellys rather unusual. Ordinarily American film stars dash around, seeing and being seen in all the smartest restaurants and elegant salons. The Kellys haunt quite different places. Betsy, for instance, is a familiar figure in the home-furnishing shops. She is personally buying everything for the house, from superb linen and silver to the most humble pot or pan. (Contrary to American custom, English houses have only furniture when let. The renter must outfit it for living.)

Inhabitants of the Mews are accustomed to seeing Kerry at the post-box. Or running down the street to meet a trim young man who walks with athletic stride, deeply absorbed in his own thoughts. Then she and her father walk to the house together, exchanging news of home happenings, or studio goings-on.

Sundays, the whole family is at home together. Betsy caring for her house and family; Kerry painting; and Gene, notebook in hand, dashing down ideas and sketches for the next day's work. Or noting an idea for *Brigadoon* which he will make in Scotland next spring. Or perhaps outlining a completely new scheme. This man is brimming over with ideas which the world will applaud in time, because he has the personal genius to create them and a family to back him with love and cooperation.

These happy, work-a-day Kellys may be a disappointment to a few autograph-hunting fans in Piccadilly. But the majority of Londoners couldn't be more charmed with them. For when they invaded the English capital, they invaded British hearts. And they'll never leave them, no matter where they go from here.

a new love for the queen

(Continued from page 43) of her consistently trim figure—for years Barbara has never weighed more than 110 and never in her life has she ever had to wear a girdle. I used to watch her and envy her clothes, her looks, her career, even her hubby, Bob Taylor.

But then the war came and Barbara's husband became a flight instructor in the Navy. When the war was over, Taylor was overcome by wanderlust. He bought a plane, hired a co-pilot, started flying all over the country. He made pictures in England and Rome, content with only occasional visits from Barbara who remained working in Hollywood. After 12 years of marriage, a divorce solved their mutual problems, and Barbara stopped going to the Friday night fights at the Legion.

I guess she didn't go for more than a year—but a few weeks ago Barbara Stanwyck returned to the old stand, this time accompanied by a tall (6-foot-1), blond, blue-eyed young actor who was born Ralph Rathgeber but who is known in Hollywood as Ralph Meeker.

You've probably seen Ralph in *Teresa, Four In A Jeep, Somebody Loves Me, or Glory Alley*. His latest film, *Jeopardy*, in which he co-stars with Stanwyck, has yet to be released.

Ralph Meeker and Barbara Stanwyck came down to the Legion Stadium on a Friday night, and as soon as Barbara was recognized—this isn't too easy since she is one movie star who seems to melt into a crowd rather than stand out from it—many of the female tongues in the fight arena began wagging.

"Who's that man with her?" "Is that the Ralph Meeker she's been coupled with in the gossip columns? Looks a little younger than Barbara." "How long have they been going together?" "Is it true he still carries a torch for Robert Taylor?" "I hear she and Meeker are engaged. They say he's a strange one, very moody, very sensitive."

The above is fair sample of the dialogue aroused by Barbara's appearance at the fights with her new beau.

A similar flow of verbal curiosity undoubtedly accompanied their presence at the Ice Follies. Certainly the gossip columns of late have been filled with Stanwyck-Meeker items, the implication being that these two are more than casually interested in each other.

When I asked Barbara how she felt about Ralph Meeker she said flatly, "I've only known Mr. Meeker a little more than a month. He's a very talented actor and a very fine gentleman. He has a good sense of humor and is extremely versa-

tile. In addition to his acting, I think he plays a half-dozen different musical instruments; he's certainly a very fine pianist. I look forward to his developing into one of the finest actors in motion pictures. It's just a question of whether or not he's cast in the right part.

"Where did I meet him? Over at the studio. We played in *Jeopardy* together. Anything serious between us? Well, I told you. I've only known him for a month or so which isn't very long to know a man. I think he's a fine person, but there's certainly nothing serious between us. We've been out a few times together, and I enjoy his company.

"What else? There's nothing else except that as a colleague of Mr. Meeker's I can tell you that he's very conscientious, very industrious. He has an extensive background in the theater, and well, that's just about all I know."

BARBARA Stanwyck is without a doubt the smartest, shrewdest, canniest, most honest, hard-working actress in Hollywood—but the above quotation, uttered with great care and deliberation, is the kind of quotation which reflects absolutely nothing of her true and inner feelings regarding this young man who has recently entered her life.

It says nothing, for example, about the morning a few weeks ago when Ralph Meeker was flying in from New York. John Van Druten, the playwright, had asked Ralph to fly east, to read for the lead in his new play, *I've Got Sirpence*. Ralph, who took Marlon Brando's place in the New York company of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and has acted in some 70 different plays, didn't particularly like the part in Van Druten's new opus and bowed out. He caught the first midnight plane for Hollywood and when he arrived at 7:30 the following morning, there was Barbara Stanwyck waiting eagerly to throw her arms around him.

As Ralph disembarked from the DC-6, Barbara ran to him crying, "How are you, Ralph?" They hugged each other tightly. The words, "Mr. Meeker" were conspicuous by their absence in Barbara's demonstrative greeting. It was strictly "Ralph" all the way.

Barbara drove Ralph in her car to his home in the Hollywood hills. Cai Fryendahl, Ralph's Danish jack-of-all trades, had a warm and appetizing breakfast ready. Then Barbara drove home. No matter what she may say, no actress is going to get up at 5:30 A.M. and race out to the Los Angeles Municipal Airport to meet a handsome young man if that handsome young man is just another actor who doesn't mean anything to her. Nor will she accompany him to the Ice Follies, the

Tall in the Saddle

When, as a part of Greg Peck's role in *Duel in the Sun*, he was told, "You'll have to jump over a horse's rear end and land in the saddle while it's in full gallop," he took himself to a riding stable and rode for three solid weeks. Not content with learning to ride, he mastered roping and wore cowboy costumes from dawn until dusk to get used to the feel of levis, a close-hugging shirt, and high, cowpoke heels. The only flaw was the fact that his hips were so narrow his gun belt showed a tendency to slip down around his ankles.

PETE MARTIN

boxing matches, the movies, entertain for him at her home, dine with him at his, and see him more often than she has seen any other man in the past six months.

Thus on the basis of the available evidence, Barbara Stanwyck is more than fond of Ralph Meeker. Now, whether this interest will lead to love or more particularly to matrimony, no one can say.

MEEKER, according to people who know him best, is a moody, enigmatic sensitive individual who belongs to the slightly Bohemian or Marlon Brando school of actors. Press agents who have tried to work with him report that while he is not uncooperative, he certainly is not to be called communicative.

A reporter who asked him about his friendship and repeated meetings with Barbara Stanwyck was told, "There's not supposed to be any publicity about that." "Who made that ruling?" asked the newsmen.

"I did," Meeker reportedly answered.

On another occasion, the young actor was asked, "How do you feel about Barbara Stanwyck?"

"A good friend," was all he would say.

A year or so ago when Meeker was living with Kurt Kaszner, an Austrian beer barrel of a man who is also under contract to MGM as a character actor, he would frequently say, "I'm never going to get married." But that was before he made *Jeopardy* with Barbara Stanwyck.

Barbara, in case you don't know it, has for years been regarded by the men who work with her as the swellest person in the movie colony. When it was learned, for example, that it was Robert Taylor who wanted the divorce and not she, one of the chief electricians at the studio pretty much reflected the general Hollywood masculine opinion when he said, "Robert Taylor must have rocks in his head. I don't care where or how long he looks, he ain't never gonna find a nicer dame than Stanwyck."

Men consider Barbara well-nigh irresistible, largely because she seems devoid of such feminine traits as indecision, pettiness, and vindictiveness. When Barbara has something to say, she says it. When she hasn't, she remains quiet. When a makeup man finishes with her, she never tries to improve on his work. Unlike dozens of other actresses, all less talented than she, Stanwyck never insists upon directing her director, outwitting her writer, or out-producing her producer.

Fritz Lang, for example, who has fought with a good many stars, and who directed Barbara in *Clash By Night*, says, "She is an angel. Directing her is a genuine pleasure."

Fred MacMurray who acted opposite Stanwyck in one of her best films, *Double*

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Indemnity, for which she received an Academy nomination, says, "The wonderful thing about working with Stanwyck is that she makes you try and reach her level which is pretty darn high. She is letter perfect in her lines, and if you fluff yours, she's always patient, helpful, and understanding. She's what you might call a dream-girl."

Jack Benny, who uses her on his radio and TV shows as frequently as she will permit, says, "Barbara Stanwyck is one of the three greatest performers I've ever met." The other two, in his opinion, are Ingrid Bergman and Ethel Merman.

STANWYCK, who is 45 and doesn't hide the fact—actually she looks no more than 33—is particularly helpful when it comes to young actors. This is probably one reason why Ralph Meeker finds her tops.

I remember when Bill Holden was first breaking into motion pictures. He was playing the lead in *Golden Boy* and not finding it too easy. Each day a group of well-wishers would go to Harry Cohn, studio chief, and say, "This kid was great at the Pasadena Playhouse. Why didn't we send him back?"

It was Stanwyck, however, who knocked herself out at the front office with pleas that Holden be kept on the job. She worked with him after hours, rehearsing and teaching; today Holden's gratitude knows no bounds.

Similarly, Barbara was of great help to Meeker in *Jeopardy*. In this one she plays the wife of a man (Barry Sullivan) who's trapped on a sandbar by a fallen jetty. Trying to obtain help for her husband, she is held by an escaped convict (Ralph Meeker) who plans to take her and her car to Mexico and leave the husband behind to drown.

In the production of this picture, Barbara saw to it that Meeker came off well. She was in a position to demand close-ups, favored camera angles, more lines, more scenes. Instead she insisted upon sharing the spotlight with Meeker, seeing to it that his part was given major attention.

Certainly Stanwyck took infinitely more pains with Ralph than Betty Hutton did when they both made *Somebody Loves Me* at Paramount. Meeker sings fairly well but not well enough for *Somebody Loves Me*, and Pat Morgan's singing voice had to be dubbed in for his. Also his relationship with Hutton was rather strained—so strained in fact that one morning when Betty saw Meeker getting off a plane at the airport—it was the same plane Stanwyck met—she avoided running into Ralph.

Ralph Meeker is 32 years old, the only child of a broken home. He was born in Minneapolis, raised by aunts in Chicago, and attended Northwestern University where he starred in drama club plays along with two young student actresses, Patricia Neal and Jean Hagen.

He worked his way through college playing a variety of musical instruments from piano to vibraphone. In 1943 he finally landed a small part in the Broadway production of *Doughgirls*.

WHETHER it was the ceaseless struggle on Broadway to make good, with relatively few funds, or whether it was his unhappy youth, perhaps it was a combination of both these factors—the truth is that Ralph Meeker today is regarded as a talented young actor who doesn't have many friends, one who is inordinately sensitive, one who believes in going his own way, one who is reluctant to praise what others consider outstanding.

A friend who knew him on Broadway says, "He came up the hard way, and he's

afraid of people—not exactly afraid but wary. He's had to work hard for everything he ever got, and he's learned to be self-sufficient. Getting a break on Broadway, you know, is really a dog's life. Why, Ralph has done everything, USO shows, stock companies, the subway circuit, anything you can think of he's played. It was Josh Logan who got him his first decent break. Josh gave him a part in *Mr. Roberts* and when Marlon Brando left *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Josh ran into Irene Mayer Selznick—she was the producer of *Streetcar*—and said, 'I think I've got the fellow to take Brando's place.'

"Ralph read the part and worked for more than a month before they gave him the job. He stayed with the play for a year and took it on the road. It was Irene Selznick who talked Fred Zinnemann (who was going to direct *Teresa* in Italy) into giving Meeker a chance in motion pictures.

"Fred signed Ralph for the role of the sergeant and took him to Italy. When *Teresa* was finished, Zinnemann recommended him for *Four In A Jeep* which was shot in Austria. After that, Meeker

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came home and flew to Hollywood where Metro signed him to a term contract."

Friends of Barbara Stanwyck insist that her relationship with Meeker is platonic. "Let's face it," one of them says. "Barbara is 45. This Meeker chap is 32. Barbara has always loved helping people. Here's a struggling young actor trying to fight his way to the top. Barbara's helped dozens of them. She's helping this one, too.

"Maybe he takes her out a couple of times a week. What of it? He's a bachelor and she doesn't have a husband, and she's much too beautiful and witty to sit home alone and just hibernate. She's a girl who likes to live. Unfortunately so many activities in Hollywood, so many activities anywhere, call for a male escort.

"How many male escorts are there in Hollywood? Cesar Romero, Farley Granger, Lon McCallister, Scott Brady, maybe one or two more. A couple of months ago Farley Granger called for Barbara, took her to some party. Next day it was in all the columns, a brand new love affair. Heck, Barbara's adopted son, who's in the Navy now—he's almost as old as Granger.

"I'm not saying that Stanwyck isn't in the market for another husband—every unmarried woman is. But certainly she's much too smart to pick on a youngster like

Meeker. She married Robert Taylor, and he was only a few years younger than she. Look what happened to that one. She's much too smart to make the same mistake twice.

"Besides she's accustomed to running things, to being a little dominant, and so is Meeker. Stanwyck, as I said before, is a woman men admire. She isn't the kind to lead a manless life. Sure she goes up to Meeker's house off Sunset Plaza and dines with him and looks down on the city lights while he softly plays the piano. Sure the whole setup spells romance—only Barbara isn't a little girl who can be swept off her feet.

"Here's a woman with a basic sense of values, who sizes up the situation and the man involved. When and if she marries again it will be a mature man of accomplishment, a guy in his forties.

"There's a great unrequited streak of the maternal in Stanwyck's makeup. For my money, Ralph Meeker brings it out. In her I'm sure he sees a combination of mother-sweetheart-wife-and-sister which is probably an ideal relationship for a long and endearing friendship, but certainly not one for a marriage."

EVER since her divorce from Robert Taylor other friends of Stanwyck's say that the one reason she has worked so consistently is that she wants no spare time in which to mull over her past; that in a way she is using Meeker as an antidote for the hurt Taylor caused her. There may be a modicum of truth in this supposition but not more. Stanwyck doesn't mope and mourn. When she drops a man she seems to lock a door in her heart.

I remember when she divorced Frank Fay. Frank was difficult to live with as the divorce proceedings well brought out, so that perhaps this was an atypical case. But there was a time when Barbara was so headlong in love with Fay that it hurt. That was back in 1920 when Fay was the emcee at Texas Guinan's supper club. Barbara had just been graduated from the chorus line to the legitimate stage and Fay was her idea of perfection. When Fay sent her a telegram from St. Louis one night offering to marry her, she grabbed the first express train out of New York—much to her later sorrow.

With Bob Taylor it was a little different. The Marx Brothers invited her to their home for dinner one night explaining that they wanted her to meet a Mr. Artigue, which was their favorite name for Robert Taylor. Stanwyck didn't know this and spent all evening explaining to Mr. Taylor that she was really supposed to have a date with a Mr. Artigue. Taylor finally spoiled the gag by pointing out that his initials were R.T. and that according to the queer Marx system of spelling these two initials spelled "Artigue".

Barbara Stanwyck was ecstatic with joy when she finally got rid of Frank Fay. Her heart was filled with sorrow when she lost Bob Taylor—not only because she loved Bob dearly but because it is a sad thing for any woman to find herself at the age of 43 without a husband and with the necessity of winning another.

Stanwyck has enough money to spend the rest of her days in idleness, although she is constitutionally incapable of doing so. But all her wealth will not obtain for her the kind of mature, accomplished loving husband she needs.

UNTIL such a man comes along, actor like Ralph Meeker and Jean Pierr Aumont—and there will undoubtedly be others—these young men must be looked upon as stopgaps in the interlude of loneliness.

the true life story of marilyn monroe

(Continued from page 51) little nightmare."

And Marilyn herself, in the morning will hardly remember the incident, or the fact that she was really aroused by the alarming wail of a distant police prowler car. She would deny, even to herself, that in half wakefulness a split-second question passed in her mind: "I wonder if that's Jim?"

Jim, the dark-haired handsome football star, the boy she loved and the man who, rightly or wrongly, rejected her love by persistently thwarting her ambitions. Jim, the ex-husband, and police rookie who came to her side when she needed him, after their divorce, but who still could not be moved by the tears of the loveliest, sexiest girl in Hollywood.

Amazing? Yes, when we think of Marilyn Monroe as the most sought after girl in Hollywood. But no—no, the situation is not so startling when we remember that for all of us the first big love in our lives is the one we always keep for a secret place in our hearts.

I know whereof I speak, for the Jim in Marilyn Monroe's life is my brother, and as Marilyn Monroe's ex-sister-in-law, I have decided that the time has come to tell the real truth about the girl for whom I once wept, cheered, frequently despaired of as a member of the family. And whom I still love as though divorce and fame had not again made us the strangers we were before our first meeting.

My mother was living on a small ranch in the San Fernando Valley, and just behind the house my folks lived in was, a small house occupied by a most charming woman by the name of Grace Goddard. As they chatted over the back fence, Grace frequently mentioned her lovely foster daughter who was living with her "Aunt Anna" in Santa Monica.

"She sounds like exactly the sort of girl Jim would like," Mother told me, the day I first met the girl who is known today as Marilyn Monroe. Not quite 15, she was the most beautiful little creature I had ever seen. Not only did she have beauty, but everything else it takes to make a lady. I loved her from the beginning. I told Mother, "You know how Jim is, so stubborn, sometimes. She's just the girl for him, but if he thinks we want them to start going together nothing will happen."

So we contrived for the two of them to meet, and I was right.

Honest and forthright, Marilyn (I'll call her that, but her name was Norma then) told Jim right off how old she was. He liked her, but he thought she was much too young to date. Mother and I made no comment, and just like a man Jim fell and fell hard on their second meeting. At the time, I lived in Ventura County. It was only a short distance to beautiful Lake Sherwood, and on Sundays Jim always brought Marilyn to spend the day. They went fishing, rowing, or just went hiking.

My brother Jim always needed a little explaining. He was as handsome as they come, but he was always the gentleman, and never the wise guy. His father used to say, "Jim ain't got no smart," but he didn't mean it unkindly. He meant that Jim was unmercifully honest and old-fashioned. We were all proud of him for it.

As for Marilyn, little by little on these Sundays I came to know her and the facts about her early life. They were not pleasant, no wonder that to the present day she has wanted to keep them secret. She is learning, but cannot seem to realize, that the best thing to do is to cheerfully admit your background. Then no one will dig it up as a big "scoop" later on. Betty Hutton felt the same way Marilyn did for

awhile. Then, after a writer revealed the fact that she used to sing for pennies and nickels outside saloons in Detroit when she was little, Betty became proud of her tough beginnings, as well she should.

Marilyn talked to me many times about her childhood. It is quite true that she was "kicked around" a lot, and "farmed out" to various families, because her mother was taken ill and couldn't care for her. But there is a significant fact about this situation. Marilyn was such a wonderful child that she completely captivated the two most outstanding families she lived with. They were comparatively poor people with children of their own, but they loved and cared for Marilyn in a way that couldn't have been bettered by any millionaire whose name you'd find in the social register.

There was one very religious family (Marilyn herself turned to Christian Science) that loved her dearly, but had to give her up because they just couldn't afford another mouth to feed. Still, the mother of the family was invited to her wedding at Marilyn's insistence. A docile and subdued little person, her pride and devotion cast a glow of warmth over the whole event.

Then there was another family. They were maladjusted to life. They drank a good deal, and Marilyn prayed for them. She was only about seven years old at the

It happened when George Oppenheimer was writing the screen play for a Joan Crawford movie which was directed by Vincent Sherman. George and Sherman didn't get along well and the director rewrote the script on the set. After the picture came out—and it wasn't a hit—Oppenheimer always referred to it as "Sherman's march through George."

*Sidney Sholsky in
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time, and told me that her only dolls were empty whiskey bottles. "Day after day," she said, "I'd dress the 'dead soldiers' in little wisps of cloth and call them 'my babies.' And when I grew up, I could understand one thing a lot of parents couldn't. They'd give beautiful dolls to their children who in turn would ignore them and play with little beaten up characters made of rubber with the painted eyes gone. To me, those whiskey bottles were real dolls, and I think that most parents should pay more attention to what's in a child's mind than they do to the pretty things they can buy to influence that mind."

I AM certain that people laugh, today, when they read what some reporter has to say about Marilyn's intelligence. I don't. She learned about life and psychology in the school that has produced not only our greatest actors, but our statesmen and educators as well. That was a hard school, and let's face it, the forbidden question of sex comes to girls at a much earlier age than most parents will admit. Girls who come from the wealthiest and finest of families suffer from want of understanding in this respect. Marilyn didn't. Her mother, born under an ill-fated star, was unable to give Marilyn the constant companionship she needed, but she did give her a great love, and it was returned by her daughter. Unfortunately, her mother's illness prevented her from giving Marilyn all the attention she needed at this age, but other women gave Marilyn her attitude and intelligence toward the

opposite sex with the result that she was a thoroughly "good girl."

That's why, today, you'll find hardboiled reporters speaking with such utter amazement about Marilyn's fine qualities. She may look like the greatest movie siren since Jean Harlow, but, like Jean, this is all window dressing. I've never known a man who really got to know Marilyn who didn't look at her with as much respect as they would accord to their own sisters.

I AM not an expert writer. If I were, I might try to break your heart with the account of the occasions on which, driving with Marilyn through Hollywood to our place in the country, she'd point out a beautiful white house high in the hills. "I lived there once," she'd say, "before mother was ill. It was beautiful. The most wonderful furniture you can imagine. A baby grand piano, and a room of my own. It all seems like a dream."

No wonder her memory clung to those days, for despite the kindness of the people with whom she lived, Marilyn's beauty could readily have turned her into a tough, cynical teen-ager. For instance, at one time there was a young smart alec about 16 years of age who habitually hung around a certain corner which she had to pass on her way home from school. He took great delight in making obviously obscene remarks. When she could stand it no longer, Marilyn told an older companion what was happening. The next time she crossed this street, her friend followed a few yards behind her. The boy began to annoy Marilyn, and in an instant her friend grabbed him, slapped him soundly and called for the police. A store-keeper came out and testified to the fact that the boy was lying in his claims of innocence. The fellow was let go with a stern warning.

In spite of the problems of moving from family to family and school to school, she was a good student, a gracious and decent girl. My mother and I sensed this, in the way that women will, which is why we were proud when she began to go with Jim. And believe me, if she hadn't been a fine girl, we'd have done everything we could to break up the romance, because Jim—

Well, let me tell you about him. From the time Jim Dougherty, bless his fiery Irish heart, was a small boy, he loved music and could fight his way through a whole school of tough kids. At Van Nuys elementary school he took up the violin and played in the orchestra. When he was 12 he joined two Mexican boys—twin brothers—in a hill-billy band. On Saturdays, they paraded thru town on a load of hay drawn by two donkeys, sawing out music and picking up two dollars apiece from their sponsors, the Wray Brothers Ford Company.

Later, at high school, Jim played smashing right tackle on the football team. He was the student body president and had the lead in every school play. One of his friends during school days was a young gas station attendant named Bob Mitchum. And among his leading ladies was the sultry Jane Russell, who received almost no attention at all because audiences were so enthusiastic about Jim's performances. Everything came naturally to Jim. He was a born leader. His music teacher, and Mr. Ingram the drafting teacher, did everything they could to get Jim to go to Santa Barbara college and become a teacher, and everyone predicted a brilliant career for the boy.

But not a bit of this adulation went to Jim's head. He liked to do things the hard way. In the summer he earned his own clothes by cleaning stables at a riding academy, mowing lawns and lighting the red lanterns over street repairs. He worked in the mortuary in Van Nuys. All

he lacked was the ambition to stand in the spotlight.

When he proposed to Marilyn, none of us knew about it until they returned with the ring. Jim was 21 at the time, and Marilyn not quite 16.

"Do you know what?" he said to me in amazement. "She wouldn't take the engagement ring I'd picked out. She said it was much too expensive, so we picked out a smaller set." I've never seen a happier girl after the engagement announcement.

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Most of the afternoon, during lulls in the hilarity, Jim strummed the guitar and sang "I Love You Truly" and "Always" to Marilyn, who was unusually pensive that day. Her only contribution to the fun was a quiet smile of pride—and six lemon pies. (They were dreams, and I never did get the recipe, which she learned from her mother.)

I recall that it was Aunt Anna (with whom Marilyn lived for some time) who had the wedding dress made. It was a lovely thing of eyelet embroidered organdy, and while a group of us were looking at it, someone brought up the question of who would give the reception after the wedding. Marilyn spoke up promptly and said, "The bride's parents are supposed to take care of that!"

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To this day I can close my eyes and see the wedding as though it were a part of last night's movie. Marilyn was the most gorgeous bride I've ever seen. The wedding was held in a lovely home of family friends on Bronson Avenue in Westwood. Their twin daughters were the ribbon-stretchers and my son, Westy, age eight, was the ring bearer, proudly carrying the wedding rings on a satin pillow. (Today he is at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, awaiting embarkation for overseas duty.)

Everyone seemed to be weeping as the "I do's" were said, except the bride and groom. As they kissed, Mrs. Anderson, who had kept Marilyn for awhile, exclaimed, "That's my baby! That's my baby!" I know that Marilyn was saddened because her own mother couldn't be present, but on that happy day she had a half-dozen mothers!

Then, after the moment of ecstasy, the fun started. My older brother, Marion, who never could resist a practical joke said that it would be a shame to deprive the public of a chance to see such a beautiful creature. (He didn't know how prophetic his words were.) And as a result, after the wedding pictures were taken, Marilyn was kidnapped!

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I replied, "Yes, honey, you have to. If you want your own child you must bear it."

Without hesitation she declared, "Well then, if you do, you do. I certainly want to be the mother I was intended to be!"

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"Gosh," a fellow named Bill exclaimed to me, after he'd been cut out, "what a girl!"

"I know," I replied. "Isn't it too bad she's married?"

"Yeah," he grinned ruefully. "All she talks about is 'wait until Jim gets home!'"

And when Jim did come home, Marilyn promptly introduced him to the whole gang at the next company dance. She made the complete rounds. "Joe, this is my husband, Jimmie." Then she'd stand there, completely lost in silent adoration of her man. After awhile, this routine began to embarrass Jim. He said to her, "Honey, after you introduce me, for Pete's sake start a conversation or something. Just don't stand there looking at me with those big eyes. People just don't understand!"

In those highly emotional days many hearts were broken. Service men came home to find their wives and sweethearts no longer belonged to them. When I read somewhere, a few months ago, that Marilyn had sent Jim a "Dear John" letter while he was overseas, I was furious. Marilyn never wrote such a letter, then.

Today, Jim has remarried. He has a lovely wife, three children, and is completely happy again, but his marriage to Marilyn did not crack up through jealousy and lack of faith to each other during war time.

NATURALLY, Marilyn was aware that other wives and sweethearts dated while their men were away, but she never did. Furthermore, she never gossiped about these situations, nor would she listen to gossip. Her whole life was wrapped up in her love for her husband.

The trouble that was brewing between them was a long way from the surface. When Jim came home, they had their own secret places to go together. Marilyn was lost to all her friends until Jim shipped out again. They were so completely happy that they didn't need anybody else.

The rest of the world, however, was beginning to need Marilyn. From the publicity that came from her being crowned Radio Plane Queen, more and more modeling jobs were forthcoming. Most of the time she could do these while Jim was away, but on one occasion Marilyn had some pictures to do at a turkey ranch. Jim went along and busied himself elsewhere while she was working. On the way home he kidded her about feeling like being married to a movie star.

Marilyn was very subdued when they came back to the house and went immediately to her room and closed the door. None of us thought anything about it at the time, until my son, Westy, rushed downstairs exclaiming, "Uncle Jim—Uncle Jim—Auntie is upstairs crying!"

Jim took the stairs two at a time. When he finally managed to calm Marilyn down he found out the reason for her hysteria. She had lost her engagement ring at the ranch and was completely heartbroken. This, and Jim's kidding had been too much.

Yet, in that quiet way she has, the tears were soon gone. Being a Christian Scientist, Marilyn firmly believed that they would find the ring. Imagine being certain you could locate such a tiny thing as a diamond in a field of several thousand turkeys. We all tried to convince her it was a lost cause, looking for the ring that might by this time be nestled in the tummy of a fat bird on the way to the butcher's, but she was determined.

The next day they went back to the ranch. They retraced every step Marilyn could remember they had taken, and believe it or not, came home with the ring.

Every time Jim shipped out, Marilyn went through a period of desperate lone-

liness. She and Mother became the closest of companions, going to the beaches and the movies together as she talked of her future plans. She was satisfied enough with the \$40 salary, but as she said, "I don't want to work in the 'dope room' forever. (This was the room in which lacquer was applied to wings.) Jim will have to decide what he's going to do when the war is over, and if we're lucky, we'll have enough saved so we can have our own home and he can take plenty of time to choose the line of work that will really make him happy."

If memory serves me correctly, Mother told me about this the day before Marilyn was nearly killed in an accident. "I just love that girl," she said. "I never knew anyone more unselfish, but she is so lost in her own world that she frightens me."

The words could have been interpreted to have been a premonition, for the next evening I had a phone call. Marilyn was laughing, but there was an edge to her voice as though she was on the verge of tears. She'd been driving home from a modeling job in the little Ford V-8 she and Jim owned at the time. "I guess I must have been dreaming again," she said, "because I drove head-on into a street car. You should see our poor car. It's completely demolished!"

"But what about you?" I asked anxiously. "Are you all right?"

"Sure, honey," she replied. "All I have is a small bump on the head. I guess it's a miracle that I'm alive."

This was shortly before Christmas. Jim came home on leave, the war was almost

Jack Palance wore a built-up nose to look more romantic in *Sudden Fear* with Joan Crawford.

over, and they were all set for a wonderful holiday. Then Marilyn had a call from the model agency—a nice-paying job up in the mountains for some pictures to be taken in the snow. Jim wanted her to cancel out so the family could all be together on Christmas Day. Marilyn pointed out that if she refused to go, she'd not only lose this job, but others. It was a part of what you had to put up with in the modeling profession. Anyway, he could come along with her.

You know how it is with a man, sometimes. They didn't really need the money. He felt, and not without reason, that he'd look and feel silly tracking along after her, but Marilyn couldn't see it that way. Stubbornly, they argued, until Marilyn stormed out of the house.

That was the most miserable Christmas either of them had ever spent.

Now the rift between them began to widen. With the war over and Jim home to stay, the differences which seemed small in view of their love for each other began to grow to terrible proportions. Before any of us realized what was happening, they had separated. I like to think, sometimes, that if the war had not intervened, Jim might have gone on to become an outstanding actor, and Marilyn, his wife, could then have pursued the same profession. But then, that's just a sentimental sister, dreaming.

FROM the time of Marilyn's first movie offer, the die was cast. His ultimatum was that she had to choose him or Hollywood.

Marilyn was heartsick. "I love Jimmie so much," she told Mom, "but I just can't understand his attitude."

Mother advised Marilyn to do as she thought best, and no matter what she did, she would still be loved and understood by the family, who would always stick by her.

The divorce came in the fall of 1946.

Marilyn went to Las Vegas, and when she returned we saw and heard very little of her. I know why. She blamed a great deal of the trouble on herself.

Jim was temporarily living at home the night the telephone rang. It was Marilyn. She was crying so hard I couldn't find out what the trouble was. She wanted to talk to Jim. A moment later, he rushed out of the house and I said a little prayer that this might mean reconciliation. No woman frantically calls a man she has just divorced unless she needs him, terribly.

The next day I learned that Muggsy, their ancient and lovable collie, was dead.

That moment when they faced each other in common grief over the death of their pet, the floodgates of emotion must have opened wide again to review for them their first pledge to love each other forever. But, if she cried her heart out in Jim's arms and asked him to come back to her, and he refused, I'll never know.

For when Jim returned home he never mentioned what had happened and, knowing him I wouldn't have dared to ask.

ALL this happened a little more than six years ago. For Jim's part, he found what he was looking for. He fell in love again. He found the type of work he wanted. It may be hard for Hollywood to understand the fact that he became a policeman and a darned good one. That he is happy as a public servant, and one of the best, is true. That he is a good father to the three children he loves so well, everyone knows. As his sister I can say that I am more than ordinarily proud of him.

You see, it is possible for a man and a woman to find new happiness after a first great love has failed. There is no reflection to be cast on either of these young people—Jim or Marilyn—for if any couple should penalize themselves with mental suffering for years after a marriage failure they wouldn't be normal human beings.

Marilyn and Jim, today, are young people to be proud of, even though they walk in widely separate paths—paths which have crossed only once to my knowledge since the final separation. That was on the day Jim was assigned to a studio lot where Marilyn was playing a bit part.

During the afternoon, Marilyn passed by and was surprised to see him there. They talked cheerfully for a few moments. Then Marilyn left to go back to the set. And as she did, a worker stared at "Miss Monroe" in her abbreviated costume. Like the nasty little boy way back in the days of her childhood, the fellow made a smutty remark. He must have been the most frightened man of the hour, because he was suddenly jerked off his feet in Jim's strong hands.

"Listen, you," policeman Jim Dougherty growled, "watch your language!"

"Take it easy, officer," the terrified grip gasped, "I didn't mean anything. Besides, what's it to you?"

"Nothing," Jim snapped. "Except you'd better learn never to make cracks like that to a lady. And that girl's a lady—was married to her for four years, and know!"

That's the whole story. Perhaps if you told it to a movie producer he'd say it's too improbable to be good as a picture plot. But, no matter who she may marry—Joe DiMaggio or a man she may meet tomorrow, Marilyn Monroe has lived through as great a romantic drama as she will ever star in.

As for me, her ex-sister-in-law, Elyse Nelson of Anaheim, California, a plain housewife who never tried to write anything before—much less a screen play—I call the story, "Her One True Love." **EN**

(Marilyn Monroe can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Niagara*.)

"we're not mad at anybody"

(Continued from page 49) draw from it some conclusions, to wit:

That Jean Simmons is a girl who packs some surprises.

That she is a lady of spunk and spirit.

That she can take care of herself.

That she's intimidated by no man. Check—and that includes her husband.

All this, of course, is contrary to a fairy tale cherished by a town which specializes in such, going something like this: Demure Jean Simmons is a beautiful damsel in distress, held in durance vile by a tyrannical ogre named Stewart Granger in a sort of Bluebeard's Castle high in the Bel-Air hills. Throughout the past two years a great many things have conspired to kick this fascinating fable along. But maybe right now is as good a time as any to kick it straight out the door.

Stewart Granger is no ogre, but a most attractive and fascinating man, deeply in love with his wife who, in her way, runs him as much as he runs her. Their house is no Bluebeard's Castle, but a beautiful Italian-style villa, too big for two, so they've moved to a smaller one. As for Jean Simmons, she is indeed a beautiful damsel, but not necessarily demure and certainly in no distress. She's crazy about her husband and, at long last, about her Hollywood career. In fact, Jack Dempsey had something there about those misdirected boxing gloves. Until lately the big punch in the Granger family has been swashbuckling Stewart while Jean, due to a protracted series of studio hassles, has remained under wraps without one released picture to her name. But 1953 is her year, and she's coming out slugging.

Jean shook herself loose as of last May 10. From then until August 15, working nights, Sundays and holidays, she established an all-time Hollywood record for marathon movie making. Jean finished three pictures in as many months. She collapsed from sheer exhaustion in the middle. But after 16 hours' sleep, bounced right back to work. As a result. *Beautiful But Dangerous*, *The Murder*, and *Breakup* are set to come at you—one, two, three—not to mention *Androcles And The Lion*, which she started two years ago February. And, if like most of the American public, you are still prone to picture Jean Simmons as a fragile Ophelia with weeping willow leaves in her hair, you're due for some surprises. You'll see her as a gay comedienne, psychopathic killer, and sophisticated glamor gal. In *Androcles* she plays the classic Shaw comedy so sexily that her leading man, Vic Mature, was moved to blurt one day as she strolled on the set in a gossamer gown, "Here comes the Barbara Payton of the Old Vic!"

It is true that Jean has handled both Shakespeare and Shaw with the greatest of ease before she'd turned 20, and collected four international film awards in the process. But she has also acquired a delightfully sexy face and figure, and a warm personality full of nerve and good sportsmanship.

Starting *Beautiful But Dangerous* for instance, Jean spent all one chill day being thrown into the icy mountain waters of the San Gabriel River. Beginning *The Murder*, she got her face slapped by Bob Mitchum's big paw all morning, and afternoon, for a bruised jaw but no complaints. And pushing off on *Breakup* she tumbled backwards from a ladder—the toughest stunt of all movie falls—scorning a double. It's a small wonder that when Jean departed from RKO a few weeks ago a hard bitten crew trio named "Army," "Sarge" and "Neal" sniffled like babies to see her go, thereby earning the tag of "The Mildew

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Sisters." But the tribute they paid Jean Simmons was even more sharp. "There hasn't been a gal like her around here," they swore, "since Carole Lombard." As any studio worker knows, that's the supreme compliment in Hollywood.

OF course, once a Hollywood star or pair of stars gets stuck with a legend any happenstance within sight or sound can be twisted to fan it along. It's been the Grangers' bad luck that since their wedding day, and even before, misinterpreted situations and events have unreeled to picture Jean Simmons as a pretty innocent, tragically abused.

One morning, for example, when Jean Simmons showed for work her eyes were red and puffy, obviously from weeping. The same morning her leading man had a difficult scene to make and asked for a closed set. Closed set, puffed eyes—the gossips caught that quick. That evening the Grangers read, to their surprise: "Jean Simmons was so upset from a battle with her husband the night before that she cried all day throughout her scenes." That she had. But crying scenes happened to be her job—both that day and the day before, and Jean is not the kind of actress who weeps glycerin tears.

There was the time after Jean's last birthday when Stewart bought her a small silver-gray Jaguar roadster and then, because she hadn't driven in Los Angeles' murderous traffic, he stuck at the wheel himself until Jean got her confidence. That rang out the news that: "Jean Simmons smashed up Stewart Granger's car and now he won't let her drive hers." Actually, Stewart sold his car to buy Jean's. It wasn't smashed by his wife or anyone.

If they go to Mocambo, don't hold hands, don't kiss, don't snuggle in a dance—which they'd never do in public—then: "The Stewart Grangers looked unhappy and sullen." Or when they enter LaRue and Stewart steers his wife to a table with a pat on the back, it's: "Stewart Granger spanked his wife in public." The night at Charles Vidor's party for Aly Khan, when Jean danced with Rita's prince for a long time, it was reported that: "Stewart Granger watched jealously every move they made." Jean's husband watched, it's true, but it wasn't jealousy, just pure fascination and as far as he could see there weren't many moves. "I can't understand," he told her later, "how you can dance that long and still not cover more than two yards of floor-space!"

Even as personal and sentimental a pledge as an engagement ring was good for headlines with the Grangers. Stewart gave Jean her enormous diamond in New York where she was appearing with *Trio*. When she sailed back to England, customs impounded it; that is, unless she wanted to pay a fabulous duty. Nothing could be more normal for a foreign bought bauble brought to any land—but the way the reports read you'd have thought Stewart was trying to smuggle in gems on his fiancée's fingers.

The child bride-aging Lochinvar stories are just as silly. It is perfectly true that Jean Simmons met Stewart Granger when she was a tender 16. But at that age she was already pretty mature. She had already been acting for two years, been in ballet school before that, and had lived through the big London blitz to boot. She didn't marry Granger until four years later, during which time they carried on a courtship which was fully approved by both families. Girls get married at 20 and earlier everyday in America. And, while an age-gap of 15 years between marriage partners is not ideal, things often work out very well—as they have with the Grangers, and incidentally with their

best friends, Michael Wilding and Elizabeth Taylor.

Their wedding in Tucson, Arizona, two years ago this December, was intriguingly hush-hush—but again through no fault of Stewart or Jean's. That was arranged by Howard Hughes, then dickering for Jean's contract. It was his idea to waft them mysteriously to that desert city away from the prying press. They were dropped down in a city they'd never seen, and rolled up to a strange house whose owner they never met. Everything was there—flowers, champagne, preacher and witnesses—but the only person either member of the wedding knew was best man Michael Wilding who'd flown out from New York in response to their urgent telegram. After those bewildering nuptials, Stewart and Jean spent their brief honeymoon at an Arizona inn where a bodyguard patrolled to keep reporters and photographers at a distance. Such secrecy, of course, only launched a lot of dreamed-up yarns, and started the cloak-and-dagger legends of the Grangers' married life, wherein pale little flower-like Jean was trampled under Stewart's heavy boot.

The truth is, Jean Simmons is one of the most deceptive dolls in Hollywood. Although daintily molded, she cuts the water like a fish, bats a whistling tennis ball, water skis, and could dance all night. Her sporting blood comes naturally because her father was a physical education teacher, and she started ballet lessons as a kid of 12. Nothing pale or pallid suits her in any department. Two oil portraits of her by the French artist, Domergue, hang on Stewart Granger's bedroom walls today. They were painted simultaneously and they show two completely different women. One is a mature, sophisticated actress; the other a tousle-headed girl with an elfin face and mischievous, laughing eyes. Both are packed with color and both are Jean Simmons, at times. But the impish girl is the Jean that Stewart Granger knows best, loves, lives with and looks after.

Once, before they were married, Stewart snagged a couple of tickets for a play-off game between the Yankees and the Boston Red Sox, and proudly told Jean he would take her to the very special contest. "You'll see Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams," he bragged.

"Oh?" she cooled him down. "I met Joe DiMaggio last night and Ted Williams—he's the quiet chap who reminds me of Gary Cooper, isn't he? They gave me tickets and both promised to hit home runs for me today." Which they did—Joe hit one and Ted two—while Stewart watched crestfallen, his thunder stolen.

The Grangers have been diamond fans ever since, and one of Jean's prized po-

sessions is a baseball which Leo Durocher had the Giant team autograph for her. They seldom miss a game when the Hollywood team plays at home, screaming in overplayed British, "Oh, jolly good show—well played, topping, I say!" when their team makes a score, and, "Rum go! Hard Cheese!" etc., when the ump calls one foggy. They're ringside regulars too at the Hollywood Legion fights, where Jean sometimes slips down in her seat if the blood starts to fly, but usually yells as loud as her old man. The only thing she can't take is bull fighting. Down in Tiajuana, Mexico, to see Aruzza not long ago, Jean had to desert the ring when the matadors yanked out their swords.

BUT everywhere else a shrinking violet portrait of Mrs. Granger obviously doesn't suit her true style any more than the likeness of a truculent ogre becomes Mr. G. In fact, behind the innocent facade of Jean's round little face lurks a high humor and a ready wit which is sometimes cutting.

A while back, RKO's publicity chief called. "So and so," he informed her, naming a powerful columnist, "is calling from New York. She has a story that you're pregnant. Are you?"

"No," answered Jean. "Anything to say?" he pressed.

"No," she repeated. "Oh, yes I do. I'm not pregnant but my poodle, Bess, is. Just tell her she's got the wrong pup." Only she didn't say "pup."

That's exactly the kind of thing Stewart Granger himself comes up with, when the ridiculous humor of a situation strikes him. You ask either of the Grangers a silly question—and you get a silly answer, no matter who you are.

Stewart Granger is a Scot' who, in many ways, is as surprising and contradictory as his wife, Jean Simmons. He is not tactful. He is somewhat of a ham. He is hard-headed enough to argue a script or a scene with a producer or director when he thinks he's right, but there's yet to be a director or producer who calls him poison. He can drive a good business deal.

But Stewart is also an impractical romantic with a lusty hunger for life and adventure, a blithe spirit, an indestructible sense of humor and—believe it or not—a great tenderness. Physically, he is strong, six-three and all muscle; probably, by all male standards, the most handsome creature in Hollywood. Frankly, he is more handsome a man than Jean is a beautiful woman, which is really beside the point, since there is nothing on Granger's record to show he ever operated as a lady killer. In fact, one typically Hollywood item his needlers have been forced to pass up is this: Stewart Granger has never looked romantically at another woman besides Jean Simmons since he married her.

On the contrary, seeking he-man thrills has been and still is Stewart's prime hobby. He's the kind of character whose idea of a jolly good time is drilling a charging rhino at 30 paces, or sailing a boat in a tempest. In his hobbies he has exhibited little caution either as to his personal safety or the money they cost. He's had a country estate in England, "Watchers," where he raised horses and kept nine servants (which incidentally cost him less than a couple does in Hollywood). He's owned a yacht and he's made safaris in Africa—none of which are picayune projects. As a result, he's cheerfully used up all the money he's made seeking the good things of life. His money still runs through his fingers in the same dedicated chase. Although between them Jean and Stewart earn a small fortune each week when they work, he still refers happily to himself as "that broke actor from London"—but without a

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regret. A guy like that is seldom narrow or mean.

Jean Simmons, as a close friend says, worships Stewart. But their relationship, instead of being austere, is easy, humorous and bantering, in which Stewart delights to play an indulgent big brother role, and Jean a sort of callow kid sister. "If I call her 'Jean' or 'Darling,'" he's said, "you can be sure that I'm pretty sore at her. If it's 'you impossible little brat' we're having a wonderful time." "Pot-faced" days, as Stewart calls them, come along for the Grangers, of course, as with another pair who feel strongly about each other and therefore don't agree on everything. "After all," Jean will tell you, "we feel that marriage is two of the hardest parts ever played." But Jean plays it according to her natural character which, as another friend states, is that of "lover, not a fighter." Stewart plays his also naturally, as a love-protector; if sometimes he makes mildly like a guardian too, that's also natural with any husband who has lived a few more years than has his wife.

Not long ago Jean lost one of a pair of diamond-and-pearl earrings. A week or so went by before she remembered to report it to Stewart. "Give me the other," he said, "and I'll put in the insurance claim." She looked around. By then she'd lost it too. But if Stewart was exasperated at that girlish carelessness to the point of dealing her a swat on her levis, consider the way he gave the earrings and a few other prettys, including a gold watch, bracelet, etc, last Christmas time.

He'd collected the gifts and hidden them for the usual Christmas morning surprise. But on the eve of the 23rd, Jean came home from the studio "pot-faced" and miserable because of the confused state of affairs in her contract mixup. Stewart thought of the surprise up in his drawer and didn't wait for dates. He trotted them out to cure the blues. Then next day had to hustle out and get some more for the 25th.

So if that wicked Mr. Granger sometimes treats his wife like a little girl, it's because he loves her and is perpetually plotting to make her tawny eyes dance. In fact, the only big mistake that can be charged up to Stewart Granger, since he married Jean, was inspired by just such a warm desire. That is the Bel-Air house they've lived in and will soon sell because she doesn't like it, even though Stewart suspects cheerfully he will lose a small fortune in the deal.

Much has been written about the "Granger mansion" and Jean's lonely days in what is usually pictured as a cross between Xanadu and the House of Usher. Actually, the Grangers' Bel-Air house is no larger than the hundreds which surround it—some 12 rooms on two-and-a-half acres. Except for the fact that it could stand an escalator down to the pool, it's a mighty pleasant place.

Stewart bought that rashly (and paid plenty) to surprise and delight his bride. It was all furnished and apple-pie when he carried her in New Year's Eve two years ago. But the surprise didn't work. Jean has never felt the place fitted her or felt at home there. The decor and furnishings weren't hers. The place was too big, needed too many servants who were too hard to keep, and she doesn't like servants anyway. Besides, about the minute they moved in, her career troubles began. So in her mind there's been a private hoodoo connected with the big place, although the dismal picture of Jean Simmons brooding alone there in echoing chambers beside a lonely fire is really overdoing it to a ridiculous degree.

It's true that a few weeks after they moved in "Jimmy," as she calls him, left on location and then flew off to Italy for *The Light Touch*, but at that point Jean was busy preparing for *Androcles And The Lion*. Too, she had as houseguests Peter Bull, Peter Glenville and Glenn Smith, three of Stewart's visiting British buddies, to keep her company, besides the Grangers' circle of Hollywood-settled London pals, Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley, James and Pamela Mason, and others. "If you can be lonesome with three handsome young men as houseguests, I have no sympathy," Stewart Granger kidded Jean when he got back. As a matter of fact the houseguests did come in handy. Jean put them all to work cleaning rugs, polishing floors and washing windows for Jimmy's return.

THE Grangers' new house is tiny compared to the first one, only two bedrooms, but just what they've always wanted, and they found it by poking around and peeking in windows until the nervous owners were practically forced to sell to get rid of the Grangers whom, by the way, they'd never heard of. And this one both Jean and Stewart like.

It sits atop a small mountain peak at the head of Coldwater Canyon with a circular view overlooking half of Southern California. Built by the famous architect, Byrd, it's a modern ranchhouse with big glass windows for the view and a large enough living room to handle the Augustus John and Matthew Smith paintings, the Tang horses and the Rodin and Epstein sculptures they've collected. Already Stewart has added a round swimming pool and a lanai. It took six months for Stewart to hustle around buying the expensive Robsjohns Gibbings modern furniture, choosing the drapes and such, which Jean, being busy at last, let him handle because he's artistic and loves that sort of thing anyway. "He picks them, I just criticize," she says, but Stewart has a different view. "If Jean doesn't like my selections," he explains, "we compromise. I take them back." Right now, everything's perfectly appointed except the bedrooms. They've got army cots in those.

The new place is even more isolated than the old one and the Grangers will live there—minus the servants—in about the same pleasant manner that they always have. That's casual style, with Stewart in slacks and T-shirt and Jean in blouse and jeans—and both of them usually padding barefooted about the place. Some nights they'll play canasta, read or watch TV and hit the hay early. "Just as dull as we're supposed to be," grins Stewart. Others, they'll roll down the hill in the Jaguar to the movies, some sports event, or to put Jean on a roller coaster at the Ocean Park Pier while Stewart tries to talk her out of just one more ride—she's a fiend for the things. On some week ends Stewart will fly off fishing down in Mexican waters and Jean will do nothing whatever. On others, there'll be pool parties where "The Chums"—almost all the British colony and a few native Hollywooders—will gather in sport clothes while Stewart hustles the barbecue food, because Jean can still barely fry an egg successfully. There'll be very few full dress Hollywood parties, and practically no night clubs if Stewart can help it, although sometimes just to keep Jean happy, he'll shuffle around a floor.

Really, if there's one valid criticism of the Stewart Grangers in Hollywood it's that they stick too close to their British friends. Outside of Sam Zimbalist and Mary Taylor, the Sidney Franklins and scattered others, they have few intimates who don't hail from home. But both Stewart and Jean are far from being snooty Red

Coats looking down their British noses on their colonial cousins. In fact, to both of them America is a dream come true, a fascinating, if often bewildering land of milk and honey which they've just begun to digest. For the London girl who spent much of her youth diving under a billiard table as the buzz-bombs crashed, and who still gets the chills and jingles when she hears a fire siren, who never spied a banana until she was grown up and went to the Fiji Islands to make *Blue Lagoon*, Jean still has to pinch herself occasionally to be sure the abundance around her is real.

THE fabulous Farmer's Market is still the Grangers' favorite prowling place. The first time they visited it, right after their marriage, they went a little wild, piled up a cart with butter, eggs, tea, coffee, and things that are still rationed in Britain, even though they were stopping at a hotel then and had to give it all away. Jean still goes on perfume and soap binges, feeling guilty every time, and eats her morning toast dipped in bacon grease, from long austerity habits.

Just the same, it will seem good to return to England for Christmas, a dream the Grangers cherish at present, which may or may not work out. Because *Young Bess*, the picture MGM held for Jean two and a half years, will be shooting right up until about then and they may not have time to shave off Jimmy's beard and still make the plane. That's the first Granger family film duet in Hollywood, and Jean plays the role she's wanted all her life—young Queen Elizabeth, with dyed red hair and all. Stewart's Tom Seymour, who loses his head, both figuratively and literally, over his queen. "I'm the love of her youth, but not her young lover," he points out carefully. "Her old lover—just as in real life."

So, with her contract squabbles settled at last, her American debut set, doing a movie with the man she loves, living in a thrilling new house, and with other exciting events blossoming around her—such as a pregnant poodle and a red-headed hair-do, life assumes a rosy outlook at last for Jean Simmons in Hollywood. In fact, there's no reason at all why her second wedding anniversary, this December 20, shouldn't be a banner event—if only somebody would sail that tattered Little-Red-Riding-Hood-and-the-Big-Bad-Wolf story into the wastebasket where it belongs.

Both Jean and Stewart Granger have families in England for whom they're very homesick and hundreds of friends, too. And those things, hammered out in Hollywood long enough, get believed back home. Only the other day Stewart's mother wrote asking him, "What's happening to you children over there, anyway? Is something the matter?"

THERE'S nothing the matter. After all, the Grangers have broken no laws, flouted no traditions, landed in no jail, nor got drunk, nor insulted anyone's mother. On the contrary, they've worked hard, made hits, tended to their own knitting, kept out of private scandal. If they are individualistic, free-wheeling, and independent—well, that's what America stands for, isn't it? Stewart Granger, being Scotch and Jean Simmons being English, are not the kind who will ever transmit their deepest feelings to anyone but each other. But I, for one, believe them when they smile, "We're really not mad at anyone—including each other."

So right about now, since all is calm and all is bright for Jean Simmons and her Jimmy, too, perhaps a little peace on earth and good will to the Grangers might be in order around Hollywood. It's that time of the year.

... and everything goes crazy!

(Continued from page 39) need any more magazines here."

"N-no," he agreed, hurrying down the hall. "I can see that you won't—"

After the door closed, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Curtis sank back to the floor and howled. Then Tony had an awful thought. "You know, Jan," he said, "we've got to watch ourselves. I'll bet that guy goes right out and tells everyone he meets that Tony Curtis is stark, staring, and out of his mind!"

"Well?" asked his wife, "aren't you?"

Despite his reasonable fears, to date no one has tabbed Tony Curtis for the looney-bin—although the Curtises have been recklessly routed to the divorce courts, lavish apartments and maternity hospitals by various weirdly dreamed up reports. Now after a year-and-a-half's experience as Hollywood's most spotlighted couple, sometimes Tony and Janet are inclined to think a nice, quiet padded cell might be a cozy and peaceful retreat.

"It started off crazy," says Tony, "—this marriage of ours, and it's still that way. But," he adds, "Janet and I are a little crazy, too. Maybe that's why we're still happy though married in Hollywood."

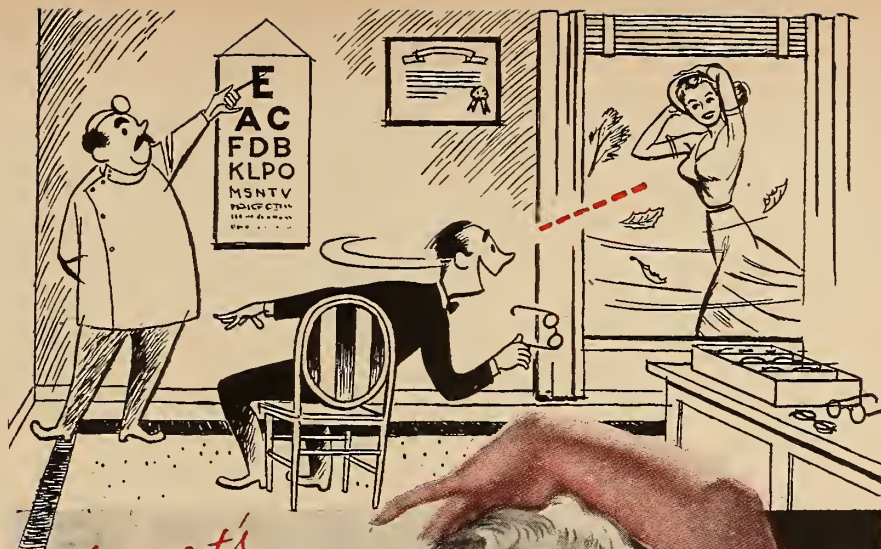
It was just 18 months ago this December that Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh jittered nervously around Greenwich, Connecticut, waiting two hours for their nuptial ceremony, because Jerry Lewis had taken a sleeping pill and couldn't wake up in time. Then, after a jet-propelled three-day honeymoon in Manhattan, Tony had to run away on a picture junket with another girl, Piper Laurie. Janet traveled all by her lonesome home to Hollywood where there wasn't a home. When the lovebirds finally located a nest there wasn't anything to feather it with until Marge and Gower Champion came to their rescue with an emergency shower one Sunday afternoon. They grabbed the loot—towels, blankets, pillowcases and sheets—and used them that night when they moved in, whether Emily Post approved of their indelicate haste or not.

SINCE that hectic start Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Curtis have collected—besides household necessities—a variegated assortment of worldly goods. One .22 rifle, two sets of German electric trains, one model submarine, two sets of golf clubs, four cameras, a brace of fencing foils, pair of boxing gloves, two French painting outfits, a piano, a TV-phonograph combo, two '51 Buicks, a toy French poodle, a king-sized bed and, as Tony puts it, "a very low bank account." They've also assembled a total of nine hit pictures between them—six for Janet and three for Tony—a case of shingles (for Janet) and hives (for Tony). But most memorable of all, and peculiarly precious to the Curtises, are the dizzy days that have piled up in those 550-odd they've lived as man and wife. And they seem to get dizzier and dizzier as time goes by.

Take the other morning, for instance. Janet awoke with the birds, gave a motherly pat to her mate's crinkled noggin dug deep and dreamless in the pillow, stepped out of bed and slipped on her pink chenille robe. Pattering carefully to the door for the morning paper, she pulled it open, gasped, "Oh!" and bounced back in surprise.

A disheveled 15-year-old girl with red-rimmed eyes extended the folded sheet. "Here's your paper, Mrs. Curtis," she said. "Now can I have your autograph, please?"

"What are you d-doing here?" stuttered Janet and then recovered. "It's rather early, don't you think?" she said as she scribbled her name.



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"I want your husband's, too," stated the girl.

"Sh-h-h-h-h," cautioned Mrs. C. "My husband's asleep."

After Janet cooked her breakfast, she tip-toed out past the girl who had curled up in the hall and was now fast asleep. Should she go back, wake and warn Tony? No—he liked to sack in, she was late for work at MGM, and the girl would probably soon wake and drift off. A few hours later, a bright and chipper, shaved and showered Tony opened the door. He looked down, and froze.

"A body!" he gasped. With visions of cops, district attorneys, and headlines Tony bent down and looked again. She was breathing, and in her hand was the tell-tale autograph pad. Reassured, he lightly hurdled the sleeping form and was on his way. But that was only the start.

On her way into the studio, Janet encountered a bunch of fans who swarmed over her gushing, "Oh, Janet—we just know you and Tony are going to have the prettiest baby ever. When is it due?"

"What baby?" asked Janet.

They giggled, "Oh, you know."

"I don't know," sighed Janet, just a little sore. "I wish I did."

Tony had his own problems. First, he dropped by a male beauty joint to get himself a permanent wave for this *Houdini* thing. A second blow to his nerves, but he assured himself it was all for art's sake. At the studio they sealed him in a packing box and dropped it into a brimming tank of water. After they dredged him up he wobbled dripping to the phone to call Janet about a family matter. He told her that the low offer they'd made on a bigger apartment had been turned down. He considered that this was just as well because they had expenses enough already.

But on the set of *A Steak For Connie* where Janet lifted the receiver, eager ears heard her explode dramatically, "But Tony—I want to live in luxury! I'm a Hollywood star, aren't I? Think of my public. What's a few thousand dollars? It's only money isn't it?"

And at Paramount's end of the wire Tony cried, "You're so right, darling! Let us live recklessly, expensively, dangerously. I'll write the check even if it bounces." What that conversation really said of course, was, "Okay, let's skip it and stay where we are." But by nightfall one gossip column carried the news that Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh were "really in on the loot these days. They're moving into the swank, expensive Shoreham." Another queried, "Have Tony and Janet at last gone Hollywood?" Before the publicity offices closed, four magazines had put in requests for layouts of the Curtises in their new home!

They got together for dinner that evening at Chasen's and toying over a cocktail waiting for the lamb chops Janet lit a cigarette. "Put out that cigarette!" snarled Tony with his best Svengali leer.

"I'll smoke if I want to!"

"—and drop that drink!"

"You Brute!" hissed Janet.

"D-r-r-r-op it, I say! Sit up straight, fold your hands—and s-m-i-l-e!"

Janet dabbed her eyes tragically. "I've had enough," she breathed hoarsely. "You beast, you fiend! I'm going home to Mother."

Just then the waiter steamed up with the entrée. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis fell happily to their sheep bones after Tony had grinned, "Love me?" and got his laughing reply, "Love you." But when they got home the phone buzzed impatiently.

"Hello, Tony," said a columnist. "I'm printing tomorrow that you and Janet are splitting up. I thought it would be the nice thing to do to let you confirm it."

"Gee, thanks," said Tony, "sweet of you—what? Splitting up? Get outa here!" And slammed down the receiver. "How do you suppose," he asked Janet with a gasp of amazement, "people get crazy impressions like that?"

They finally got to bed, only to be routed out at midnight by a sloppy-joed miss on a scavenger hunt. They gave her a celery stalk. At three A.M. Jerry Lewis called from the east saying he couldn't rouse Patti and was worried. They took care of that and called him back. Things were really very peaceful until about 5:52 when Janet awoke with the house rocking, the china tinkling, the pictures flapping on the wall. She dived for Tony. "Earthquake!" she screamed. He only yawned and mumbled, "Just a settling shock, honey—or maybe just another rumor about the Curtises going round."

THE above saga is a fairly accurate sample of a 24-hour-span in the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis of Hollywood, and if you think it's confused and crazy you're only agreeing with Tony. But when Tony says "crazy" he usually means "wonderful" at the same time. That's how it is with "Tona-la" and "Tzc-a-la", as they call each other when nobody's around. Those are private endearment terms. Another one that influences their lives is "schtick-lok" meaning those crazy bits of business which Tony and Janet swing into at the slightest provocation, or even without it.

The strait-jacket scene was a schtick-lok, and so was the phone talk, and that Svengali scene at Chasens, too. They're seizures of impromptu nonsense that attack Tony and Janet Curtis because both are high humored, volatile characters, because both need a constant escape valve for the steam that their double movie pressured lives build up. The truth is, the Curtises can't resist schtick-loks any more than a kid can pass up candy, although they know that because of them a lot of those crazy marriage rumors which swirl about their heads are nobody's fault but their own.

But behind all the funny business there's a mutually devoted marriage as solid as Gibraltar's rock, although, admittedly not quite as serene. In fact, if you level down sensibly with Tony and Janet on the subject of rumors, and the more general subject of placid domesticity in Hollywood, Tony Curtis will shake his handsome head and grin, "Sure, I'm having trouble with my wife. But," he'll add, "she's having trouble with me, too. And you know why? Because we really love each other!"

If you think that's a cockeyed contradiction, Janet Leigh doesn't. She backs him right up, because neither member of that team has anything to hide. "Of course we have our disagreements and sometimes we have our fights," she'll say. "Who hasn't? I'll tell you who hasn't—people who don't live and love. Couples who don't care enough about each other to work up a real concern. Marriages where there's nothing there to raise a notch of blood pressure on either side of the house. Marriages that are dead and dull. And that's not Tony's and mine!"

It certainly isn't. Around last Valentine's day, for instance, Janet was going through the clothes in Tony's closet, which as anyone knows, is extremely risky business for any wife. But Patti Lewis had asked her to go horseback riding and she wanted a vest. Tony had eight sport vests (he collects them) and pretty soon Janet picked just the right one. As she hauled it out and started to try it on, she felt an object in the pocket. Eve had trouble with curiosity and Mrs. Curtis is one of her daughters. She pulled it out, unwrapped the tissue—and there was a

beautiful lady's cigarette lighter engraved on the top, "To My Love."

"H-m-m-m-m," said Janet, puckering her brow. All afternoon she wondered. It was completely unreasonable, of course, but any psychologist will tell you that a normal amount of jealousy is an integral part of love. That night when Tony breezed in he could tell right away something was wrong.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing."

"Yes it is."

Then Janet blurted it out: "Who did you buy that lighter for?"

"What? Why, why—" The guy was stunned. Then light broke and he exploded. "You beautiful, you dumb, you darling, you stupid, you impossible dame! So you've got to snoop through everything I own! And you've got to pick the one safest hiding place in this house—a vest I haven't worn for two years! Who is it for? Three guesses! But just for that you're not gonna get it!" She didn't either, not until enough days had passed for Tony to have certain alterations made in the engraving, which testified beyond any doubt that the pretty was for nobody but his wife, Janet Leigh.

THAT's the kind of sure love symptom a

wise story teller named O. Henry could have made something out of. So is what happened in Paris last year, where Tony and Janet celebrated Christmas on their European tour. They had ten wonderful days in Paree poking around for paintings on the Left Bank, sipping vermouths in sidewalk cafes, and exercising Tony's "fractured French" on the taxi drivers. One night, leaving a little Russian restaurant to visit an artist's apartment, they strolled through the old Seine section and in a tiny jeweler's window Tony spied a pair of old gold cufflinks (his weakness) which drove him out of his mind. But the place was closed. Janet made mental notes of landmarks and counted her steps.

Next morning, while Tony snoozed peacefully, she slipped out of the room, hailed a fiacre, jumped out at the landmark and paced off the steps until she arrived at the obscure little shop, haggled and bought the beauties. It was pushing noon before she got back and Tony was pacing the hotel room. He demanded to know just where the blue blazes she'd been.

"Out for a stroll," lied Janet, "getting some air."

"You're out getting air when we've got a million things to do!" blew up her mate. "Christmas shopping and Lord knows what-all. Heaven help me, I have married an idiot!" But Janet didn't mind. She had her secret. Christmas morning when Tony discovered it—well, he could have cut out his tongue.

If Tony and Janet Curtis live to celebrate their Golden Wedding Day they will undoubtedly still encounter mix-ups like those because two deeply devoted, emotional characters like them will never change. But meanwhile the marital adjustments of two attractive opposites go on day by day, settling their union more securely, but with little after-shocks as Tony chuckles, "just like that earthquake."

It's a little hard right now to imagine any girl tossing Tony Curtis out, but as Tony frankly points out, he was far from housebroken to model husbandry when he married Janet Leigh. Nor, he'll also confess, is he yet. But there's progress.

"I was a real Bohemian," he confesses, "just a big, healthy slob doing what I liked. If I got hungry, I ate; if I got sleepy, I slept. If I wanted to get up at four A.M. and go swimming, I went. If I had a buck, I spent it. No rules, no order, nobody else to consider in my habits. That doesn't

work when you're married," he grins. "That's why sometimes we seem a little crazy—even to each other."

That's the truest of talk from Tony Curtis. Because these differences in Janet and Tony stem straight from the contradictory slants you'd get as a free-wheeling, self-reliant tough kid roaming the Bronx—and a small town, Stockton, California, girl with set social patterns of ordered life. On top of that, Tony went through a war in the Navy to make him even more footloose-minded while Janet has undoubtedly accented her yearnings for stability because her first marriage was so unstable and helter skelter. But strangely enough, some of Tony and Janet's other early problems have been actually the same, although what they've reaped from encountering them are two totally different outlooks. Take money, which is an important item in any home. I remember talking that over with them one day.

"It's funny," said Janet thoughtfully, "how not having any money has affected Tony and me in completely different ways. Because I never had any I'm cautious, careful and thrifty about it. I worry about the bank balance. I want to pay my bills by return mail. Mrs. Cash-and-Carry, that's me. I'm Scotch, you know; maybe I'm tight. Anyway, I got in debt from a business venture with my first husband and it took me two years to pay off. That scared me. The other day, I saw a woman working hard at a small job right in this studio. Once, she was a star making \$2,500 a week, in the silent movie days too when you could pile it up and keep it. But she didn't save and now—"

"There you go," shrugged Tony, "a 25-year-old girl thinking like a 55-year-old woman. Now it's different with me. I

was brought up to value myself, not a buck. I have no money vices. I don't gamble or throw it away. I hardly ever carry any of the stuff with me. But if I want a new suit and it's a \$150 and I want to pay \$50 a month to get it, why not? I'm not conscience-stricken. If I get a \$30 pair of shoes and I want them, I buy them. I deserve them. I work hard for my money and so does Janet. Why shouldn't she buy that new Adrian dinner gown if she likes it and can use it?"

"Because," Janet answered him, "we can't afford it and I don't have a right to it. We could trade in our cars, too, and get a Cadillac—but we don't rate a Cadillac."

"Why not?" countered Tony, tossing his hands in the air. "Now, I don't need a Cadillac and I don't want one. But if I did there's nothing in the world to keep us from getting one if we can swing it. I'm not afraid of debts, because I'm banking on myself. I owe money now. Owe some to Janet I borrowed when my dad was sick. Owe some more for a \$50,000 contract suit I settled for \$4,000. But so what? I'm not worried. I'm young and healthy, and so's my gal!"

Actually Tony and Janet Curtis have no real money worries. They make enough, Janet at present more than Tony. They have formidable expenses and responsibilities, both of them, but they're getting along. Actually, too, Tony's no more a spendthrift than Janet's a miser. On a lot of things, in fact, he's closer with a buck than she is. The other day when a model submarine he bought and launched in Jerry Lewis' swimming pool sank to the bottom, Tony was outraged. He wrote the manufacturer demanding his money back or a new sub. It had cost all of \$13. As for Janet Leigh's Scotch blood—you should see the watches, rings, cuff-

links, tie clasps and things with which she's gifted the man she loves.

THERE is still no predicting events at "the Boarding House" it's true, but as Tony says, "we're simmering down slowly to a rational life," and Janet sighs, "at least we have meals to eat at specified hours and a maid to cook them." In fact, since starting *Houdini* together, with the same working hours, they feel like solid, respectable citizens.

There are still six keys out to their apartment. "All of them to men, not one girl, darn it," Tony complains. Among the men are Jerry Lewis, Danny Arnold, his funny-business writer, and Jerry Gershwin, the MCA representative who keeps track of The Monster. That pack of clowns, aided and abetted by some others, including one named Curtis, are likely to turn the Curtis menage into a three-ring circus at any hour of the day or night.

Coming home from a movie the other evening, Janet and Tony found Jerry Gershwin and his girl sitting on the floor watching television while Danny Arnold bounced on the sofa acting out some insanity gags he'd dreamed up for Jerry over the phone to New York. "Are we intruding?" inquired Janet politely. "Would we be awfully in the way if we came in?"

"Please don't worry your pretty heads about it," they were assured. "You kids are always welcome. We like you. Make yourself at home. Use anything you want."

Janet really adores such mad surprises and the individuals who create them, because she owns an oversized funny-bone herself and is happiest when the zany chums swoop down and charge up the joint. But even when she's there with only Tony, Janet Leigh is conditioned by now to all sorts of rather rugged mo-

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ments as the loving wife of a guy who gets lost in his screen jobs to the point of schizophrenia.

For months after *The Prince Who Was A Thief* and throughout *Son Of Ali Baba*, swords, sabres and scimitars whistled around their small apartment at the risk of life, limb, and the overstuffed pieces. Then Tony turned into a ring punchy making *Flesh And Fury*. He shadow boxed, skipped rope, taped his hands, batted his nose and trotted up and down Wilshire Boulevard doing road work in a pair of gym trunks. Since this *Houdini* business began—with both of them mixed up in the magic—Janet's had so many hoops passed over her body that she feels like a beautiful barrel.

Sometimes Janet thought she'd go off her rocker too if she had to "pick another card," when she's already picked at last forty-million. But the truth is she's really as wrapped up in Tony's interests, career and otherwise, as he is, and if he wants to saw her in half or nail her in a coffin and drop her over Niagara Falls, that's jake with her.

THE real hassles of the Curtis married life are much less spectacular—just the tiny clashes of daily living habits which any married man and maid who have progressed beyond the honeymoon stage will recognize at once.

Janet, for example, is convinced that Tony is undernourished and living off of a diet designed for pellagra.

When she scats away before he does she leaves notes by the breakfast table: "Eat this and eat all of it—or don't come home tonight!"

"Man, it's murder!" grumbles Tony, "to Janet a lunch isn't a lunch unless it's at noon; and a dinner isn't a dinner unless it's at seven—no matter how much I eat in between. She likes a farmhand breakfast, I can't eat eggs that early—and so I'm headed for rickets!"

There's the sleeping business—Janet's a six-hour girl, Tony's a 14-hour boy in the hay. Just when he's sinking into a cozy

coma, she hears a rooster crow and gets up, soft footing it around but making enough commotion to penetrate his sleepy head. "Sometimes I could heave a shoe at her," Tony will grin, "but I haven't yet. Just maybe a slipper." And there's dancing—it's ecstasy for Janet but Tony doesn't dig the light fantastic on a crowded floor. And movies—Tony likes swash-bucklers, fight pictures and murder mysteries; Janet goes for romance. You like coffee and I like tea. Janet's tidy, Tony's not...

The other afternoon Tony was reading. "Honey," he called, "can I have a glass of water?"

"Sure," said Janet, and brought him one. He took a sip and set it down, read on a while and reached for the glass. It wasn't there.

"Hey," yelled Curtis, "where's my glass?"

"Why, it's washed and put in the cupboard where it belongs," announced his wife.

"It doesn't belong there when I'm still drinking out of it!" reasoned Tony.

That night he hung up his sport shirt on a chairback by the bed. Next morning he reached his hand over for it. No shirt. "Where's my shirt?" he cried.

"In the laundry, of course," he got back.

Well, he's learning, as all husbands do. He's getting trained. "And I really don't mind," Tony confesses, "cause I love her so. Why, I even fill the cigarette lighters now and all kinds of things. Maybe I let a butt linger a minute or two in the ash-trays but honest," he laughs, "once we get our own house Janet won't fuss about little things like that. She'll have so much to do she won't have time to. Right now I let her revel in her household chores, let her get carried away with 'em. If it makes Janet happy—why not?"

Actually, both Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh know they couldn't live at this point without each other. If any doubts about that ever hung around they vanished up in the Rocky Mountains around their first wedding anniversary one day last June.

Janet was making *The Naked Spur* near Durango, Colorado, so Tony, who was free then, traveled there to celebrate the sentimental milestone with his bride. One day, when Janet rolled away with the picture company for some mountain shots, Tony hopped off the bus along the way with his trout rod. They arranged to meet at the same place in the evening, when the company came home.

At dusk she had the driver let her off at the appointed spot saying, "Go on, I'll walk in with Tony." Only after she'd looked around—there wasn't any Tony.

The canyon was silent and the sun was sinking. The shadows stretched and the dark pines whispered. Something slithered in the grass, something moved behind a bush, something howled. Janet was scared.

She clambered down the cliff to the trumbing stream and stumbled along the boulders crying, "Tony! Tony!" She called and called and she got a little hysterical. All kinds of horrible speculations raced through her head.

THEN she finally saw him—a tiny figure in the distance, standing on a rock in the middle of rushing rapids. She got there somehow, wet and dripping, her shins scraped raw from the boulders, but she didn't feel that or care. She climbed frantically up on the rock and, crying and laughing at the same time, grabbed her guy.

"S-h-h-h-h, Jan!" Tony cautioned. "You'll scare him. He's right under this rock!"

"I don't care what's under it," she chattered. "I want what's on it!"

"That's me, all right," admitted her mate, "but I just crawled out from under this rock myself!"

So even in tender moments it's sometimes a little crazy with the Tony Curtises. But it's also pretty wonderful. That's the way it has been for almost two years now, and I suspect that's how it always will be—crazy but with plenty of wonderful love and lovely troubles, too. **END**

the men in my life

(Continued from page 47) to be the type that only a mother could love.

Not that I'm any prize haul myself. I have a temper to go with the color of my hair, and a lot of other faults which I won't enumerate because there isn't that much space. But when people want to know why I haven't found The Man, I can give them a lot of reasons.

The first date I ever had was a crunchy example. I was 11 and so was he, and when I asked Mom if he could take me to a movie she said yes. We were awfully young, but there wasn't any argument about it because our families were very friendly. He and I had gone to Sunday School together ever since we were old enough to know the truth about Santa Claus. It was a real date all right; he called for me and even paid my admission into the theater, but we'd no sooner sat down than he wanted to hold my hand. I thought the whole idea pretty silly—just a year ago we'd been breaking baseball bats over each other's heads—and with all the dignity I could muster, removed both hands from his reach. He managed, however, to get a thumb out of the collection, and held on to it with a death grip for more than two hours.

So you might say that my first date turned out to be a wolf, junior edition, and this type, junior or senior, has pervaded my life for the past ten years. A wolf isn't necessarily such a bad animal, but

it's just the way they go about it. My first date, for instance, couldn't leave well enough alone. Two weeks later he invited me to a party, and when I got to his house I was immediately steered to a movie, where I paid my own way. I've always had a sneaking suspicion that it was his way of getting even with me.

THE idea that I liked men came to me pretty early in life. I suppose I imagined myself as sort of a huntress, because in adolescence I regarded every new date as an addition to my trophy room. This trophy room was purely mental, except perhaps for the little book in which these unsuspecting males got themselves recorded. I guess I was about 14 when I bought it and painstakingly inscribed on the first page, "The Men In My Life."

Half the "men" were under 16, and I ran out of pages by the time I reached high school. These were the days when I hadn't yet entered the world of Hollywood, and my dates were almost always my classmates, who in general continued in the same pattern.

There was one I was madly in love with. I used to walk out of my way in order to pass his house on the way to school, and sometimes he joined me. My strategy was particularly necessary because between his house and the school there lived a girl who had also set her cap for him, and I figured a two-block start on her was an outflanking maneuver. After I'd almost given up trying to win his admiration he finally asked me for a

date. What happened? He brought his dog along. "Where I go," he said, "my dog goes." This was all right with me—I love dogs—but before the evening was over, Rover had bitten me twice.

Willie was one I didn't have to scheme for. He rode the same bus to junior high school, and he always stood up and gave me his seat and then carried my books for me. He was the perfect gentleman, but he was also fat as a squab and looked as though he might be my kid brother. He probably looks like Anthony Eden now, but then—well, a girl can't get romantic about a tub of lard wrapped up in knickers.

Willie's rival was a lanky, string-bean type of boy who followed me not only around school, but also in my neighborhood, which was far from his home. He never spoke to me, just followed in patient adoration. I felt awfully sorry for him, and one day stopped in my tracks and turned to face him. "Is there something I can do for you?" I said. He turned scarlet and swallowed until his Adam's apple was bobbing up and down like a yo-yo. "Why don't you come over to my house on Sunday afternoon?" I said. "We could play some records." He stammered an acceptance, and on Sunday showed up in a starched collar, his new suit and a pair of bright orange shoes that squeaked dismally when he walked. He didn't walk much; just sat in a straight, high-backed chair, and Mother and I spent two hours trying to draw some conversation out of him and make him feel at ease. It

arlene francis

your star shopper

for december



■ Hi! You certainly don't have to ask "What's My Line?" because one look tells you. It was really wonderful when Modern Screen asked me to help with your Christmas shopping because if there is anything I like better than Christmas, it's Christmas shopping. It always reminds me of the time when I had a little gift shop of my own in New York. I loved finding those small accessories with such charm and individuality, they seemed to say "for someone special." Now that I'm Mrs. Martin Gabel, wife and mother, I resurrect the "Gift Shop" at the Yuletide Season and scout the town for unusual things for my family and friends.

This year on my treasure hunt, I discovered some truly wonderful jewelry and to make the presents even more attractive, I am using some lovely Christmas wrappings and trimmings from Dennisons of New York.

To avoid the last minute hustle and bustle, I started shopping early, combing the town to help you find gifts for your family and friends. Peter became so curious when I arrived home laden with bundles, that hiding them from him was quite a problem. After he was tucked in bed, I gave Martin a "sneak preview" of my booty and he was surprised that such beautiful gifts could be purchased for so little.

I know your friends will be as excited as mine if they should discover one of these charming gifts under their Christmas tree. Just order directly from the store mentioned below each picture—Merry Christmas and happy shopping!

Arlene Francis appears each Sunday night on "What's My Line?" over CBS-TV.

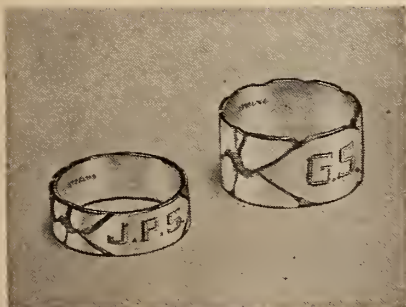


NEW COCKTAIL RING . . . PRESTO, IT'S 3 RINGS! This triple treat is the most versatile sparkler around town. Closed it's a smart, cocktail ring, detach the simple clasp and you have three fine bands that can be worn as guard rings or singly. Center band has finely cut simulated rubies, sapphires, diamonds or emeralds mounted in sterling. The two guard rings set with simulated diamonds. \$3.95 (tax included). Sanlys, Dept. MS-12, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

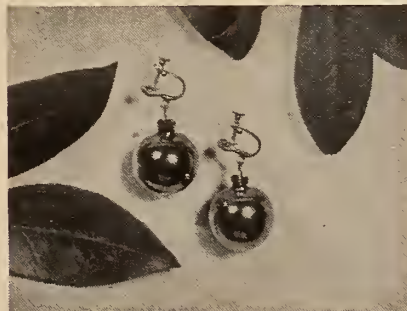


HOOPS ARE THE RAGE THIS YEAR and here is an unusual ensemble of bracelet and earrings. —the very latest in costume jewelry from Fifth Avenue. Available in either silvery rhodium finish or gold plate.

The bracelet is of graduated hoops, \$3.60 postpaid—large earrings, \$2.50 postpaid—small earrings \$2.00 postpaid, matching necklace \$7.50; all prices including tax. Order directly from Sanlys, MS-12, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.



RING HIM NOW FOR CHRISTMAS with the wide sterling silver friendship ring and he'll reciprocate with its stunning, narrower matching twin . . . or surprise him and buy both, each with your own individual initials. In beautiful sterling silver, chased to give a smart link effect. Tiny price includes 3 initials, tax. His ring \$3.50. Yours \$2.50. Send ring sizes, initials. Hyde's, Inc., Dept. MS-12, 135-37 Northern Blvd., Flushing 54, N.Y.C.



CAPTIVATING CHRISTMAS BALL EARRINGS. You'll be gayer than the tree itself on Christmas morn, all fancied up in these adorable danglers. These ball earrings are miniature copies of actual traditional tree decorations. They're festive and completely fascinating. Choose from four dazzling colors to go with your party pretties—gold, green, aqua, red. Order a pair in each vivid shade, \$1.00 pair. World Ideas, Dept. H-1 21-20 33rd Ave., Long Island City 6, N. Y.



FOR ALL ABSENT-MINDED MEN (and aren't they all) I think this dapper dachshund is a natural. Made for over-night parking (or even dead storage) my pet Rover has ample room for a ring, watch, keys, coins, bills and a wallet . . . a place for everything that's dumped out of a guy's trouser pockets onto the dresser. In glazed pottery, dachshund color, 6" long from tail to nose. \$2.75. Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc., 620 M Madison Avenue, New York 22.

didn't work; it was as though I had petrified him.

He was the only male on whom I had such a drastic effect. Most of my dates in Hollywood have taken me out a few times and then either joined the Army or married another girl. It's been more than three years now since I began working in pictures, and still my big moment hasn't shown his face. The selection of men in Hollywood is different only in that they are generally better looking and they drive flashier cars. But underneath, they are quite the same and present the same problem—that of meeting someone you like who returns the compliment.

I've gone out with a lot of men who aren't actors, but among the ones you'd know are Roddy McDowall, Tony Curtis, Vic Damone, Nicky Hilton, Ronnie Reagan, Dick Long, Scott Brady, Dick Anderson, an actor at MGM, and Jerry Paris, a New York actor. There's been Dick Contino and Jerome Courtland and Rock Hudson and Leonard Goldstein, the producer.

The Army took away Dick Long, who's now in Japan, and also Dick Contino and Vic Damone, who's just recently been released. Marriage took Jerome Courtland, Tony Curtis, and Ronnie Reagan. Scott and Rock are both wonderful men and fun to be with, but my dates with them have been mostly on suggestion from the publicity department, at premieres and so forth. Their interests lie elsewhere and there's been no thought of romance.

I still date Dick Anderson and Leonard Goldstein, and since the latter left Universal-International, my studio, I feel a lot easier about dating him because it used to be that every time I got a good role people thought it was because of his influence at the studio. Now when I make any progress there's no longer suspicion.

Some actors have a habit of talking shop from the time they call for a girl until they deliver her on her doorstep, and while I'm interested in the industry and its careers, I'd like a change of subject once in a while. Then there's Bill Thomas, a designer at the studio, and while Bill refrains quite admirably from his brand of shop talk, which is clothes, I can't help but get the feeling that he's sizing up and criticizing my clothes.

I won't deny that when I meet a man for the first time I size him up almost unconsciously as potential husband material. I think it's just instinct in every girl, and any female who claims to be above such thoughts is a first-rate fudger. Anyway I start summing them up, and then almost invariably there comes a hitch.

I recently met a man with a very forceful personality and right away I thought, "Here's somebody who's a real man and not a mouse!" Well, I went out with him about three times, and each time was like the last. He spent the evening making definite statements and then pounding on the table to emphasize the point that he was right, even if he was trying to prove that grass is really pink. You know the type—"I think this is the way it should be, and therefore this is the way it is."

Then I know a man who's the home-loving type. Every woman likes this kind of man, including my mother, who is always charmed by any man who tends to stay by the hearth. She's entitled to her own opinion, but I know that if I ever married this man, he would be choosing the wallpaper and arranging the furniture without even consulting me. And when I get married I like to think I'll be able to arrange the flowers and buy the face towels without any coaching.

Three years ago I went out with a man who was most attractive and a gentleman in every way. But he used to add up every dinner bill presented to him and

usually argued with the waiter. He would figure the tip percentage down to the last nickel, and once he gave the boy at the Mocambo parking lot a quarter and asked for change. It would have been forgivable had he been on his financial uppers, but he was far from it. Now I don't approve of throwing money around carelessly, but I am embarrassed by unnecessary stinginess.

Not too long ago I was asked for a date by a man who had received a great deal of publicity around town. Through the grapevine I had heard about certain of his faults, but then he had his reputed good points, too, so I went out with him. It was the dulllest evening I have ever spent. He had two subjects of conversation; (a) how much money he had and (b) the kind of drinks he liked. The rest of the chatter was devoted to a strange brand of small talk which was even less than unimportant. We were with a group of his friends, and when I turned to them for something interesting it developed that they talked like he did. The only way I can describe it—well, they just uttered strange and senseless noises, that's all. Nothing made any sense, and although much of it might have had to do with their own private jokes, I was left out of it as though I'd been on the other side of a six-foot wall. I didn't know whether to chalk it up to rudeness or stupidity or both, but needless to say I didn't go out with him again.

SOMETIMES girls dream they'll bump into Mr. Right when they round a corner some day, or that a blind date will develop into the big romance. Me, I'd rather know who I'm going out with before I accept an invitation. A girl in movies gets a lot of unsolicited attention from men she has never met. They see her on the screen, and if they happen to know someone who knows her personally they get her address or phone number, even if they live in Abercrombie, Alaska. Sometimes it's embarrassing to turn them down, particularly when mutual friends are involved, but if a girl does accept she almost always finds the same type: *Wolf*. For months I received long-distance phone calls from a man, then when he came to Hollywood on business and phoned again, I told him I was too busy to see him. But then when he learned I was scheduled to appear in his city during a tour, he grew even more persistent. To put an end to it, I made a date with him. "Call for me at my hotel," I told him, and could almost hear him drooling over the phone. When he arrived in the lobby I was waiting for him, surrounded by five of my friends, who proceeded to spend the evening with us. His perpetual expression was of a man who has just been stabbed.

I think there used to be an advertisement by a garter company which claimed that a woman wouldn't marry a man whose socks wrinkled around his ankles. On the face of it that's a pretty silly objection, but then a man who isn't well groomed in one respect is apt to be sloppy in others as well. I notice immediately whether a man's shoes are shined, his suit pressed and his shirt clean. I don't mean to be fussy about details, but I figure if I spend a good hour grooming myself for him, he can do as much for me.

As I said before, I'm not perfect, and I guess I'm certainly incomprehensible when it comes to the things I like about a man. I do a complete switch when it comes to promptness, because I'm never on time myself. I appreciate that a man on time for an appointment is showing consideration for the other fellow, but me, I'd rather a man be a little late. I suppose my obsession is a hangover from one man I used to date who was as correct

as a Swiss-made watch. If he was to call for me at seven, the doorbell used to ring just as the radio announcer was ringing his chimes. And of course, at that point, I was barely out of the tub. That's why I liked dating in Mexico. They get so sunstruck down there that life moves slowly, and it's the only time in my life I've been ready for an escort, who invariably arrived at least an hour late.

I like men who are honest, even honest to a fault. I'd rather a man tell me my new hat is a horror, if he thinks so, than lie to be polite about it. Several times I've dated a Hollywood actor who's a very amusing guy—a character, I suppose—but he comes right out with his opinions and sometimes offends people because of his frankness. I've never been offended, simply because I like his sincerity.

Sense of humor is one of the first things I notice about a man, and it has to be pretty weird to match my own. I suppose I shouldn't admit it, but I'm always the first to laugh when somebody falls down. It's a corny kind of humor but I can't help it, and unless people hurt themselves, I'm likely to go into hysterics. I like men who can take a joke on themselves, and I remember one swain who went down a few notches in my estimation when I found that he couldn't. He had brought me home after a lovely evening and was walking down our front steps toward his car when he stumbled. He kept trying to get his footing which resulted in his almost spinning down the walk and then going flat on his face. My girlish laughter could be heard all the way out in Brentwood, but he didn't think it was at all amusing.

Another thing that regulates my degree of admiration is the way a man reacts to animals. I don't expect him to get down on the floor and have a wrestling match with my dogs, but I do like to see him pay some attention. I recall the first time I went out with one man—we spent about 15 minutes in the living room before we left the house, and although my dogs were sitting quietly in front of him, begging politely for attention, he didn't so much as look at them.

Manners make a big difference, too. Of course, now it isn't like the old days, when a date often would sit outside the house and honk the horn when he arrived. (I just let him sit there and honk until he finally gave up and had to come to the front door.) I go out with older men now, men who are established in life and mannerly as a matter of course. I don't mind somebody using the wrong fork—I probably do that myself sometimes—but I do dislike rudeness to others.

IN MY early teens I used to "grade" the men entered in my little book, and it's fun to look through it now and see why I liked a boy or why I disliked him. It's surprising, too, how closely I still hew to the same ideas and ideals, even though I'm older and more sure of what I like and want. I remember the first boy who asked if he could kiss me. I was in junior high school, and I was so confused I thought I'd die on the spot. I finally managed to say I thought we were both too young, an astute observation if ever there was one. These days I'm a lot more sure of myself, sure of handling difficult situations and sure of what I want in a husband. Maybe I'm asking for the perfect man, and maybe I'll end up with somebody who squeezes nickels, beats dogs, lies like Paul Bunyan, and never smiles.

But then I'm a woman and have my prerogative and I can change my mind about all these ideas, and *think* he's the perfect man.

END
(Piper Laurie will soon be seen in Universal-International's Mississippi Gambler.)

a report on lana and love

(Continued from page 30) making of plans and promises. In her room across the lake there was a newspaper. And in the paper there was a story with a Las Vegas, Nevada, dateline which said that Mrs. Fernando Lamas had been granted a divorce from her actor husband, and that Lamas was now free to marry the girl of his choice, Lana Turner, the MGM movie star. Lana sat in the boat and thought about it. All she had to do was row to the shore, walk into a Nevada court, ask for a divorce from her husband, Bob Topping, and then find a justice of the peace and say "I do" with Lamas, the man she was admittedly in love with. That would be the end of a story that had been in the papers a long time, ever since she had started making a film called *The Merry Widow* with Lamas more than a year before.

That was all it would take—but it was a bigger step than the world knew. And Lana had to think about it—all alone. Away from all disturbances and influences, Lana Turner was making up her mind—and they say she made up her mind to be smart this time. She was in love, but she was going to be smart.

In general appearance Lana Turner is not much different than she was 15 years ago when she made her first movie at Warner Brothers. Her figure, with the help of a little dieting in the past few years, is still as curvy and exciting as it was then. Her face is still the tantalizing thing it used to be, with large dark eyes and a sultry expression, a full mouth and that overall appearance of a pout. In personality she is more reserved, not nearly as vivacious, but she laughs like she used to and cries when she is unhappy. Only

in her mind is she really different. A lot has happened. Lana has learned that happiness and success do not walk hand in hand and that love, true love, doesn't always come to a girl just because she is the toast of the most fabulous town in the world.

Lana learned about men—and love—the Hollywood high-pressure way. Rather reserved, she was not the busiest girl at Hollywood high school in the evenings. As a classmate of hers put it: "She was so doggone beautiful that none of the fellows dared ask her for a date. She had that cool attitude even then—and the guys didn't know how to cope with her." Even though one or two lads got close enough to discover there was warmth beneath the chill, Lana never had the warm, hand-holding awakening to romance that is every teen-ager's birthright. Instead she was plucked from a soda fountain stool, poured into a sweater, and projected life-size on a Hollywood screen.

Every man who watched that screen edged forward in his seat. From the back row came a resounding "WOW!" In a couple of hours the word had spread that the sexiest blonde in town was toiling at Warners—and the chase was on. And these hounds could cope . . . reserve or no reserve.

Any of the fellows who took her out in those early days will tell you that Lana was naive. She dated indiscriminately. She wasn't interested in the men, but in the places they took her and the times she was having. So she went out with anyone who promised something exciting and different in the way of entertainment. She was to be seen almost nightly at the Trocadero and the other fashionable night spots. One night it would be with a lad who could hardly dig up the price of the evening—and the next it might be a chap old

enough to be her father. Lana was a gay one but certainly not romantic.

ARTIE SHAW was undoubtedly the first real love she ever had. Shaw was, at that time, the king of hot music. He was handsome and easy to be with. He was very literate. At any rate, a date with the clarinet player was filled with the promise of romance and intelligence—and Lana was no different from any other young girl of her age, she wanted Shaw, too. If you ask her today why she married him she will have difficulty explaining it to you, but at the time it seemed to be the thing she wanted most. She eloped on the spur of the moment and when the world woke up to its morning papers, Lana Turner was all over the front pages as the gal who got Shaw.

The marriage didn't last long. When it broke up as casually as it started, Lana Turner vowed she would never marry again; have more sense if she ever did; and stated that she had learned a lesson about love. Perhaps she thought she had.

As a grass widow Lana Turner lived her role to the hilt. She developed an expression of a mixture of complete concentration and adoration—and she seemed to turn it on every man she met. Her suitors flocked around by the score. There were tall ones, short ones, fat ones and old ones and they changed with the regularity of nightfall. It appeared that Lana was really earnest about staying away from love—except for casual explorations.

The newspapers, though, didn't believe her. Seldom a week passed by that her name wasn't linked romantically with one of the eligibles of the movies in the columns. Victor Mature was head man for awhile. This began at first as a publicity romance. Vic was coming ahead fast in the pictures and Lana was in the midst of

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a big sex build-up by MGM. Soon, though, Lana became more than a prop in the affair. She took a sincere liking to Vic—and then everything went wrong. One night, after a particularly bitter quarrel, she took off for San Francisco. Next morning *Mature* read headlines in the papers that stated: "Lana Turner To Marry Tony Martin."

Although this marriage never came off, Tony Martin was also one of Lana's sincere loves. She was completely captivated by the Martin male beauty and the way he crooned a love song. It is said that she was more jealous of Tony Martin than any man she ever loved. And she certainly clung to his good right arm at every opportunity.

Steve Crane, a Hollywood restaurant owner and erstwhile actor, was Lana Turner's second husband. Steve showed up in Hollywood out of nowhere and in a very short time, due no doubt to his good looks and quiet manner, became one of the most popular escorts in town. He met Lana at a party and, according to her friends, she fell completely in love with him on sight. Her later actions deny this, but that is the way the story goes. At any rate, before people knew what was happening, she had eloped again.

The early days of Lana's marriage to Steve Crane were properly idyllic. They lived normally. Fresh from the feverish pace of "bachelorhood," Lana seemed content to work her eight hours and come home to quiet evenings before a cozy fire. But this, too, vanished one day and the Cranes began to appear more often in public. People began to notice that Lana appeared restless. Steve was taken into the army shortly afterwards and absence didn't make Lana's heart grow fonder. A short time after his discharge, Steve Crane became Lana's second divorcé.

Unlike the more mature Artie Shaw, Steve Crane took the separation from his wife badly. Weeks of ineffectual tries at a reconciliation culminated in Steve driving his car off a cliff one night, in a reported attempt at suicide. That brought Lana around. She went to his hospital room and when he was well enough took him home. Then for a short period she seemed to have recaptured some of the bliss she had known in the first days of their marriage. But this, also, lasted just a few weeks—and Lana left again.

THAT was when Cheryl, Lana's daughter, came into the picture. On the verge of getting an annulment, on the grounds that Steve wasn't divorced from his former wife when she married him, Lana learned she was pregnant. She immediately called the whole thing off, had the baby, and then got a divorce. They say she really tried to be a good wife to Steve, but came to the conclusion that there was no hope. The break-up of this marriage had a very bad effect on her, she mourned a long time before she got back in the social swim.

When she began getting about again, Lana Turner, older and wiser than before, really tried to play the part of the gay bachelor girl with romance, but never marriage, on her mind. She went back to a former beau, lawyer Gregson Bautzer—and had quite a fling with him, if the gossip columns are accurate in their reports. Then she tried the field again. Her passion for Turhan Bey was the talk of the town for awhile. Then it was Rory Calhoun... Huntington Hartford... Robert Hutton and half a dozen other lesser known swains. Lana was on a merry-go-round.

Hollywood would have given you five to one just a few years ago that Lana Turner and Tyrone Power, a new divorcé himself, would marry; become the

handsomest couple in Hollywood; and settle down and live happily ever after. They were inseparable. They had eyes only for each other when they appeared in public. In their spare time they were redecorating Ty's house for their home as soon as they took their vows. But one day Ty met a half-Mexican half-Dutch beauty named Linda Christian. He fell like a crippled Balloon and, so they say, didn't even tell Lana goodbye. At first she was heartsick, and afterwards furious. But there was nothing she could do about it. She'd been jilted. Lana Turner became Hollywood's symbol for a broken heart.

Bob Topping, Lana Turner's third husband, came into the picture at that time. Topping has a reputation for being a playboy. However his vast interests kept him busy away from the movie studios. This made him a different kind of a man as far as Lana Turner was concerned. She was terribly interested. Bob's courtship was along eastern lines. He had no glam-

It's been said that Jane Russell should have a good singing voice—look where it comes from.

*Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat*

or or handsome face. He just came calling like a business man dating a pretty girl. Lana liked it and dreamed of the future, imagining it would be just the same. They were married in an elaborate ceremony at the home of William Wilkerson, the publisher who had discovered her on the soda fountain stool years before. Lana knew that this time it was for keeps.

Many say that Lana was completely happy with Bob Topping for a long time. Others remind them that Bob stayed in the east for more than a year, keeping her away from pictures, and that when he did come back to Hollywood he didn't want his wife to work in the movies. They contend this made her miserable. No matter which is true, it became common Hollywood gossip shortly after Lana and Bob Topping moved into their huge Holmby Hills mansion that there was more than the usual amount of discord in the house. Bob, they said, hated Hollywood and found escape from it in the family bar. At any rate, he was never a genial chap around picture people.

FOR a long time Lana Turner heatedly denied reports that she was not happy, and that her marriage was on the verge of collapse. Topping, now that we think of it, never bothered to deny anything. When they went out in public Lana seemed like a different person. She sat quietly at their table seldom talking to anyone—and when she waved at a friend or exchanged a greeting it was always a chilly thing. The town couldn't understand it. But Lana understood herself. She was doing everything in her power to save this marriage.

This writer happened to be present at the blow-off party. It was a charity affair at Mocambo. Lana and Bob had a ringside table, because Lana was slated to appear in the show. During the evening nobody saw the Toppings exchange a civil word. For the most part Lana and Bob just sat silently looking at everything but each other. Her heart was in her face that night—and even an amateur observer could tell that she was through. As her friends left they didn't go up to speak to her. They didn't want to look in her eyes.

While this is being written, Lana Turner is still a married woman, although it is suspected that at any moment she will apply for her divorce and marry Fernando Lamas. Actually, the only thing that is holding up the wedding, according to the best informed sources, is the matter

of a property settlement with Topping. It seems he is bargaining to trade the jewelry he gave his wife (heirlooms, they say) for the title to the home they lived in. In the meantime Lana has been sitting out the waiting period prior to a divorce application at Lake Tahoe. She has been there long enough. Now all it will take is a few minutes before a judge to get her freedom back.

During this waiting period, Lana has been trying to find Bob Topping, hoping to serve him with a summons that will bring him under the jurisdiction of the Nevada courts. She has told her pals that after 15 years in the movies she is practically broke—and that all she wants from her former husband is the money she paid to maintain their home—and the house itself. But if Topping does not make himself available to her lawyers, or sign a settlement that is approved by the Nevada courts, Lana will have to walk away from him with nothing, not even a roof that she can call her own. That is the reason for the delay.

Fernando Lamas is unlike any man that Lana Turner has ever been in love with before. He is violently Latin. He is more handsome than any of her men—and is, like most Latins, much more attentive than any of the others. However, since he lived in South America, where a woman is not quite on a par with a man in marriage, there is some speculation that he might revert to his native type once the knot is tied. These are the things that Lana Turner has to think about.

At 32, Lana is a changed woman. She is much more proper than she used to be and seems to have tired of the gay life. Although she has been the constant companion of Lamas for nearly a year, they have not been seen in public more than a dozen times. And never in the hot Sunset Strip spots. It is believed that this time Lana really intends to live a sedate life, with home and fire and slippers after a day's work. She hasn't lost all of her zest, though. People she works with say she is just as much fun as ever on the set, but not as zany.

LAMAS is a mature man, too. He is not much older than Lana but he has an adult approach to life's problems and is not a playboy or a free spender. Although he has been married, he has not been working at it for a few years—and until he met Lana he had not shown any interest in the Hollywood girls. So fidelity can be chalked up to his credit. He is anxious, they say, to marry just once more and will no doubt keep away from the temptations that make Hollywood marriages such hazardous enterprises.

Lana Turner has thought of all of these things. This time she is going to be sure. Browned and healthy from weeks in the open, she has a clear mind and a hopeful heart. She's had time to go over the mistakes she had made in the past; to look into the reasons why it hadn't worked with Artie Shaw, Steve Crane, Bob Topping—and why it hadn't come up marriage with Greg Bautzer, Vic Mature, Ty Power, Bob Hutton or the other men she had been in love with.

Yes, it was a day for thinking and meditation on life and love. The oar locks creaked and the oars slapped the top of the water as they bounced to the rhythm of the chop on the lake. The sun was bright and the wind fresh and the chill in the air exhilarating.

When Lana Turner reached for the oars and pointed her boat toward the shore and the cabin in the trees, she had it all figured out: No more tries at marriage. This time it would be for keeps. She'd let experience make her an expert at keeping a man happy—and at being happy herself. **END**

the quiet man

(Continued from page 35) or ten people we really love to be with."

"You like people, Bill," Brenda said. "I'm not talking about the people I work with. I'm talking about our social life. Isn't it true that it's better to confine ourselves to the people we really love, to know them better, than to dissipate all this time on parties?"

So the parties—the big, lavish, meaningless parties—are out so far as the Holdens are concerned. And it's been a tough fight. Because in turning down invitations one is apt to hear, "Who does Bill Holden think he is?" Or, "Why, I remember him when he came back from the Army without a dime." Or, "I guess his success has gone to his head."

Well, who does Bill Holden think he is? Let's find out. Let's examine your "dream-boat" and discover what makes him tick.

Bill Holden is a most complicated young man. There were no show people in the Beedle family (William Beedle is his real name). There was not even a maiden aunt who longed to go on the stage. Bill's father was a chemist with a business of his own and he wanted Bill, the oldest son, to go into partnership with him. But Bill knew from the time he knew anything that he had to be an actor. "I felt by being an actor I could express myself better than in any other way. I like to see people amused and entertained and educated. I have a great yen for self-expression. Who knows why it was acting that seemed most right for me. Something in my childhood? Maybe. I don't know what it could have been. Why acting rather than writing or painting? All I know is that this is what I wanted. This, it seemed to me, was the only thing that could satisfy me."

He began to act at the Pasadena Community Theater when he was 19 and he never thought about the money such a career might bring nor the personal glory. He has never made a splash, hired a personal press agent, anything like that.

He had the burning drive for acting, the aspiration. So it was surprising that when he married Brenda Marshall, a very good actress, he could countenance her retirement. The only thing you could suppose was that Brenda—or Ardis, which is her real name, and that's what Bill calls her—did not have the big drive.

"But that's not true," Bill says. "Why, just think of her. A kid from Texas who wanted to be an actress so much that she went to New York, lived in those wretched brownstone flats on 21 dollars a week, when she could make 21 dollars a week, studied like a fiend with that great teacher Ouspenskaya. Oh yes, here was a girl with the burn for acting. I think what happened was that she simply found something that was more important to her—our home and the kids."

Being married to Bill Holden is not the easiest job there is. He is extremely high-tempered. Small things annoy him. Stupidities annoy him. If the soup comes on the table luke-warm, he's apt to blow up. (He doesn't like anything lukewarm.) But Brenda understands him and he understands her. He knows, for example, when she gets the itch for acting. Despite the fact that she strung along with his belief that, "if you aren't with your children during the formative years, you suffer an emotional loss," she becomes restless every now and again and wants to stand in front of that camera.

In 1947, when Bill was making a movie at Columbia, Brenda played opposite Alan Ladd in *Whispering Smith*. The picture was filmed at Paramount, Bill's home lot,

and Brenda used his comfortable dressing room. It seemed like a very good arrangement. But when the picture was finished Brenda said, "Never again. I didn't realize how much I missed the kids."

But in 1949 she got the itch again and made a film with George Montgomery and once more she said, "Never again." During the past year she has done several radio shows with Bill.

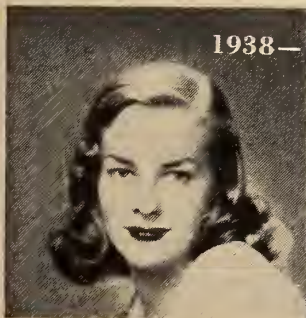
THERE is no friction between these two because of Brenda's giving up her career. When they were in Europe recently it made them both laugh when people would crowd around calling, "Bren-da Mar-shall. Bren-da Mar-shall." They knew her much better than William Hol-den. To the European, Bill was an upstart newcomer in films and Brenda, whose pictures they were still seeing, was an established star.

Bill's biggest dream is 'to make a picture with Ardis.' "I think," he says, "we would work well together." Brenda would like this too. Although the marriage is a solid one, their working on the screen together would give them both a kind of security. And security is vitally important to Bill Holden.

His earliest memory is of the peaceful security of his home. The Beedle family lived in a small town in Illinois. At the back of the comfortable house there was a farmyard. This was not "the farm," which was out of town. This was merely a place where there were chickens and a couple of cows and a little white dog. Bill remembers being put out in this yard to take a sun bath, and watching the chickens and the cows and the dog. That's all. It merely shows that his first memory was a happy one.

But he knew insecurity a little while later and this was the most impressive mo-

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ment of Bill's impressionable childhood. Bill's father went to California and was out there for a year. Although Bill's mother did not tell the boy why the father had gone, he was sensitive enough to know that something was wrong. All the other kids had fathers in the house. And now for a year there was just the mother, Bill and the baby. Bill now knows that his father was away for financial reasons.

Although he was only four years old at the time, he can still recall the emotion he felt there in the Los Angeles railroad station when he saw his father again and knew that the family was to be a family once more. The mother. The father. The boy. The baby. It was the happiest moment of his life when the father opened the door of the home he had made for them in California.

Since his earliest memory is of a pleasant barnyard and his most impressive memory has a happy rather than a frustrating ending you might assume that this is a completely calm, completely controlled young man, but one of his outstanding characteristics is his quick and violent temper which lashes out at human frailties. He has no time for a person who makes the same mistake twice. But there is one thing about Billy's temper. You always know exactly where you stand

with him. He is not expert at concealing his emotions. If he thinks you're wrong, you'll know it right away. By the same token if you please him, he is quick to show his appreciation.

Most people have been disillusioned. Especially actors who run into their share of fair-weather friends, people who pretend to be charming and pull the dirty deal. But this is how Bill Holden feels. "I am too much of a cynic basically to be disillusioned. Not because of any lack of faith in people or situations. A cynic can never be disillusioned because he does not expect perfection. It can anger him when he does not find it, but it can't disillusion him. You see, I fall somewhere between the optimist and the pessimist. I have always tried to see both the good and the bad points of every situation. I think I am more down to earth than either the optimist or the pessimist because I look both ways."

If you ask his friends who Bill Holden thinks he is, you'll hear one thing again and again. "Bill is a hypochondriac. He's always imagining that he's sick." And, "Bill is the worry-wart of all time. Golly, that boy just makes up things to worry about."

So you ask Bill about this. Is he or isn't he? And this is the answer you'll get.

"Perhaps I am a worrier," he'll say, "but how do you define the word and the degree so that you can say, 'This person is a worrier' and 'That person does not worry'? We'd all be fools if we didn't worry some. I've always believed that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and when vitamins were first put on the market in commercial form I took them. They made me feel good. I don't think this makes me a notorious pill-swallower, and I don't know whose business it is if I want to take vitamins. I'm not a hypochondriac and I've never had anything the matter with me."

Ask him what he fears and you will hear, "I don't fear anything except God. My philosophy has changed many times. I only know as much as that which is behind me. I don't know what's ahead in experience. So my philosophy may change many times before I die. I hope it does. Otherwise, how do I progress? How do I revitalize myself?"

How does he revitalize himself? And how does he live with himself and his regrets? For he is human enough to have a profound and passionate regret.

He lost his brother in World War II. That was the baby who was a part of the family scene at the train. Bill feels that he failed him. The boy wanted a picture of Ardis and Bill and the kids, and Bill, who did not know he was going overseas so soon, neglected to send it to him. "Did I say I failed him?" Bill asked. "I didn't fail him. I failed myself."

THERE was the time they could have met in Texas. Both boys were in service. Both boys had leaves. Bill could have met his brother whom he had not seen for quite awhile. Instead Bill spent his leave doing a radio show to promote the sale of war bonds. "But," Bill says, "you cannot live your life with these regrets. It is selfish. If my brother had lived, it would not have occurred to me that I had failed him by not sending the pictures—that's just normal neglect. It would have seemed right that I sell the bonds rather than see my brother. But it is also a good thing to take stock of one's behavior, to ask while people are still living, 'What can I do to make people more comfortable?'"

For Bill Holden has a profound dedication to life. You have to know him very well to learn what he wants from life, because, as he says, it sounds so corny. But if you really want to know who Bill Holden thinks he is you have to know his secret wish. It is simply this: He wants everything to be better. "And if that's corny, make the most of it," he says. "Personally I think wanting everything—and it's everything, mind you—to be better is the divine wish."

Bill went on. "I like to see people enjoy themselves—and I don't necessarily mean in night clubs and other so-called places of amusement. I like to see people participating in a project—making a movie, for example, the crew working together as a unit, the cast and the director seeing eye to eye, enjoying the work. Or people together in a community project or together in family life. That's how I think people really enjoy themselves."

Beside this, Bill has two ways of enjoying himself. He has recently put in a swimming pool at his and Brenda's home and it thrills him to "see the kids develop, watch the little bodies grow stronger day by day. They are all going to turn out to be real good swimmers." And then there is the pleasure he knows during "time spent in good conversation with good friends."

Although Bill Holden is a young man, he is intellectually and emotionally an adult. He grew up when he got out

easy money!

No matter how many shopping days till Christmas, you'll want to get busy when you read this and latch on to some of the free and easy money we're giving away. All you have to do is read all the stories in this December issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp, new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louello Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Toke My Word For It
by Corinne Colvet
- ☐ Americon In London (Gene Kelly)
- ☐ Whot Reolly Hoppened To
Morio Lonzo
- ☐ A Report On Lono And Love
(Lono Turner)
- ☐ Heddo Hopper Spikes Those
Betty Groble Rumors
- ☐ They Coll Him The Quiet Mon
(Bill Holden)
- ☐ Shelley's Grestest Secret
(Shelley Winters)
- ☐ . . . And Everything Goes Crozy
(Tony Curtis-Jonet Leigh)
- ☐ What's The Trouble, Esther?
(Esther Williams)
- ☐ A New Love For The Queen?
(Barbora Stonwyck)
- ☐ Cowpuncher's Costle (Gene Autry)
- ☐ The Men In My Life (Piper Laurie)
- ☐ "We're Not Mod At Anybody"
(Jean Simmons-Stewart Granger)
- ☐ The True Life Story Of Morilyn Monroe
- ☐ Return Of Faith by Dovid Wayne
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Jonothan Kilbourn

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

What 3 television stars (MALE or FEMALE) would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3.

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of service. Then he found himself, as he says, "artistically and financially bankrupt." He was an actor without a job. He was a husband and the father of three children without money. In any man's language this is a situation, but Bill knew what he must do.

He had to grow up and grow up fast. Was he to get a job, any job to make some money to support his family? What could he do? Except for one summer when he was going to school and had worked at his father's chemical plant he had never done anything but act. How was he equipped to earn a living? Yet he was "artistically and financially bankrupt." He put art first. He knew he had to put his artistic house in order or he would be unable to survive.

He saw that there was a kind of renaissance in the art world. Everything was more factual. Films were nodding to the documentary. Television was able to report an event while it occurred. Bill knew he must ride with the change in his world. What he had known about acting before he went into Service was now old-fashioned. So he studied to change his entire approach to his job. And by bettering himself artistically "the financial thing," as he says, "took care of itself."

He did not fly off in all directions. He knew he was an actor. To make himself a better actor would, he felt, assure financial success. At least he knew that he had to give it a go thoughtfully and soberly. But he says, "Nobody does a job with bootstraps alone. You need help along the way. I got that help. Willy Wilder, that fine director, asked for me in his pictures and contributed immeasurably to what success I have. Others helped too. For no man is an island and without the sincere help of others there can be no real success." Bill loves people. He likes to work with people as part of a unit. He is not a rugged individualist.

But the funny thing about Bill is that for all his lofty feeling for art the thing that makes him really laugh is slapstick comedy. He roars at The Three Stooges and the beatings they take. And Martin and Lewis. Wow! Once, shortly after he got out of the Army when his spirits were at their lowest ebb, he went into a variety show in downtown Los Angeles. A couple of knockabout comics were on the stage. Bill laughed so much that an usher tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to pipe down. Others in the audience couldn't hear what was being said on the stage. He came out of the theatre happy and refreshed.

ALTHOUGH Bill knows and understands classical music, he is crazy about New Orleans jazz. He has a huge record collection of this type of music, and when he was in New Orleans not too long ago he bought himself some bones. Brenda says one of the funniest sights of all time was Bill learning to rattle those bones. He would get off in a corner of the house and, his brow furrowed, concentrate on the bones as if he were studying nothing less than the Einstein theory.

He rattles the bones very well indeed because he has perfect rhythm. Just watch him move and you realize his sense of rhythm.

But Bill does not impose his talent for bone playing on his friends. He is no exhibitionist. When he comes into a room full of people he has no desire to be "a character." If, however, he likes the people in the room and the feeling is warm and friendly and he remembers a story he thinks will amuse, he can be the funniest guy in the world. He tells a story very well and can set his friends off into howls of laughter when he feels like it.



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But laughter is not the end and aim of this young man's life. He changed much of his thinking while he and Brenda were in Europe. "You need a month in Europe to adjust to the new way of life," he says, "and then you need a couple more months actually to live and to realize that what we think are such important problems in Hollywood lose their importance. That's good."

Early in the European stay Willy Wilder was there too. He telephoned the Holdens to say he had planned a day. Bill said he was beat and could not get up early enough. Wilder jumped on him with all four feet. What he said about getting the lead out is unprintable. So Bill and Brenda went on the tour and now Bill says, "It was one of the best days of my life," and he has learned that you cannot miss a day of life because life is something to explore, to search out, to experience and to know thoroughly.

There are no actorish trappings about Bill. It took him forever to make up his mind to buy a Cadillac. He knew the car had a good motor but it seemed so ostentatious. It's not that he cares what people think of him, but he cares what he thinks of himself. For there is absolutely and positively nothing phony about him.

The way he has managed to become a real father to his stepdaughter, Virginia, brings a lump to the throat. Since he feels no difference between her and his own children, she is given the security of a father and it has been his and Brenda's chore to guide the child through the perilous days of adolescence. He is a good father. Not a mushy father but a good friendly parent.

Not so long ago Virginia wanted to do something that Bill felt she would regret later. He explained to her why the laws for minors were made, i. e. because only mature judgment should be brought to

bear on a mature step. So he asked Virginia to sit down and write out everything she had believed a year ago and then to list everything she believed today. She was amazed to discover how her point of view had changed and Bill was then able to point out that if she had changed so much in the past year it was inevitable that she change as drastically in the coming one.

BILL HOLDEN is an exciting, interesting, intellectual young man. He is complicated but not confused. Brenda summed him up when she said, "He is like a guy walking three straight lines. When he's in the right lane he will veer to the right. When he's in the left lane he'll lean that way. But when he's walking down the middle where he's supposed to walk—well, that's when he really walks straight." **END**

(Bill Holden can be seen soon in Paramount's *Stalag 17*.)

cowpuncher's castle

(Continued from page 46) decided upon is early California in style—thick adobe brick walls, exposed beams, great stone fireplaces, wide balconies, and red-tile roofs. They asked their architect, however, to take a good many liberties with the traditional California-Spanish design, because for one thing Gene insists upon rooms that are light and sunny. This is why the southern or garden exposure of the house features floor-to-ceiling windows in the living room, the bar, and the dining room. The master bedroom also boasts three large glass doors which open onto a balcony and second-story sundeck. "Before we had the house built," Gene recalls, "I had only one request. I wanted to be able to stand in the center of the house and see through all the other rooms. Roland Coates, our architect, told me he could work it out, and by gosh! he did. That fella's worth every cent we paid him."

Gene's wife also had one special request. Having had 20 years of experience living with Gene's constantly growing wardrobe of boots, hats, show clothes, and everyday Western suits, she said to the architect, "I know this sounds foolish, but I really think we need one whole room for Gene's clothes."

That's what she got. In the Autry residence there is one room, the size of a large bedroom, 17 feet square, which contains nothing but closets full of Autry clothes. One wall closet is filled with some 96 elaborately embroidered rodeo shirts; another contains three dozen hats and 24 pairs of boots. The fourth wall has a lavatory and a three-way mirror, while in the center of the room stands an island of additional storage space. It houses, among other conveniences, a steam cabinet, a tie rack large enough to hold 200 ties, and a five-foot stack of drawers.

The flooring in this room consists of cork squares. The wardrobe doors are natural wood and the linen draperies are beige and brown. A tailor who once visited the wardrobe estimated that Autry's clothes are worth somewhere around \$35,000. "With today's prices," he says, "the replacement figure might hit as high as \$50,000."

Since the Autrys have no children, they decided upon a moderately-sized residence. "Our architect told us," Mrs. Autry recalls, "that if we built a large place it would lose the warmth and homey atmosphere we were looking for."

"Funny thing about building a house," 80 Gene himself says, "but as the construc-

tion progressed the house seemed to get larger. I remember when the concrete was first poured. The rooms here seemed awful small. Then when the frame went up, the rooms seemed bigger, but not too much. After the plaster was added, however, they took on a good size."

IN SELECTING color schemes for the house, Mrs. Autry had the help of an experienced decorator named Everett Sebring. She explained to Sebring that she wasn't at all timid or conservative about colors. "I want plenty of yellows and reds and greens," she said, "but I want them to blend." Sebring listened sympathetically, then made the sound suggestion that she choose her color tones from the surrounding foliage. She agreed. The yellow in the kitchen and dining room is the faded, mustard yellow of Acacia blossoms. The greens are grey-greens identical with the color of the dusty leaves on the liveoaks; and the reds are strong and as bright as a geranium.

Once a color was established in a room, that same shade was repeated in other places throughout the house. In that way the eye doesn't jump from one color spot to another, and there is a flowing color continuity.

Ina Autry also explained to her decorator that she wanted her house furnished in comfortable Western, but not in the strictly ranch-house style the movies term Western. "We want to use our Frederic Remington paintings and bronzes," she pointed out, "but let's not have any Navajo rugs or mission furniture. They belong out on the ranch."

Sebring agreed completely. Since his clients had money, he commissioned the best furniture-makers in California to design some simple but distinguished furniture for them.

The Autry bed, their dining room set, their heavy oak pieces in the library and bar—all these are custombuilt and cost a pretty penny. Gene is extremely fond of the library because it holds many of his sentimental trophies, the most favored of which is an antique bronze of horses. It was given to him by an elderly Boston lady, because, as she explained to him, "You've given my children so many years of clean and wholesome entertainment."

Gene's youthful fans expect him to stay out of the kitchen which is a woman's workplace, and while he does, even in his own home, this is especially difficult since the Autry house boasts one of the best-equipped kitchens in California. There's a service porch with a Spanish tile sink especially constructed for setting up flower arrangements. There's a

pantry complete with an extra refrigerator, shelves well stocked with party-size copper chafing dishes, coffee urns which hold two gallons and more, and loads of barbecue equipment. The kitchen proper contains two stoves, one gas and one electric, yards of counter-work space, and an island of free-standing sink which allows two cooks to work simultaneously in one kitchen or one cook to do two simultaneous jobs.

When Gene is at home which isn't often he likes best to have 20 or 30 friends in for a barbecue supper. At these parties he serves the Autry special, a boned-out New York cut of beef which weighs between eight and ten pounds. Along with the meat go corn pudding, potatoes au gratin, green beans and cheese, a salad mold, hot gingerbread and ice cream. And everyone is expected to have seconds.

At one such party recently, an old friend of Gene's who remembered him as "a barefoot, cotton-chopping farm boy" and later as a freight handler on the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad in Oklahoma, said to Mrs. Autry. "I remember your husband when he couldn't get a job as a cowhand. How come after all these years, he winds up with a beautiful home like this and all the money he needs?"

Ina Mae looked across the lawn to her husband. She saw an actor-singer-composer-rodeo-star-and-business tycoon, whose yearly calendar calls for six full-length motion pictures, 26 TV films, a weekly radio show, composing 15 songs, recording another two dozen for Columbia Records, three nation-wide personal appearance tours and periodic visits to supervise his holdings. She counted up his purely tangible assets which include a chain of Texas movie theatres, a flying school, three western radio stations, five ranches, and two cowboy music publishing houses. She remembered him as she'd met the shy young man in 1932. She mulled the old cow-hand's question over for a few seconds.

ILL TELL you, Jimmy," she finally said, "Gene owes his success to his catnaps. You'll notice when he appears to be listening to a record he's really sleeping for two or three minutes. He even dozes off when the conversation lags or between takes on the set. Every time he sleeps for two or three minutes, he dreams of some money-making idea. That's how come we own this house."

The old-timer looked at Mrs. Autry with a quizzical eye. "Don't rightly know, Ina Mae," he said, "whether I believe you. I been sleepin' fer well nigh onto 60 years, and I ain't earned a plug nickel yet." **END**

hollywood report

(Continued from page 12) photographer about it, but explained to your correspondent that the reason she won't let her three-year-old Benjy pose for photos is because she doesn't want him to grow up just being "Olivia DeHavilland's son" . . . Katie Hepburn didn't endear herself to the cast of her London play, *The Millionairess*, by ordering them not to talk to her offstage.

ODDS BODKINS:

Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield threw a party for their agent, Henry Willson, who was sailing a few days later on the Ile de France to visit another of his clients, Rock Hudson, in Europe. The climax of the party came when John stripped down to his swimming trunks in front of his guests (including Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens, Marie Wilson and Bob Fal-lon, Susan Zanuck and Ar-thur Loew, Jr., Cy Howard and Katy Jurado, and Donald O'Connor) and jumped into the pool, whereupon Corinne placed a cake that was a replica of the Ile de France on John's hands. He swam from one end of the pool to the other underwater, bringing the "ship" safely to port at Henry's feet . . . Jan Sterling and Willard Parker got along beautifully while making *Rock Grayson's Woman* at Paramount, in spite of the fact that Willard's married to Virginia Field, who once was married to Jan's Paul Douglas!

Everyone's been complaining about how FAT Shelley looked in *My Man And I*. Only consolation is that she plays an alcoholic in the picture, which might be her excuse . . . Aggie Moorehead tinted her hair to match exactly the carrot color of fiancé Bob Geist's crowning glory. Sounds like a new His-&-Her fad! . . . While co-starring with Marilyn Mon-roe in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, Jane Russell expects to enlist Miss M. in her Sunday School classes . . . Tony Curtis learned how to saw his Janet in half for their roles in *Houdini*. He also learned how to wriggle out of a strait-jacket in 22 seconds flat for his part as a magician . . . A bootleg long-play recording of Judy Garland's 45 minutes onstage at New York's Palace Theater is floating around Holly-wood . . . There must be a joke in this some-where: Betty Hutton will take a vacation in Ireland after she plays a vaudeville date at the London Palladium. Two of the towns she will visit on the Emerald Isle are called Dippey and Looney!

FUNNIES:

Cathy Crosby, Bob's daughter, asked her daddy to take her to see Rock Hudson. Said Bob, "What part of the country do we visit to dig up THAT species?" . . . Pinky Lee calls Weepin' Johnnie Ray's fans "sobby boxers" . . . Simile: As un-organized as a handful of clothes hangers . . . Jane Wyman received a letter from a fan in Sing Sing prison: "I loved your per-formance in *The Blue Veil*. It's the best thing I've seen in three years, three months



Wyman

and eight days" . . . When an actor "blows up" on one of his lines in a television movie the director seldom orders a re-take but for rea-sons of economy moves in the camera and picks up the line from a new angle. So when Guy Madison fluffs his dialog on the *Wild Bill Hickok* set, Andy Devine shouts, "There goes Guy, stuttering himself into a closeup again!"

LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

It will be many a moon before Alan Ladd forgives the cruel, beastly person who poisoned Alan's favorite dog, Jezebel. Here's what hap-pened: Just before he left for Europe Alan's



Ladd & Jezebel

home was being haunted by a crackpot fan who wanted one last look at the star be-fore he sailed. Jezebel chased the fan off the grounds. A few days later, after Alan had left, the fan came back and dropped some poisoned meat on the grounds. And Alan's prize boxer ate it and died . . . Incidentally, keep your eye on Carol Lee Ladd and young Bill Evans, son of the Rev. Louis Evans, whose brother is married to Colleen Townsend. This is the most hush-husb romance of the year, but one of the most serious. Bill rushed all the way back from his African missionary chores to meet Carol Lee before she sailed with Alan and Sue.

MGM's prize bait to lure Deanna Durbin back to Hollywood: the starring role in *Kiss Me, Kate* . . . There would never be any dis-sension in the Donald O'Connor household, believe me, if somebody would recognize the acting talents of Gwen, his wife, and make her a star too. This is a familiar plaint, isn't it? I think it's called Careeritis . . . Warners went all-out to get the *Topsy And Eva* script after Betty Hutton bowed out of her Para-mount contract rather than co-star in it with Ginger Rogers. Warners decided they would like the same property, which is the biography of the fabulous blonde Duncan Sisters, for Doris Day and Virginia Mayo.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Esther Williams donated a complete king-size swimming pool, specially equipped for training



Grant

blind children to swim, to the Los Angeles School for Visually Handicapped Chil-dren . . . Dick Contino, with 16 weeks of basic training under his belt, spent 21 days on furlough in Glendale and Hollywood before shipping out . . . Cary Grant arrived for his first day's work with Deborah Kerr in *Dream Wife* at MGM nervous and shaking. The usually suave, sophisticated Cary seemed out of character. I asked him what was wrong. He explained he has ALWAYS been that way at the start of every picture! In fact, for this one he couldn't eat bis dinner the night before and couldn't sleep a wink all night!

Guess what Joan Crawford, Ruth Hussey and Claire Trevor talked about while dunking their lily-white shapes into the Alisal Ranch swimming pool? Pediatricians, allergies and diets, in that order. Sounds more like the Champaign-Urbana Faculty Wives' Club than Hollywood, doesn't it? . . . Roy Rogers put up the financing for a religious film being pro-duced by the Reverend Mal Boyd.



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what really happened to mario lanza

(Continued from page 29) behavior could be traced to the fact that he and his pregnant wife Betty, had separated. The morning that particular item broke in Los Angeles, Betty was serving Mario his breakfast coffee—Lanza drinks breakfast coffee at noon—in bed.

Still other columnists insisted that Mario had left his wife and children and was living with his parents, Antonio and Maria Cocozza, in the \$27,500 house he had bought for them in the Pacific Palisades.

At the time this particular rumor was gaining currency, Mario and Betty Lanza were trying to work out a deal with Nancy Sinatra for the purchase of her large home. The Lanzas detest the French chateau-type house they currently occupy in Beverly Hills—and were anxious to buy the estate which Frank Sinatra in the more halcyon days, had purchased for his Nancy.

Nancy sees no sense in maintaining a large overhead—after all, it is only reasonable to assume that Sinatra's alimony payments will soon approach the minimum—so Nancy has been trying to sell the large house and move to smaller quarters.

She asked Betty and Mario \$175,000 for her home with the furnishings. Certainly, Sinatra paid a whole lot more for the set-up, approximately \$250,000—and while Mario was willing to close the deal at that price, Betty refused.

"If I'm going to pay \$175,000 for a house," she said, "I'd just as soon have one built, and get everything the way I want it."

"But it takes so long to build," Mario insisted. "Why don't we buy this and get it over with?"

"I'm sorry," Betty said—she's a very practical girl, Mario's Betty—"I think it's too much money—not only the original cost but how about the upkeep? We'll be supporting gardeners for life."

Mario, who usually has his way about most things, finally agreed that under the circumstances, he and Betty would be better off renting a place.

THE following day Betty and Lloyd Shearer, a writer friend of the Lanzas, were spotted riding around Beverly Hills, Bel-Air and Brentwood, inspecting various houses for rent.

While this was going on, Mario, who hates house-hunting, was relaxing out at Chatsworth in the San Fernando Valley, at John Carroll's ranch. Lanza is an inveterate horse-lover and can spend hours each day riding, feeding, and just fooling around with horses.

Mario spoke with Carroll about his suspension by the studio, filling him in on certain details. Carroll advised Mario to return to the MGM fold. Betty then phoned Mario to tell him that Shearer, too, felt strongly that Mario should settle his differences with the studio immediately. Before it was too late.

Mario said he was coming home in a few hours and had definitely made up his mind. He was going to make *The Student Prince*.

The following afternoon he drove to MGM, called on Eddie Mannix, the general manager, and Dore Schary, vice-president in charge of production—and overnight there was a complete change in the publicity.

Lanza was no longer nuts. Lanza was no longer flying to New York to see Nick Schenck, president of Loew's. Lanza was no longer leaving his wife. In fact discussions were under way and it looked very much as if Mario and *The Student Prince* would roll by the end of September. That night the 24-hour detective-

watch at Lanza's home was removed.

Who hired detectives to trail Lanza during his studio dispute, no one is saying—but there undoubtedly was a careful watching of his every move.

Anyway, Mario promised the studio executives that he would return in a week for the final solution of all problems.

What were these problems? In contrast to *Because You're Mine*, his previous film, the story-line and dialogue of which he had vociferously decried, claiming they were juvenile—Mario had praised practically everything about the advance preparation of *The Student Prince*. He had recorded the musical selections which he himself termed, "Some of the best I've ever done." Of the script, he said, "I love it. I think it's great." Of Ann Blyth, his leading lady borrowed from Universal at a loanout figure of \$50,000, he had said, "That Ann is a great trouper. I'm lucky to have her."

What then was wrong?

LANZA will not come right out and say it, and neither will the studio—but it is no secret that Mario and Curtis Bernhardt, the man scheduled to direct *The Student Prince*, saw eye to eye on practically nothing with regard to the film.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

After seeing the world premiere of *Two Guys From Texas*, I attempted to get the two guys' autographs. I easily got Jack Carson's, but just as Dennis Morgan took my fountain pen and began to write, his car started up. "Maybe next time, Texas," he said. To this day I wonder if Dennis Morgan still has my fountain pen.



Sandy Kahn
Denton, Texas

Bernhardt allegedly had certain definite ideas of how and where Mario's singing should fit into the script.

Mario reportedly felt that Bernhardt should be directing some other picture perhaps a drama, that a musical was a little beyond his ken, even though Bernhardt was a European of considerable knowledge and musical background, and had directed that famous musical comedy *The Merry Widow*.

There are some who say that the studio was prepared to transfer Bernhardt to some other production—after all, star have had directors removed willy-nilly from their pictures for years—in fact many stars refuse to sign for a film unless they have approval of the director in advance—but apparently even the suggested removal of Bernhardt from the production didn't seem to satisfy Mario.

It was then suggested in other quarters that for some strange reason Mario was afraid to go ahead with *The Student Prince*. Bernhardt was just an excuse.

The story spread that the only anodyne for Mario's attack of stagefright or camerafright or pre-production nervousness was money. He wanted a big fat bonus from the studio, various sources intimating out that the tenor from Philadelphia was really broke, having lost half a million in oil and mining speculation.

This happens to be pure baloney. Lanza is not broke. As Sam Weiler, the business manager who broke with him several months ago said on his return to Beverly Hills recently, "Mario has a nice six-figure bank balance. In addition, his recording royalties continue to flow in."

Mario had told the studio executives that he would be back in one week's time to settle all the details and to guarantee unconditionally his good conduct in the future. He was scheduled to show up on a Tuesday.

Came Tuesday and no Lanza. Was he sick? Not so sick that he couldn't go out and plunk down \$6,000 for a high speed racing car, a violet-colored custom-made Muntz Jet that hits 160 miles per hour on the open road.

Came Wednesday and no Lanza. Was he indisposed? Not so indisposed that he couldn't trade the old family Cadillac for a 1952 model, costing \$5,200.

The studio phoned, wired, sent messages. Mario still refused to come in and discuss the final details of his reformation.

A high echelon meeting was called, and the entire case was reviewed before the studio decided to file suit against Mario.

It was recalled that after Mario had finished recording the songs for *The Student Prince*—this was in August—he was both tired and upset—tired of working long and arduous hours, and upset because his friendship with Sam Weiler, his patron and business manager, had come to an end.

In fact, Mama and Papa Cocozza, who have been accused of spoiling Mario in his youth, called upon Dore Schary.

"Mr. Schary," said Papa Cocozza, "you have been very kind to Mario, and we're grateful, but the boy is very tired. He needs a few days' rest before the picture starts. Is this possible for you to arrange?"

Schary, who is basically a kind and generous man, flashed one of his toothy grins at Mama and Papa Cocozza, "Of course, it's possible," he said. "How much time does he need?"

"One week would be perfect," said Papa Cocozza.

Schary got up. "I'll tell you what," he said to Mario's parents. "You tell Mario I want him to take two weeks. How's that?"

Mama and Papa were overjoyed. They thanked Schary profusely. What an understanding man. What a wonderful executive! They raced to Mario's house and told him the good news. Mr. Schary was giving him two weeks off—he should rest, take it easy, start the picture relaxed and refreshed. Mario was beaming and happy. When he's happy he eats.

The two weeks passed. Mario was notified that *The Student Prince* would roll on August 23rd. Mario refused to appear. The studio threatened to ban him from his radio show since they controlled his radio rights. Mario showed up at the wardrobe department on a Thursday. His broadcast went on the air Friday. It was his last broadcast. The studio put its corporate foot down. Mario became \$5,200 poorer each Friday. That's how much his radio program brought in.

Two weeks passed—two weeks in which the studio announced the possible cancellation of the film; the gossipmongers insisted Lanza was off his rocker, fighting with his wife, living in New York, living with his parents, eloping with a new girl, and all sorts of ridiculous and incredible stories. These bad guesses faded into nothingness when Mario and the studio agreed to kiss and make up by way of talking about the possibility of getting a new director and amending

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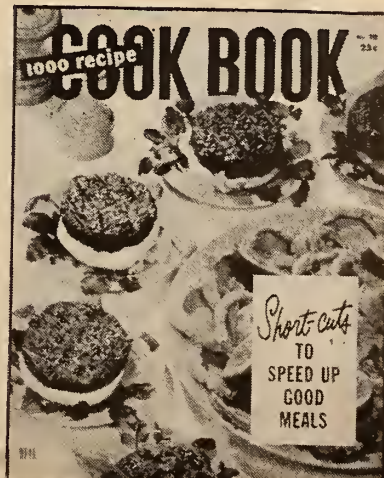
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certain clauses in Mario's basic employment contract. If he suffered more than the six months it calls for in 1952, the overtime would be deducted in 1953.

But once again the incredible Mario refused to show up at the studio to discuss these problems. Nor would he send word. He just didn't feel like it, didn't feel up to it.

Friends who talked to his parents were told that Mario had suffered from these "bad-boy spells" before, but never had they lasted this long. Mama and Papa Cocozza were genuinely worried. They spoke to their beloved boy. Mario was adamant. He wasn't going into the studio until he felt the time was ripe, and the time wasn't now.

In the meanwhile by the process of osmosis the studio came around to the realization that Mario was being completely unreasonable. It ordered the law firm of Loeb & Loeb to draw up the necessary legal papers. The accounting department would tell the lawyers exactly how much Metro had spent in preparing *The Student Prince*.

WHILE the legal beagles were getting ready to throw the book at Mario, an announcement wafted over from London that Mario's last film, *Because You're Mine*, had been chosen for the royal command performance. When Mario heard this, he beamed. "It's the most marvelous thing that ever happened to me," he said, whereupon he called up the girls in his office on South Beverly Boulevard and issued a stand-by order. Stand by to close the office. Mario was thinking of taking his whole family, his whole office staff to London for the command performance.

Less than 24 hours later, the owners of MGM, Loew's Inc., filed a \$5,195,888 breach of contract against Alfred Arnold Cocozza (Mario's real name) charging him with refusal to sing in *The Student Prince*,

and demanding that the court issue an injunction preventing Mario from performing services for any other person or company pending settlement of his contractual difficulties with the studio.

The complaint specifically asked \$695,888 in special damages, claiming that amount as the cost for the film's preparation and \$4,500,000 in general damages for the loss of prospective profits.

At the time Lanza heard the news of this legal suit, he was sipping a fruit punch in the Bel-Air Hotel suite of Freddie Matsuo, one of his Hawaiian friends, who a few years previously had booked the Lanza concerts when Mario sang in Honolulu.

MARIO laughed when he heard the news. After all it's flattering to be sued for more than \$5,000,000. In his mind, however, he debated several possible courses of action to take.

He could move his whole family to England. That would be a little tough, however, because Betty is expecting a third child in December and wants to have it in the U.S.

He could give up making motion pictures which, after all, brings him a good deal less revenue than his concerts and recordings.

He could move his family to Honolulu, cut down on his expenses, live on his recording royalties.

He could make peace with the studio and start *The Student Prince* all over again.

He could fight the studio in a long drawn-out legal battle; maybe win; maybe lose. In any event it was doubtful if any court in the land would issue an injunction in an effort to deprive him from making a living.

Or he could go to see a doctor and find out what was really bothering him.

As we go to press, Mario has not as yet made up his mind. **END**

happy talk

(Continued from page 55) they will do when they get to Hollywood, Doris and her husband, George Weidler, parked a trailer in a vacant lot in the San Fernando Valley. When they put out feelers for work, they had to trust to the kindness of a nearby store for a telephone communication in case an offer of a job came through.

Doris, of course, had that famous smile even then. The broad grin with the white teeth was a trademark, and she was able to flash it on no matter what the situation. But if you had known her then, you'd have seen that in repose the smile seldom appeared. And as the weeks went by and no sign of even a night club date appeared, let alone the movies, the smile appeared less and less often.

A FEW months after she had been in California, a crisis suddenly confronted Doris. Her marriage to George, which was her second try at wedlock, was no go. Nothing went right. George was not staying with her as much as he should have. They were too poor, even for the skimpy budget they had set for themselves. So one night Doris walked away from the trailer, and took a small room in a low-priced Hollywood hotel.

The chance she had been waiting for came shortly after that. A call came from her agent, a fellow by the name of Al Levy who obviously had a faith in her talent that he shared with no one else. He called her at the hotel when she was at her lowest ebb, almost at the bottom.

"Meet me at nine o'clock tomorrow morning," he said. "We're going out to Warner Brothers."

Doris was facing a mirror as she took the call. She saw reflected a tall, rather plain girl with corn silk hair, a nose too small, and worst of all a face covered with freckles. She didn't think it was a glamorous picture.

"Warner Brothers!" She said. "What for?"

"We're going to make a test, Dope," said Levy.

"A test!" said Doris. "You sure you've got the right girl?"

"Just be ready," said Levy, and hung up.

The next morning Al Levy swung Doris Day through the front gate of the Warner Brothers Studio and she felt like a fool. She was making a big mistake she thought, walking into an obvious insult. Who would hire a girl like her for the movies?

The test was made by Michael Curtiz, the director who at that time was the toast of the town for his recent picture, *Casablanca*. He put Doris through her paces. In spite of his consideration and tact she was sure he hated her and was just too polite to offend her. She admitted later that she thought for a time that there was no film in the camera. Why waste film on somebody who was quite visibly not the type.

Doris left the studio with a sigh of relief and vowed she'd never set foot in another. She tried to get the whole thing out of her mind and went back to the daily grind of trying to line up a deal

with a band, or get solo singing engagements. She was truly astonished a few days later when Levy telephoned her again and said they were wanted at the studio.

"Horrors," she thought, "they probably want to make me pay for the money they spent on the test." Levy took her straight to Curtiz' office. The director sat behind his desk and looked at her a long time without speaking.

"Have you ever had any dramatic experience?" he asked finally.

"No, sir," said Doris.

"Hmmm," said Curtiz. "Very good. Have you ever taken lessons in acting?"

"No, sir," said Doris.

"Good. Good," said Curtiz.

Then he turned to the agent. "People," he said, "are going to say that I am crazy, but I will sign this girl to a personal contract and give her the leading role opposite Jack Carson in the picture I am preparing."

Doris sat ashen-faced and listened. She was sure she was not hearing right. Then she got up from the chair and walked from the studio in a daze. When she got home, she sat alone in her room for hours, not even answering the phone, trying to figure out what strange trick life was getting ready to play on her now.

Now, this is not a story about how Doris Day became a star in pictures. That has been told many times. But it is proper to repeat that while she was a smash hit from the beginning, and that after awhile Warner Brothers bought her contract from Curtiz for a pretty penny. She's been their top star ever since. But all of the time the smile was a prop, the cheery attitude a fake. Doris Day was not really happy down deep in her heart.

If you'll remember back to those days, you'll recall that Doris was pretty much a play girl. She spent most of her time with Jack Carson, a fellow who likes nothing better than an evening on the town, in the night clubs and with gay companions. When they weren't working, they rested up during the day and made the rounds at night. Neither of them could have been called excessive drinkers or dissipaters in any form, but they lived a gay existence. Although the whole town thought they were in love and would some day marry, they themselves never thought they were even mildly in love.

By the time Doris Day was ready for happiness she had had everything else she wanted. She was a big star, used to the adulation and the big money. She radiated confidence that it would go on forever. But inwardly she was filled with doubts. She was like a person attending a costume party in a get-up that she really didn't belong in. Accepted, but knowing that the whole thing was a gag. When she was alone at night, before she went to sleep, Doris used to lie awake and count her blessings and evaluate her shortcomings. It was in those hours that she grew frightened and dreaded the

One difficulty facing fiction writers is naming their characters. They can never be certain that someone will not claim that his name has been used for an unpleasant character and threaten a lawsuit. One Hollywood studio solved the problem. Its carpenter, Frank W. Josephson, has, for the last 14 years, rented his name to the company so that some other Frank Josephson cannot bring an action. His name appears in screen divorce suits, tagged to dead bodies and unsavory characters.

Irving Hoffman in
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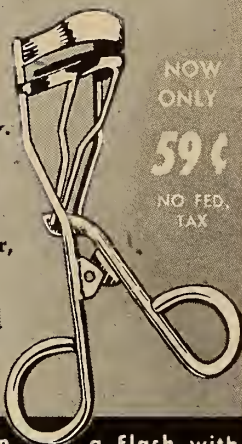
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thought of what tomorrow would bring.

The salvation of the old Doris Day, and the birth of the new, came about in a strange way. She hadn't seen her husband for quite a while. They were divorced, held no grudges, but neither did they share confidences. One day he called and said he had a couple of things they ought to talk over. Doris agreed to meet him.

Doris has said since then that seeing the transformation in George Weidler was one of the big shocks of her life. George, the fellow who lived for the kicks of today, the lad with the often sad and worried look, the boy with no taste for responsibilities of any kind stood before her and looked like a stranger. He stood erect and sure of himself. His face was serene and purpose was in his eyes. When he spoke he said something. Just what he meant. And his kindness in dealing with the mutual problem they faced was as surprising as his changed appearance.

Their business concluded, George was about to go, but Doris wouldn't let him.

"Something's happened to you," she said. "I don't know what it is, George, but something's happened to you that I wish could happen to me. You're strong, and I always thought I was the strong one."

George smiled and sat down again. "Would you like me to tell you about it?" he asked.

"Please tell me," Doris begged.

They sat and talked for a long time. George had discovered a religious science—that maybe wasn't altogether a religion or a science—but a way of life. He had found it when he needed it most, and it had made him happy for the first time that he could remember. Doris wanted to know how she could get to know about it and he told her, told her how to approach it, where to read about it and what it would do for her. She walked away from that meeting determined to get off the Hollywood merry-go-round and look for some of the peace she had thought she'd find if she ever got financial security.

A number of things that happened to Doris after that seemed to impel her toward a state of peace. Small things at first, but all part of a pattern that was to change her life completely.

THEN she received a blow where it hurt most. She developed a bad throat, and she earned a living with her throat. She went to a doctor and had an examination. There was nothing very dangerous about her condition, he told her, but she would have to remain silent for a long time and later on an operation might be required.

In the cold light of day, when Doris left the doctor's office, she took stock of herself once more and decided that rather than agree to the diagnosis and curtail her work—which was the only thing she really loved about her life—she would fight it out within herself. She trembled a little as she got into her car and lit a cigarette with nervous fingers. Suddenly she looked at the cigarette. And then she threw it as far away as she could. She has never smoked a cigarette since. She whipped the trouble with her throat, and it has never returned.

The same thing happened with liquor. While she was never a heavy drinker, Doris Day was like most people in Hollywood, a slave to the cocktail habit. Cocktails before lunch, maybe, and a cocktail before dinner. If she had to meet someone late in the afternoon, it was, naturally, for cocktails. As she began to find peace easier through her study of the new way of life she had discovered, Doris came to the conclusion that the cocktail was an enemy of the calm she wanted. She decided at a cocktail party one afternoon, after looking at what was happening to

the rest of the people there, to put down her glass and she has never, to this day, lifted another.

The third thing that happened to Doris Day during her search for peace was a man. She had long before stopped making the gay rounds with Jack Carson. And, to tell the truth, she was lonely. Although she had always dealt exclusively with Al Levy in her agent's office, she had met another young fellow who was a partner there by the name of Marty Melcher. Melcher was a tall, rather esthetic type of fellow, quiet and not too friendly. One day Levy was out of town and he asked Melcher to escort Doris to a radio program she was booked for.

After the show Doris and Marty went to a restaurant for a bite to eat. They sat and talked for quite a while, and Doris was quite taken with the quiet manner of the man. And Marty was a bit more cordial than usual. They both wanted to meet a second time, so they did the day after. That was really when they had their first serious conversation. Doris told Marty about the new thing she was finding in her life. And he told her that he had been in a very unhappy state because of a separation from his wife and was seeking the same refuge.

It might have been decided that night that Doris Day and Marty Melcher would be together forever, but, of course, neither of them knew it. They did know, though, that they thought alike and were kindred

At a cocktail party, Hymie Fink took a photograph of a well known starlet. Then he said to her: "I'll send you a copy of the picture. Would you like it mounted?" "Oh, that would be wonderful," replied the starlet, "I look so much better on a horse."

Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat

souls in a strange environment. They met again and again. Soon the gossipers were saying they were in love. If they were, they didn't know it, but they did know that they had a common purpose, to achieve the serenity they knew possible in their spiritual life.

A LOT of water has passed under the bridge since that day. Now Doris and Marty are married, after one of the most casual courtships known in Hollywood. There was never any of the mad chasing that is so common in Filmtown when a man is after a girl. They just sort of drifted toward one another. They found not only comfort but solace in one another's company—and peace in their mutual search for something and someone to believe in.

Now, there is nothing in life that can hurt Doris Day. She is one of the best-adjusted actresses in Hollywood, and there is no better wife and mother. Her home is a haven for the friends they want. They are the staunch confidants of practically all of the kids in the neighborhood.

Those visitors to the set of that Warner Brothers musical thought they were seeing a great example of control when they saw Doris Day go through a work-a-day experience that had everyone else in the company tearing at their hair. But they really were not. They were just watching a girl work who has found peace, a true, deep, abiding peace.

Doris Day will go a longer way than she ever might have before. You see she knows herself completely, and she knows exactly where she's going. **END**

(Doris Day will soon be seen in Warner Brothers' April in Paris.)

hedda hopper spikes those betty grable rumors

(Continued from page 33) turned down pictures, like practically all our stars do, but had never been officially suspended.

Six years ago, I remember, she bowed out of *No Wedding Ring* without arousing the ire of the studio. However, refusing to do a picture was so unusual for Betty that I visited her in her Coldwater Canyon home just to ask what gave with the girl. Betty was anything but uncooperative. Technically she was still on the job. The house was filled with utter confusion. Two fan magazine writers and several studio photographers had beaten me there. Flash bulbs were popping merrily all over the place. Sundry people wandered through the house seeking back-grounds for more pictures. A poodle bounded around with little Victoria.

Betty herself was busier than the proverbial one-armed paper hanger with the itch. She was answering questions, posing for camera boys, and keeping a weather eye on Vicky all at the same time. She considered this part of her job, and was glad to do it.

"Betty," I said, "practically every comic wants to play *Hamlet*. Every song and dance girl wants a crack at a straight dramatic role. Why did you turn down the opportunity?"

"For a very simple reason," she replied with a laugh. "I've spent 12 years learning how to sing and dance. I know musicals better than any phase of show business. My exhibitors want them; my fans expect to see me in them. I have no ambition to become a Sarah Bernhardt—praise be! So I want to stick to musicals."

THAT made sense to me, and evidently to the studio also. Betty wasn't punished. But time passed; conditions changed. Last year Betty balked at doing *The Girl Next Door*. This time, to the surprise of all of us, the studio put her on suspension, which means she was taken off salary.

I was out of town at the time; and one of my staff members, thinking the incident routine news, called Betty to check on what had happened. She explained that she'd just finished a film on Tuesday and was scheduled to start the new one the following Monday.

"I did not refuse to do the picture, because I hadn't even read the script," she added. "I'd been on call at the studio for 18 straight months. I needed a rest and asked for time off before starting back to work. I was told I could have the vacation, but that I'd be suspended if I took it. After being at 20th for 11 years, I was hurt by the studio's attitude. Then I was asked to promise to do another picture four months later. My reply was: 'As long as I'm being taken off salary, I'm not promising anything.'"

When that appeared in my column, the studio blew its top. I didn't know it at the time, but 20th was right on the verge of making drastic cuts in its executives' salaries. The lot was as jumpy as a fox in a forest fire. June Haver took over the picture; but she was injured while making it. The film hasn't been finished yet.

Learning the furor that Betty's statement had caused, I asked Darryl Zanuck for the studio's side of the story. He was iored by Betty's attitude. Twentieth had been good to Betty. She was kept on full salary while she had both of her babies. Usually when a studio learns that a star is expecting, she goes automatically on layoff until after the baby is born.

With theaters closing, I also had to agree with Darryl that the movie industry

was in a state of emergency; we were fighting for our professional lives. And it behooved everybody in the industry to chip in and do their part.

Betty, however, stuck to her guns. She remained on suspension for a year and got a big kick out of her vacation. She and Harry indulged in their favorite pastime, following the races. And strangely enough during this period their horses hit a winning streak, which meant more to Betty than an Oscar.

She was taken off suspension to do *The Farmer Takes A Wife*, with Dale Robertson. "I had a wonderful time making that one," Betty told me. Then along came a picture, *Blaze Of Glory*, which was supposed to star Richard Widmark and Shelley Winters. But before a camera could turn on it, somebody tipped me that Shell had been to see an obstetrician. "Uh-uh," I said, "the gal's expecting." I checked for verification and printed the story. I'll bet Shell could bite my ears off for that. She wanted to do that picture badly; but gathering news is my business; and Shell would have endangered herself by making the film.

It's a strenuous picture, being directed by a rough and ready guy, Sam Fuller, who believes in a lot of close-ups and the use of no doubles. The girl gets pushed around through the whole story; and in one sequence takes a terrific beating. Sam wasn't going to take a chance of having Shell injured. Betty Grable replaced her. This time she definitely refused to make the picture, and was again put on suspension. Jean Peters replaced her. "It's the greatest part I ever had," she told me. "I play a sexy moron who falls in love with a pickpocket." Jean, who's as healthy as a young colt, can take anything dished out to her in the way of physical punishment.

Now the rumors began to fly. Betty Grable was tired of picture making; didn't care about her career; had gone temperamental; Zanuck was going to lower the boom on her, but good this time; Marilyn Monroe had been brought in as a threat to the blonde queen of the lot; Betty was peeved because *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* had gone to Marilyn rather than her; Grable had figured that she'd grown so powerful she could do as she pleased; she was still afraid to tackle a straight dramatic role. These were just a few of the conjectures that floated around town. Seeking the truth, I went directly to Betty. She was not bitter over the suspension, having expected it when she turned down the part.

"I think I've lasted in this business by not doing pictures that are not good for me," said she. "My fans expect to see me in a certain type of film and I try never to let them down. In *Blaze Of Glory*, I was to play a B-girl who picks up men in bars and works for a fellow traveler. Can you see me doing that? I don't think my fans would want to see me in that kind of a role. I've never played a character on the screen that I would be ashamed for my own children to see—or the children of any other mother either. Then, too, the picture was to be made in black and white; so many of mine have been in color that I may have become spoiled."

"You weren't afraid to tackle a straight dramatic role?" I asked.

"No," she said. Then she pondered the question. "No, I'm really not, though two of my most dismal failures were pictures in which I played dramatic roles. And, of course, my biggest successes have been musicals. Let's face it, Hedda. Very

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little acting is required of me in most of the films I do. However, I'd welcome the opportunity to play the kind of parts Carole Lombard used to do. But I suppose nobody believes I can do comedy." "No plans of retiring then?" I asked. The question startled her. "Oh, no," she said. "I love working in pictures. In fact, with Harry on tour and the children in school, I'd like to be making one right now."

I wanted to know if there was any feud between her and Marilyn Monroe.

"Absolutely none," she said. "A lot of people think I'm jealous of Marilyn; but that's not true. I was told *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* was bought for me; and naturally I wanted to make the picture. Who wouldn't? Marilyn got it. That's her good fortune. When Judy Garland bowed out of *Annie Get Your Gun*, I was dying to take over. But 20th wouldn't lend me. Do you realize that in the 13 years I've been with that studio, I've never made a picture off the lot?"

I hadn't, but it's true. And the girl who's in a position to ramble around town gets the plum roles, as no studio can have all the good properties. Betty Hutton, on loan-out from Paramount, had her career revitalized by *Annie* for example. In order to have more freedom to pick and choose, Betty's asked 20th to release her from her contract. But the studio won't do it. Who wants to let go of a gold mine?

AND just what makes this gold mine click? That's the question that has long puzzled us. She's quietly skipped most of the usual formulas for movie success. Betty, while having a healthy respect for her fans, does not cater to them like Joan Crawford, for instance. She has her fan clubs, however, and a surprisingly great number of feminine followers. Girls who wrote to Betty in their teens grow up, marry, and become mothers; but they still correspond with Grable. "The reason women like her," one of her friends told me, "is that she looks like a square shooter. She's the kind of girl with whom about any woman would trust her husband. You couldn't say that about Marilyn Monroe."

When Betty's working in a picture, she's all business. But away from the studio she likes to be just Mrs. Harry James. She used to accompany Harry on his band tours; but fans wouldn't let her alone. She wanted to be simply another wife. But if she didn't make a personal appearance, get up and take a bow or sing, people thought her snooty. So in order not to offend them, she decided to skip those tours with Harry.

Betty's no glamor girl when you compare her to Marlene Dietrich or Rita Hayworth. She dresses simply but well. When she goes out, she wears no make-up except a little powder, mascara and lipstick. I've known Betty for many years; and she seems ageless. Her figure has remained exactly the same for 12 years. The onepiece suit she uses for rehearsals has never had to be altered a fraction of an inch. Yet she never diets. When she's rehearsing dance numbers, she eats like a famished horse—particularly candy. Betty keeps her skin fresh, firm, and unwrinkled by frequent applications of cream and oil. George Lane, her studio make-up man, says she presents only one minor problem. Her nose was once broken, leaving a tiny bone slightly projecting. When that part of her face is high-lighted, the nose-bone requires special make-up.

Betty doesn't consider herself a real beauty. Nor do I. Yet during World War II, 20th had over two million requests for pin-up pictures of her from servicemen. I know, because my office was constantly

flooded with letters from GI's wanting Grable's picture. Somehow she meant home to the lonely men in foreign lands, because she's the standard concept of the all-American girl. She's the "beautiful blonde" about whom all men dream and which most women envy. Yet she'd never win a "Miss America" contest. Hollywood is loaded with girls more beautiful than she. Go on any set where a big musical number is being shot; and you'll find dozens of them. They're playing extras.

Her looks help, but that is not the answer to Betty Grable's appeal. And she'd be the first to admit that she's no great shakes as an actress. When the Harvard Lampoon picked her as "the worst actress of the year," she wired the magazine, "You're so right." She can be a show-stopper with her warm vitality; but putting her in a picture with a Greta Garbo or Olivia De Havilland would be murderous. Dan Dailey has done several pictures with Betty, and I asked him what the girl had that kept her so popular.

"Warmth," he said. "You know, in real life Betty's shy and does not reveal her true personality. I've always felt that what we see on the screen is not the actress, but Betty Grable herself. She has the greatest natural gift for dancing that I've ever found in a woman; but she's never fully developed it. The same applies to her acting. You know why? Making motion pictures is strictly a business with her. She likes the money and does enough on the sound stages to get by in a big way. But her chief interest lies in buying the family groceries and washing the faces of her children."

I'M inclined to agree with Dan. I asked why she didn't make personal appearances. "Lack of confidence, I suppose," she replied.

"Lack of confidence!" I echoed in disbelief. "You've been with bands and on the stage."

"But that was long ago," she said. "I had to walk out on a stage now, I'd be terrified. I've been blamed for not playing benefits, and that's the reason. I know people would expect me to be as good as I am on the screen; and I wouldn't be. I don't want to disappoint anybody."

As for being a homebody, Betty certainly is. At present she has no secretary, business manager, nurse, cook or chauffeur. She does have an agent, a girl to take care of her fan mail, and a man to handle her taxes. "I learned to do things for myself when I was young, and I still like to be independent," she explained. Marie Brasselle (mother of film star Keefe) has been Betty's hairdresser for 12 years and knows her about as intimately as anyone outside her family. "She doesn't want anybody to wait on her," says Marie. "She won't even let me carry her script. Betty doesn't like flattery either. If she looks especially good, I tell her so. But she'd hate for anybody to tell her that every day."

Betty is stern with her children when they do wrong; so they have become models of behavior. When not working she takes care of them herself. Betty prepares their breakfast. They have a salad for lunch; and at night mother and daughters dine out.

The Jameses do little entertaining. They both loathe the night clubs. Betty got her fill of them in her younger days; and Harry has to work in them. Occasionally they do a night spot to catch the show of a pal like Joe E. Lewis. "With two children, we have enough entertainment at home," says Betty. Many movie stars feel that they must be seen in public gatherings to remain popular. Betty defies the idea. About the only place you

see them regularly in public are race tracks. They both love horses; have six racers and four brood mares of their own. "The nicest present Harry ever gave me," says Betty, "was a three-in-one affair—a mare in foal with a second colt trotting by her side."

I'm surprised at the number of men who don't consider Betty sexy; but I can understand their viewpoint. Sultry, languid, lazy Marilyn Monroe can get more sex in the shrug of her shoulder than Grable could in a hula dance. Yet when the current storm over Marilyn is over, I'll still have my money on Betty. Some psychological factor in the public mind makes it accept or reject a movie star. Bob Mitchum served a term in jail and came out to find his career unaffected. John Agar did the same thing and practically wrecked his.

Their deeds may be perfectly innocent as, for instance, getting married. Betty's movie career suffered not at all by her becoming a wife and mother. I doubt whether Marilyn's could withstand such. There's a difference. Betty represents entertainment. People associate her with bright lights, music, crowds, gaiety. She's the girl men like to take out dining and dancing—everybody's girl friend, but nobody's girl. But smouldering Marilyn is the type with whom men like to be alone. She's associated with dim lights, soft music, an open fire, champagne in an icy silver bucket. Marriage would likely destroy that concept. Doubtlessly Marilyn will wed, knocking the cream off her publicity pie, while Betty continues dancing on her merry way.

GRABLE is smart enough to know that the workers behind the camera can make or break a star. Good lighting, good make-up, good wardrobe are essential to the success of any actress. And Betty never forgets the people responsible for them. "When she's working," says Marie Bras-selle, "she has gallons of hot coffee on the set for everybody all day long. She dis-

covered that a crew member liked fishing; so she sent him to a sports store to pick out anything he liked as a present from her. She knew her wardrobe girl was fond of pretty clothes. So she sent her to Sak's to pick out some new dresses for herself at Grable's expense. She learned that I didn't have a television set, and gave me a beauty.

Dan Dailey calls her a 50-50 girl. "Whether we were doing a dance number or acting a scene together," says he, "she never tried to top me. She gave me as much as she took."

Betty's often been accused of being temperamental and moody. At times when I meet her, she'll sit down and talk my ears off; at others, she'll have practically nothing to say. "She's not moody," says Marie. "She's sensitive. And her silence is likely due to something entirely unrelated to you. If she's hurt, she clams up for a couple of days. But she gets over it." Another factor that gives her a reputation for temperament is that she believes in punctuality. She likes to get to work on time and quit on time so she can get home to her family. Directors often wish to stay over time to finish a particular shot. Betty doesn't like the idea; so she blows up. "Temperament," say people working with her. "The great Grable. Who does she think she is? Garbo?"

BETTY thinks no such thing. At six o'clock in the evening she ceases being an actress and becomes a mother. So there you have her. Of herself she says, "I'm a good, dull girl." As an actress and singer she's but mediocre as talent goes. She's not the best dancer in the business; nor is she the most beautiful girl. Her private life is far from glamorous. But she's one of the greatest boxoffice stars in motion picture history. Why? I'll tell you her secret. She started studying dancing at the age of five and began working professionally at 11. She knows show business and how to dish it out. That's it! **END**

shelley's greatest secret

(Continued from page 37) months ahead of him. Vittorio and I had dinner with Elizabeth and Michael the other evening. She looks wonderful. The boys talked European theater and we talked babies. I can't get a thing zipped up any more and Elizabeth advised me where to get maternity clothes. But I don't know. I'll wait. We had a lot of laughs."

The executive from the studio smiled appreciatively. Shelley's interior decorator, who was passing through, nodded pleasantly to everyone and headed for the room tentatively designated as the nursery. Mrs. Rose Schrift, Shelley's mother, brought her a cup of tea and warned, "It's hot." Naturally, Shelley took a sip anyway and winced. She always has to find out things for herself—that much she hasn't changed. "It's hot," she agreed.

That day, for instance, nothing had seemed to work out right about the apartment, including the Japanese gardener who again doggedly showed up at dawn to noisily water the plants despite their protests. ("Why does he have to sneak up on them in the dark?" Shelley asked). Besides this, and the fireplace's need for modernizing, the water heater had made ominous noises, the shower leaked. ("How do you fix a washer?" Shelley had phoned the plumber.) The pipes of the hot air heating system needed cleaning. ("Do they send a furry little cat through the pipes?" Shelley wondered.) A man came to deliver two bags of fertilizer nobody could

remember ordering. Someone else bought venetian blinds which didn't fit; and a neighbor who knew Shelley dropped in and told her the other neighbors on the street thought her husband was crazy.

THROUGH all this Shelley remained serene, only mildly interested about the household disruption involved and just casually amused about the neighbors.

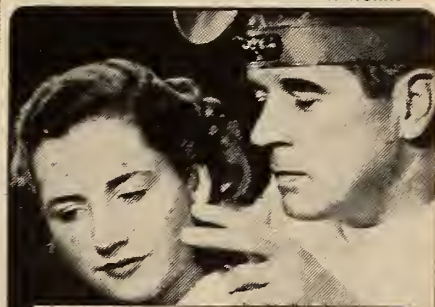
"Vittorio only sounds crazy," she said. "He is rehearsing for his plays in Italy and he has to get back his old voice power because they don't use microphones even when they play in those old Roman amphitheaters to audiences of 50,000 people. He does vocal exercises every day till the windows rattle. Up the street there is a neurologist, and every time he hears Vittorio he grabs his surgical kit in the hope I'll call him over to operate. He thinks Vittorio will make a fascinating case."

"Doesn't it bother you?" she was asked. "Uh-uh," Shelley replied. "The only thing that bothers either one of us is the door. It squeaks when Vittorio is trying to study his plays. He yells about it, and I pour oil all over the hinges, but there is always a little squeak I miss."

"What's happened to you, then?" came another question. "Where is the good old Winters temperament? I heard you didn't even get angry when 20th Century-Fox phoned you in Mexico that the picture you were to do with Richard Widmark had been cancelled. And that, they tell me, was before you even knew yourself you were going to have a baby."

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Shelley smiled blissfully. "It's physiological, the doctor says," she replied. "The glands pour something into the blood and then you don't care what the score is. It's a good thing the studios can't get hold of the stuff. I didn't know the baby was on the way in Mexico, but it was. That's why 20th's notification didn't bother me. I'm having the first vacation I have ever had since I was 12 years old and I love it. I'm even taking naps now. Me! I never even sat down before during the day. And nights? I used to be a real nightclub girl. Now Vittorio has to hit me on the head to keep me up after dinner . . . he should dare to try!"

"Well, after the baby is born you'll be your old self again," her friend ventured.

Shelley thought a while. "I don't know. I've got ideas now I don't think I'll forget afterwards—a brand new way of seeing things. I'm beginning to feel that a career is not all of life. If you keep dwelling on it it becomes everything, but that kind of everything can be pretty empty."

THAT'S how it is with Shelley. Her personality adjustment to approaching motherhood is intriguing everyone, including Shelley herself. She is proud of the fact that three times during September she got new picture offers and was able to turn them down without the least personal dither and without automatically canvassing a dozen and a half of her friends for advice. She was tempted by one of the offers, a chance to play opposite Dick Basehart in an independent production entitled, *Cry Tough*.

"If you take this role and start the picture you will have to finish it, and in your condition this might prove difficult," Vittorio warned.

"You mean I've got to face the facts of life?" she asked.

When he nodded she decided. "Okay, life wins . . . I won't even start."

Shelley's new mood seems to embrace Vittorio as well, so that he too appears surrounded by an aura of gentle reasonableness. This helps wet down the dust of any conflict that does arise. One arose about their travel plans. Vittorio had his heart set on Shelley accompanying him to Italy in October when he returned for a five-months engagement with his play company there. Shelley was to stay right through Christmas and then return to Hollywood so that the baby could be born in the United States. Vittorio was to follow in April when his show closed, bringing his mother along. But her doctor advised Shelley not to attempt the trip until November, and when she reported this to Vittorio he couldn't understand it.

"Why?" he asked. "You get on a plane, you sit, and then you are in Rome."

"The doctor says it's not wise to travel until the fifth month," she told him.

Vittorio waved a deprecating hand. "Italian girls who are going to be mothers must be tougher," he declared. "They go anywhere anytime."

Shelley just nodded agreeably. Then Vittorio demanded to know whether she was going to do what he said or what the doctor said.

"What the doctor said," she replied.

Vittorio opened his mouth as if to pronounce some ultimatum . . . and then incipient fatherhood must have taken control of him. "Good girl . . ." he said. "We have to be careful."

There was also the question of Shelley holding to some sort of diet. Her doctor didn't want her to put on more than 20 or 25 pounds during pregnancy, and she had already gained 10 by the beginning of the third month. Vittorio, however, claimed that in Italy mothers-to-be gained up to 50 pounds and nobody cared.

He produced a pencil and paper and

did some figuring. "You think not?" he asked. "If by the third month you have already gained ten pounds, and you are hardly started yet. . . ."

"Yes?" prompted Shelley, pretending she didn't know what he was leading up to.

"I am afraid you are having this baby on the Italian plan," he said.

THE mysterious ailments which sometimes affect expectant fathers as well as mothers had not bypassed Vittorio before he left Hollywood. For one thing, he suffered from indigestion, something new for him, and he claimed it was a sympathetic reaction to Shelley's condition. He began to complain when he noticed that she was making a habit of popping from bed right to the kitchen the first thing every morning. "It's like a track race every morning with you," he said. "Why?"

She told him that her doctor had advised eating immediately after arising to settle her stomach and prevent nausea. Vittorio smote his chest. "Why didn't you tell me before?" he demanded. "Me too. I have been having heartburn ever since we found out about the baby."

The next morning he beat her to the kitchen. The day after that, when she went to take some vitamin pills her doctor had prescribed, Vittorio followed right behind. He flipped a whole handful of the pills into his mouth before she could stop him. "They're not for heartburn," she told him.

"That's all right," he said. "I am interested in American medicine generally."

Their original idea of buying the duplex apartment was to live in the ground floor apartment themselves and rent the upstairs apartment for income. But right from the first Vittorio began to discourage possible tenants. When Shelley asked him why, he reminded her that his mother would be with them. "It will be a good place for mother to live and a good place for the baby," he said.

"But won't you want the baby to be downstairs with us?" she asked.

Vittorio looked as if he couldn't understand her. "What for?" he asked. "There is nothing you can say to a baby until he is five years old."

Shelley laughs this off, of course. Baby is going to stay very close to mama and papa, the way she sees the parental program. What has bothered her is the probability of the child's speaking Italian.

"If this is the case, you won't be able to talk with him at all unless you learn Italian," Vittorio has teased.

Shelley is taking no chances. She is studying hard. She has also obtained the University of Chicago recommended "Great Books of the Western World," in 54 volumes, and intends to read every one of them.

"Anything my kid wants to know, from Homer to Tennessee Williams, I'm going to be able to tell him," she says.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One afternoon as we were playing baseball, we noticed a beautiful brunette watching us. Only after talking to her for a while did we discover that this friendly person was Jane Russell, who was living in Columbus while her husband was stationed at Fort Benning.

Sybil Powell
Columbus, Georgia



To get time for this, she has quit working on a sweater for Vittorio which she has been knitting for five months and which is still one sleeve short of being all finished.

EVEN if some of Vittorio's ideas are a little hard to take, all in all he is making a fine prospective father, according to Shelley. Although he was born in a home where a nurse attended his wants from infancy on (and still does when he visits his own family), he forgot all about this the day they moved to their new place.

"He started off normal," she said. "He refused to get out of bed when the movers came in the morning. But afterwards he made a great finish, even washing the dishes and taking out the garbage."

Their worst day, she says, came the afternoon they both went to her doctor to discuss the money end of parenthood. The doctor wanted to know Vittorio's income for the past five years so he could establish an average on which to base the fee. When Vittorio heard what the fee was to be, Shelley saw his lips moving in the way they do when he is

mentally converting dollars into lira. From the expression on his face, it looked to her as if he was up into the millions of them. After they got home, Shelley made him a drink and he became fairly philosophic about his fate.

"Still," he said, "births in America and births in Italy are entirely different phenomena. In Italy if you want a baby it is merely a matter of love. In America you have to be deaf to your heart until your bank book says, 'Okay! Go ahead and have a baby!'"

"Except if you are an Italian in America," murmured Shelley.

No, at this writing Shelley is about the calmest girl in Hollywood. When Farley Granger heard about her good fortune, he came over and brought flowers. After he left Shelley said, "Gee, he's a nice guy. It's a shame Vittorio and he can't be friends." (Vittorio is the one who is doing the balking.) Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, well," she commented, and you knew that was not going to bother her either.

END
(Shelley Winters can be seen in *Universal-International's Untamed Frontier*.)

what's the trouble esther?

(Continued from page 41) broke into a wide grin, and said, "There's no truth to it at all. Ben and I have never been happier. Maybe we quarrel once in a while, but who has time to fight? We're both too busy."

Ben, who was once a radio announcer and consequently talks with great fluidity, was a little more detailed in his denial. "Esther and I," he explained, "have read so many of these darn items about ourselves, they don't bother us anymore. You know why they print this stuff, don't you? They've run out of things to write about us. After all, pick up the front page of your newspaper. You don't read anything about Mr. and Mrs. Glutz celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary. That's not news. You read scandal about divorcees, law suits, murders—those are the things that sell newspapers—not happiness.

"Esther and I happen to be happily married and well-adjusted. I'd say as well as any couple in town. Is that worth any kind of a story? You know the answer. Of course not. But run something like Esther Williams and Ben Gage are breaking up—right away it's hot stuff.

"If there was anything wrong with our marriage, I mean seriously wrong—if it were going on the rocks—I'm the kind of guy who would level with you. But it isn't. Ask Esther. Ask her mother. Ask anyone. The trouble is that these columnists have done all the stories they can do about a happy marriage. Now they've gotta concentrate and dig up a little dirt."

BEN's explanation sounded rational. "Only," I asked, "why should they pick on you and Esther? Why don't they pick on someone say, like Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, or Bob and Dolores Hope? Is there a possibility that many members of the Press don't like Esther? A year or so ago the Hollywood Women's Press Club voted her the most uncooperative actress of the year. Are these stories of your breakup examples of wishful thinking?"

Ben thought for a moment. "I honestly think," he said, "if you asked the membership of the Hollywood Women's Press Club if they'd made a mistake about Esther, they'd say yes. Quite a few of

those girls resigned after that wacky nomination. Esther is as cooperative with the Press as circumstances permit. Don't take my word for it. Just ask about town."

I did exactly that, and from what I can gather, the Press feels that Esther Williams is a pretty good scout. "She'll give you as much time as she can," one reporter confided, "but to her the most important thing is her family, especially her two kids. Her one regret in life is that she can't spend more time than she does with her boys. She's always late for appointments, and she may be a little over-anxious about earning a buck—but she's a whole lot more normal than someone like Ava Gardner who's a real mixed-up dame, or Lana Turner who has about as much judgment of men as a mink. I think you can say this about Esther. The newspapermen genuinely like her. The newspaper women, however—I think they've got green eyes.

"The one trouble with Esther is that she's a success. It's a national hobby, taking potshots at a success, especially when the girl had nothing to begin with. Esther's story is one of those rags-to-riches yarns. No one criticizes the son of J. P. Morgan. Such a kid is born to the purple and no one ever accuses him of being money-mad, aggressive, selfish, egotistical, and inconsiderate.

"Let someone like Esther come along, a kid who never had an extra buck as a child, and right away a lot of other girls resent her success."

A HOLLYWOOD newspaper girl who's been covering the goings-on in movietown for more than six years had a different explanation for the oft-repeated rumors concerning the eventual unhappy denouement of Esther's second marriage.

"Look," she said, "let's start on the premise that all single girls are jealous of married girls, and all women insanely jealous of beautiful actresses. Let's shove that premise aside and concentrate on Esther. I've done quite a bit of research on Esther, and I've come to the conclusion that she's a pretty domineering sort of girl.

"I don't think there's anything necessarily wrong in a girl being dominant. After all, we're just the result of our inheritance and environment. It so happens that Esther's mother is a pretty domineering woman herself. I remember asking

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people in Inglewood, where Esther was raised, about her family. They all told me the same thing. Esther's mother was the driving force. Her father was a poor sign-painter who found the going pretty tough, that is financially. Esther inherited her mother's drive, her mother's forcefulness. She's a plain-speaking, hard-working girl who calls a spade a spade.

"It's her industry, her money, her earnings, her career which in large part is responsible for the family holdings. For example, Esther and Ben own the Trails, a restaurant out on Sepulveda Boulevard in Los Angeles. It's done so well that Esther and Ben are expanding it into a drive-in. They also own a metal fabrication shop, half-a-dozen houses down in the desert which Esther built in the first place so that her asthmatic brother would have something to look after, another house in Acapulco which they rent out, and I guess some sort of royalty deal with a bathing suit manufacturer. At one time they also owned a filling station at 18th and Montana in Santa Monica; I'll never forget the night they opened that station. They had searchlights and Keenan Wynn on his bicycle and they were giving away tanks of free gas to other Hollywood stars.

"I happened to stop by another filling station in the neighborhood, and the youngster who was running it was choked with bitterness. 'That Esther Williams is a pip,' he complained. 'She only earns \$100,000 a year, but she's gotta open up a filling station and take away my business. I know it's a free country. Anyone can open anything. But somehow, I just resent it. I resent it, 'cause I know she doesn't need the money. It's just another sideline to her, while to me it's my whole living.'

"Esther and Ben gave up the filling station, but my whole point in telling you about their holdings is this: Esther is the dominant wage-earner in her family. Ben looks after their various interests. He had a small run as a singer on the radio, and as an emcee on television, but he abandoned show-business.

"It may be unfair but he is regarded more as Esther Williams' husband than as Ben Gage. He knew this was bound to happen when he married Esther. He knew she wasn't going to abandon her career and let him become the family bread-winner. He went into the setup with his eyes open.

"I maintain that eventually he is going to regret having left show business. After all, he's tall, he's handsome, he's got a lot of sex appeal. If he were willing to struggle a little, who could tell what heights he might achieve? He's given up whatever chance he had in show business to look after the joint family holdings. These may expand to include 5,000 different restaurants, but Esther will always be the power behind the throne. Eventually, and mind you, this is my own personal opinion, I think Ben's male vanity will assert itself, that unconsciously and gradually, he will resent Esther for depriving him of the chance he himself failed to take in show business. Do I make myself clear?"

I mulled over my informant's opinion for a good while. "You don't mean to say," I questioned, "that on the basis of this analysis which may be faulty you have been running breakup stories about the Gages?"

The newspaper girl looked at me and sadly shook her head. "It's very simple," she explained. "History repeats itself. I've yet to see a happy marriage out here where the wife was infinitely more successful in her career than her husband. 92 In those marriages that do last, either the

wife or the husband must abandon one career. Lots of times a man will marry an actress and become her manager in which event he not only becomes her husband but also a paid employee. Sid Luft and Judy Garland are a case in point. Rosalind Russell also has a husband who helps produce many of her pictures. Tom Lewis has just organized a television company which will star his wife Loretta Young.

"I maintain that the masculine ego resents being placed in a subsidiary role and that eventually it will revolt—maybe not in all cases—after all, a question of character is concerned—but in most cases. The reason many gossip columnists keep predicting the demise of Esther Williams' marriage is a simple one. Through her ambition and industry she is more successful than her husband. I don't say this is a fault, a crime, or anything. I merely say it's dangerous. Why don't you talk to someone who knew Esther when she was first married to that struggling young doctor?"

I searched around Los Angeles and had no trouble in finding several persons who knew Esther when she was the young doctor's wife. One of these persons remembers Esther when she lived at 8722 Orchard Street in Inglewood. In fact, she attended school with the actress and says that Esther today is a far better wife,

A Hollywood screenwriter was outlining to Sam Goldwyn and others a story treatment he had about the 7th Cavalry. Goldwyn frequently seems absorbed in something other than that which is being discussed. The screenwriter, trying to recapture the producer's attention, said, "Of course, you're familiar with the details of Custer's Last Stand?" ... "Sure," Goldwyn replied, "Custer lost."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

more mature, more intelligent, more philosophical than when she was married to the young doctor who was more interested in research than in making money.

"Look," she told me. "I think Esther Williams is wonderful. I've heard an awful lot of stories of how she values money above everything and all of that baloney. It's not true. She has a good common sense of values. In her scheme of things, money is important—but she was raised without very much of it—and she never knew an easy childhood. I can vouch for that because I lived in the same neighborhood.

"I remember when she worked in a local store selling underthings on Saturdays and during vacations. I remember when she was a stock girl in a department store on Wilshire Boulevard, earning \$80 a month. She and her sister used to save admission to the public swimming pool by counting out towels.

In high school at the beginning she was pretty unhappy. She was tall and gangling and none of the boys made a play for her. Towards the end, however, she began going around with some of her brother's friends and getting elected to various school offices, and by the time she got out she was pretty darn popular—but she never had it easy. I think she was 15 when the Los Angeles Athletic Club became interested in her as a swimmer. They sent her out to Des Moines, and I think she was 17 or 18 when she won the 100-meter free style event. But as she once told me, 'You can't earn money as an amateur athlete,' so she gave up swimming and got a job in the department store. That's when

Billy Rose offered her \$40 a week to swim in his World's Fair Aquacade.

"She turned it down telling him, 'I can't give up the security of my job for \$40 a week.' Rose finally came across with \$125 a week, and Esther took him up on it.

"While she was swimming with Johnny Weissmuller, Sam Katz, a producer at MGM, and Johnny Hyde, he was the agent from the William Morris office who later discovered and developed Marilyn Monroe—tried to get her into the movies—only Esther wouldn't listen. That's what I mean by common sense. She knew she'd had no dramatics training, and she couldn't see what use she'd be in the movies. She told them no, and after the Aquacade, she got her same old job back in the department store over on Wilshire Boulevard.

"Johnny Hyde used to bother her every month or so to come over to see L. B. Mayer—he was head of MGM, you know. He wanted Esther to have an interview with Mr. Mayer. He felt strongly that Esther could be turned into a big box-office attraction. Esther went with him one day—she was 19 at the time—and Mayer's first reaction was, 'My, but you're tall.' Esther said, 'I certainly am,' and she tried to leave his office, but Mayer ran after her and said, 'Wait a minute, young lady, you're not that tall.' He liked her face and her figure, and he took a chance. That's how Esther became a movie star.

"Now when she married this young doctor, it wasn't a case of running away from parental authority or anything like that—it was love, or what Esther thought was love. I don't see any sense in mentioning his name, do you? Ben gets absolutely livid, you know, when anyone mentions his name or even the fact that Esther was married before. I don't know why, but he certainly does. Anyway, it's no easy job being a young doctor. It takes years before you start earning a decent living. I think Esther would have put up with the early struggle and everything else, but she just fell out of love. Luckily she fell into a career almost at the same time.

"You ask me if I think there's any possibility of a breakup in Esther's present marriage. Right now I'd say definitely not. Esther and Ben are both on a solid plane. They know what they want out of this marriage. It's a family, and they're building one. Esther wants a girl, and next time out she'll probably get one.

"Ben may kid around a lot, and because he's so big he's always a target for jokes and wisecracks, but really, he's an awful good father. The other morning he took little Benjie down to the Hill and Dale Nursery, and I'm telling you the both of them looked real cute. Esther is as hard-working an actress as you'll find in this town. Being a wife, mother, and actress is no easy job. At the end of a day she's really all in. But she always has time for the sick and the handicapped, like teaching little blind children to swim and performing for the paraplegics.

"I read those gossip items from time to time about Ben and Esther—but I also see a lot of these two kids, and I can tell you their marriage is working. Insofar as those darn gossipmongers are concerned the trouble with Esther Williams is that there's no trouble. She's happy, Ben's happy, the children are happy—and that's all there is to it."

AND that's all they have to work on, those gossip columnists who, for some perverse reason refuse to believe that any family can be happy in Hollywood. And refuse to allow anyone else to believe it either.

(Esther Williams will soon be seen in MGM's Million Dollar Mermaid.)

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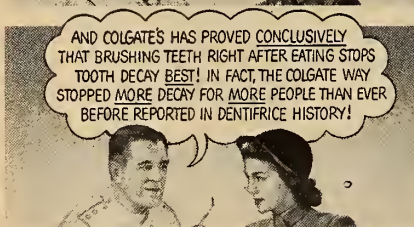
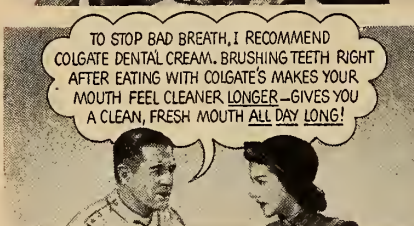
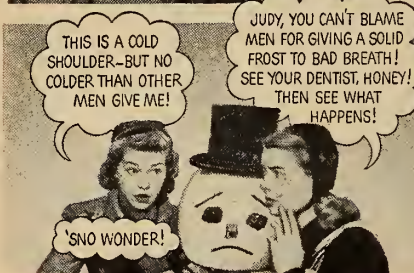
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a secret mission
is a secret. A secret
from your wife.
A secret from
the world!”

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A WOMAN TAKE...?**

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of pretty Lucey Tibbets
who had the hard
luck to fall in love
with a hero!

M-G-M presents the love story
behind the billion-dollar
secret!

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TAYLOR • PARKER

JAMES

MARILYN

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Story by **BEIRNE LAY, JR.** • Produced and Directed by **MELVYN FRANK** and **NORMAN PANAMA** • AN M-G-M PICTURE





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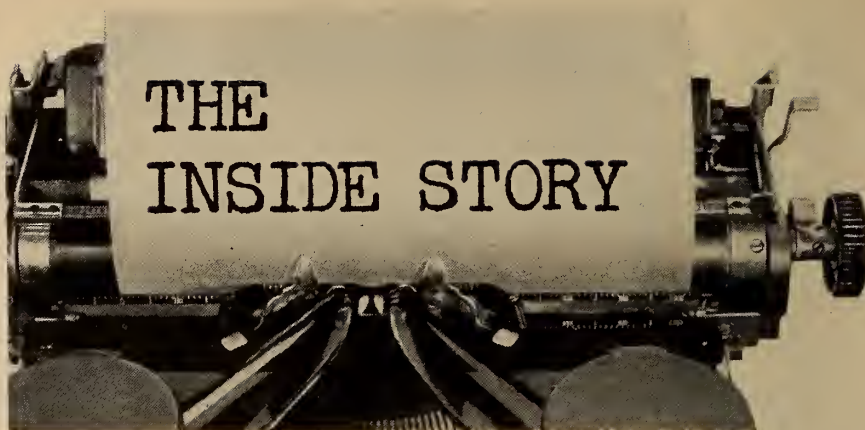
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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to **THE INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Marilyn Monroe wears nothing underneath?

—J. Y., SEA GIRTH, N. J.

A. Most of the time it's true.

Q. Who is the newest man in Joan Crawford's life? Can't she find a husband?

—R. E., URBANA, ILL.

A. Director Nick Ray; husbands in Hollywood are difficult to find.

Q. What is the relationship between Howard Keel and Lisa Farraday?

—H. Y., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. They are warm friends.

Q. Is there anything to the romance between Kirk Douglas and Pier Angeli?

—E. R., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. It's a publicity stunt.

Q. Whatever happened to Margaret O'Brien?

—D. E., HYDE PARK, ILL.

A. She's in Japan making a film.

Q. Ginger Rogers had a third husband named Jack Briggs, much younger than Ginger. Is he still in pictures?

—S. K., ELKHART, IND.

A. He works as a liquor salesman in a Hollywood supermarket.

Q. I read in another magazine that John Wayne is a Catholic. Is that true?

—B. B., ELY, NEV.

A. No.

Q. How many times has Dick Powell been married, and how many wives and children does he support?

—C. D., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

A. Powell has been married three times, pays alimony to two ex-wives, supports four children and his present wife June Allyson.

Q. I understand that the Mario Lanzas recently bought Frank Sinatra's old house. How much did they pay for it?

—G. H., HOBOKEN, N. J.

A. The deal fell through; the Lanzas have rented another house.

Q. I've been told that Mickey Rooney is crazy about tall girls. Is this true? If so, why?

—W. R., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. It's true—tall girls serve him as a psychological compensation for his own small height.

Q. Can you tell me how many times the novel, "Les Misérables," has been made into a movie?

—O. H., HOLLAND, MICH.

A. Seven times.

Q. Were Lana Turner and Betty Grable born blondes or brunettes?

—D. G., DeSOTO, MISS.

A. Brunettes.

Q. Is Jeff Chandler really half-Indian? He certainly looks it. Was he born on the Cherokee Reservation?

—C. H., TULSA, OKLA.

A. Chandler is all white, comes from Brooklyn.

Q. Didn't Anne Baxter quit 20th Century-Fox because Marilyn Monroe was given the lead in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*?

—K. V., PARIS, KY.

A. That was a contributory cause.

Q. Does Dale Robertson dislike being interviewed by newspaperwomen?

—S. Y., BILLINGS, MONT.

A. He just doesn't like to be interviewed.

Q. Would you say that Cary Grant is a millionaire?

—V. V., BRISTOL, ENGLAND

A. Yes.

Q. I've been told that Bob Hope isn't liked very much by his gag-writers. Is that on the level?

—A. S., DALLAS, TEX.

A. No comic is a hero to the men who prepare his material.

Q. Why won't Jane Russell pose for pictures with her adopted children?

—H. F., VAN NUYS, CAL.

(Continued on page 26)

THE STORY OF
RUBY GENTRY,
WHO WRECKED
A WHOLE
TOWN--

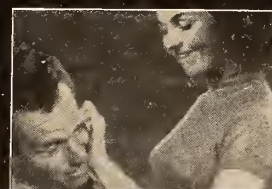
MAN BY MAN

...SIN BY

SIN!

Ruby Gentry!!!

so dangerous... destructive... deadly... to love!



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Story by ARTHUR FITZ-RICHARD • Released by 20th Century-Fox



IS GINGER ROGERS READY TO NOD "I DO" TO HER JACQUES? . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS'

So many things happened at Marion Davies' fabulous party that all things seem to date from that night.

Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas had the big battle which ended their romance that evening. There have been varying stories given out as to the reason for the fight, but I happen to know that Lana said to Lex Barker, "Why don't you ask me to dance?" He danced with her not once but twice. Fernando cut in on them the second time round, and told Lana everything was over.

This soirée, which has probably never been equalled in Hollywood, or in many other places for that matter, was the first affair Marion has given since she became Mrs. Horace Brown. There were 500 guests invited but closer to a 1,000 came. Cars were driven right into a cellophane tent, which covered a great section of garden and a fish pond, so there was no way of checking who were the invited guests and who weren't. Champagne flowed as if it were a nickel a bottle. The party is said to have cost \$25,000 but it wouldn't surprise me if it actually came to double that amount.

Wherever you looked there were bars, gardenia and orchid trees, ten feet tall and in full bloom, and orchid corsages for each feminine guest. On the vast buffet tables, there was every kind of food. Three rooms in the house were turned into reproductions of New York nightclubs—the "Stork," "21" and "El Morocco." Three orchestras played continually. To try to enumerate the guests is impossible, but you can take it from me that everyone who was invited accepted and many brought along a couple of friends.

The most resplendent of the jewels worn were those adorning the Queen Mother of Egypt. Her necklace is one of the most costly in the world, out-Hoping the Hope diamond.

I almost forgot to say the guests of honor were Marilyn and Johnnie "Cry" Ray, the newlyweds. Charles Morrison, the poppa-in-law, and owner of the Mocambo, planned the party and believe me, he spared no expense.

Ava Gardner, who has become very friendly with Lana Turner, was much in evidence, though she came unescorted. That was before Ava had her battle with Frankie, which was to end in a temporary reconciliation. In one of the "nightclubs" Red Skelton put on what amounted to a one-man show. In another, Johnnie Ray sang, of course—and, as dawn came, it was really out of this world, seeing the newcomers like Debbie Reynolds and Piper Laurie staring fascinated at the old-timers like Joe E. Brown—and vice versa.

(Continued on next page)



Into the trunk goes Jonet Leigh with an assist from Tony Curtis. This was just prior to going into their magic act at a Hollywood charity party. Since Tony made *Houdini*, he's in constant demand to make magic everywhere he goes.



Bandleader Spike Jones threw a party for expectant fathers Georgy Steffen and Michael Wilding. Spike, with his wife Helen, felt that the girls—Jane Powell and Liz Taylor—were getting too much attention, so they "baby showered" the boys.

THE NEW ANNIE BAXTER'S NOT WHAT SHE USED TO BE!

GOOD NEWS



Recently Marion Davies gave a party for some neighbors, the Rays. It cost \$25,000, *all* of Hollywood was there, and . . . wonder of all wonders . . . Marian and hubby (left) found time to greet guests of honor Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Ray.



Judy Garland and Van Johnson met Fred Brisson at supper at the Marion Davies party. Judy, Sid Luft and Van were among the 500 *invited* guests (almost 1,000 showed up). Gardenia and orchid trees, ten feet tall, made a background.



Debra Paget got into the act at the annual Masquers Ball held at the RKO Pantages Theater in Hollywood. She came as a typical showgirl to the extravaganza.



Rita Hayworth and an unidentified escort had a gay old time in a restaurant on the Champs-Elysees in Paris. Rita refused to give the gentleman's name. A new romance?



Rhonda Fleming was fascinated by the tiny little orchid all the lady guests received at a recent Hollywood party. Rhonda attended with her husband, Dr. Lew Morrell.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Lona and Fernando made one of Hollywood's hottest combinations for weeks, both on and off-screen. They were due to marry when her divorce became final.



Fernando actually wasn't closing his eyes to what went on around him at the Morion Dovies party. Shortly after this, Lona asked Lex Barker to dance with her and Fernando thought they overdid it. They fought, said next day they were through.

**THESE LANA AND LAMAS PICTURES ILLUSTRATE THE
FAMOUS MOVIE FORMULA: BOY MEETS GIRL. BOY LOSES
GIRL. BOY GETS ANOTHER GIRL. FOR THE COMPLETE
STORY, SEE PAGE 37 FOR "THE END OF THE AFFAIR"**

IN my time I've taken some digs at Shelley Winters, which I felt she deserved. But I must say I have never felt so sorry for any girl in my whole life as I do for Shelley right now.

She is madly in love with Vittorio Gassman, but he had to return to Rome for a six-months' previous engagement to play *Hamlet*. Meanwhile, Shelley's having a very hard time. She's had a number of blood transfusions. Her baby won't be born until March, and it is imperative that she have her own American doctor.

This means Vittorio can't be with her when the baby arrives, though the plan now is to send his mother here. He is booked in Rome to May.

JACQUES Bergerac, who landed himself on Leo the Lion's dotted line via Ginger Rogers, was sued for beating up a man in Paris and received a suspended sentence.

"How about it?" someone at MGM asked him.

Jacques, handsome, 25-year-old Frenchman, said, "I had a lady friend and when I wanted to break off our romance she hired someone to beat me. I got in the first punch and knocked out his teeth."

I must say the young man certainly was frank. Ginger doesn't mind the girls in his past life—she's got him now, and I'll be surprised if they don't marry.

ALL Hollywood was shocked, and I lost a very dear personal friend, in the sudden death of lovely Pam Lang, wife of Jennings Lang, from a heart attack.

Pam's death was doubly tragic because she and Jennings, whom she stood by so staunchly in his time of great trouble, had found new happiness together and were making wonderful plans for the future for themselves and their two small children. Jennings, you remember, was shot by Walter Wanger in a jealous



Fernando immediately began squiring Arlene Dahl—newly-divorced from Lex Barker. Lona got linked with bull-fighter Louis Salano, and embroiled in the Sinatra-Gardner mixup.

THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Fans, if you're in the mood to "get away from it all," I'm the gal who can tell you how to do it! It doesn't have to cost you more than the price of a movie theatre ticket, a ticket that'll take you to exotic, mysterious India when you see "Thunder in the East"—and to the lush and colorful banana country when you see "Tropic Zone."

* * *

Just in time for that January pick-up, you'll be able to magic-carpet-yourself via "Thunder in the East" to a fabulously-decorated Maharajah's palace . . . to the teeming market-places of Ghandahar where evil and good rub shoulders, and where the man Alan Ladd portrays is right at home, living the kind of exciting adventures he had in "Saigon," "China" and "Calcutta."

* * *

Ladd's a gun-runner in "Thunder in the East," and while he mixes with some pretty rough characters, star-wise he's in real solid company. Deborah Kerr, Charles Boyer and Corinne Calvet share top billing with him. With two irresistible lovelies like Deborah and Corinne in the same picture, Ladd doesn't stand a chance of avoiding romantic entanglement, not that he'd want to. But I'm going on record to action-lovers that there's action in the field of romance, too!

* * *

The story centers around Ladd's efforts to sell a plane-load of guns and ammunition to the Maharajah of Ghandahar, who is momentarily expecting attack by outlaw tribesmen. Ladd didn't figure on Charles Boyer, who portrays the Maharajah's peace loving secretary and who insists the only way to meet force is with love and kindness. Boyer locks the guns away and when trouble starts, the small British colony is really up against it. There's a lot of edge-of-the-seat excitement in "Thunder in the East" that typifies adventure in far-away places, and I know it will give you the feeling of being right in the middle of one of today's hottest action spots.

* * *

For a different—and torrid!—change of scene, make a note to catch "Tropic Zone" where the action (and there's plenty of it!) takes place on a banana plantation in Puerto Barrancas. And if the name of that town doesn't sound like a cruise-stop, then I've been wasting my time reading travel-folders.

* * *

"Tropic Zone" is photographed in gorgeous Technicolor and stars rugged Ronald Reagan, lovely red-head Rhonda Fleming, and fiery singer-dancer Estelita. It has to do with the struggle between the independent banana-growers and the crooked shipping head who has designs on Rhonda's plantation. Reagan, involved with the wrong side, falls in love with Rhonda. Their romance sparks some flaming action both between the lovers and between the rival banana-growers.

* * *

Before long, I'm going to be singing you the praises of "The Stars Are Singing" . . . a music-loaded Technicolor dandy that brings you a terrific new screen personality—none other than the original "Come-On-A-My-House" girl, Rosemary Clooney! The millions of records she's sold are nothing compared with the box-office records that 'gal's gonna break! What a singin' team Rosemary, Anna Maria Alberghetti and Lauritz Melchior make! But more about that later.

* * *

Goodbye for now, fans, and happy movie-going!



Paramount Presents THUNDER IN THE EAST

starring
ALAN LADD • DEBORAH KERR
CHARLES BOYER • CORINNE CALVET

Produced by Everett Riskin • Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
Screenplay by Jo Swerling • Adaptation by George Tabori
and Frederick Hazitt Brennan
From the novel by Alan Moorehead



Paramount Presents TROPIC ZONE

Color by TECHNICOLOR

starring
RONALD REAGAN
RHONDA FLEMING
ESTELITA

with NOAH BEERY • GRANT WITHERS
Written for the Screen and Directed by Lewis R. Foster
Based on a novel by Tom Gill • Produced by
William H. Pine and William C. Thomas



Paramount Presents THE STARS ARE SINGING

Color by TECHNICOLOR

starring
ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI
LAURITZ MELCHIOR
ROSEMARY CLOONEY

with BOB WILLIAMS • TOM MORTON
FRED CLARK • JOHN ARCHER • RED DUST
Produced by Irving Asher • Directed by Norman Taurog
Screenplay by Liam O'Brien

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

rage over Lang's supposed attentions to Joan Bennett. Ironically, at the time of Pam's death, Wanger had just been released from the prison farm where he served a four months' sentence for the shooting of Lang.

As a lesson in how not to get married Ted Briskin, Betty Hutton's ex, takes my booby prize. Ted, who has never failed to telephone me ever since his and Betty's final parting, to say that he was romancing this or that glamor girl, finally got married again.

But I must say I was a little surprised when he telephoned at four A.M. to say that he and Joan Dixon had eloped! You see, it was their very first date. Joan arrived in Las Vegas without even a coat, and in a low-cut, short-sleeved dress. They had no luggage, not even a toothbrush, and I'd say that it sounds as if it followed a hilarious session in the nightclubs only it so happens that Ted doesn't drink. Well, I hope they'll be happy!

I JUST hated to print the news about the Dale Robertson separation. I'd kept hearing the news that they were battling, but like

Frankie and Ava, I hoped it would blow over. What makes it particularly sad in this case is that there is a three-month-old baby involved.

I like Dale very much but I am sure he is a difficult boy to live with. He's extremely moody. He seems to have some kind of a vague chip on his shoulder. He has a pose that he merely acts for the money in it, but I don't believe anything of the sort. He wouldn't be as good an actor as he always proves himself to be, if that were true.

So far, they are calling it a "trial separation". I hope they soon replace that for a permanent get-together.

WE don't get much rain in Hollywood, but believe me, socially we do get showers—and this month the most original one was given by Spike Jones—for two expectant fathers, Michael Wilding, Mr. Elizabeth Taylor to you, and Geary Steffan, Mr. Jane Powell to me.

My friend Spike, who is incapable of doing anything that isn't hilarious, served liquid refreshments in nursing bottles. All the guests had gone through the throes of fatherhood, including Fernando Lamas, Stewart Granger, Joseph Cotten, Gene Nelson, Ricardo Montal-

ban, and Tony Martin, who sang lullabies that it is wiser not to print. The wives, meanwhile, went to a movie, which I call downright sensible of them.

Is the marriage of Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra headed for the rocks? No one knows, but as I write this, the future looks black indeed.

Ava has tried very hard to hold this marriage together, but their fights have been increasing, both in number and in bitterness. Recently Frankie went to their Palm Springs home, and Ava followed him there. Another fight started when Frankie ordered her to take her clothes and get out and leave him alone, and when she didn't do it, he called for the police.

This isn't like Frankie, and no one can understand what is making him behave in such a way. Whether he is hurt that his own career hasn't kept pace with Ava's, I wouldn't know; but I am very sorry to see these things happen because Frankie really is a likable boy.

I do wish that such an intelligent, well brought up girl as Anne Baxter would stop giving out her recent silly statements and committing goofy acts. I can't believe that parting company with 20th Century-Fox after 11 mutually happy years can be really upsetting Anne's values—but something surely is.

First, Anne goes about asking, "Where can I get intelligent conversation in this town?" Then she takes up smoking cigars. She turned herself into a blonde which on her was no more becoming than it was on Ava Gardner, but John Hodiak quickly nixed that.

I'd like to say to Anne that in all my years of experience in Hollywood I've never known any personality to win by deliberately trying to tack a "new" tag on herself. The "new" Veronica Lake, with two eyes and practically no hair, for instance, was soon a forgotten Veronica Lake. When a girl actually evolves into another facet of personality, as Ava has, or Janie Wyman, or Joan Crawford, that's something else again and very stimulating. But this comes from the inside out, and has nothing to do with smoking cigars, believe you me.

THINKING OUT LOUDS . . . I expect Lana Turner's current romantic crush on Louis Salano, the handsome Mexican bullfighter, to last just about as long as it takes to get this in print. . . . It must be hard on a beautiful-but-lonely girl like Ursula Thiess to read the stories about Robert Taylor holding hands with Barbara Stanwyck in nightclubs, even though Bob says, and I believe, it was purely platonic. . . . I think the cutest gift of the month was Gordon MacRae's to his wife, Sheila. Sheila is always late, so Gordon gave her a magnificent watch, on the back of which he'd had engraved, "Now, maybe?" . . . The nicest pair, as far as being grateful to their public is concerned, are Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh—they'll do anything for their fans, which is not only kind of them but plenty smart. . . . I don't know why that dating of Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner doesn't ring true to me but it doesn't. . . . It's provable, however, that Peggy Ann Garner has grown up into a raving, tearing beauty with much lure, as witness Arthur Loew, Jr., Pat Neary (Mona Freeman's ex) and numerous others who keep her telephone constantly busy. . . . If I hear tomorrow that Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio have been married for some

easy money!

If Christmas shopping left you flatter than a pancake, here's a quick and easy way to start replenishing your bank account. All you have to do is read all the stories in this January issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp, new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Toke My Word For It
by Ann Blyth
- ☐ Too Young For Morrioge
(Dole Robertson)
- ☐ Love Comes To Morlon Brando
- ☐ So In Love (Rito Hoyworth)
- ☐ His Kind Of Mon (Robert Mitchum)
- ☐ Honolulu Loony (Jerry Lewis)
- ☐ The End Of The Affair (Lono Turner)
- ☐ Doddy Is A Choracter (John Derek)
- ☐ Red Hot Momo (Jeonne Croin)
- ☐ He Wuz Mobbed (Gene Nelson)
- ☐ Living With Lucy (Lucille Boll)
- ☐ No Teors For Mitzi (Mitzi Goynor)
- ☐ The Christmos They Couldn't See
(Esther Williams)
- ☐ Coop Rebuilds His Life (Gory Cooper)
- ☐ Heortbreak Ahead (Avo Gordner)
- ☐ Twenty-Four Doys Of Dovis
(Bette Dovis)
- ☐ The Mole Animol (Chorlton Heston)
- ☐ I'm Wondering About Love
(Pier Angeli)
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Jon Kilbourn

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone....

State..... I am yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

"A horse remodeled our home!"

"There isn't a more generous husband on earth than Michael O'Shea," Virginia Mayo explains. "But he gave more than he realized when he presented me with my first horse. Now we practically make our home in the stables!"



VIRGINIA MAYO,
co-starring in
"THE IRON MISTRESS"
A Warner Bros. Production
Color by Technicolor

"It's fun — but hard work. Grooming — cleaning saddles and bridles — is harder on my hands than a complete housecleaning. But Jergens Lotion soon softens them again."



"Keeping the stables spic and span is my job, too. That's another reason I'm so grateful for Jergens Lotion — it soothes my hands so *fast*. Try this and see *why*: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . .



"Apply any ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with oily cares."



"Come evening, my hands are smooth for close-ups with Mike." No wonder Jergens is used by more women than any other hand care in the world!



Jergens Lotion is *effective* — it doesn't just coat the skin. Jergens *penetrates* the upper layer and gives it softening moisture. 10¢ to \$1, plus tax.

Remember JERGENS LOTION . . . because you care for your hands!

time I won't be surprised enough to lift even one eyebrow. . . . I'm getting bored with Steve Cochran's always losing his parrot, and I think Gary Merrill has reached the utter end in his "distinctive" dressing, which in his case means the beachcomber act of non-shaving, non-pressing and usually no shoes. . . . If I were Betty Grable, I'd worry over Debra Paget being such a musical comedy cutie in *Stars And Stripes Forever* and I'd throw a horse blanket over her, and then over Marilyn Monroe in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and sprint toward a hit.

THE LETTER BOX: To Barbara Frisina of Burbank, California: I'd be delighted to write about Gloria Swanson whenever there is any news of her. Unfortunately there isn't at the moment, either in her career or her personal life. If I write more about Lana Turner and Liz Taylor it is because both these beauties manage to be continually exciting and provocative.

To Masao Manabe of Osaka, Japan: I'm delighted to get a letter from a fan in your country. The address for Joan Evans' fan club is c/o Miss Joan Pitts, president, 308 Mason Street, Newark, New York. John Derek's fan club is c/o Lyle Burroughs, president, 823 So. Catalina, Los Angeles, California.

To Sharry Simerl of Urbana, Illinois: I certainly agree with you that Gloria Grahame and Charlton Heston are very talented. I saw Gloria the other night, incidentally, in *The Bad And The Beautiful* and thought she just about stole the picture. As for Carlton, I hear that when this year's Paramount films, now planned for him, are released he will really hit the top.

PFC George Perkins, 45th Inf. Division, overseas: What a nice boy you are, judging by your letter. Write Jean Peters in care of 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California. Maybe your first letter went astray. And write the editor of MODERN SCREEN, if you want him to run more stuff on Jean. I'm sure you have more influence with him than I have because all of us want to give young patriots like you everything we possibly can.

Cpl. Mel Kampmann, somewhere in Korea: I'm glad to pass along the word to the other boys in service, as you request, to let them know that Doris Day does really answer her fan mail and photographic requests. Hurrah for Doris, and hurrah for you, too.

To Don Cooper and your two pals! I can see that you gentlemen prefer Ava Gardner blonde or otherwise, and I must say I don't blame you. And if you promise not to tell on me, I'll confess that I prefer comedies, too.

To Mary Burton, Franklinville, New York: Mary, are you sure that maybe you're not just a little jealous of Marilyn Monroe? I'll admit that sometimes Marilyn does err a little as regards conservative good taste—but I can't regard that as a major crime, particularly when weighed against Marilyn's personal warmth and generosity.

Joann Collins, Fredonia, New York: Joann, I hate to tell you you are not alone in climbing on the Tab Hunter bandwagon. In all my years, I've seldom seen any boy zoom up faster than this young chap after one single picture. Tab is six-foot-one, blond, with hazel eyes, and he is not only unmarried but heart whole and fancy free.

Well, that's all for now. See you next month.

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



ODDS BODKINS:

Everybody has given up on Ava and Frankie Sinatra. Whether they'll stay together or not is the big question, of course—but how CAN they when she is spending 18 months in Europe. She will make three pictures over there, the first being *Mogambo* with Clark Gable. . . . Did you know that before Ava accepted that flashy role opposite Gregory Peck in *Snows Of Kilimanjaro* it was turned down by Hedy Lamarr? . . . And that Susan Hayward wouldn't have played the part of the other woman opposite Peck if she had known Ava would be in the picture? It's the truth, and 20th accomplished it by shooting Ava's sequences after they had Susie's in the can! . . . The one gal I see at EVERY Hollywood party: Jeanne Crain. . . . This makes Ty Power sound a trifle on the conceited side but it's a fact nonetheless: he and his Linda tossed a party to unveil some murals painted by Karin and Ernst van Leyden depicting the life of Ty! . . . Betty Hutton got a lot of attention from the British press because of the gigantic pearl-and-emerald choker she wore upon her arrival there. But when she told reporters it was fake, they accused her of bad taste.



Hayward



Lanza

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

It sounds like something right out of an old-fashioned melodrama but I'm convinced Dale and Jackie Robertson wouldn't have had THEIR bust-up if Jackie had borne Dale a son instead of a daughter! He had his heart set on a son—in fact, he'd had the nursery painted blue. . . . Outside of kidding about who gets custody of the Robertsons' police dog (Dale's very attached to his pet!), everybody in Hollywood was doing the raised eyebrows routine over the way Dale went crying to John Carroll. As a matter of fact, he stayed with John for a few days. . . . All of which was merely a repetition of what happened when Mario Lanza left his Betty. Mario stayed with John too. . . . And the bitter punchline to the whole story is that John is in no position to give advice to EITHER Dale or Mario, since his own marriage to MGM talent coach Lucille Ryman is another one of those on-again-off-again things!

A big studio executive is responsible for the broken engagement of Mitzi Gaynor and Dick Coyle. . . . Shelley Winters will be mighty mad at Sir Stork if he arrives before her husband gets back from Rome. . . . It happened at the "Out Of This World" baseball game. Harry James, Betty Grable's present spouse, had some kind of an argument with Jackie Coogan, Betty's ex-spouse, and yelled, "Look, Coogan, if you're not careful I'll give you back your old lady!" . . . Peggy Rutledge, Liz Taylor's secretary, and the butler Mike Wilding brought from London didn't get along. So at press time it looked like Mike would have to let the butler go. . . . Walter Wanger couldn't attend the Los Angeles opening of Joan Bennett's play, *Bell, Book And Candle*, but another of Joan's ex-husbands—Gene Markey—showed up!



Gaynor



Winters

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Joanne Dru has a new deal with the barber at 20th. He gives her a wholesale price for haircuts for her (and John Ireland's!) five kids if she brings them all in at the same time. Crooner Eddie Fisher got back (Continued on page 14)

HE RAVISHED THE PIRATE PORT OF MADAGASCAR
TO STEAL THE LOVE OF ITS CORSAIR QUEEN!



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ALL FLAGS

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ALICE KELLEY • MILDRED NATWICK



Directed by GEORGE SHERMAN • Screenplay by AENEAS MacKENZIE and JOSEPH HOFFMAN • Produced by HOWARD CHRISTIE

hollywood report continued

from his Korean Army duty with two ribbons and a battle star. Remember when Eddie used to date Marilyn Morrison, who married Johnnie Ray while Eddie was away? . . . Doris Day acted as stand-in for her stand-in! The gal, one of Doris' best friends, is expecting a baby. . . . Mala Powers, who has been very ill, is expected back before the cameras and completely recovered by the time you read this.

Despite parental objections, Carol Lee Ladd and Bill Evans, son of the Rev. Louis Evans (Bill's brother Lou married Colleen Townsend) are planning on getting married. Sue Ladd fears that Bill's ministerial background and Carol Lee's show business background are definitely NOT hand-in-glove. And Sue'll be sore at me for saying this but it's gospel! . . . Alan, by the way, was prostrated for three days in England by the news that Jezebel, his favorite dog, had died of poisoning. . . . Ursula Thiess went to Ciro's by her lonesome one Wednesday night and sat in the same booth occupied the previous night by the once-married Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor. 'Twas Bob's first night away from Ursula, his new amour. . . . Idle thought: Debbie Reynolds talks too much in movie houses. . . . And somebody should tell Debra Paget that 9:30 A.M. is MUCH too early to go strolling in Beverly Hills in a taffeta cocktail dress cut down to HERE, a mink stole—and bare-foot!

QUICK QUOTES:

Jimmy Stewart walked up to Ray Milland after a screening of *The Thief* and said, "Ray, if I could only act like you!" . . . I told Shirley Booth she deserves an Oscar for her acting in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. She replied, "It was such a pleasant experience working in California, it would only seem like gilding the lily to have an Oscar for it" . . . Olivia deHavilland asked Cobina Wright how she thought Olivia's starring role in *My Cousin Rachel* ought to be played. Cobina replied, "Play it like the kind of woman we all know, dearest Olivia—the kind who can attend the same party with her lover without another soul there knowing that they ARE lovers!" . . . Rock Hudson writes from England, where he's reported feuding with his *Toilers Of The Sea* co-star, Yvonne De Carlo: "As yet I haven't found a girl who is attractive enough to make me lose my head."

FUNNIES:

Eavesdropped in Schwab's: "I refuse to believe that dollar bills carry germs. A germ couldn't live on a dollar today!" . . . Scott Brady says he knows a tobacco outfit that wants to sponsor Bishop Fulton Sheen's television show and advertise a cigarette called Holy Smoke! . . . Oddest sight of the month: MacDonald Carey standing in horrified silence while the priest baptized his fourth child—using the wrong name! . . . David Selznick



Stewart



Brady

buries his head in a pillow and mumbles into it while interviewing secretarial applicants. The gal who hears him best gets the job. . . . James Wong Howe, the ace cameraman, was getting ready to shoot Tallulah Bankhead in her first movie in years, *Main Street To Broadway*. Tittered Tallulah, "Throw away that gauze you were going to shoot me through, James—the only way you can cover up MY wrinkles is by shooting me through linoleum!"

Rocky Cooper went to the Marion Davies party for Johnnie and Marilyn Ray with Gary but almost wound up solo when Dusty Miller caught Coop's ear while he was en route to the washroom. . . . Chata Wayne staged to the same party with Patricia Vanderbilt, who the very next day sued Cornelius Vanderbilt for divorce. . . . Some sideline observers think that the thing that broke up Barbara Stanwyck and Ralph Meeker was the news leak that Ralph is only 29, compared to Babs' ??? . . . Before Rita Hayworth left for Paris she promised Aly Kahn she would try to guide her life, not his. Rita knew all along she could never control the latter. . . . Dorothy Arnold DiMaggio, Joe's ex-wife, had some photos taken by Tom Kelley, the photog who shot that famous calendar photo of Marilyn Monroe!

SEX APPEAL:

Jane Wyman displayed the prettiest legs in town at the Masquers Revels, a benefit for the Motion Picture Country Home and Hospital. Janie danced and sang the part of a burlesque cutie. . . . When will glamorous movie stars learn that glamorous movie stars don't sit at drugstore counters in Hollywood eating tuna fish sandwiches—and I'm not naming names! . . . Lex Barker is happier making Westerns than he is in the *Tarzan* pictures, because in the Westerns he doesn't have to shave his chest. . . . And leave it to Lex, Dale Robertson and Tab Hunter to cop all the beefcake honors posing in abbreviated swimsuits poolside at the opening of the new Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas.

Greer Garson on the always interesting subject of Marilyn Monroe: "Marilyn is a very smart girl. Of course, she doesn't like to wear clothes—but neither do I! The big difference, I guess, is that I like to conform" . . . A fan offered Virginia Mayo a new car. A press agent asked Virginia, "Would you take it from a stranger?" And Virginia answered, "Anybody who offers me a car automatically becomes an old friend!" . . . Groucho Marx asked his five-year-old Melinda, "What do you do at school?" And Melinda replied, "We paint and go to the little girls' room."

LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

Hollywood's topmost glamor gals have been put on the defensive—and will continue that way, believe me!—by Marilyn Monroe, the likes of whose publicity hasn't been seen in this town for many a year. Among those who are going all-out for sexy publicity buildups, as a result, and de-emphasizing their home ties are Greer Garson, Jeanne Crain, Anne Baxter, Sally Forrest, and Vanessa Brown. . . . Why, do you



Wyman



Monroe

know the first gal Tallulah Bankhead, an old pal of mine, asked to meet when she arrived here from the East? Marilyn! . . . Vera-Ellen knit a sweater for Dean Miller but this is one romance that'll never knit! In fact, I have a feeling Vera will never wed as long as her mother is with her.

In preparation for her marriage to Dick Egan, watch for Ann Sothern to embrace the Catholic faith. Her daughter Patricia has also been taking instructions. . . . Janet Leigh has been studying Christian Science. . . . And a number of writers at Paramount have been attending services at Jane Russell's mother's chapel in the Valley. . . . Don't let anybody tell you it doesn't pay to be good in this town. Ann Blyth has held onto stardom without one hint of scandal. . . . John Agar, bound and determined he'll be a singer in addition to acting, is studying vocalizing. His first professional song stint was a duet on "Don't Fence Me In" for an airshow with Doris Day. . . . Mercedes McCambridge, who lost her baby, told me she has turned down one film role after another—"because my agents keep offering me scripts in which I would play 'Sadie Burke,' the same character in *All The King's Men* for which I won an Oscar. I don't want to play 'Sadie' any more, even under a different name! Aren't there ANY other parts, preferably sympathetic, that I could play?" Well, aren't there?

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Irene Dunne and Loretta Young are putting \$250,000 into a new clubhouse and other improvements for their jointly owned Ojai Valley Inn. . . . Dennis Day uses his own name, Dennis McNulty, when making business deals outside his own singing and acting profession. He says it prevents his being bilked by salespeople and others who always hike the prices when they know they're dealing with a movie star. . . . Louis Hayward has gone into millinery as a sideline. He's now a partner of Kenneth Hopkins, the hat designer. . . . John Wayne paid Chata \$1,000 a month pending the divorce, which makes her claim that she has to do her own housework seem rather silly. . . . Incidentally, Wayne paid his first wife, Josephine, the princely sum of \$60,000 alimony last year.

While making a personal appearance in connection with the opening of *The Lusty Men* in Oklahoma City, Marilyn Maxwell opened the Gideon Bible in her hotel room and found four \$20-bills. This sounds like a press agent gag but it's true, Marilyn swears! . . . Tab Hunter, who got \$250 a week (before taxes) from David Rose for co-starring with Linda Darnell in *Island Of Desire*, is now dragging down \$1,300 a week for new picture assignments. . . . Randy Scott gets \$10,000 a week when he works on his two-pictures-a-year contract for Warners. . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor enrolled her daughter, Francesca Hilton, in Mrs. James Mason's nursery school—but Zsa Zsa and Mrs. Mason, as you probably know, are not exactly devoted to each other! . . . Ginger Rogers was lurking in the shadows of the Los Angeles airport when Jacques Bergerac arrived here from Paris. Peter Shaw, Ginger's agent, met Jacques as he got off the plane and brought him to Ginger's royal presence. . . . Dick Powell and June Allyson bought 58 acres, including a lake, in Mandeville Canyon.



Young

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TONY MARTIN
learned from
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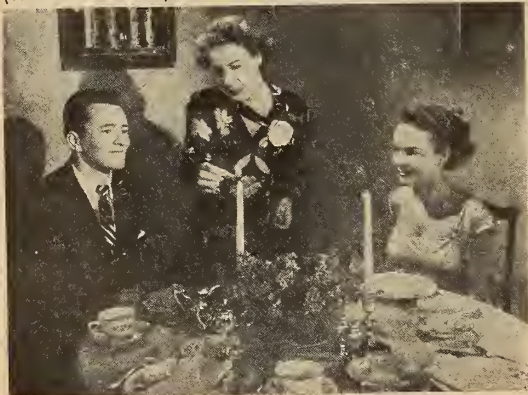
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"Doc" (Burt Lancaster) and Lola (Shirley Booth) married out of necessity. It has ruined his career and her personal pride. They try, however, to make the best of it.



"Doc," witnessing a scene between Marie, the Delaneys' boarder (Terry Moore), and the University "He-Man" (Richard Jaeckel), once more loses his faith in youth.



Lola suspects "Doc" has fallen off the wagon, but pothetically carries on the dinner she had painstakingly arranged for Marie and her hometown boyfriend.



Returning violently drunk, "Doc" goes berserk. His Alcoholics Anonymous co-workers arrive just in time to save Lola's life. They both resolve once more to try to reform.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA

Midway in her performance as Lola Delaney, slovenly, prattling wife of an aging chiropractor, Shirley Booth trudges out on the front porch of the decayed Victorian house in which they live and calls plaintively, as is her habit, for her missing dog Sheba. The symbolism of the title thus becomes apparent; it mirrors the picture's tragic theme. This is the story of everyone who evokes the nostalgic past and all that it might have offered; who refuses to face and accept an unpleasant present and all that the future may bring. Specifically it is the story of "Doc" Delaney, a onetime medical student who is a failure, and of Lola, who is a failure as his wife. A reformed drunkard and a member of Alcoholics Anonymous, "Doc" married her years before out of sheer necessity; this forced him to give up his schooling, and under his well-bred restraint he has never forgiven or forgotten. Nor can Lola forget she was once the most popular girl at the prom. Her dreams of a lifetime romance having faded, she has taken refuge in memories as "Doc" once took refuge in drink. Then, suddenly, the Delaneys are shocked out of their longtime compromise with their fate. They take in a college girl as boarder, and she appears to be making all their own mistakes. "Fast" but healthily modern in a sense foreign to the cloistered older couple, she is able to take care of herself. "Doc," however, mistakes her actions and her motives, and turmoil comes to the Delaney household again. The ending is different from the stage play's, and so is the emphasis, but both versions are equally believable. Burt Lancaster may be too young for the part of "Doc," but he manages to bluff it out without the benefit of inordinate make-up. The girl and her boy friend are honestly played by Terry Moore and Richard Jaeckel; Daniel Mann's direction is, if anything, even more tellingly detailed than it was in the original. But it is William Inge's script and Shirley Booth's playing of it that matter most, and both seem to benefit by the increased importance of her part, for Lola, indeed, is the crux of the whole problem. *Come Back, Little Sheba*, like its subject, is painfully real. No light night's entertainment, it offers what in the long run is likely to prove far more satisfactory: a moving, brooding view of one of man's basic predicaments and in Miss Booth's performance a portrait that few will ever forget.—Paramount

BECAUSE OF YOU

An old-fashioned tear-jerker, slickly scripted and slickly played, *Because Of You* is about an innocent young dance-hall girl who goes to the big house because her boy friend dealt in dope. He never got around to telling her, it seems, what the white stuff was used for. Prison clears her mind, educates her and sends her on a high mission as a nurse. In a hospital she meets a wealthy but unhealthy airman (Jeff Chandler), so tenuously adjusted to the world that he can't be told about her prison past. With a stiff upper lip she keeps her silence and marries him. They have a baby daughter. And then her former fiancé comes back to haunt her and the truth comes out. Her husband has the marriage annulled and takes custody of the little girl. Years pass, and she can stand the separation no longer. Masquerading as "Miss Marvel, the Magic Lady," she takes a job as governess in her husband's home while he is abroad. It's a lucky thing, too, for her child is showing alarming symptoms of lack of mother love. Naturally, the inevitable confrontation scene occurs when the father unexpectedly returns. This sort of thing used to be called a woman's picture. There appears to be no reason in this emancipated age why any woman would accept its illogical premises and falsely emotional plot any more readily than would a man.

Cast: Loretta Young, Jeff Chandler, Alex Nicol.—Universal.

WAY OF A GAUCHO

Made entirely in Argentina, this film about the gauchos, or cowboys, of the last century captures the full flavor of the colorful pampas country, the Argentinian plains. More particularly, it catches the untamed spirit of the hard-riding horsemen whose lean herds of cattle made the unfenced stretches of green pampas grass their free domain. As Martin, gaucho among gauchos, Rory Calhoun personifies these people—proud, passionate, recognizing no law but their own. Martin kills a man who has insulted his patron. By gaucho custom, this is a fair fight and an honorable one, but under new laws formulated by city folk he is arrested and sentenced to service with the militia. This fans his resentment against the remorseless march of civilization that means roads and railways, cultivation and fences and an end to the gaucho's ways. Bred in the undisciplined democracy of the pampas lands, Martin finds Army rules and regulations more than he can take. He deserts and wins leadership of other outlaws who have taken refuge in the hills behind the plains. Behind him he leaves Teresa (Gene Tierney), a wealthy young woman whom he once saved from Indian raiders and whom he has learned, in spite of the difference in their backgrounds, to love deeply. The rest of the film tells a double story, of the gaucho's fight with the authorities and of Martin's desperate attempts to make Teresa his wife. The separate strands of narrative are tied effectively to the scenario's main theme: the age-old struggle of the past against giving way to the present. And although one's sympathy is directed to Martin and his kind, even they recognize that the battle is a hopeless one. This gives the story of high adventure a tragic overtone that makes it more than just an historical "Western," south-of-the-equator style.

Cast: Rory Calhoun, Gene Tierney, Richard Boone, Hugh Marlowe.—20th Century-Fox.



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THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

In the critical terms of the trade, the question, "How was the production?" is likely to mean how much did it cost and how was the money spent. In this case the answer is very much and very well. For the story of *The Prisoner Of Zenda* is a pretty timeworn tale, and it's a wonder anyone thought of remaking it. It's a greater wonder that they remade it so successfully. Fast-moving and full of Technicolor fantasies, it feasts the eye with fabulous swordplay and the ear with verbal riposte, so that a story so essentially old-fashioned suddenly doesn't seem quite so silly any more. *The Prisoner Of Zenda* is about the visit of a late 19th century Englishman (Stewart Granger) to one of those mythical middle European nations, just before a new king is crowned; how the king-to-be (Granger again) is incapacitated at the last moment and the proper Britisher, who happens to be his double, is persuaded to take over for the coronation ceremony. Naturally the hero falls headlong into a romance with his look-alike fiancée (Deborah Kerr) and there is as much heart-bleeding as blood-letting in the film thereafter. Not unexpectedly, there are a number of villains on the scene; the worst of these (James Mason) has the gift of charming blather, and in his relaxedly wormwood mood he is allowed to comment on the action and set an arched-eyebrow pace for the production. *The Prisoner Of Zenda* is not to be taken too seriously, but not to be entirely discounted either. For everyone concerned it's something of a lark.

Cast: Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr, James Mason, Robert Douglas, Jane Greer.—MGM.

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE

Plymouth Adventure concerns the first little band of settlers who crossed the Atlantic on the Mayflower seeking freedom to work, think and pray in their own individual fashion. From any point of view a film like this is an enormous undertaking. It is basic history, deeply rooted in the American mind and emotion. These, after all, were the "founding fathers." It is also an epic tale of heroism and hardship so complex in what led up to it and so complicated in what came out of it that perhaps the subject is too wide even for the length of an extended feature film. Wisely, therefore, the story has been held to the actual sea voyage. Some of the scenes of ocean storm are among the most vivid ever made, dramatic in their picturization of wind, wave and battered vessel, of starving, thirsty humans crowded like cattle below deck on a wooden ship. These mass effects make for moving moments, and these portions of the picture come alive. Less can be said for the love story that rears its ugly, all-too-expected head. Evidently feeling their picture needed a personal focus, the scriptwriters have created in skipper Christopher Jones a gaunt and guilt-ridden man who hates all passengers until his sight falls on Mrs. William Bradford, wife of a Puritan leader. Played by Spencer Tracy and Gene Tierney with all the dignity they can muster, these characters never are quite realized. And so, after all, the film as a whole lacks the focus that is supplied fitfully by the fine character performers (Leo Genn and Barry Jones, in particular) and forcibly, when the occasion arises, by storm and sea.

Cast: Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney, Leo Genn, Van Johnson, Barry Jones.—MGM.

SPRINGFIELD RIFLE

A better-than-average melodrama about a man of action who is also a man of conscience, *Springfield Rifle* features Gary Cooper in the type of role you expect to see him in. It's a part that fits him like the green buckskin jacket he wears through much of the film, and he plays it with his usual moody sensitivity, and the scriptwriters have given him plenty to do. In this case it's a double job: setting up the U. S. Army's first counter-espionage outfit, and trying out the Springfield, first weapon in the esteem of the cavalryman and footsoldier for so long. The story is set in a Midwestern fort, held by the Union forces, in the middle of the Civil War. Cooper is Major Lex Kearny, unit commander making a daring and final try to bring a much-needed column of horses and pack mules over snowbound and rocky country to the fort, so that the North can mount a spring offensive. Everybody knows that spies are forewarning Southern sympathizers of such trips, but when Kearny spots a raiding crew, figures himself outnumbered and tries to escape with his men unscathed, he is cashiered from the Army for his pains. The rest of the movie tells of his efforts to rehabilitate his fortunes with his country and his wife (Phyllis Thaxter), who doesn't understand because she can't be told. The way the scriptwriters manage it, it's pretty exciting stuff, with Kearny becoming a secret agent so he can discover who the spies really are. In this average-length movie, he has time to find out, for there are none of the fancy furbelows of side-plots that mar and interrupt so many otherwise intelligent melodramas. And perhaps because there are no side-plots to dissipate interest, *Springfield Rifle* holds that interest to the end.

Cast: Gary Cooper, Phyllis Thaxter, Paul Kelly, Philip Carey.—Warners.

THE IRON MISTRESS

The "iron mistress" of the title turns out to be nothing more than a Bowie knife. But if some may be misled by the variety of excitement the movie has to offer, excitement it provides a-plenty. For this is the violent history of James Bowie (Alan Ladd), the knife's inventor. The year is 1825. Young Bowie, a backwoodsman from the Louisiana bayou country, wins a hard-fought fight with his two brothers by a well-aimed blow with a blade. This is just fraternal roughhouse, it becomes clear, with the prize a much sought-for trip to New Orleans to sell some lumber from the family saw-mill. When Bowie gets to the city his knife-work takes on a far more serious complexion. His business duties fade before the vision of a hard-bitten beauty named Judalon (Virginia Mayo), and he fights a duel over her—first in a long and complicated series of fights and feuds he is due to engage in. Judalon is the direct or indirect cause of them all, and she turns out not to be worth all the trouble. This is the stuff that spectacles are made of—a romantic mixture of fact and fiction, full of the clash of steel on glinting steel, of colorful Creole costumes, fraught with death, flight and destruction. It is not, however, the stuff that acting feeds on. Ladd & Co. are kept so busy dashing about the rapidly changing scenery that they have little time to act as more than puppets. There's hardly a dull moment and hardly a logical, believable one.

Cast: Alan Ladd, Virginia Mayo, Douglas Dick, Alf Kjellin, Phyllis Kirk.—Warners.

THE STOOGES

If *The Stooge* is seldom as hilarious as the funnier portions of some past Martin-Lewis pictures, taken as a whole it is a far more enjoyable film. Slapstick humor can be pretty stultifying, once all the practical variations of pratfalls are played. *The Stooge* has more to offer: an endearing characterization. In this case Jerry Lewis, whose comic ability has long been obvious and sometimes too evident, has been persuaded to tone his performance down so that all can see there is a human side to the talented young man. The little demon has turned into an artful and often touching urchin—an ungainly, not too intelligent but not unattractive boy with a very good heart and an unholy ability to get himself into impossible situations. The situation in this case consists of acting as a stooge to a performer (effectively played by Dean Martin) whose ego is larger than his job as singer in oldtime vaudeville houses. Naturally, Jerry takes over the act. Although allowed no billing and paid but a pittance, he makes it a smashing success. The plot pits the self-conscious pride of the sophisticated song-and-dance man against the innate modesty of his simple second man. Bumbling and fumbling through his adolescence on "the road," Jerry becomes a man (he meets a girl named Frecklehead) and, admiring Martin's kind and beautiful wife (Polly Bergen), tries to make a man of his partner. *The Stooge* holds hope that Lewis may yet develop into a topnotch comic actor.

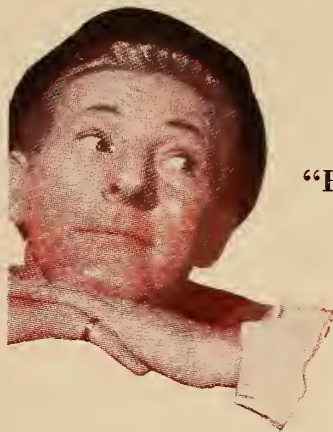
Cast: Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin, Polly Bergen, Marion Marshall—Paramount.

THE STEEL TRAP

The only question ament *The Steel Trap* is the one about why nobody ever made a picture on the subject before. Make no mistake about it, this is a beautifully conceived and executed suspense film; in fact, a natural. There is a lot of virtue—and a lot of suspense—in sheer simplicity. The trap of the title is a big bank vault. Joseph Cotten, as a junior executive at the Los Angeles City Bank, has worked in and around it for 11 years. And yet it is all in one moment that temptation comes and makes him forget everything that has seemed important to him before: his standing as an up-and-coming businessman in the community, as a husband to his lovely wife (Teresa Wright) and as a proud father. He sees his chance, and he takes it; he begins to make plans to steal \$1,000,000. First Cotten has to decide how to get away with the loot; he learns there are no extradition agreements between the U. S. and Brazil. Then there is the problem of passports; visas are hurried for no man. This leads to the first of a thousand frightening delays. But by now he has the money; it is a week-end, and the embezzlement won't be discovered until the bank re-opens on Monday. As the hours pass and Saturday slips into Sunday, the suspense grows greater, gradually reaching such steel-tautness as to be almost unbearable. Will the absconding banker get away with his crime and if he does will he ever sleep soundly again? Cotten and Miss Wright make the couple they play as real as the couple next door. This is a portrait of a man on the lam, not a picture about how he got that way. But within its smaller sphere it carries the agony of real pity, captured in the man's loneliness, the wife's despair, the shocked suspicion of outsiders.

Cast: Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright.—20th Century-Fox.

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of them all . . . and from the fab-
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starring **DANNY KAYE**

and **FARLEY GRANGER • JEAN MAIRE**

COLOR BY **Technicolor**

Even in Hollywood,
it's a shock when a couple
with a three-month-old baby
break up. The Dale Robertsons,
back together again,
are trying hard to prove
they're *not* . . .

too young for marriage

BY RICHARD DEXTER



A week before their separation, Dale and Jackie attended the gala Hotel Sahara opening in Las Vegas. No one noticed anything wrong between them. The suddenness of the split came as a surprise to most of the movie industry.

■ Suddenly one day, after a little more than a year of marriage, and three months after the birth of his baby daughter, Rochelle, Dale Robertson got up from his favorite chair in his Reseda home and calmly announced to his wife, Jackie, that he had come to the conclusion their marriage had been a mistake. Then he slipped on a jacket and walked out of the house.

This report is being written a week after that happened, and this writer has just finished talking to Mrs. Robertson on the telephone. Right now, tonight, Dale is back home—and the daily newspapers tomorrow will carry the stories of the reconciliation. But it really isn't a reconciliation, because this is the way my conversation with Mrs. Robertson ended:

"Then Dale is back home," I said.

"Temporarily," said Jackie Robertson.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "Dale is home now and we are trying to talk things out."

"Then may I tell the readers of MODERN SCREEN that you are back together again temporarily?"

"Yes, you can," said Jackie. "That's the way it is right now—and neither one of us knows if it will be any more than that later."

This was pretty honest talk for Hollywood, very unusual, indeed. Although she has been reported to be seriously broken up by the separation, Jackie Robertson is facing the facts and will not kid herself or anyone else. She is by no means casual about the matter, either. She feels deeply that somewhere she or her husband failed, and she will not make light of the situation by denying that it is a tragedy, nor will she cover her sorrow with a masquerade of lies.

According to their friends, the people who have known (Continued on page 21)

them longest in Hollywood, the handwriting has been on the wall for sometime. The decision to separate was no sudden whim. Although there have never been any violent quarrels in the family, there has been, for a long time, a coolness that their friends felt could only result in the smash of the marriage.

However, no marriage, particularly one between two such young and earnest people, should be written off as a simple mistake. There must always be reasons why, small reasons maybe, but reasons that when piled together make a huge smothering complaint. We decided to talk to their friends and try to find out just what did happen; what came before the casual walk-out.

No person who knows them can deny that Dale Robertson was sure he was in love when he married Jackie. And her closest girl chums will tell you that Jackie was ecstatically happy on her wedding day—and believed with all her heart that she would remain Mrs. Dale Robertson for the rest of her days. It was a fine wedding, with about 50 guests present. It was held at the home of Jackie's parents, high in the Hollywood hills overlooking the city. Everyone was very pleased about the match, particularly Jackie's parents, who were proud that their daughter had snagged such a handsome, successful young man. No, despite the fact that it was a sudden marriage—and that Dale proposed the first night he dated Jackie, there was no reason to hope for anything but the best on the day that Jackie and Dale got married.

One of the first things a person must look for in inspecting the remains of a broken marriage is for evidences of diversified interests. Well, in the case of Dale and Jackie, their major interest is horses—and it is a passion with both of them. And

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One late afternoon during World War II I was making a hurried trip to town in a not-too-clean one-and-a-half ton "G.I." truck from Walla Walla Army Air Base where I was a chauffeur. Riding with me was a sergeant who was in charge of the supplies I was to pick up in town.

As we were leaving the base, we saw a corporal standing waiting for a bus to town.

"Shall we give him a ride?" I asked.

"It's O.K. with me, but he rides in the back!" growled the sarge.

We pulled up and I yelled, "Want a ride, corporal?" The soldier grinned and climbed nimbly into the back where he had to stand during the noisy windy ride to town. Once there he jumped out, said, "Thanks a lot," and gave me what is now a very famous smile.

I have often wondered what Alan Ladd thought of that wild ride.

Mrs. Elaine Denton
Everett, Washington



it was not something one taught the other. Jackie was a fine horsewoman long before she ever met Dale, and would rather spend the day in a riding ring than anywhere else in the world.

Another thing to look for is another man—or another woman. There is neither in this case. Dale frankly admits he is a

flirt, that he likes to wink at the "fillies," but, as one woman he knows puts it: "He's a million miles away from you after that wink. I don't think he could ever concentrate on another woman long enough to get himself in trouble." In the case of Jackie, she has been too busy starting a home and having a baby to even look at another man. No, there is no triangle.

THE trouble, then, must lie deeper and we think that the entire matter can be summed up in what Dale is reported to have said to Jackie when he left. "I'm not ready for marriage and raising a family yet," he is said to have told her just before he left the house. And he is probably right.

One close friend of the Robertsons freely suggests that the fact that their baby turned out to be a girl had something to do with it. This, of course, is nonsense, but it can not be denied that the fact the child wasn't a boy did have an effect on Dale's happiness. He was so sure his wife was going to give him a son that he bought the kid a wardrobe long before the date of the blessed event. A real western wardrobe, which he could wear when he was a couple of years old. And to cinch the fact that this just wasn't a gag, he even bought a pony. Dale loves his daughter, but he is no doubt still bearing the scars of disappointment at not having been presented with a son.

Another friend suggested that Dale was beginning to believe the publicity he read about himself in the papers. Well, he would hardly be human if he didn't get a bit of a swelled head from what he reads about himself. In little more than a year he has zoomed from practically anonymity to stardom—and has become the number-one boy in the fan mail sweepstakes at his studio. And the critics have been kind to

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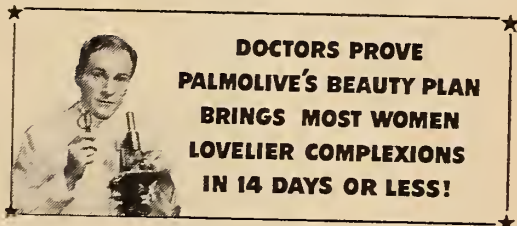
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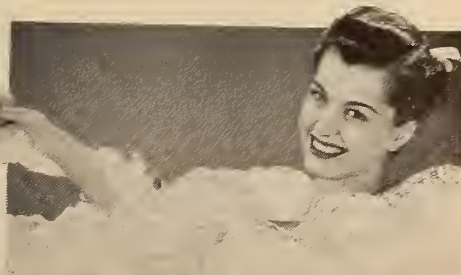


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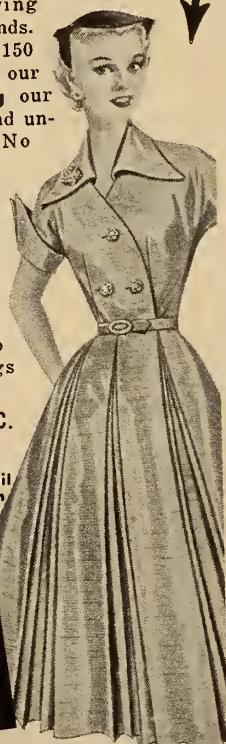
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him, calling him such nice things as another Gable. It would have to be a pretty stodgy type of guy that wouldn't change just a little bit after that, particularly, as Dale did, if a man had spent several years bucking adversity to reach his goal.

We have heard it said often that he had gone high hat—no longer talked to people on the lot who were once his pals. Well, they say that about every new star at one time or another. The point to remember is that when he was a nobody no one would have noticed if he hadn't spoken or returned a greeting. They do when a man becomes a star—and the root of most accusations of this sort generally is in the accuser's mind.

We would say, after a careful analysis of the matter, that the reasons for the separation lie somewhere in the middle of these facts and suppositions. There is some truth in all of the charges, but in no one of them enough power to break up a marriage. And there are other things.

For instance, outside interests. For more than a year Dale has had a baseball club, composed of friends at the studio and in his neighborhood. The team plays on a diamond in the San Fernando Valley at least three times a week, at night. For the first few months after they were married Jackie attended all the games. But later on, as the weather grew cooler, she began to stay home once in a while. Then, after she became pregnant, she stopped going altogether. Well, that meant that Dale was out three nights a week playing ball—and possibly another night or two on business or at one of his other hobbies, like horses. Jackie, then, was home a good deal alone—and any woman, no matter how valid her husband's reason, gets a little sick of that. Another contributing cause, we believe, is the fact that Dale is so crazy about golf that whenever he is not working, he will spend every day chasing a little white ball around a course.

Now let's look at some of Jackie's problems. The most important thing is that she has a complex about Dale not liking her cooking. When she was married, like so many other brides, she knew absolutely nothing about cooking. She couldn't even make coffee. But she wanted to run her own kitchen, so she decided to learn. Well, a tough testing ground is a husband's stomach—and it may be that Dale didn't feel he deserved this and consequently he ate home as little as he could. One of Jackie's friends said that she would prepare a fancy dinner and Dale would nibble a bite or two and then push his plate away, claiming he was full. And Jackie is reported to have stormed once that she didn't think he was sneaking off with another woman—but she *did* think he was sneaking his meals someplace, because a big guy like him had to eat more than Dale did to stay alive.

Another friend of Jackie told us that she thought Jackie was too young for a successful marriage. True, she was only 19, but many, many girls marry at that age and it lasts a lifetime. But Jackie was a bit younger than her years. She had been indulged by her parents to the point that many people claimed she was spoiled. She had never had to get out and earn her own living. She modeled a little after getting out of school and worked in one picture at 20th Century-Fox. That was all. Maybe she was a little inexperienced for the job of coping with the butcher and baker and running a home.

Yes, the little things sometimes pile up and smash a marriage. For instance there was the time a few months ago that Jackie took Dale's favorite dog, a German shepherd named Blaze, to the golf club across from the studio where Dale works. Somehow the animal got out of the car and was

hit by a passing auto and killed. Dale was inconsolable for a long time—and they say he blamed Jackie for the pet's death.

This writer had a chance to observe Dale and his wife together for a few days in Las Vegas, Nevada, a week before they broke up. It was at the opening of the fabulous Sahara Hotel and everyone was having a gay time. At the time we didn't honestly pay much attention, never suspecting, of course, that anything was wrong. But now that we look back on it everyone seemed to be having a lot of fun but Dale and Jackie. Sure they sat together at dinner and went to the shows together, but something was lacking. As we look back they did not appear to be delighted with each other's company.

THERE is one place in a studio where all the gossip is known, and all the situations cooking on the lot are evaluated and conclusions, more often right than wrong, are reached. That place is the mail room. Here the studio messengers congregate and cover the entire studio many times a day making their rounds with letters and messages. We checked a good source in the 20th Century-Fox mail room for an opinion—a consensus on whether or not Dale and Jackie Robertson would work their problem out and continue with their marriage.

The consensus was that they *would* not.

This is a pretty inaccurate forecast, we hope, because it is an unhappy one. But we are inclined to go along with it. We have the feeling that Dale and Jackie right now just don't want to iron things out—or are not ready to face the fact that somebody is going to have to make some concessions—one or the other.

When we spoke to Jackie she didn't have a hopeful ring in her voice, not at all the kind of ring you'd expect to hear from a girl whose husband had just come home after a parting that looked like the end. She admitted that they were going to make a stab at it again, but she seemed to have little enthusiasm for it—maybe because she believes herself that it won't work.

Dale Robertson will be around a long time. He's got the movies by the tail—and he's hanging on. But he's not going to be a happy man for a long while if this current reconciliation doesn't take. Dale is the kind of fellow who calls women "Ma'm." He takes just about everything seriously, certainly something as big in a man's life as his marriage. Even if he doesn't really know what the matter is now, he will someday—and then it might be too late. **END**

(Dale Robertson will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Farmer Takes A Wife.*)

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No Stars:
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FROM THE MOVIES

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE—Lee-Ah-Loo; *You Do Something To Me*, by Mario Lanza (Victor).

RCA Victor just signed the temperamental tenor to a new contract after a big fight about terms. If his latest shenanigans haven't cost him too many fans, these sides should do very nicely, though some of us still can't share the general enthusiasm for his vocal style.

BIG SKY—*When I Dream* by Bob Eberly* (Capitol).

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS—title song by Billy Eckstine* (MGM); Roger Coleman (Decca).

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN—*Anywhere I Wander* by Fran Warren (MGM).

By the time you read this, MGM will have some new versions out of several songs from this picture, sung by Mr. & Mrs. Frank Loesser—he's the talented tunesmith who wrote the score.

JUMPING JACKS—*I Know A Dream When I See One* by Dean Martin* (Capitol).

HOLLYWOOD'S BEST—Rosemary Clooney & Harry James** (Columbia).

Hollywood's Best is not the title of a movie. It's the name of a new LP record on which Rosemary Clooney sings, and Harry James and his orchestra play, eight evergreen songs that won the annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. An ideal gift.

The Continental (from *The Gay Divorcee*), 1934.

Sweet Leilani (from *Waikiki Wedding*), 1937.

Over The Rainbow (from *The Wizard Of Oz*), 1939.

When You Wish Upon A Star (from *Pinocchio*), 1940.

You'll Never Know (from *Hello, Frisco, Hello*), 1943.

It Might As Well Be Spring (from *State Fair*), 1945.

On The Atchison, Topeka & The Santa Fe (from *The Harvey Girls*), 1946.

In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening (from *Here Comes The Groom*), 1951.

Altogether, these songs make a delightful set and offer some of the best work ever waxed by Rosemary and Harry.

POPULAR

ALAN DALE—*Laugh, Clown, Laugh*** (Coral).

ALAN DEAN—*Give Me Your Lips*** (MGM).

Apologies to the two Alans. Last month we credited Dean's *Let's Call It A Day* to Dale. Incidentally, *Give Me Your Lips* is from the new picture, *April In Paris*.

RICHARD HAYES—*Forgetting You** (Mercury).

FRANK SINATRA—*The Birth Of The Blues** (Columbia).

MEL TORME—*Casually** (Capitol).

JAZZ

BUDDY DE FRANCO—*King Of The Clarinet* album** (MGM).

ERIC DICKENSON—*Tenderly* (Blue Note).

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"Why don't I stop being so career-minded and go home and bake a cake, I keep asking myself," says Ann Blyth. Here's the ninth in MODERN SCREEN's new series on the art of living, written by Hollywood's top stars.



Take my word for it

by ANN BLYTH; star columnist for January



Why don't I get married—I ask myself.



People have more fun at small parties.



Kitchens should be warm and friendly.



24 I love rain—from inside, looking out!

GOING UP? I'm awfully glad that the custom of men tipping their hats when a lady enters an elevator is fading out. On a crowded elevator it was hard to keep from laughing—all the men seemed so awfully short-armed as they scrooched their heads down and were just about able to wiggle their forearms up.

I was rather surprised the other day to hear the traditional explanation of why a man takes to the outside when walking with a lady—something about the gutters being full of mud in the old days and the necessity of protecting her from getting splashed by horses galloping past. Piffle! From the time I was a little girl I had my own reason and I still like it better—the girl is on the inside because it is easier for her to see the store windows!

Suggested new custom for riding an escalator with a lady: the man should not stand on the upper step—it makes the girl feel so awfully little looking up to him. Let her have it and she can feel like a queen riding on a magic carpet—if only for a minute.

TIP TO HOLLYWOOD (and anyone else interested): Save the big parties for an extra special occasion. People have so much more fun in small groups. Actually, even at a big party, the guests work into small gatherings anyway. How many people can you really talk to at a time . . . and be actually warm with and gay? Not ten, I bet. They would have to be your ten oldest and closest friends . . . then certainly not 20, or 50! The bigger the party the less the intimacy; the less the intimacy the colder the party. (Besides—if you happen to know a funny story and tell it at a big affair there is sure to be someone else who has heard it before. At a small affair you at least have a fighting chance of putting it over!) Add constant interruptions as new guests arrive and further introductions have to be made—and whole batches of strangers find themselves looking at each other with baffled eyes!

Actress named Blyth overheard talking to herself: "Why don't you try for pictures in which you can sing more? Why don't you try for comedies—parts like the one you had with Robert Montgomery in *Once More, My Darling?* Why don't you see about doing a play again . . . and get that gratifying feeling of really being an actress when you walk out in front of a new audience every night? Why don't you get married? Why don't you . . . oh, why don't you stop being so career-minded and go home and bake a cake or take

a long and languorous bath or set your hair or something?"

Which reminds me of baths and kitchens and things like that:

BATHS I LIKE, but showers I don't. Yet when I finally talk myself into taking a shower I feel wonderful afterwards. Of course, with a bath I not only feel wonderful afterward, I feel wonderful *during*. Kitchens—could it be possible for designers of kitchens and the things that belong to kitchens to make them look less like clinics? All that spotless white and chrome—you feel like you are about to operate rather than cook a meal. It's a wonder someone hasn't yet written a movie scene in a kitchen in which the cook calls out her orders like a surgeon: "Paring knife! Mixer! Spatula! Pot! . . ."

To me the kitchen is the foundation of the house. It should be a friendly, warm place, maybe in reds and browns, with wood and brick; a place where the kettle sings and there are chairs and a table and that's where you want to be . . . not where you go to "perform" with food.

When I got home from school as a child I used to go straight to the kitchen . . . to sit at the table for a snack . . . and chatter, chatter to mother about the day's adventures. (Which reminds me of the afternoon when I *really* had an adventure to tell her about—the traditional one. I was about seven and this man drove up in a shiny black car and asked me if I liked candy and said he would drive me to the store and get me some if I got in the car!) I can still see myself at the table, with a sandwich in one hand and a big glass of milk in the other, feeling so important as I told my mother all about this . . . !

I LEARNED TO COOK EARLY and still love to cook. But do today's kitchens pull at little girls like this . . . these scrupulously white chambers where you are disgraced if you happen to drop something, or, perish forbid, get a spot on anything?

There is a stage kitchen I will always remember . . . the one in the play, *The Watch On The Rhine*, in which I had the role of Babette during its Broadway run. I was 13 then, and

(Continued on page 69)

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Other pieces not shown	3.25
Butter Knife	1.65
Sugar Spoon	1.65
Serving Spoon	3.25
Pierced Vegetable Server	3.25
Jelly Server	2.15
Long Server	4.25
Sugar Tongs	2.15
Cheese Server, hollow handle ...	3.75
Soup Ladle, hollow handle	8.00
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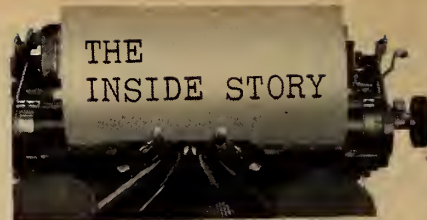
NEW! Cashmere Bouquet
French Type **Non-Smear Lipstick!**



*Stays Moist!
Stays Bright!
Stays On!*



25¢ and 43¢



continued from page 4

A. Her studio has requested her not to publicize them.

Q. Can you tell me if Esther Williams is near-sighted and has to wear contact lenses? —B. G., ELMIRA, N. Y.

A. Yes.

Q. How many children does Rhonda Fleming have? Is she really a Mormon? —J. J., RICHFIELD, UTAH

A. Rhonda has one son of her own; she is of the Mormon faith.

Q. I understand that Bing Crosby's wig costs more than \$500. How come a wig is so expensive? —D. Y., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. Crosby owns no wig, wears one in films bought and paid for by Paramount Studios; average cost is \$85.

Q. Does Jack Benny's daughter Joan plan to marry Vic Damone? —I. F., PALO ALTO, CAL.

A. No.

Q. If I recall correctly Ava Gardner used to date Fernando Lamas, and Lana Turner used to date Frank Sinatra. In view of this how come Ava and Lana are such good friends? —B. Y., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Misery loves company.

Q. Does Lex Barker pay alimony to his two ex-wives? —G. U., PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

A. He supports his children by a previous marriage; Arlene Dahl, wife number two, receives no alimony.

Q. Are John Hodiak and Anne Baxter breaking up their marriage? —O. G., PORTLAND, ORE.

A. Just having career trouble.

Q. Now that they've divorced whom do Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney go out with? —E. R., PELHAM, N. Y.

A. Pat dates Peggy Ann Garner; Mona occasionally sees Howard Hughes.

Q. Will Bob Taylor marry Ursula Thiess? Doesn't she have four children by a previous husband in Germany? —E. R., ATLANTA, GA.

A. Miss Thiess has two children in Germany; Taylor has not as yet declared his intentions.

Q. Is it all over between Gary Cooper and Pat Neal? Is that why Pat went East? —N. G., ELKTON, MD.

A. Yes on both counts.

Q. Haven't Piper Laurie and producer

Leonard Goldstein been secretly married for eight months?
—D. R., DANVILLE, VA.

A. No.

Q. Why does Olivia DeHavilland hire a private detective to watch her son in Beverly Hills? Has she received a kidnap threat?
—Y. T., YORK, PA.

A. Just a protective measure. There have been no kidnap threats.

Q. Who are the most uncooperative actors in Hollywood as regards interviews, also actresses?
—C. F., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Actors: Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift. Actresses: Katharine Hepburn, Greta Garbo.

Q. Who earns more money, Dinah Shore or her husband, George Montgomery?
—J. U., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. Dinah.

Q. Is it true that Bob Mitchum's brother and Gloria Grahame's sister have been married for years?
—V. T., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A. Yes.

Q. Why can't Larry Parks get a job in Hollywood?
—T. R., DES MOINES, IOWA

A. Producers are fearful of hiring him because of his much discussed, highly publicized political past.

Q. What broke up the Fernando Lamas-Lana Turner romance?
—E. F., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. At the Marion Davies party Lamas had one drink too many, resented vociferously Lana's dancing with Lex Barker; later had a violent argument with the actress at her home.

Q. What is the status of the Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell marriage?
—B. D., WORCESTER, MASS.

A. Excellent.

Q. Is Bette Davis finished in Hollywood? Does she plan to remain in New York doing stage shows?
—B. D., COLUMBUS, OHIO

A. After one show in New York, Bette returns to Hollywood.

Q. Did Jane Wyman really paint that Christmas Card with her signature I have seen on sale?
—G. N., ALTOONA, PA.

A. She really did. The original oil painting was a gift to Lew Ayres three years ago.

Q. Can you tell me who are generally considered the three most beautiful actresses in Hollywood?
—L. K., BELMAR, N. J.

A. Ava Gardner, Maureen O'Hara, Bette Davis.

Q. Will 20th Century-Fox send me one of those nude Marilyn Monroe calendars if I write in?
—J. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. No.



Love captive
of the savage wolves
of the sea!

**BLACKBEARD
THE PIRATE**
color by **TECHNICOLOR**
starring
ROBERT NEWTON
LINDA DARNELL · WILLIAM BENDIX
with **KEITH ANDES · ALAN MOWBRAY**
AN **EDMUND GRAINGER** PRODUCTION
Directed by **RAOUL WALSH** · Screenplay by **ALAN Le MAY** · Produced by **EDMUND GRAINGER**



"Evil Eye" dares foe! Stolen love! Murder by mutiny! Captive love prize!

That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!

*Baby beauties have it...
so can you!*

Wish you could buy a complexion as fresh and clear as baby Melissa's? Then why not spend a few minutes a day with her pure, mild Ivory Soap! That's the best beauty investment any girl can make! For more doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands of soap put together.



*Model beauties have it...
so can you!*

"I've found," says lovely magazine cover girl, Ann Moore, "that the models with the baby-fine complexions go in for baby-gentle care—pure, mild Ivory care! I know I wouldn't trust my complexion to any other soap." Should you?



99 1/2% pure...it floats



*You can have That Ivory Look
in just one week!*

Do you really know how lovely you can look? It's easy to find out! Just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. In just 7 days your complexion will be softer, smoother, younger-looking! You'll have *That Ivory Look*!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

A MODERN SCREEN

Exclusive! The exotic
and bizarre inside
story of the
strangest love affair
Hollywood has
ever seen.

BY JIM NEWTON

love comes to marlon brando

■ Just a little more than a year ago, Marlon Brando was on his way from Hollywood to New York after completing his work in the 20th Century-Fox picture, *Viva Zapata*. Although a young man who dislikes encumbrances thoroughly, he had suddenly discovered he had two of them. One was an animal, a raccoon, which had been given to him by his mother. The other was a woman, a woman known by the single name of Movita, whom he had acquired in the usual manner: courtship.

Marlon doesn't like to face problems much, either, but he had to face one then. Should he leave the raccoon in the warm sunshine of California? Should he leave Movita in the warm sunshine of California? Or should he take one or both of them back to the frigid caverns of New York? He thought it over very carefully and made a decision. There were plenty of women in New York, but few raccoons, so he decided to leave Movita in her native state—and take the pet back home with him.

Well, he had a little difficulty on both counts. Actually, the raccoon didn't care much, although Movita did. She had been Marlon's only date for weeks and was in love with him—and she felt, as all good women do in such a circumstance, that she should be invited to go wherever he went. Love wasn't something to be balked by mileage. Marlon, after giving it some serious thought, didn't quite agree—and there was what is called in some circles a scene. In the matter of the raccoon, the railway people didn't see eye to eye with Marlon. They told him that it would be impossible for his animal to share a drawing room with him even if he did buy another (Continued on page 78)



Movita, whose real name is Mrs. Jack Doyle, met Marlon on location for *Viva Zapata*. She's been in pictures on and off since 1934, when she made *Mutiny On The Bounty* opposite Clark Gable.

Rita wants a husband to call her
own. Aly wants a wife to call on now
and then. The only thing they
agree on is love—but not with each other.

BY GISELLE la FALAISE

SO IN LOVE
SO IN LOVE
SO IN LOVE
SO IN LOVE

PARIS—The game of love along the frothier byways of European society is a devious one. As far as its Parisian members are concerned, Rita Hayworth has had two chances to score in her marriage with Aly Khan and has fluffed both times—because she doesn't know the rules. This isn't Rita's version of what has happened, of course. From everything she has done, and the little she has said, it appears that the more she catches on to the rules the less she likes the game. The trouble is—and this is typical of Rita—she can leave Aly but she can't forget him. It's even more complicated than this. Aly is devoted to her—in his way.

At a dinner party one evening which he attended without her (perfectly routine behavior for the champagne set), he was teased about Rita by an attractive table partner. This girl pretended his gallantry was being overwhelming and she threatened to tell Rita about it. The round, calf-like eyes of Monsieur le Prince Aly Khan grew serious and he turned to her squarely. "Don't do that please, ever," he begged. "I couldn't bear to hurt anyone who has never been anything but sweet to me."

Aly meant it. And this is the enigma of Rita's marriage to him. Aly is by nature a kind man. He is generous, so generous to others as well as to himself that he is occasionally strapped for cash—as Rita has reportedly (and repeatedly) complained. He is a wonderful host and has a widespread friendship for which his (*Continued on page 82*)



his kind of MAN

He's a success by Hollywood standards, but Bob Mitchum couldn't care less. Wild geese keep calling, and for him—that's life!

BY JACK WADE

Bob and Chris watch TV in their favorite get-ups—Levis and checked hunting shirts.



■ One evening last August an odd looking contraption rolled into a small Idaho mountain town and parked in a puff of dust near a small all-nite café. Outside, the strange heap resembled a sawed off Quonset-hut mounted on a Ford truck. Inside was crammed a stove, icebox, collapsible canvas boat and outboard motor, six fishing outfits, a rifle, an arbolette spear, four sleeping bags, four mattresses, two built-in beds and a cot on which a couple of tow-heads, nine and eleven, named Chris and Jim, were deep in dreamland.

From the cab descended a pair of huskies in wool shirts and Levis, dog-tired, grimed with rock dust, and damp with salmon stream water. They shook loose the kinks from their long legs and strolled inside the café for coffee. They'd hardly dumped in the sugar when a shrill gust of feminine screams and the clatter of high heels swept up like a minor tornado outside.

The bigger sportsman, Bob Mitchum, swivelled his rocky profile around, hep right away to the furor. "Oh, oh," he grunted to his pal, Tim Wallace. "Lose this!" They jumped off their stools and shot out the door, started down the street. But it was too late. A dozen girls had them boxed in. They chased Bob down the sidewalk, tackled his churning knees. One clamped on his neck and screamed, (*Continued on page 76*)



"Let's go!" is the Mitchum war-cry. Here, Bob, Chris and Jimmy load up for a hunting trip. They're bedding down the "Oochapap," Bob's trailer.



It's not family-life that makes Bob restless—he loves to take them along. Here, with Chris, Dorothy, Petrina (eight months old) and Jimmy, at home.



Bob helped build the "Oochapap" (a Cajun word for practically anything) on the RKO lot when production was dull. It cost him plenty, but, as a symbol of freedom, was worth it to Bob. He keeps it ready to roll.



The Mitchum men return from a successful deer-hunt. When they're not off in the wilds, Bob is RKO's movie-making mainstay; Chris goes to Santa Monica Canyon School; and Jimmy's at military academy.



"HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE," SAYS JER. "TALK TO ME LIKE THAT ONCE MORE, AND IT'LL COME UP BUBBLES," DARES PATTY



"You can't make me go in . . ."



"O.K., Patty, let's cake . . ."



"You're twisting my arm . . ."

Quickern'n you can say
 "Aloha," Jerry Lewis packed
 and flew a gang of friends
 to Hawaii—where it soon
 became obvious that
 all the nuts weren't coconuts!

BY JIM HENAGHAN

HONOLULU LOONY

■ One evening a few weeks ago, a native bell boy at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu, answering a call for ice water in one of the better suites, tapped gently on the door and stood silently waiting for it to open. Nothing happened, so he tapped again, louder. In a moment he was convinced he either had the wrong room or the occupant had changed his mind about ice water. Just to make sure, he tried the door handle, found it worked and stepped into the living room. It was dark, so he walked toward the terrace and deposited his tray on a table and turned to leave. Then he wished he'd never been born.

Behind the door to the terrace stood a tall, stooped figure. It wore a deerstalker cap, with the peaks flopping over the ears. It had long black hair that hung in ratty strands and partially covered the face. And that face! The eyes were squinted into evil slits. The nose was long, curved and quivered like a rabbit's. A long, silky

moustache was on the upper lip, hanging almost to the apparition's black-clad shoulders, and the mouth was pinched and lewd and pursed about half a dozen unsymmetrical teeth that jutted straight out—as though anxious to bite and carve a tic-tac-toe on a soft throat with a single nip.

The bell boy stood his ground for a terrible instant, and then with a hoarse cry shot from the suite like a meteor with good legs. He didn't stop for a breath until he reached the desk, where he began a tale of horror that had the clerk's hair on end. The man at the desk quickly went to the file and looked up the tenant of the suite. Then he went back to the bell boy and told him to take the rest of the night off and try to get some sleep. And when the boy had staggered away, he had the operator get the guest on the phone.

"Is this Mister Jerry Lewis?" he asked when the ringing telephone was answered. (Continued on page 62)

LEWIS. THEN PROVES TO HER MADCAP SPOUSE THAT THE ONLY SUITABLE MATE FOR A SCREW-BALL IS A SCREW-BELLE.



here goes nothing . . ."



"You see, you drowned me . . ."



"You're cute . . . for a wife!"



The end of The Affair

This first-hand account, special to MODERN SCREEN, tells what really called a halt to the sizzling love affair between Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ It happened at the Marion Davies extravaganza where there were 600 guests, 20 serenading violinists, a Greek sarcophagus filled with countless magnums of champagne, and more photographers and their relatives than you could shake a stick at.

This is how it happened: Ava Gardner had no escort because her Frankie was playing the Hotel Chase in St. Louis and, besides, she was as mad as a wet hen at him. She called Lana and asked if it would be okay if she accompanied her and Fernando Lamas to the Marion Davies shindig.

Lana said it would be swell. She and Ava are great friends because they have had so much in common. Lana was married to Artie Shaw and so was Ava. Lana, for a short tempestuous period, saw no one but Frank Sinatra, and so did Ava. Gardner, however, carried the affair a step further. She married Frankie.

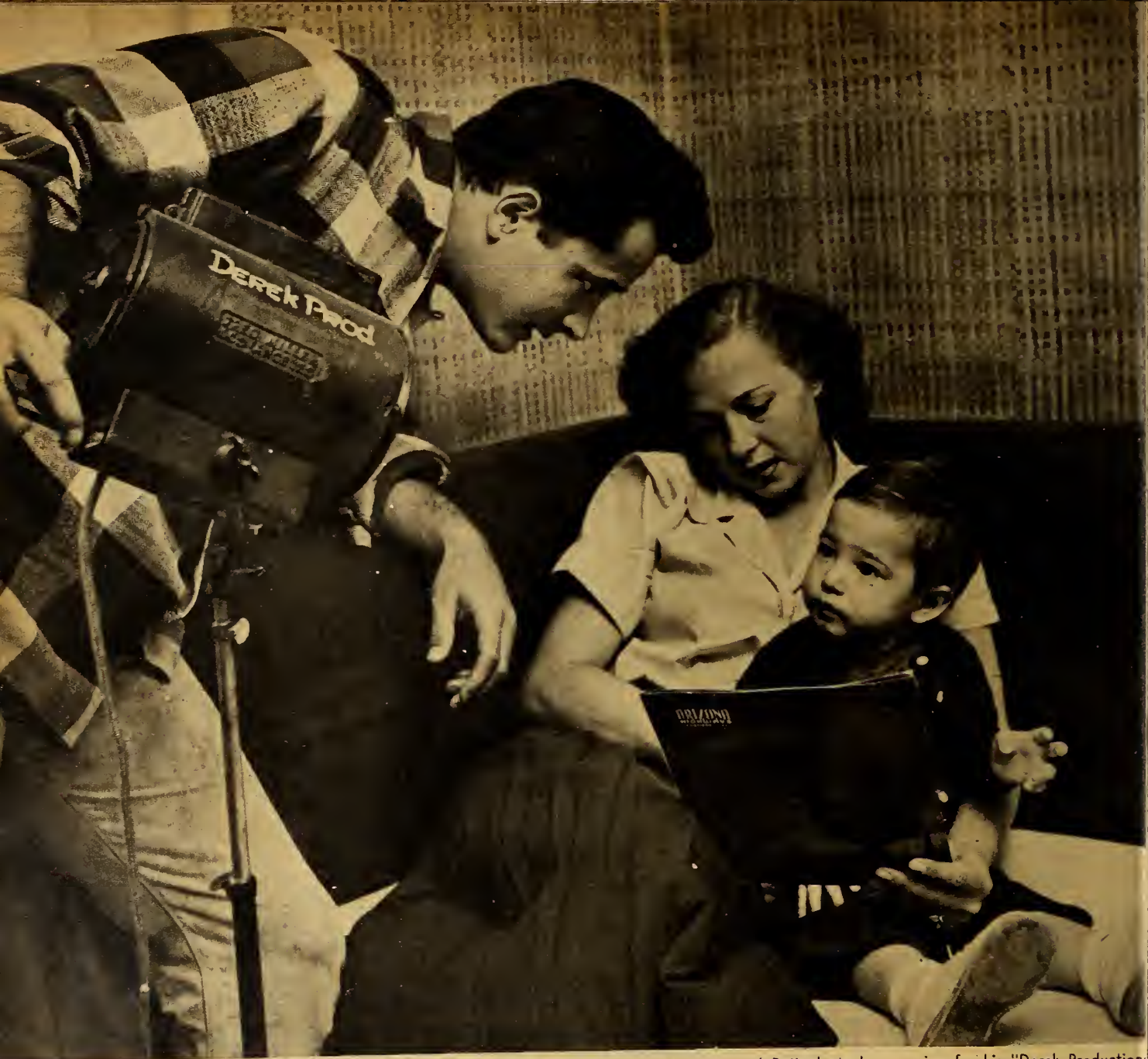
Anyway, on this fateful night in October, Lana, Ava, and Fernando Lamas drove up to the 25-room mansion of Miss Davies on Beverly Drive. Within a few minutes they were all partaking of the liquid refreshments therein offered. They danced, gabbed, had their pictures taken. (Continued on page 68)



Jealous of the attention others paid Lana at the Davies party, Lamas quarreled violently with her that night.



Lana and Ava, who shared escort Lamas, were all smiles at the party. But heartbreak was ahead for both actresses.



John's devotion to photography (which abated when he discovered wrestling) kept Russ and Pati plenty busy posing for his "Derek Production."

Derek's present passion is bull-fighting. He practices exhaustively with cape; muleta, or short cape; and sword. His teacher, an expert matador, simulates the bull.





John, Russ, and Flintlock.

daddy is a CHARACTER

John Derek is a hobby
hunter. He plays at sculpting.
He wrestles. He waxes
drift-wood. But
John's son Russ likes it best
when Pop sticks to being
a punching bag for baby!

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

■ Russell Derek, who will be three years old in April, has little conception of the fact that his father is famous, that his father is strikingly handsome, or that a good portion of the female population of the United States regard his hilltop home in Encino as the nearest thing to heaven. Russell regards his father only with the critical and loving eye of a small boy.

He can remember the days when John used to come in the nursery and look thoughtfully down at him. There was a pride in John's eyes that told Russell he was something special, and yet once in a while, particularly when Pati wasn't in the room, the senior Derek would shrug his shoulders. When, he wondered, would this small lump leave his bed and become a human being who could handle a catcher's mitt? Russ obliged in his own good time by following the course of nature and finally, in the last year, has developed into the bouncing, bursting, bombastic boy that John had pictured all along. As a matter of fact, Russ has exceeded all his father's expectations.

Ordinarily, John takes the roughhouse as a matter of course, but when he's had a long day at the studio and (*Continued on page 71*)



JEANNE CRAIN CAN POSE FOR WHISTLER'S MOTHER ANY DAY IN THE WEEK...



■ The phrase "mother-of-four" usually conjures up a mental picture that is pretty dreary. It summons an image of a creature characterized by slumping shoulders and tired eyes, whose stockings are slightly wrinkled and whose world has narrowed to the point where she is concerned solely with getting splinters out of fingers, beans out of ears and bugs out of beds.

Jeanne Crain has a quartet under six years of age and yet always manages to look like a breath of spring. Although she has servants in the house and a nurse to care for the children, a mother is still a mother and must necessarily worry through illnesses and injuries; must see to mental and spiritual development; and must take care lest she step on the sprout who is currently trying to insert a marble in her shoe. The point is that Jeanne Crain leads a life that is crammed with activity and interests, so many of them that, were she childless, her days would still be fuller than those of the average woman. Yet she comes through (*Continued on page 81*)

■ Last winter a streamlined train puffed its way along the cobweb of tracks leading into Chicago's Dearborn Station. The aisles were lined with passengers impatient to alight after the long trip from Los Angeles. Not so Gene Nelson. He still sat in his compartment, his lap strewn with papers, a pencil poised in mid-air. He gazed unseeing at the foot locker under the bed. "You know," he said, "I think I ought to do the soft shoe number before the patter about making musicals. It would give the routine a better change of pace."

His wife Miriam picked up her hat. "You know," she said, "I think you ought to collect yourself. We're coming into Chicago."

Startled, he looked out the window and saw the city's crowded skyline. "But I haven't decided yet about half the act." He ran his hand nervously through his hair. "Brother, I wish this train would just keep on going."

Chicago was Gene's first stop on a ten-week vaudeville tour. It was the first time he had been out of Hollywood in years, and it would be the first time he had been on a stage since *Lend An Ear* in 1949. He was as unstrung as a politician on election day and stayed that way until his first performance was finished.

Then he knew everything was all right. The theater had been filled to capacity and people had stood three abreast in the side aisles. The audience was with him—he could feel it—a warm feeling that rolled up over the stage in invisible waves, and the final ovation was deafening. Backstage, he pulled Miriam to him. "It's almost like a miracle," he said.

It was the first time Gene had any inkling of his popularity. Back in Hollywood he had gone on making picture after picture, and although fan mail had come in to the studio by the truckload, he had little idea of the rising tide of affection felt for him by thousands of movie goers. Nobody told him; he didn't think to ask; and if he had, any answer given by a single person in the impersonal surroundings of a business office would not have carried much weight. Taken out of Hollywood, where the citizens are rather blasé about movie stars, and plunged into the bright lights of other cities, he got the surprise of his life.

When he and Miriam left the theater in Chicago that night they were caught up in an exultant mob. Gene's immediate reaction was fright, for it is a terrifying thing to be caught in such a milling crowd. He was lifted off his feet and backed into a brick wall. He looked for Miriam, couldn't find her. Looking into the young faces before him, he realized that he was dealing with a mob of teen-agers. He recalled all the things he had read about these kids, how they went on rampages; tore up theater seats; ripped clothes from their idols, and generally behaved like escaped lunatics. He began to feel annoyed, and then one little girl directly in front of him looked up apologetically. "I'm sorry, Mr. Nelson, I can't help pushing—it's the people in back of me."

To his left, another piped up, "Where's Miriam—is she all right?"

(Continued on page 66)



Gene changed dancing shoes after each number during his vaudeville show in Chicago last winter. The ten-week tour marked his first stage appearance since *Lend An Ear* in 1949.



They had Nelson surrounded everywhere he went on tour. He says he began to know his fans and understand them for the first time. Here he is with Chicago's Keen Teen Press Club.

LIVING WITH LUCY

by Marwa Peterson



Lucille and Desi have lived in this house for 12 years.

■ By the end of the afternoon there was only one word to describe the condition of the carpet-soft lawn behind Lucy and Desi Arnaz's home. That word was "havoc." Strewn with crumpled tissue paper, balloon fragments, and other party drippings, the grass had also been rutted by dozens of baby-strollers and perambulators, while the rock garden had been gradually relocated by a half-dozen two-year-olds.

The reason for this mayhem was simple. The half-pint set of upper-crust Northridge society had gathered at the Arnaz ranch to celebrate the first birthday of Lucie Desiree.

"Honey," cried Desi as one of the grim realities of fatherhood suddenly dawned on him, "do we do this every year?"

"Of course," said Lucille heartlessly. "Quick Desi, the camera. Dee Dee's going towards the cake."

Armed with an 8mm. camera and grim determination the Ricky Ricardo of TV fame converged on his cute dumpling (*Continued on next page*)

"COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE" SAID DESI



This glass-enclosed porch runs the length of the house, takes a lot of wear and tear off the living room. The furnishings, bought 12 years ago, have stood up very well under the strain of Lucy and Desi's many parties.



TO LUCY TWELVE YEARS AGO. AND THEY'VE LIVED, AND LOVED, IN THE SAME HOUSE EVER SINCE!

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



Bright red carpeting and bold cabbage-rose wallpaper give the living room a homey, comfortable look, without sacrificing the abundance of color Lucy wanted. Her antique furniture, bought years ago, is very much in vogue now.



A magnificent silver tea service graces the dining area of the living room, but Lucille and Desi have given up trying to live up to it. The cranberry glass lamp over the table is a real antique.



Yellow and grey is Lucy's favorite color combination; she used it in her bedroom, when they moved into the house, and nothing has been changed since, except to reorder the dotted Swiss. The red chair is a note of contrast.



The fabulous nursery, done in the same yellow and grey color scheme as Lucy's bedroom, was planned as a continuation of Lucy's room. It's cost came to more than the cost of the house!



Home life for the Arnazes is a round of dizzy daings and quiet relaxotian. Here, they indulge in bath as Lucy keeps up a running wise-crack on the TV script Desi is reoding.



Their beloved little Desiree has her own opartment, camplete with private patia and ployground. Her wing af the house will soon be shared with a new sister or brother.



The five ocre citrus ronch that Desi and Lucille own is very similar to the plantation in Cuba on which Desi grew up. Even the pool is a copy af the one Desi's family hod.

living with lucy continued

of a daughter. To make things easier for him some one had lifted little Desiree onto the table. She reached for a fistful of cake. As she turned to offer some to her Daddy, her year-old legs failed her. She tottered, lost her balance and sat smack on the gooey layer cake.

The party crowd roared. Parents laughed until tears came. The kids cooed and applauded for more.

"I must say things have changed a heap around here," one of Lucille's oldest friends said to Grand-mother Ball.

Mrs. Ball mused for a moment. "Yes," she agreed, "and then again, no."

The newest factors in the lives of Lucille Ball and her Latin lover Desi are of course their new-found fame as TV stars and their new-found happiness, after years and years of trying, as parents.

When Lucille, after 11 years of marriage, discovered herself pregnant one afternoon, she quickly ordered the addition of a nursery wing to her house. The construction of which turned out to be a little less elaborate than the re-modeling of the White House. What started out to be an added room and bath soon grew into a project of PWA proportions.

Contractors pointed out to Lucy and Desi that local building codes prohibited the addition of a room that would have to be entered through an existing bathroom, an ordnance which prevented Lucy from having the baby's headquarters set on the other side of her own dressing-room-bath.

"It was murder," Lucille recalls. "For years I'd been hoping and praying for a child. Now that it was on the way I didn't care how the architect planned the nursery. All I knew was that I wanted to be able to step from my gray and yellow room into the matching gray and yellow room of my baby. It was the dream of my life. I didn't realize it would have to develop into a Federal case."

That, of course, is exactly what happened.

"Only thing to do," said the architect, "is build an addition in the shape of an inverted L."

"Okay," said Lucille. "Build it."

Then Desi came home that evening. Among other things he's a frustrated architect.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

"An inverted L," Lucy answered nonchalantly.

Desi looked at the blue-prints. "All wrong," he said at length. "It'll take a year for the nurse to go from our kitchen to the baby's room with a warm bottle. What we need near the nursery is a kitchen." So they included an apartment-size kitchen in the new wing—also a separate heating unit, a new plumbing system, and new cabinets.

When it was all finished, Desi totaled up the cost. "Comes to \$20,000," (Continued on page 65)



Breaking her engagement didn't break Mitzi's heart. She's got a date with Fame and Fortune and she doesn't intend to stand those boys up!

BY SUSAN TRENT

No tears for Mitzi

■ It was a sweltering 11 o'clock under the blazing klieg lights on the 20th Century-Fox set of *Take Care Of My Little Girl*. The director reached for the microphone to say, "Try it again, everybody, please." But somebody beat him to it.

"Lunch everybody!" rang out a clear soprano.

Before the director could recover himself he was caught in a stampede of extras and bit-players bee-lining it for the commissary. When the dust cleared he could just make out Miss Prankster herself, Mitzi Gaynor, waving him a cheerful good-bye.

Director Jean Negulesco shrugged his shoulders. That's what he could expect from a sassy, bubbling, merry (Continued on page 73)



**the
christmas
they
couldn't
see**

HERE IS A HOLLYWOOD CHRISTMAS STORY, SO TOUCHING, SO INSPIRING, YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT.

by Mike Connolly

■ It is Christmas-time in Hollywood as it is all over the world. Christmas trees are alight with the sparkling red, green and silver of Yuletide, and tinsel gleams brightly, aglow with the Christmas message of faith and good cheer. The very air seems to proclaim, "The Christ Child is born again." And all mankind rejoices anew.

I am a happy person this pre-Christmas Day. But a sad one, too—because of what I have seen. It was the sort of thing you usually don't associate with Hollywood—gay, glamorous Hollywood—and least of all during this joyous season.

I have been a guest of Esther Williams at a party—a Christmas party—and what I saw at this party made it different from all the others I've ever attended. Why was it different? There were the usual Holiday decorations, the usual bewhiskered Santa Claus, paunchy and playful in his red velvet suit trimmed with white fur, the usual distribution of gifts in their gay wrappings, the usual red-and-white striped peppermint candy canes and the open lace-work stockings ready-stuffed from the dime store— (Continued on page 80)



For three years, Esther Williams has devoted as much time as possible to the Los Angeles Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children. She has given the school a specially built, heated swimming pool and trained swimming teachers for the kids.



The children generally tend to be afraid of the water at first. This is because they enter a new, dark world where their support seems to be gone. With proper help they are quickly waned over.

Esther reaps her reward of hugs and kisses from the affectionate children. They know her as "Aunt Esther"—movie stars mean nothing to young eyes that never shall see.



MARRIED 17 YEARS TO THE SAME WOMAN, IN LOVE BRIEFLY WITH ANOTHER—NOW GARY COOPER



STANDS ALONE MAKING HIS DECISION. • by STEVE CRONIN

COOP REBUILDS HIS LIFE

■ A tall, handsome, hollow-cheeked cartoonist named Frank James Cooper was ambling along Hollywood Boulevard one June morning, about 25 years ago. Dressed in his only suit, a worn grey tweed, he was hungry and depressed because no one would give him work as an artist. As he stopped outside a bakery to savor the sweet warm odor of freshly-baked bread, two pals he'd known back home in Helena, Montana happened along.

"How you doin', Frank?" one of them asked. "Still drawin' them funny pitchas?"

Cooper grinned wanly. "I'm selling advertising on a theater curtain," he admitted. "Know anyone who wants to buy some?"

His friends shook their heads.

"Look, Frank," the older of the two said, "that ain't no way of makin' a livin' here in Hollywood. Jess and I—we come along a good thing. We double for those big-shot movie cowboys who don't know how to ride. Whyn't you do the same?"

It took Frank Cooper all of 20 minutes to sprint from Hollywood Boulevard and Gower to the old Fox lot on Western Avenue. If there was one thing he'd learned on the Montana ranches, it was horseback-riding. Luck was with the lean, lanky youth, and he was hired as an extra at \$10 a day.

In the many years that have elapsed since that moment, which to him is still unforgettable, Gary Cooper has become recognized as one of the greatest box-office attractions in the history of the American cinema.

He has played (*Continued on page 70*)



Don't let the rugged sportsman exterior fool you. He's an astute businessman who acquired part of his education in England.



An expert marksman, Gary's never abandoned his love of the outdoors. He taught Rocky her championship skeet shooting.



Gary returned from his South Seas location to squire Rocky to the Davies party. He says, "She's a wonderful...versatile woman."

Ava is trying to save her
marriage by running away from
Hollywood. What she hasn't
learned yet is, you
can't run away from yourself.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

HEARTBREAK AHEAD

■ Ava Gardner, as MODERN SCREEN predicted six months ago, has left Hollywood. She will probably not return until May 1954.

Her salary for that year-and-a-half overseas, according to her new contract, will approximate \$220,000 on which she will pay no federal income tax. This is, even for Hollywood pocketbooks, not hay.

But neither is it the reason Ava's on her way East. She is clutching at the straw that will take her away from Hollywood, and, she hopes, the troubles which she believes stem from there.

Ava doesn't particularly like Hollywood. She never liked it to begin with, and since her marriage to Sinatra it's become a downright phobia with her. She feels that Hollywood is basically an atypical community in which marriages perennially hover above the precipice of disaster.

From time to time she has looked at the list of Metro contract stars, those women whom she admires and with whom she works so closely. Practically all the top-notch actresses with the exception of Jane Powell, have been divorced: Lana Turner, Cyd Charisse, Janet Leigh, Esther Williams. And it's the same at other studios.

There are so many temptations in the movie colony; so many designing and beautiful females that a marriage must have a rock-firm foundation in order to survive. Ava's hasn't.

Ever since she and Frank returned from Philadelphia, married, and tried to settle down in Hollywood, Ava has had the (Continued on page 74)



Alone, Ava went to the Davies party with Lana and Lamas, but she was reconciled with Frank soon afterwards. For Lana, this was the last evening she spent with her man.



24 DAYS OF DAVIS

"I've been trailing Bette Davis around for a month, on the set, at her home, everywhere. I'm beat! Miss Davis? Fresh as a daisy, of course," reports Katherine Albert.

Dear Mr. Saxon:

This "news note" has turned into a biography. I have a strange new life—my life with Bette Davis.

Here's what happened. I was minding my own business, but my husband, Dale Eunson, wanted me to write a screenplay with him. It is called *The Star* and naturally we wanted Bette Davis to play it. All writers want Bette Davis to play in all their stories.

So we sent her the script and the next thing I know we are driving up in front of a big, rambling, old-fashioned house in Hollywood. This is a switch in itself, for Hollywood stars just don't live in Hollywood any more. They wouldn't be caught dead outside the three B's—Brentwood, Beverly Hills and Bel Air.

Miss Davis' costume was as unusual as her neighborhood. Stars have a costume for everything—"Costume in which to be interviewed," "Costume for going to the studio," "Costume for story conferences." Bette in an old (Continued on page 56)



The Gary Merrill-Bette Davis family, in their Hollywood home. Barbara, five, sits on the top step. Next is Margo, 20 months. Bette holds seven-month-old Mike on her lap.



24 days of davis

(Continued from page 55) shirt of Gary Merrill's with the tail hanging out over purely utility shorts. And no make-up at all. Not even lipstick. She looked great.

After a cordial welcome, Bette flopped into a big over-stuffed chair, pounded the script with her hand, and said, "This script is great. Just great." End of story conference. As Dale and I pinched our ears to make sure we had heard right, a pretty five-year-old child came into the room. This was B-D (Barbara Davis. Her father is Betty's third husband—William Grant Sherry). But you would know who her mother was if you met B-D alone on the streets of Cairo. "She's like me in every way," Bette said when we commented on the obvious physical likeness. "It's frightening."

I now know what she means. B-D often came on the set to visit her mother. She liked pretty houses and lovely clothes well enough, but most of all she enjoyed the scene in a real jail where her mother was behind bars. Dealing heavily in the cliché department I asked her if she was going to be an actress. "Oh, yes," she said. "I'm going to be an actress and be in jail and everything."

The next time we saw Bette Davis was in producer Bert Friedlob's office with the director, Stuart Heisler, and Sterling Hayden, who co-stars with Bette.

How can I describe the woman we met there? A charge of high voltage electricity? Dynamite? Bristling vitality? Strong adjectives—like strong men—pale before Bette Davis. That day she was a thoroughbred race horse pawing at the barrier. She was the loaded pistol with a finger on the trigger. She was Columbus about to discover a new world. To hear her enthusiasm one would think she'd never made a movie before.

Of course she has made dozens of them. Yet, in filming *The Star* she encountered a number of firsts. Bert Friedlob had never produced a Davis picture before. Stuart Heisler had never directed her. She had never played opposite Sterling Hayden. Ernest Laszlo had never photographed her. And we had not written for her. She was trying us on for size.

The story is about a movie actress who almost destroys herself by her determination to keep at the top, by her desire for power. She eventually learns that it is more important to be "just a woman" than a "career."

In discussing the character Stu made a rather unfortunate remark. "Let's face it," he said, "this is a silly woman."

Bette shot him a look. "She is not silly, and we must get it settled right now, or we will never see eye to eye. She is not silly. She's sick."

When Stu explained that what he meant to say was the character sometimes behaved in a foolish way, everything was okay. It could have been a crisis, for Bette must understand the core of the character she plays before she can begin to act.

SHE'D have to understand, for she couldn't be more unlike this heroine. Bette Davis is vitally concerned with her family and her home. When she's not actually at work Bette gives Gary and her children her undivided attention. Besides B-D, there are Margaret Mosher Merrill who is almost two, and Michael Woodman Merrill, who is still a baby. Bette and Gary adopted these two after they were married in 1950.

Gary adores all the kids. It thrills Bette to watch him with her older daughter. He and the girl are as close as they could be if Gary were B-D's own father. Closer, perhaps.

Their parties are wonderful. Bette is the kind of person who, when she has a New England clambake, serves clams baked under cornhusks on the sand. You scoop out the juicy meat and throw the shells into the sea. She is a realist in life as well as on the screen.

Gary knows that in being married to Bette Davis he has a problem. He asked a friend, "What can you do for her? I can't buy her a Cadillac—I can't afford it. Besides, she has a Cadillac." He found the perfect answer himself. All sorts of small, unique gifts. On the set one day he came in with a pair of unusual pictures, charmingly framed. One was a New England kitchen and the hanging pots and pans were miniature rounds of real copper. She was more delighted with this present than if it had been a Cadillac.

EVERYONE was nervous the first day of shooting because you can hear anything about Bette Davis. "They" will tell you she is a temperamental, stubborn woman. "They" will tell you she is the witch of the world. And "they" will quote their own scripture to prove it. Now, maybe if she has a script she doesn't like and a director she cannot respect she can be a witch, but all I can tell you is our own experience. She has been nothing but reasonable. She has not once clung stubbornly to an idea just to be stubborn. When someone suggests an idea, or a piece of business she can be enthusiastic about it. More so even, than if it were her own.

When I say "reasonable," I mean Bette Davis reasonable. For example, a scene was to take place on a sail boat. She did not tell anyone that she has a neurotic fear of small boats, which goes back to

Actress told a not-too-respected columnist: "I don't care what you write about me as long as you spell my name wrong!"

Mike Connolly

her childhood. She thinks it began when she was 12 years old. A bunch of kids her age were out on a sailboat in Cape Cod. She became so frightened that, rather than sail farther out, she jumped overboard and swam a mile to land. She thought she'd overcome that fear when she arrived in San Pedro with the rest of the company to do the scene.

There was an unfortunate comedy of errors. She was called out on the boat long before she was needed. There was a stiff wind and a heavy ground swell, and the only man aboard who knew how to man a sailboat was Sterling Hayden. He could not give it his undivided attention because he was playing scenes with Bette and Natalie Wood, who is Bette's daughter in the picture. The boat was crowded by actors and crew. It was enough to make anyone nervous. Bette did the only thing to be done. Call for the water taxi and go back to land.

But no phobia can overcome Bette's sense of responsibility. The next day she was on the boat swallowing fear and salt spray, and when you see that scene on the screen you'll never realize that she was scared stiff. When it was over she said to me, "Where do fears like that come from? I'm trying to raise my kids so they won't be burdened with agonies like that."

Most actors prepare for an emotional scene by "getting into the mood," and cannot help but hold the mood long after the scene is finished. Not so Miss Davis. Perhaps Bette has a file of emotion deep inside her to call upon when it is needed. Perhaps it's because she's a great artist. Anyway, this is what happened.

She was sitting on the set talking to Bert Friedlob. She had a reasonable, legiti-

mate beef. She was factual and firm. Stu Heisler called her for the scene. It is one of the most dramatic and poignant moments in the movie—a page-long monologue into a telephone. She went before the camera. Stu said, "Action." When she heard that word a charge went through her. Immediately she became the character. She picked up the telephone receiver, dialed and spoke. The scene ended. The tears were streaming down my face; Dale was crying too. Stu Heisler walked into the set speechless with emotion and put his arms around her. Every member of the crew had tears in his eyes. Then Bette said, "How about that? I remembered every word!"

PEOPLE get a delayed reaction from her. A director introduces an actor—"Miss Davis, Mr. Irish,"—and they go into an intimate scene. The scene will be made, the director will say, "Print it," which means "Okay," and the actor who has done the scene starts shaking. "Golly," he'll say. "It just hit me. I did a scene with Bette Davis." Her craft is so big that it hits the actor *afterward*, because she immediately puts him at his ease.

Although Bette is not a superstitious girl she does believe that "everything good happens to me in the rain." It had been blazing hot for three days and, as you know, it never rains in California in the summer. But on this particular morning there were great splashes of water on the windshield as we drove to the studio. When punctual Bette arrived, there was a call for her from Gary. He told her the happy news that she had won her income tax hassle with the government. It had been hanging fire in the courts for 11 years. The winning of the case means no money for Bette, but if she had lost it she would have been very broke.

When Gary told her she had won she screamed as only Bette Davis can scream. She said, "I think I'm going to faint," but her voice was so strong that no fainting woman could have uttered the words. There were more reasons than one why she was so happy about winning the lawsuit. Her New England stubbornness and sense of fair play entered into it.

She had been advised to "settle." She had been told that "Nobody can win against the government." But Bette knew that she was right, that this was a precedent case and if she won it others would be helped. It would have been much easier to make a settlement out of court. For one gruelling day she thought it over. "No," she said. "I can't settle. I'll fight."

She was put through all kinds of cross questioning on the stand. Four days of it. And then the waiting. And now the reward. She had not "settled." She had not compromised, and she had won, paving the way for others to win.

It would be wrong to give the idea that she's a saint. That she is not. As an example, a co-actor told this story:

"I knew Bette when she was a kid. She was just getting a toe-hold in the theater in summer stock on Cape Cod. She was full of beans, big-eyed—just the way she is now, a great worker."

"The director of the stock company was a woman who was a great stage star. This actress didn't like young girls very much and she gave Bette a rough time. A really rough time."

"Years passed. Bette became the first lady of Hollywood. She was queen of the studio when the actress was brought out to make a test for a part in a film."

"Bette just appeared on the set that morning and stood there watching her letting her know that she had remembered those rough days. And I love Bette for it. I thought (Continued on page 64)

the male animal

There are two sexes.
No doubt about it.
But females the world
over are delirious as
Charlton Heston proves
it to them again . . .
and again . . . and again

BY PAMELA MORGAN

■ The Birmingham England Stocking factory hasn't settled down yet. The lady employees still happily remember the day a dozen of them had visiting Charlton Heston pinned to the wall. "Coo-ee," they sigh. "Wot a ruddy 'unk of man!"

The "'unk" in question doesn't understand this attitude at all. But his wife Lydia does. Though she proudly agrees, she's also a little amused. After nine years of marriage she's used to the routine. She's even inured to the eager females who bombard her with queries about the man in her life. She thinks nothing of it when a nurse, taking her case history in a hospital, asks starchily, "What was the cause of the death of your grandparents, Mrs. Heston?" then melts out of control and adds without taking a breath, "Oh, Mrs. Heston, I think your husband is so wonderful. So masterful! So—so *male*!" Lydia knows the reason (*Continued on page 83*)



Morried nine years, the Hestons are still very much in love. They share a passion for good food, Michigan, acting and shop talk.



BY PIER ANGELI

"If tomorrow, I
met the one man whose
true love could
mean my whole life's
happiness, how would I
know? He himself might
not even know. I can
only pray to be lucky."

I'M WONDERING ABOUT LOVE

■ When I made my first trip back to Italy, my meetings with my old friends always made me sad and worried. Each time I would run to them, crying out in delight, "Hello, Niccolo! Hello, Maria!" because they might be boys or girls I had grown up with, and I knew their hearts were full of fun and we had had so much fun together. But each time they would be as if on guard against something. They would smile, only so much, and they would respond very quietly, not like they used to at all. And then they would sit talking, strange and stiff with me. In their minds, I knew, they were thinking, "Oh, she has gained great success and she is not one of us now." And in my mind I soon started thinking, "Yes, I have gained much. But why do I feel as if I have lost something . . . something terribly important?"

I know now. It was not only that I had been cut off from the past, it was that in this past, when I was nobody, the eyes of my friends had to be honest. They saw just me, because I was *just* me, nobody special. If they then liked me I could depend on it as a true liking. But now it is not so simple. If tomorrow I met the one man whose true love could mean my whole life's happiness, how would I know? He himself might not even know. He might think that he loved what I was as a woman and person, and yet come to find out it was who I was as an actress and professional personality. "It is not enough that you have to find a good man," I say to myself now. "You have also to be very, very lucky!"

Like all Italian mothers, my mother thinks that when I marry it should be someone she considers suitable. She, like any other mother, wants security for her daughters. She speaks to me of this often, but I do not agree.

My answer is a very simple one. I have to marry him, not she. I have to live with him, not she. She is hurt and thinks I should take her word for it that I will be happy. How can I do this when what I am gambling is my whole future life? And also, when from all that I hear, and from what little



No wonder Pier's got men head-over-heels about her. She's always been shown as a demure child, never as the highly-appealing young woman she actually is!



Sitting in mid-air, Pier follows instructions of coach Harold Voise, who is teaching her how to fly through the air on a trapeze for her latest movie, MGM's *The Story Of Three Loves*. Pier used to study ballet.



"It's a long way up," Pier thinks to herself, as she gazes up at the trapeze while resting between practice sessions. Her wrists are taped to strengthen them.

I'M WONDERING ABOUT LOVE

continued

experience I have had, I am convinced the odds for meeting the one man who can mean happiness must be less than even.

It is true. I have had proof. The first boy I knew in Hollywood I liked so much. He had a charming manner, he talked with intelligence and I enjoyed being with him. Like a girl will, I would try to imagine how it would be if he were my husband, and the pictures I got of us together were very pleasing. It was like this for several months. Gradually, however, with more time, something not good began to show through in places. He seemed to adjust his personality automatically to the importance of the people he met. For little people he didn't give much of himself; for big people he had lots to give and could be very warm. I couldn't help wondering how he would have treated the Pier Angeli I used to be before I stumbled into the movies. Which of his many kinds of smiles would he have for her? And I knew. It would be one of his small ones, one of his tiny, quick ones, with his eyes looking over my head to see if anyone else more interesting wasn't around. He went out of my dreams very quickly after that.

With others it does not take so long to see through them. The most common of these are the boys or men who seem to think that the first thing to do when they meet a girl they like is make a big impression. Some of the things that then happen are almost crazy. One man, not in the movies, tried to present a white Jaguar to me. My mother nearly went out of her head thinking (*Continued on next page*)

I might accept it. There was no danger.

And then there are some boys who get the idea that, since I am a newcomer to Hollywood, they might be able to take advantage of my ignorance. One of these drove me home from a friend's swimming party one afternoon. As he stopped the car, he turned to me and without even a word tried to kiss me. I pulled back and he acted as if he was surprised. So it was I who asked, "Did I do something wrong? Is this supposed to happen?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "A boy always kisses a girl good-night. They think nothing of it."

"You mean any boy, with any girl?" I asked. "She doesn't have to feel that he likes only her?"

"Sure, that's how it is here," he said. "It doesn't mean anything."

"Oh!" I said. "I don't believe it. But if that is true, I don't think I'll bother. Let's go in."

He opened his mouth to argue and then closed it and looked annoyed. He took me to my door in silence.

Later on my girl friends told me he was trying to pull "a fast one." But they didn't need to tell me. I knew. With all that a kiss can mean, most girls don't go around making no more of it than if they were saying "Hello" or "Goodbye." This is a boy's game, and women everywhere are smarter than that.

In Italy a girl cannot marry without her parents' consent, can sign no kind of contract, in fact, until she is 21 years old. She is completely in her parents' hands as far as her personal life is concerned. I say this is in Italy. For me it is also true in the United States. My mother cannot change her beliefs just because we are in another country. This I understand, but sometimes it's a little hard when we talk about what I can and cannot do. It isn't that I think it is a bad custom. It has always been my feeling that if you bottle up a girl until she is 21, she does not overnight acquire great brains and control just because the law says she is now legally responsible for herself. I say to my mother that a girl has to start meeting boys when she is younger, be with them, get used to them, so she can build up poise for later when she has to deal with men. After all, if a girl has high morals, boys are not so hard to handle. But to start right off dealing with men can be frightening.

But when I say that I should be permitted to go out with boys, my mother always has proof that I shouldn't—a newspaper clipping. She reads the story to me. It says I am holding hands with this one, or going places with that one, or deeply in love with another. Once, soon after we got to Hollywood, my mother came to me with a columnist's guess that said I was already secretly married to a Brazilian boy. "People talk when they see this kind of thing," she said. "It is not nice. That is why I do not want you to go out alone with boys."

"People will talk anyway," I said. "It is always like that." Many times we have talked of this, my mother saying my reputation will not be good. I try to make her understand that a girl must get used to being a woman, not shot out like from a cannon when she is 21 . . . but she cannot appreciate this and I do not want to make her unhappy. I know she is not afraid that maybe I am in love with someone. She knows that when it really happens I will tell the whole world. I won't have to tell. My feet will dance out with the truth.

My friends who know my mother say that I am becoming Americanized and my mother is still an Italian. But this is not too true. She has eyes to see what is going on in this country, and even if she is against the freedom girls have in going out

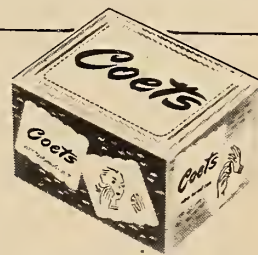


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on dates, she likes the greater rights American wives have. In Italy the husband is the boss. The men are more possessive and, it seems to me, more jealous, as husbands. It is not that they are a different kind of men, I feel that they have been brought up that way. Someone once said to me that maybe I would be happier if I married an Italian boy. I said, "No!" right away . . . not because I would not like or want to be married to an Italian. I would . . . only it would not be fair to him. After living in America I could no longer accept the position in society that an Italian wife must. It would cause trouble that would really not be his fault but mine.

Because the husband is going to be the boss, Italian parents seem to leave the whole job of teaching a girl about life to him. They do not tell their daughters the things that parents in this country often tell their children . . . what is good and what is evil. Oh, most children find out, from friends, from elders whose words they listen to with big ears, but not always in the right way. So it is to her husband a girl must look for what is the real truth, and it is on him she is supposed to depend for both guidance and knowledge the rest of her life. I could no longer come to a man with such a submissive attitude.

Since it is an accepted thing in Italy that the parents know best what a girl should or should not do, there are not even discussions about it . . . just orders. Even to this day my mother has never sat down quietly with me to talk over my problems . . . and I have just become 20! At times I have tried to convince her patiently that I must have more liberty. And a tiny bit I have won. Some boys, a few whom my mother has met and approves, are permitted now to take me out . . . that is, not just out, but to a definite place or party my mother knows about. But to know a boy, to have him call up and take me where he has planned—that I cannot do. When I am 21

I shall gain this right . . . and I am trying to curb my impatience.

ONE boy, who is a trusted friend as far as my mother is concerned, is John Barrymore, Jr. In this I agree with her. I think he has something fine to him and that the whole world will know it some day. It is funny, because before I met him I had heard unkind things about him. One day at a party which was very dull, and where my sister and I sat arguing with each other just to pass the time, this tall boy with black hair was introduced to me and I liked him immediately. From that day on, my liking for him has increased. There came another day when he touched my heart to tears. He dropped over and said he had heard I was going to Europe for a picture. "I felt I had to bring you something . . . for luck," he said. "I know it will bring you luck."

And he gave me . . . a treasure . . . his father's old leather make-up kit! If you know what kind of a compliment this can be to a young actress, what it could mean! I tried to tell Johnny, and that's when I cried. But I didn't have to tell him. He knew.

When I went to Mexico on location for my picture *Sombrero* I thought that perhaps there, away from Hollywood, my mother would be more lenient with me. But it did not turn out this way. My mother's first impression of Mexico was a frightening one . . . though later she learned to like the country. We were taken to a bull fight in Mexico City by Miguel Aleman, son of the President of the country. When my mother saw what was happening in the arena, she was horrified. "Oh, the poor bull! The poor bull!" she cried.

Miguel turned to her in some alarm and cautioned her. "You must not say that," he said. "The people here do not feel this way about the bull and will resent it."

It is true that there are too many stories

in the newspapers about Hollywood romances and that they do give a bad impression. On that trip to Italy I went to see my old director, Leonide Mugoy, who started me in pictures. He acted hurt. Then, "How could you have become engaged so soon in Hollywood?" he wanted to know. "Poof! Just like that! And was it wise? And how could you have done this without letting me know, so that I wouldn't have to read about it in the papers?"

It wasn't so, of course. He had read the false story that I had become engaged to Arthur Loew, Jr., who is a great friend, but to whom I have never been engaged. But Leonide had been worried that I had made some sudden, thoughtless move, without sufficient consideration without real thought.

BECAUSE I was so young when I started in movies in Italy, most of the men I worked with were sure I knew very little about life (which was not far wrong) and sought to protect me with advice. This time when I came back and they, too, had read all the items about supposed romances in Hollywood, they were annoyed with me. "We will adopt you, and any boy you go with will have to come and talk to us first!" they warned.

No, I am grateful to have a mother who has my welfare at heart, even if we do not always agree how it shall be guarded. I am grateful that my friends concern themselves over me and give me advice. But what I sense I really need is what every young person needs, and this I pray for every night. I pray that I shall be lucky in love. Believe me, in these prayers I don't see the Cadillac at the door, the mink coat and the house busy with servants. I don't want to complicate my chances. What I'm thinking about, dreaming about, is just love . . . true, lasting love. END

honolulu loony

(Continued from page 35) "That it is," said Jerry Lewis.

The clerk's voice took on a pleading tone. "Please, Mr. Lewis," he said. "You've got to stop scaring the bell boys and the other guests. We can't have that sort of thing here you know."

"All I did," said Jerry, leaning back on a lounge and leering into the phone, "was try to be friendly when the man delivered the ice."

"The boy claims he saw the Devil standing on your terrace," the clerk said indignantly.

"He did, eh?" asked Jerry thoughtfully. "Tell you what. Ask that man from the joke store to come back here right away—and then send me up some more ice water in about half-an-hour."

The clerk groaned, hung up the phone and quickly swallowed another aspirin.

It was just a simple incident in the life of Jerry Lewis, a jesting moment while on his vacation, but to the Hawaiian citizens involved, it was another terrifying experience—one of many odd and uncomfortable experiences that had been happening ever since Jerry Lewis and his group had descended on the Hawaiian Islands.

Not even a Jerry Lewis vacation is orthodox. Most people plan their holidays, check the travel folders, consult the ticket agents, pack carefully and with restraint. They plot itineraries with an eye to making the most of each hour—and when it is all done they shuffle off to rest and play and rest some more and store up energy and memories to last for the balance of the workaday year. Not Jerry Lewis.

62 The Honolulu vacation we are speaking

of was born in an instant. Jerry, his wife, Patty, his press agent, Jack Keller, Mrs. Keller and Jerry's doctor, Martin Levy were sitting in the Lewis play room one night when the phone rang for the twentieth time. Jerry groaned.

"If that thing rings once more," Jerry cried, "I'm going off someplace and hide. I'll go some place where nobody can get me on the phone."

Keller answered the call. "He's not here," he said. "I think he went to Honolulu."

That was as far as he got. Jerry slammed the phone out of Keller's hand and back on the hook.

"That's it," he shouted. "Patty, pack the bags."

"Where are we going?" asked Patty.

"To where he said," Jerry snorted. "Honolulu. Come on, we'll leave right now—before the phone rings again."

"You can't go any place that fast," said Keller. "You've got to make reservations and get tickets and . . ."

"Then go ahead and do it," said Jerry. "And you and your wife come along, too. It was all your idea."

"But you're supposed to be taking it easy," interrupted Dr. Levy. "You've just finished a tough tour."

"Okay," said Jerry to Keller, "get him a ticket, too, so he can see that I take it easy. We'll leave in an hour."

THERE were protests, refusals and then a lot of telephone calls (outgoing)—and while they didn't leave in an hour, the next morning at ten o'clock found the five travelers at the Los Angeles International Airport boarding a trans-Pacific plane for Honolulu. And while the airport employees weighed and stowed the outrageous

mass of luggage, Jerry just stood back and sneered his superiority at his four companions—who had said it couldn't be done.

The 11-hour trip across the ocean was uneventful, only because Jerry Lewis, who can't stand still five minutes on the ground, immediately falls asleep when he gets on a plane and doesn't open his eyes until he is nudged awake by a hostess who wants to tell him to fasten his safety belt for a landing. But when he did open his eyes it was to greet a sight he says he'll never forget. Like emeralds on a shimmering royal blue cloth, the islands lay below. Fringed in white froth, where the breakers caressed the beaches, they looked like nothing real that anyone in the party had ever seen.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when the ship skimmed in for a landing at the Honolulu Airport. A warm rain was falling, although it was so light no one appeared to notice it but as the plane flew through the moisture-laden air dozens of small rainbows were created and passed through and when the wheels hit the ground and sent up curving curtains of spray it seemed to the passengers that they had landed on a field of sparkling jewels. The ship was taxi'd to the administration building and when the doors were opened a group of dancing girls met the disembarking passengers and piled leis around their necks, a traditional welcome to a visitor to the islands.

The first night at the Royal Hawaiian was unforgettable for more than one reason. The first was that the exotic beauty of Honolulu was breath taking, and another that Jerry never let his wife and friends forget that the whole thing—the transport from the common world of California to this tropical fairyland was the

result of his own active little mind. They thought he was insufferable in his smug demand for credit, like some pompous magician who had pulled *several* good sized rabbits from the same hat.

They had dinner in the four-room Lanai suite shared by the Lewises and the Kellers, and with the French doors wide open, ate to the soft swish of the surf washing the beach below them. The others very nearly threw Jerry from the balcony when he cocked a concerned eye at Dr. Levy and remarked:

"You look a little tired to me, Doc. You better get a bit of rest in the next few days."

The good Doctor, who had packed, made arrangements to have his practice looked after by an associate, and spent the night before going over the conditions of his patients with his replacement just to please Jerry, wanted, at that moment, to prescribe a stomach ache for the comedian.

THE first day in Honolulu was devoted to a visit to the United States Naval Base and a pilgrimage to Pearl Harbor. The Navy men heard Jerry was in town and asked him to drop by the base for a morale-building chat. And Jerry, with Captain Cross, a veteran escorter, spent the early part of the day touring the ships and land establishments of the fleet and meeting the men. Then, late in the afternoon, the party was taken to the graveyard of the mighty ships that were sunk on December 7, 1941—a sacred place that is also the last home of the hundreds of men of the Navy who died in the first furious hour of the late war.

This was the only time during their stay in Honolulu that Jerry Lewis was serious. He took Patty by the hand and led her to the wooden platform that has been erected over the wreckage of the battle ship Arizona. They stood silently and read a bronze plaque commemorating the men who had gone down with her that said: "May God make his face to shine upon them and grant them peace." And then they threw ginger leis upon the silent water and watched them carried out to sea—and they spoke a silent prayer.

Well, when the group finally got around to checking the luggage that night they got quite a shock. It was figured roughly that they had carried about 300 pounds of excess baggage, including eight bags of golf clubs, sufficient, Jerry had thought in his own evaluation, to last them for a week of golfing. And, it seemed, everyone had plenty of clothes for sitting on the beach, but hardly anything to walk around the town in. Among the five of them there was one pair of slippers—and Jerry ruined them the next morning when, in an effort to get them away from Keller, he chased his press agent right into the ocean while wearing them.

The clothes problem became acute the second night. Jerry and Jack were scheduled to drop in for a cocktail with a group of GI's stationed in the city. Because it was hot, they slipped into a cocktail lounge in the hotel for a cold glass of beer, but the barman refused to serve them because they were not in tuxedo whites. And they also found to their consternation, that they would not be allowed into the hotel dining room for dinner without formal attire.

"Well, what are you going to do," said Jerry philosophically. "So we'll eat in the room."

"I didn't," said Keller indignantly, "fly across the Pacific Ocean to eat in a hotel room. This trip should have been planned."

"It was planned," said Jerry innocently. "We're here, aren't we?"

That Keller couldn't deny, so he shook

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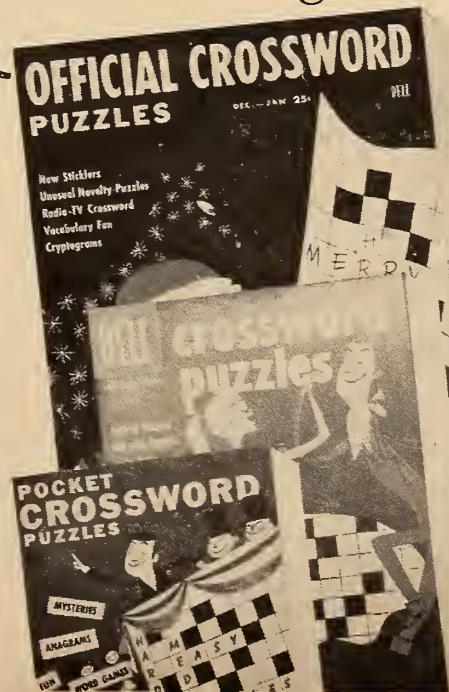
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his head in confusion and hustled the comedian off to tell a few jokes to the soldiers downtown.

THERE was precious little rest for the party during the next six days, but lots of fun. Each morning they all got up together and played a round of golf at one of the Island's beautiful courses. Then they hurried to the beach and lay in the sun and played pranks on one another—and the poor guests of the hotel. They became brown as natives, soaking up the clear, white sun as though it were the last they'd see of it. Several times the management must have considered barring Jerry from the strand in front of the hotel, because he was constantly thinking up new ways to harass any victim in sight. But the guests really seemed to enjoy it. Watching Jerry clown about the beach was like having a ringside table at the Copacabana with no check to pay when it was over.

The beach boys particularly loved Jerry. Most of them are of the pure Hawaiian strain, rare on the island, and they love fun as much as children. One of them, a strapping fellow of 60 named Chick Daniels, was pal to all of them, but became a real buddy to Jerry. He would lie in the sand and recount for hour after hour the tales of his adventures on the Mainland when Arthur Godfrey had him flown to New York to play the ukulele on his TV program. And Jerry made him repeat the yarns over and over again, fascinated at the new facets each time the stories were told. The others didn't realize what he was up to until they were just about to leave—and Chick told his adventure for the last time. He sounded exactly like a jive hound from the Catskills, for his pleasant Hawaiian speech had been deliberately adulterated by Jerry until it was liberally sprinkled with terms that the comic used in his vaudeville and night clubs turns.

Everybody, of course, had cameras and it was estimated when they left for home that an extra 50 pounds was added to their excess baggage weight by the exposed film they had accumulated. Of them all Jerry was the best photographer, and he drove the Doctor and Keller, who both fancied themselves fair camera hands,

crazy with his complete disregard for exposure meters and other gadgets—and always came up with perfect pictures.

While the girls took it pretty easy, keeping out of most of the horseplay, they, too, suffered at the hands of Mr. Jerry Lewis. One experience they will never forget is the ride they took on a Catamaran—a sail boat with a split hull that rides the surface of the sea on narrow runners very much like a sled. The thing looked innocent enough, and after being assured that it couldn't capsize, the girls agreed to go for a short sail offshore. Jerry established them at the front of the craft, straddling the foreparts of the runners, and suggested that they hold on to the guy wires to the mast for a more secure ride. Then, after only having been checked out on the thing once, he hoisted full sail and headed for the open sea. He had neglected to tell the girls that a Catamaran is the fastest sail boat in the world—but the girls discovered this for themselves in short order.

With Jerry at the helm and handling the sail, the craft suddenly took off like a torpedo and hit a speed of better than 40 miles an hour. For an hour Jerry maneuvered the boat among the tall waves while the kids hung on for dear life, each new wave giving them a fresh bath and the scare of their lives. And when Jerry finally brought the craft ashore the sun bathers were treated to a very unusual sight—two very wet and very angry girls chasing a lanky young man down the white strand of beach intent on murder. They finally had to give up that small revenge, though, when Jerry began howling in pretended terror for the police, claiming the girls were trying to rob him. They quickly ducked indoors and Jerry stayed out until he was sure their anger had abated.

JERRY and Patty Lewis and their friends did so many things during their week in Honolulu that it would take pages and pages to even list them quickly. And most of them were real tourist things. They visited the oriental shops, where Jerry pretended to speak Chinese, completely confusing the stoic shopkeepers who felt they had stumbled upon a new and rare dialect. They visited the famous volcano, but nobody would get very close, not knowing just how far Jerry

would go for a practical joke. They scouted the island to get pictures of the rare tropical blooms—and hacked their way through jungles of exotic growth just a few miles from town.

They even went to the movies, but mainly as a gag. Jerry learned that all seats in Honolulu movies are reserved, so he wanted to test the efficiency of this system. They bought tickets, went inside, and for 15 frantic minutes most of the theater help was snatching Jerry from illegal seats while the audience, not recognizing him in the dark, completely forgot the picture to watch the chase of the tall shadow around the auditorium.

Pretty soon it came time to leave. By this time the party was used to the sudden rains and, like the natives, completely ignored them, preferring to stand outdoors and wallow in the beautiful rainbows that are as plentiful in Honolulu as surf boards. It was raining again when they took a taxi from the hotel for the airport. The group was silent as they stood waiting for the word to board the airplane. They didn't want to leave, really. Off in the distance, the inevitable Hawaiian music, bidding departing guests to return again soon, made them unhappy. Jerry cracked a joke about "Where is the guy who says now we leave beautiful Honolulu?" and everybody laughed, but half-heartedly.

THE next day Jerry and Jack Keller were sitting in Jerry's playroom in California when Dean Martin called.

"I been thinking about you, Jer," said Dean. "You know we've got another couple of weeks before we go to work—and you ought to get a little rest. Go away somewhere. I've been trying to get you for a week to suggest it."

Keller heard the dialogue as clearly as though Dean were in the same room. He watched Jerry closely.

"Yeah," said Jerry, "where do you think I ought to go? Jamaica? How do you get there?"

Keller didn't wait to find out. He hit the floor running and didn't stop. He didn't want to leave for Jamaica in an hour, not him. **END**

(Jerry Lewis will soon be seen in Hal Wallis' *The Stooge*.)

24 days of davis

(Continued from page 56) it was a very just desert."

Bette is uncompromising and she can be unforgiving, but her humor saves her from ever making a fool of herself. For example, it is well known that Bette has fought with many of her directors. And when Bette fights she doesn't kid around.

There is a line which has Miss Davis declare, "I always get along with my directors." In the scene was a fine actor, Minor Watson. During rehearsal he forgot his next line after Bette's. Bette read her line, "I always get along with my directors." He did not speak. Bette said, so that all could hear, "You're right. Dead silence is the only answer to that."

She has so much confidence one would think she could never be scared professionally. Yet she was frightened of the musical revue she is doing on the stage. It is a show called *Two's Company*. She sings in several sketches—she has a low, throaty voice. "I'm really a bass," she says—and she still wakes up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat wondering if she will remember the lyrics of the songs when she gets on the stage. She needn't fret.

Sterling Hayden told me one day, "Sometimes when I start to do a scene all

of a sudden the lines will go. I know them perfectly well but I can't think of a word. Then Bette says her line. All of a sudden there is mine. Her confidence transfers itself to me and I am able to give it back to her. Does that make sense?" Knowing Bette, that makes good sense.

SHE is completely without affectation. We were talking one day about a scene where the heroine must make like a big movie star, coming on the set in the grand manner, patronizing the crew with fatuous "thank-yous" for any small service, playing up to the producer. Bette said, "I couldn't do it myself. I'd get so bored with all that nonsense." Yet she tells a story on herself about once when she, along with numerous other celebrities, was at a banquet. Everyone was taking bows. The master of ceremonies made a juicy introduction of a great artist, a first lady of show business. Bette says she had her smile all set and was in a half crouch ready to spring up to take the bow, when the M. C. with a flourish said, "I give you Miss Laurette Taylor."

It really embarrasses her to accept an accolade. "I just don't know where to look." Yet she is the first to give credit where credit is due. She is fascinated watching other actors work, and she will come away from a scene to say, "Now that's a real actor."

Before we began the picture the only question in the producer's mind was Bette's ability to work hard enough to complete the picture in 24 days, the schedule necessary to get her to New York in time to start rehearsals on her Broadway show. Since she is in almost every scene this would be a prodigious chore. Also three-fourths of the picture would be photographed away from the studio to take advantage of live backgrounds—a shipyard in San Pedro, a coffee shop in Los Angeles, a real auction gallery—and this constant changing of location is difficult and gruelling.

He could have saved himself an ulcer. This woman works like a demon. She is never so much as half a minute late. She is ahead of time. She is ready before she is called for a scene. She knows her lines letter perfect when she reports for work. She can make a change of costume in nothing flat. Friedlob's problem has been keeping up with her.

Just watching her is so exhausting that when I come home at night I'm too tired to do anything but fall into bed and feel ashamed, knowing that Bette is at home learning lines for her next day.

And for the rest of my days I'll never forget the 24 days—which seems a lifetime, but good—I spent with Bette Davis.

Best always,
Katherine Albert

living with Lucy

(Continued from page 46) he announced. "Just for the new wing?" Lucille shouted.

Desi nodded happily. Lucille nervously ran a hand through her carrot-colored hair. "Jumping catfish," she said, "the whole house only cost us \$16,500 originally." "Who cares about money?" Desi cried. "We're gonna become parents."

Right now the only regret Lucy and Desi have about the new wing is that they didn't build it larger. As all their fans know, come January, the nursery will have another resident.

WHEN Lucy and Desi first laid eyes on the Desilu Ranch it was a forlorn bit of property with a partly-furnished house set in the middle of five acres of seedling citrus trees. Time has lent improvements. The grove of 350 trees is now so thick you can hardly see the white frame house and the odor of orange blossoms is overpoweringly sweet. Not satisfied with raising oranges alone, Desi has planted avocados, peaches and an arbor of grapes. To remind him of the plantation he'd been raised on in Santiago, Cuba, he's also built a rustic pool with a waterfall at one end. Today when people ask Lucille what kind of a home she lives in she says, "Oh, just a little ranch-house overshadowed by trees, a nursery and a rock-edged pool."

Lucy and Desi bought their ranch when it was a part of the Sesson Oil Estates. It was located on picturesque, uncrowded land in the San Fernando Valley far removed from Hollywood. For years friends have urged them to sell the ranch and move to a more convenient neighborhood. Now that their television success has skyrocketed their income, they are advised to live up to their position and buy a home in one of the more fashionable sections like Bel-Air, Brentwood or Holmby Hills. So far they've resisted all pressures. "We're people of fixed habits and true love," Lucille explains. "Besides when the new road gets finished, we'll be able to make it to the studio in 20 minutes."

Inside the house Lucille has replaced one set of organdy and one set of dotted Swiss curtains. Otherwise the furnishings are the same as they were 12 years ago. "Early Northridge," Lucille styles them, laughingly.

If you probe the decor more deeply, the comedienne tells you quite frankly that she furnished her home with cheap antiques. When she and Desi were first married they couldn't afford priceless Early American pieces so she settled for a slightly later period in American design. She concentrated on buying 19th century antiques. She picked them up at antique shops and second-hand stores for a song. These items were easy to come by before 1941, because most of the people who'd settled in the San Fernando Valley were farmers from the Middle West. As these families prospered they began selling or giving away their heirloom furniture in favor of new things. They flooded the Valley furniture shops with Morris chairs, Victorian love seats, and old wicker rockers.

LUCILLE selected the things she needed—a couch for the living room, two fire-side chairs, an old wood box, a chaise longue for her bedroom, a quaint dressing table, and lots of oil burning lamps. She had most of her things recovered and re-finished to fit into her bright new color schemes. When the job was done she stopped her antique shopping completely, never giving the subject another thought until a year ago when she found she needed a rocker and a few tables for the new

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battle for...

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by Neil H. Swanson

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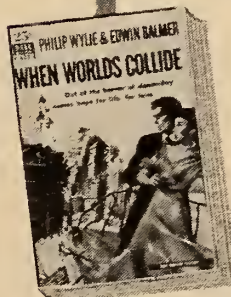
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rooms. Once more she began frequenting the shops along Ventura Boulevard. Much to her amazement she discovered that her period pieces are now very scarce and just as valuable as the older antiques.

"It could only happen to Lucille Ball," says her friend Eve Arden, whose own home is full of the expensive Paul Revere type antiques. "She does something for a wacky reason all her own and years later it turns out to be a big craze. Right now all the decorators in town are trying to lay their hands on Victorian items. The same way with her plunge into television. We thought she was nuts making the move when she did. But look at 'I Love Lucy' now. That's why the rest of us are following. She's a smart and independent cookie, that one."

In spite of Eve's wholesale approval of Lucille's behavior, some of the Arnazes' more chi-chi acquaintances hint strongly that Lucille should re-do her house if only for a change. These hints take the form of gifts: French lamps, contemporary statuary, modern paintings. Lucille lets the free advice roll in one ear and out the other. She politely thanks the donors for their gifts and promptly stores the stuff in her roomy playhouse. She has no more desire to change the look of her surroundings than the spelling of her own name.

A few minutes in the homey atmosphere of her living room and it's obvious why she and Desi won't consider re-doing anything. Their home is so warm and inviting, any change would have to be for the worse. In furnishing the living room Lucy used a bright red carpet and a bold cabbage-rose wallpaper. In many homes this combination would be garish; in theirs it's cheer-

ful and invigorating, just right for them.

The room is also full of unusual furniture pieces that mark it with individuality. An old clock face mounted on legs, for example, serves as an end table. The cranberry glass lamp over the dining table is authentic and very rare. When it's lighted the crystal and silverware on the table seem to glow with a rosy hue. Over the fireplace hangs a Kramer primitive and in one corner a snow scene by Balz.

For those of you who aren't art collectors, Balz is the signature of artist Lucille Ball. Several years ago when she and Desi were vacationing in Florida, the tall carrot-top decided to take up oils. "It was either that or go deep sea fishing with Desi. I got such a kick out of seeing color and form come alive on canvas that now I paint whenever I have a couple of free hours."

Lucille's technique is to sketch her subject matter in charcoal on the spot. She then takes the sketch home and works on it by night light usually on the kitchen table. Occasionally she'll work in the glass-enclosed porch which boasts a linoleum-tile floor and rattan furniture.

This light, open room is ideal for parties, and Lucille uses it a good deal when she's home during the day. She happens to be a conscientious keeper of scrapbooks and photo albums. Any spare afternoon will find her down on the floor surrounded by clippings, paste, and scissors.

The large master bedroom at the Desilu Ranch is probably the prettiest room in the house. It has a clean, freshly starched look that seems to suit Lucille. The colors of yellow and gray are her favorites and all

the furniture is comfortably old. One wall of the room consists of nothing but mirrored wardrobe closets. Lucy has a weakness for clothes so she took over the closets some time ago. What won't fit behind doors, like her hats, gets stacked in plastic boxes in one corner of the room. They make a novel decorating touch even if they aren't Victorian headgear.

DESI'S SUITS have long since had to be hung in the one guest-room closet which is a good reason why the Arnazes don't have many house guests. The other reason involves a party which they gave soon after they moved into their home. Everybody stayed very late and one couple spent the night. The couple got up the next morning and still in the spirit of the party, drove home, picked up their child and came back to Lucy and Desi's guest room. They stayed nine months.

"Of course we had a lot of laughs," Lucy says, "but that taught us a lesson. We took the twin beds out of the guest room and left one narrow couch. We call it the mother-in-law bed, and it's meant for my mother or Lolita, Desi's mother. They're welcome any time. As for other overnight guests, that's out. Desi and I planned a home for us and our families and that's the way we want to live in it."

"But how about your children?" I asked. "When they grow up and start inviting their friends to spend the night—what will you do then?"

Lucille Ball wrinkled her brow. "Never thought of that," she said. And then a bright gleam came into her eyes. "I know what," she suggested, "we'll build a new wing, especially for them." **END**

he wuz mobbed!

(Continued from page 43) Suddenly he realized that he was surrounded by fans who meant him no harm, but were caught up in the madness of the moment. He smiled. "If you can give me room I'll stand here and sign autographs if it takes me all night."

DURING this and a subsequent tour, Gene spent countless hours signing autographs and talking to fans. He began to know them for the first time. At home he hadn't come in contact with teen-agers, had no idea how to talk to them. His friends had children about two-year-old Chris' age, and Gene's life was so empty of people in the 12-to-16 bracket that he wasn't acquainted with their way of thinking. Once he took his mother to visit some family friends he hadn't seen in years. Their 14-year-old daughter had been five the last time he saw her, and he still thought of her as a little girl. It wasn't until he was helping his mother back into the car that he learned he'd been sitting in the same room with an avid fan. "You ought to know," his mother said, "that Charlotte spent the entire day getting ready for your visit tonight."

In Toronto, Canada, he received phone calls at the theater from three girls, each of whom wanted to start a fan club for him. He invited them to come backstage and suggested they pool their efforts, whereupon one asked if he could come to her house for a coke party between shows. He was doing five shows a day and his usual intermissions consisted of a nap until the next showtime. But he couldn't resist the girl's pleas, and took a cab to her home after the second matinée. There were hors d'oeuvres, and cokes, and two freshly baked cakes. The house was crammed with teen-agers and half the neighborhood found some excuse to stop by during that hour. Gene found an op-

portunity to corner the mother. "You've gone to so much trouble," he said. "I certainly appreciate it, but I hope this hasn't put you out too much."

She looked at him wide-eyed. "Why, of course not. I'm happy to do it. The children get so much pleasure out of seeing you. If they start this fan club—well, I can't think of any pastime that would make them happier, or keep them out of trouble better."

IN CHICAGO one morning, Gene received a letter signed by two girls. "We saw your opening and stayed to see two shows. We'll be back on Saturday and will stay right through the whole five. We'll be sitting in the front row and wearing roses—"

He spotted them during the first show and noticed they were there through the second. After the third show he told Miriam, "Those kids are still out there. They must be getting hungry." They slept during the movie that interspersed Gene's appearances and during the shuffle between performances, frantically held onto their seats. By this time everybody backstage knew about them. When Herb Jeffreys came off during the last show, he grinned. "Those kids are still down there!"

Gene shoved a hand in his pocket. "Here honey, go out and get a couple of ham and ryes, will you?" he said to Miriam.

He had the conductor put the sandwiches on the bandstand, and after his opening number on his last show told the audience, "Before I go any further, ladies and gentlemen, there are two girls here who've been in the front row for every show today. I can't dance another step until I know they've had something to eat."

The grip threw a spotlight on them as they stood up to catch the sandwiches tossed by Gene before he went on with his act. Afterward, backstage, he went out the stage door and found them wait-

ing bleary-eyed, but blissful, for him. "Hi," he said. "How were the sandwiches?"

"Oh, we didn't eat them," said one. The other said, "Eat 'em! We're going to frame them!"

In Pittsburgh, a girl about 15 asked Miriam if she could talk to Gene for about ten minutes. It seemed she had problems at home: a father who was in jail more often than not and a mother who drank. There were four children younger than herself and she wanted to know what she should do.

"Have you asked anyone else about this?" Gene said.

"Oh, no! I'm too ashamed!"

"But why do you come to me?"

"Well, you see," said the girl, "I've seen you in the movies and read about you in magazines, and it seems to me that you lead a nice kind of life, and are wise, and might know about these things. It's—" she swallowed, "it's kind of like you were my big brother."

SOME of it was funny and some of it was sad, and always there was the same quality of wistfulness that goes with hero worship. Looking for the reason for this adulation of teen-agers, Gene had to go back into his own adolescence. He remembered that following his long championship of Laurel and Hardy, a whole year of his life was taken up almost exclusively with his devotion to Chandu, the Magician. To keep peace in the household, Gene's mother switched to another brand of soap so that he could send in box tops in exchange for assorted Chandu tricks. Later, he became a fan of the Mickey McGuire two-reel comedies, featuring Mickey Rooney as a Bowery-type character who wore a derby with a split crown. On the afternoon that Rooney was to appear at the Wilshire Theater in Santa Monica and distribute a basketful of derbies with split crowns, Gene paid his admission early and waited for the big

moment in high anticipation. When he went home without a hat, it was a new low in his life. Remembering these things, he understood the spirit of today's teen-aged fan and willingly gave his time; or his autograph, or advice, if they wanted it.

They wanted all sorts of things. They wanted to know what Gordon MacRae is really like. They wanted to know how to get into show business, or the name of a good dancing teacher. They wanted him to autograph their hands, their arms, and in one city they asked for his cigarettes

Jane Wyman, commenting on a certain actor, said, "I know he's a gentleman. I saw him go through a door that said so."

*Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat*

as souvenirs. After he'd given away a few packs somebody lit on the idea of his autographing the cigarettes. They wanted his clothes, too, and Gene was always apprehensive that, in a crowd, if one fan started the ripping procedure the idea would catch on. He found them, very fortunately, very polite about it. They always asked first, "Would you give me your scarf?" Then Miriam would come to the rescue. "Not that scarf, dear. I gave it to him on our anniversary."

He didn't go through two dozen cities without bumping into occasional trouble. There were always the crowds. Once he was pinned against a plate glass window and felt it give in back of him. Another time he called for police when he spotted one girl beginning to faint. Still another day, a woman with a baby in her arms was caught in a crush, and Gene maneuvered her so that he could brace himself against the mob in order to protect her. Being rushed by a crowd isn't an enjoyable experience, and yet he remembered that it is the crowd itself that's objectionable, not the individuals who comprise it. He began to feel duty bound to brave the waiting fans and once, when he sneaked out a side door to grab a bite to eat and was confronted by a solid line of people waiting to see him, he actually felt embarrassed.

In one city Gene had finished his last show and faced the ordeal of leaving the theater laden with two boxes of shoes, his music case and two suitcases filled with costumes. Getting through a crowd with that kind of baggage was impossible and he knew it, so he and Miriam left through a side door and made their way to the street. There was the crowd, packed solid to the curb, and when Gene spied a cab across the street he began to run for it. Somebody saw him and the cry went up, "There he is!" and 300 people moved as one to the other side of the street. That was the night Gene felt his only temptation to slug a female. She grabbed his coat collar and hung on with a death grip while he tried desperately to get the cab door open so that he could get his luggage safely inside. He pleaded politely with the girl but she wouldn't budge, and eventually he grew angry. "Now, look," he said. "If you don't want any trouble, let go of me. Let's be adult about this and stop acting like a stupid idiot." He appealed to the crowd. "If I can just get my things inside the cab I'll be glad to sign autographs for you."

Just then a gentleman slightly in his cups hove onto the scene. "Well, well!" he crooned. "Romeo himself. Lemme through, everybody! Make way for the press! Whadya say yer name was, bud?"

It's TIMES like these that make movie stars wish they'd taken up plumbing instead, but such an unruly bunch has been rare in Gene's experience. He

learned after a while how to handle such situations and found that humor usually eased the tension. If he appealed to their intelligence and threw in a joke or two it almost always nipped hysteria in the bud. When that didn't work he ladled out discipline. Like the theater in Chicago. It was bitter cold during the engagement, and because Gene sweats like a stevedore when he finishes his act, he didn't go outside but chose instead to talk to them from the window of a small room facing the alley. He sat on the window sill and had signed endless autographs when he noticed he was signing over and over again for the same people. The fans were shoving to such an extent that those closest Gene were almost boosted in through the window.

"Some of you are cheating," he said. "I'm going upstairs and if you want me to sign more you'll have to line up in an orderly fashion and stop pushing." He grins now when he tells about it. "I must have sounded like old Father Hubbard telling off his kids."

There were occasional hecklers in audiences too, but Gene's fans usually took care of them quickly and efficiently. If not, Gene took over himself. One obstreperous young man, wearing a leather jacket and long hair, sat in the front row and kept up a running commentary to his date. Gene ignored it until the time he was changing his shoes while announcing his next act.

"Hey, bud!" hollered the heckler. "Gimme a shoe. Throw it t'me!"

"You sure you can fill it?" said Gene. The heckler's teen-age date howled with glee. "That's telling him, Gene," she yelled.

On the whole, Gene found his fans to be pretty nice people. There were slight touches of wackiness, but it was a wackiness common to the teen-ager, and he figured if he'd once spent five hours waiting to be presented with a battered derby hat, he was in no position to criticize. He learned that today's teen-ager is a new brand of fan and thinks them much better mannered than the hysterical type that used to batter celebrities and overturn cars.

"Maybe they still do those things, I don't know," he says. "But I was lucky. The kids I saw and talked with were sincere and loyal, and I got the feeling they were real friends."

He was particularly impressed by the respect with which they treated Miriam. They included her in all their functions, inviting her to their schools and homes, and Gene says she was asked for almost as many autographs as he was.

GENE feels that hero worship is common to everyone. We all go through the phase and gradually outgrow it, but at the time it is a deeply serious thing. Only a minority carry a banner for the rest; these are those who turn out inevitably at the appearance of any celebrity, the ones who collect autographs or pocket handkerchiefs or are content to go home simply having laid eyes on the particular hero or heroine.

There are few stars in Hollywood who are without a fan club comprised of their loyal followers. Unfortunately, many of these stars know nothing about the activities of their fans for the simple reason that they don't care. There are a few, such as Joan Crawford and Alan Ladd, who so appreciate the efforts in their behalf that they have kept their fans as friends during the years. You can add Gene Nelson's name to the short list of those grateful stars. He should care, and he does. **END**

(Gene Nelson will soon be seen in Warner's *She's Back On Broadway*.)

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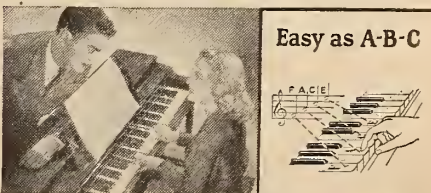


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the end of the affair

(Continued from page 37) greeted old friends, finally sat down.

Everyone in Hollywood knows that Lana Turner loves to dance. For a little girl—she is only 5 feet 3 inches—she has incredible stamina, having done so much of her youthful training on the various dance floors of the movie colony.

When the screaming and shouting and popping of the photographers' flash bulbs stopped for a moment, Lana leaned to her right and to Lex Barker, the tall Tarzan from Port Chester, N. Y., who was once married to Arlene Dahl, mentioned something about a dance.

Every inch a gentleman, Barker was on his feet in a second. Within two seconds he had Lana in his arms and they were whirling around the dance floor having the merriest of times.

Sitting in his chair sulking, was Fernando Lamas, the man Lana had termed "my bull of the Pampas." The more Fernando saw of Lex and Lana the angrier he grew. He kept his anger no secret. In fact he was downright vociferous, so vocal that Brad Dexter and Ben Gage, Esther Williams' husband, inched up to Barker and said, "Lamas is getting awfully mad. We think he's looking for trouble."

Lex Barker realized that Lamas and Lana were unofficially engaged, that they'd been going steadily for months, that Lana was just waiting for the financial settlement from Bob Topping before she tripped to the altar with her handsome Argentinian, and as he himself says, "I didn't want any trouble. Fights for a guy like me are no good. Whatever happens I have to be in the wrong. If someone starts up with me and I take a poke at him, I'm a big bully. If I don't I'm yellow. I lose either way."

So Lex brought Lana back to Fernando who by this time was completely free of inhibitions. "Look," Fernando said, "if you want to make love to her, make love to her." This isn't exactly what Fernando said, of course. He embellished his verbal outrage with more colorful language, in fact it was so colorful that Lana covered her face in embarrassment.

"Sit down," Fernando shouted at Lex. Barker looked around for his own date, Susan Morrow. "I thought you were my friend," Fernando continued. "Now I see what you are. You want to fight?"

The rest of Lana's party could see what was coming, and they intervened.

"Why pick on Barker?" Ben Gage said to Lamas. "Pick on me. I can lick you."

"Go away," Lamas said.

"Not only that," Ben added. "Even Esther can lick you."

Lana, of course, was outraged and indignant at the behavior of her Latin lover. He took her home that night, and while neither of them will tell what happened, apparently a battle royal ensued.

Next morning Lana Turner let it be known that insofar as she was concerned, Fernando Lamas was a thing of the past, a transient romance of yesteryear; she would sooner marry Mickey Mouse than a man who couldn't hold his temper.

One columnist called MGM and asked if, because of this widely-publicized fight, the studio would abandon the production of *Latin Lovers*, a film scheduled to get under way with Lana and Fernando in the starring roles. The studio said the picture would roll according to plan, but intimates of Lana confided that she would ask for a new leading man.

Lamas, when questioned about the film, said, "There is no reason why Miss Turner and I should not make the picture. Our private lives have nothing to do with our

professional ones; or they shouldn't have."

Several columnists thought otherwise. One hinted that Lamas would not have gotten the lead opposite Lana in *The Merry Widow* if Turner hadn't sponsored him. Another quickly answered the hint by pointing out that Lana had done nothing to foster the Lamas career. Fernando had been discovered by John Carroll who had called him to the attention of his wife Lucille Ryman of the MGM talent department. Lucille had recommended Lamas to the consideration of L. B. Mayer. L.B. had listened to Lamas sing and had signed him on the basis of the audition.

Lana was kind to Lamas during the shooting of *The Merry Widow*—she could have monopolized all the closeups as Betty Hutton did with Ralph Meeker in *Somebody Loves Me*—but Lana is the most thoroughly unselfish actress in Hollywood. One of the basic tenets of the philosophy she lives by is "to harm no one," and she scrupulously adheres to that. No one in Hollywood, and that includes Lamas, can point the finger at Lana and say, "She did me wrong."

LANA likes to show that she has a lot of fight, lots of stamina, that adversity never gets her down for any considerable length of time. When Ty Power flew out of her life, for example, and married Linda Christian in Rome, Lana took up with Bob Topping on the rebound.

When Topping packed his bags and moved out of Lana's Holmby Hills mansion, Lana began dating her leading man, Fernando Lamas.

When the Lamas love affair blew up, Lana determined to show how little affected she was by it all, flew down to Tijuana with Ava and Frank Sinatra on the following weekend to take in the bullfights. After the *corrida*, she dated Luis Solano, the Mexican matador. They spent a good portion of the night dancing in the various Tijuana hotspots.

Lana, however, was fooling no one. Her heart had been broken again, and everyone knew it, quick recovery or not.

There are some people who say that Fernando Lamas never had the slightest intention of marrying Lana Turner. Certainly when you asked him about it, he would refuse to comment on the marital possibilities of their love affair. At one time he said he couldn't possibly marry Lana since she was still officially married to Bob Topping, and he was still officially married to Lydia Lamas.

But then Lydia after receiving a financial settlement and assuring herself that Fernando would support the offspring of their union, a delightful little girl, Alexandra, agreed to give Fernando his freedom "for whatever purpose he chooses to use it."

Lydia Lamas is a sweet and beautiful woman. She was Fernando's second wife, and her one desire was to see that the actor remained happy. When her constant nervousness—she is a highly tense person—caused him distress, she agreed upon a separation. When he asked for a quick divorce, she agreed to that, too. She went to Nevada, and in six weeks Fernando was legally free to marry again.

A friend who knows Lamas well, says, "This guy got himself in a pretty pickle. My own opinion is that after going with Lana for several months he decided that she wouldn't be the right wife for him—in fact, he didn't want to get married to anyone. He saw that Lana was consulting with her attorney Neal McCarthy, that it was just a question of time before she also got her freedom from Topping. He would then be in the awkward position of having to marry her merely because the public expected him to. My analysis may be completely wrong, but I think he resented

that position which is why he acted up at the Marion Davies party, and the whole affair with Lana went up into thin smoke."

Whether subconsciously Fernando Lamas was seeking this rupture, or whether it was spontaneously born of the immediate circumstances makes no difference. The important point is that once again in her choice of lovers Lana Turner has struck out.

At this point her "bull of the Pampas" is dating Arlene Dahl. It may well be that Lamas thinks he is getting even with Lex Barker by dating Arlene, but if he *does* think that way, he's very much mistaken. Barker doesn't give a hoot with whom Arlene goes out. She began her freedom by dating the lawyer who had procured her divorce, Greg Bautzer. From Bautzer she was graduated to Lamas. She claimed in court that Barker had once referred to her as "a hick from Minnesota," a name which she contends caused her great and grievous mental aggravation, which is pure baloney, of course. Arlene and Lex broke up because of career trouble. Arlene has no intention of abandoning her career and settling down into domesticity.

LANA has always been willing to abandon her career for mate and children. The men to whom she's been married have always insisted that she remain a movie queen. It was her glamor that attracted them, not her ability as a cook. But where she can, she always insists upon marriage.

What happens to Lana now?

This is the question all Hollywood is asking. Certainly she has had as many men in her life as any woman of 32 in the world. The list starts with Greg Bautzer and reads like a Who's Who: Artie Shaw, Ty Power, Huntington Hartford, Bob Hutton, Howard Hughes, Peter Lawford, Turhan Bey; it even includes Steve Crane, a restaurateur of sorts, a term generically used in Hollywood to include anyone in a restaurant from a bus boy to Mike Romanoff.

With each of these Lana has guessed wrong. The price for her erroneous judgment has been heartache.

She was quite taken with Fernando Lamas, largely because her affection for him was gradual in its development. Ordinarily Lana falls for a man like a ton of bricks, the swooning sudden, violent, and impetuous. With Lamas, it was different. At first when Lana met him on the set of *The Merry Widow* she wasn't at all sure she wanted him for a leading man. When she discovered subsequently that he was separated from his wife, that basically he was a charming and talented man, that he seemed to admire her beauty and fame, her antipathy became interest. Later her interest became fondness; fondness developed into love; love kindled their passion.

There are Turner fans who, knowing about the fight at the Davies party, insist Lana is crazy to have given up Fernando merely because he manifested a little Latin temperament in the form of jealousy. "It shows he loves her," one waitress in the MGM commissary recently pointed out. "My husband wouldn't care if I danced with Joe Dracula."

Lana has come to the somewhat belated conclusion that it takes more than love to make a good marriage. It takes mutual respect. In this case she thought it was lacking, at least on Fernando's part.

She is shedding no tears about his loss, however. For years now she has regarded men in much the same light as she regards taxi-cabs. "A new one comes along every few minutes."

But ever-optimistic Lana will have to take off her rose-colored glasses, and forget that love is blind, if she ever wants to pick herself a winner.

Take my word for it

continued from page 24

what I remember particularly is the second act when I was supposed to run onstage and cook some potato pancakes (really flat bran muffins) for Lucille Watson. One night I was so busy chatting with someone offstage that I missed my cue and Miss Watson had to improvise. She walked right to the stage entrance where I was dreaming and said, "Where is Babette? Oh, there you are! (looking at me so sharply that I woke up and realized what I had done). I was wondering where my potato pancakes were!" I ran onstage with them. But when the act was over I burst into tears that lasted all through the intermission and I'm still embarrassed about it.

SMALL GIRL TO BIG GIRL STUFF: I always liked jewelry as a small girl and, what do you know, I still do! But I used to see myself in sleek black satin, slinking around as a Dragon Lady type femme fatale, and with this conception I parted in late 'teenhood. Black satin is stunning as part of a dress now, a cocktail dress, say, but never fashioned slinky.

I was one of two children in our family, but my mother was one of ten children and I always felt I wanted a large family.

It was at 13 that I got my first party dress and my first perfume, both as presents from my mother. The dress was pink and so today pink is one of my favorite colors; pink was the dress, with a blue ribbon, blue sash and cut with a full skirt. The perfume was Blue Grass, darn near a whole quart of it there must have been as I remember the size of the bottle, and the first place I put a spot of perfume was behind one ear as per what the grown-up ladies were doing. I now have a variety of perfume and I can think of no more pleasant confusion than standing before them all, trying to decide which will best fit the mood I want to be in for the occasion I am dressing for. You might not think I was enjoying myself if you judged by the serious expression that I know comes over my face at such times—but I am.

DO YOU LIKE BETTY BLYTH better than Ann Blyth as a name? Or Barbara Blyth or Babette Blyth, or Beverly, Beatrice, Bertha, Blanche, Bernice, Bella or Bess? I just wondered because that's what the studio had me wondering about when I first came to Hollywood. They thought it would be more euphonious—and catchy—if my first name started with the same letter as my last name, and the above were some of the suggestions. I didn't like any of them. I wanted to stay Ann. For months I kept worrying that a change would be made, but nobody ever got around to making a definite decision and I kept my "Ann." Thank goodness!

THINGS I DON'T KNOW WHY: Why my uncle Pat tells you he is going to play a record of one of my songs and picks "Lazy Bones" as I sang it over WJZ in New York when I was five. Why I rooted for Brooklyn to win the last World Series even though I was raised in Yankee territory (Manhattan). Why the little boy who used to put my pigtails in the inkwell never would pay any attention to me any other time! Why a

playmate of mine got so mad when another boy wrote her name on a telephone pole that she got a hatchet from home and started to try to chop the pole down! Why I don't like browns (except for some lively shades of it), or marching wallpaper. Why I don't like sugar on my grapefruit and why it was that the first cup of coffee I ever drank happened to be black, without cream or sugar, and I have loved it that way ever since. Why I like the outside, well-done cut when it comes to roast beef but also enjoy hamburgers "cannibal-style" as long as my aunt gets a chance to "taste it up" with her pet spices. Why I keep things like spoons in my pocketbooks and cooking recipes in my books and scripts. Why I always carry two mirrors—both exactly the same—yet think one of them is my favorite and that I can tell which one it is. Why I never hopped on a bicycle and joined the wheeling traffic on the streets of Dublin when I visited there as I was fairly aching to do—and never kissed the Blarney Stone, on the same visit—as it would have done me no harm at all to do, at all, at all!

PSYCHIATRIC NOTES: I like all the elements except wind—the hurry, flurry of it makes me feel the same way. I love rain (either when I am inside in front of a fire, or when walking out in it and feeling it splash on my face). I like quiet, assured people. I have a compulsion to fix things I notice wrong about people's dress—a collar awry, a dress zipper not closed all the way, a button not securely caught. I want to tell them about it—like I'd want to be told if there was something wrong with me. I think I could be a good public inspector of a new kind—standing on a street corner and calling people's attention to necessary wardrobe adjustments. Would you like such a service? Just draw up a petition and have a half-million of your neighbors sign it.

Ann Blyth

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Ann Blyth personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, 1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.



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coop rebuilds his life

(Continued from page 51) in 75 films, which have grossed more than \$150,000,000. He has starred opposite every actress you can think of with the exception of Greta Garbo. He has earned over \$3,000,000 in salaries and percentage profits. And despite these tremendous accomplishments, he remains today modest and incredibly unspoiled.

Henry Morgan, a featured player who acted with Gary in *High Noon*, Cooper's latest picture out this month, says, "When a guy gets to be as famous as Coop, you expect him to put on airs, to get temperamental, and blow his top every two minutes. But not this guy. He's easy to work with. He never bothers anyone, and he's all for giving newcomers a big break. He never objects when the producer uses him to introduce an unknown actress. Fact is, he considers it an honor."

THE public, of course, has always regarded Gary Cooper as a simple, basic man of action. In their eyes he is a combination of all the great roles he's played. He's Longfellow Deeds, John Doe, Sergeant York, the Virginian, and Lou Gehrig. He is the kind of man all little girls want to grow up to marry, or as the late Robert Benchley once so pithily described him, "Coop gives the impression of being the last remaining virgin in Hollywood."

Actually, there is a good deal of difference between the Gary Cooper the movie fans feel they know so well and the real Gary Cooper.

Take, for example, the questions of demeanor, manner, and attitude. The popular impression of Cooper is that he's a fairly rough-hewn Westerner who talks haltingly in a slow mountain drawl, and who finds great difficulty in choosing the right words to express his thoughts.

That is not true. Cooper's voice is soft and seems to lack resonance, but it is a well-bred voice, and his enunciation leaves little to be desired.

It doesn't happen to fit the Gary Cooper myth, but Coop is a mild-mannered, well-educated gentleman—a far cry from the reticent, cow-punching heroes he sometimes depicts. "He may give the appearance of being slow-thinking," says Cecil B. DeMille, "but don't kid yourself. Cooper is as sharp as a razor. Lots of people think all he does is play himself in front of a camera. I've directed the man, and I can tell you that's a lot of bunk. His underplaying is part of his technique. There's nothing natural about it. The man is a great actor, so great, in fact, that he's convinced half the world that he's the same off-screen as he is on."

The depth of his understanding and feeling is evident in the answer he made recently to a reporter who asked him what sort of a child his daughter Maria was.

"It is difficult for me to be objective about my own daughter," Coop began, "but I honestly feel that she is one of the most perceptive and angelic little girls I've ever seen anywhere. I take her out, you know, to restaurants like Chasen's and Romanoff's, and in many ways, it's like having an adult along. Her conversation is intelligent. Her ideas are provocative. Her mother has done a superb job in raising Maria, and the child shows every indication of growing into the wonderful and versatile woman her mother is."

Cooper was born in Helena, Montana. When he was nine, his father, a former British barrister who later became an associate justice of the Montana Supreme Court, sent him to school in Bedfordshire, England.

Young Cooper remained abroad for four years. Classmates who remember him say

he was tall, quiet, and moody, and that he used to spin some amazing tales about the wild and woolly west.

One official of the British Foreign Office who remembers Cooper well, says, "In his attitude he seemed to us more British than American. He had a quality of reserve about him. He respected your privacy and expected you to respect his. He was pleasant and sociable but not an easy boy to know. I liked the chap but if anyone had ever predicted that he one day would become a cinema player, I should have said, 'Nonsense!'"

COOPER was 13 when he returned to Montana and enrolled in Bozeman High School. Here he spent most of his time drawing cartoons. He also broke his leg in an automobile accident and was sent to his uncle's cattle ranch to recover.

"While I was at my uncle's place," he recalls, "I discovered that it was much

BABY, IT'S WARM INSIDE!

At Camp Ma-ther, a mountain resort for San Franciscans, the nights are quite cold. Everyone is warned to bring plenty of warm blankets, but sometimes they forget, and then there are complaints. But—in one cabin, there is no sound of chattering teeth—only the sound of chuckles! On the wall is written: "You won't be cold in this bed. Ava Gardner slept here!"

Margaret Ann McGuire
San Francisco, California



easier to ride than to walk. That's when I began taking a great liking to horses. When my leg healed, I went back to high school."

After graduation, Coop entered Helena Wesleyan College and then transferred to Grinnell College in Iowa, where he spent three and a half years in pre-med school.

After college he returned to Helena where he tried supporting himself as a cartoonist. "Funny thing," he recalls, "the local paper would accept my cartoons and run them over my signature, only they never paid for any."

Presently, Cooper's father resigned from the bench in order to look after the estates some of his relatives had left in Southern California. Coop went south with his father and tried to get some art jobs in Hollywood.

"It was murder," he says. "I took some of my cartoons down to the Los Angeles Times, and the editor said they were terrible. That wasn't exactly the adjective he used. But he left no doubt as to what he thought of my artistic ability."

Cooper's interest in art is still intensive. His home boasts many collectors' items. When he was sick in a New Orleans hospital several months ago, he whiled away the time drawing cartoons, many of which were published in leading newspapers.

He is also an omnivorous reader and, except for his Warner Brothers' commitments, chooses all his story properties. Ernest Hemingway, the novelist, is his great and good friend. They like to hunt and fish together, at which time they discuss life and literature at length.

COOP is also a very smart man with a dollar. He employs no agent to set his business deals but he relies on his own acumen. He has a lawyer, I. H. Prinzmetal, who looks after the many details and contractual obligations, but it's al-

ways Gary who makes the decisions.

He earns anywhere from \$200,000 per picture and up. Most of his surplus funds are invested in what is known in the stock market as "open-end mutuals" investment trusts.

Gary's father-in-law is Paul Shields, a one-time member of the board of governors on the New York Stock Exchange, and when the actor married his step-daughter, Veronica Balfe, in 1933, Shields advised Cooper to invest his money prudently. Cooper followed the counsel.

As a matter of fact, it was Gary's financial know-how that caused him to abandon cartooning for screen-acting.

When he was earning \$10 a day as an extra, and scarcely making both ends meet since he only averaged about two days' work per week, he learned that one star, Tom Mix, was earning \$70,000 a month.

"When I found out about Mix earning all that money," Coop says, "I went home and got my drawing boards and sold all my art supplies. I waited until I got \$65. Then I hired a cameraman to make a screen test of me. After that, I looked around and got an agent."

"There was a girl working in his office. Nan Collins was her name. We started discussing names one afternoon, and she said, 'A name like Frank Cooper is no good. There are two Frank Coopers in pictures already. We've got to get something new for you.' She finally came up with Gary, and that's how I became Gary Cooper. When Sam Goldwyn hired me for a bit in *The Winning Of Barbara Worth*, I used my new name for the first time. It's been with me ever since."

Another illustration of Cooper's financial wisdom occurred after his first Paramount contract expired. He was earning \$300 a week at the time, and the studio offered to double that sum. When he learned that Paramount was committed to deliver four more Gary Cooper films to the exhibitors, Coop refused the offer. He went hunting for a month, then returned to sign a contract at \$1,750 a week. His first job under the new deal was to star opposite Clara Bow in one of the biggest money-makers of the period, *It*. Which brings us around to the all-important discussion of Gary Cooper and women.

FOR years Cooper has aroused the maternal instinct in women. He seems so unknowing, so shy, so bashful, skittish, and unbending that they want to guide, baby, and mother him.

Before Coop was married, he was the target of practically every eligible girl in Hollywood.

Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, the Countess Di Frasso, and dozens of others all tried to hook him. The tall Westerner actually fell in love with some of these women, but he always realized that while many of them were attractive, witty, and fascinating, none would make a good wife, at least for him—so that when the word "marriage" was mentioned, he ran.

One of the best illustrations of the man's great popularity and enormous latent supply of sex appeal occurred at the premiere of *Design For Living*, a film in which Coop starred with Miriam Hopkins.

Hundreds of women broke through the ropes around the theatre entrance and began tearing the clothes off Gary's back. It got so bad that two dozen policemen had to rescue the actor from the clutching hands of his clamoring female admirers.

When Coop finally escaped from the mob, he decided that the best thing for him to do was to get married and settle down.

In 1932, at a party given by MGM art director Cedric Gibbons, he was intro-

duced to his host's niece, a girl called Rocky, named Veronica Balfe, who had appeared in a few pictures under the name of Sandra Shaw. They were married a year later, and in 1937, Rocky gave birth to a daughter, Maria.

For 17 long years Gary Cooper was a model husband, and his marriage was one of the most successful in the movie colony.

He taught Rocky how to shoot, and in 1938 she won the California Women's Skeet Championship. She, in turn, taught her husband how to ski, and they bought a ski lodge in Aspen, Colorado.

They moved into a white Georgian home in Brentwood that covers three-and-a-half acres and is beautifully landscaped with gardens, swimming pool, and tennis court. Coop bought a small tractor and cultivated a vegetable and citrus garden, and the pair took to raising chickens and ducks.

It was an idyllic life, combining domesticity with travel and outdoor sports.

What happened to disrupt this paradise?

AFTER 17 years, Cooper, reaching that critical stage in life where a man begins to dread the inevitable passing of his youth, began seeing more and more of Pat Neal, a tall, young, talented actress he had starred opposite in *The Fountainhead*. Pat is a girl of integrity and insight, and she refused to become the cause of any marital mishap.

When Gary moved out of his house, however, and Rocky officially announced their separation, Pat felt free to date Cooper. As everyone knew she would, she fell hopelessly and completely in love with him. With all her heart she hoped that Coop would resolve the inner struggle that raised itself in his mind—the struggle between returning to Rocky, or divorcing her and starting life anew with Pat.

Cooper, for a while, was beside himself with anguish and indecision. If he divorced Rocky, his beloved daughter, Maria, would become the child of a broken home.

He didn't know what to do. He felt he

couldn't give up Pat—and after 17 years, how can one give up a wonderful wife?

It was Pat who had to make the final decision. After all—it was she who was being compromised. If there was no hope of Gary marrying her, what was the sense in seeing him night after night? What was the point in getting more and more involved when the end would be misery?

With great, soul-searing courage, Pat decided. If Cooper had no intention of divorcing his wife, she would refuse to see him. Coop would have to make the choice—he couldn't have his cake and eat it, too.

Coop stalled. He just couldn't break off from Rocky. While he was making *Springfield Rifle* on location in Lone Palm he would call his wife on the phone, tell her he'd be in for the weekend to take Maria out.

Eventually, Pat Neal realized it was hopeless. She cried her eyes out, packed her bags, refused to see her Hollywood friends, left town, and moved to New York, her heart pretty well shattered.

Coop was broken up for a while—but after a few weeks, instead of reconciling with his wife as everyone predicted, he took up with a girl named Dusty Miller. Before he left for Samoa to star in *Return To Paradise*, Gary and Dusty were seen everywhere together, especially in the night clubs. Coop seemed to be living every night as if it were his last. No one took their affair seriously, however, least of all Coop who insisted to columnists that he had to do something to while the time away before he left for the South Seas.

Once *Paradise* was finished, Gary returned to Hollywood—but not to Dusty Miller. He came home to Rocky just in time to escort her to the highly-publicized Marion Davies party. A day later he took off for Idaho to do a little hunting and to decide what to do with the rest of his life.

Right now Gary Cooper is in the midst of making up his mind. It is no easy job. The stakes are high.

END

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daddy is a character

(Continued from page 39) comes home dead tired it's another matter. The minute he gets out of his car the two dogs, which weigh in at around eighty pounds each, land on him full force, and ten minutes later when John has beaten his way to the door, he finds a more formidable foe. Russ is standing there with a king-sized grin, and immediately lets his old man have it in the shins. Either this, or pummeling John in the stomach, is Russ's inimitable way of letting his father know he's in for it. And John smiles a tight little smile and tosses Russ up to the ceiling for 30 seconds before he collapses.

Naturally Russell has no clear idea of what a studio is or the meaning of the fact that daddy is an actor. He takes for granted that his father's picture will be in every magazine he picks up and takes great glee in leafing through each one arriving at the house until he has spotted John's face. Any magazine without a picture of Pop isn't worth its salt. What he does understand is that when Daddy is working in a picture he must keep his fingernails and hammers and pistols away from John's face. He learned this the hard way one night when he had been twisting John's ear and his nails left a long scratch across his father's cheek. You might think he had set the house on fire. John jumped up and ran to a mirror, and Patti went over to Russ and explained to him that when Daddy is working he can't

get marks on his face because the camera picks them up the next day. This information ran through Russ like a sieve, but he does cooperate to the extent that he now asks if John is working before he clouts him on the nose.

THE reference to his father working in a picture was the one that stopped him. The only pictures he had ever seen were those in magazines or those that John had painted. John used to set up his easel and canvas in the patio, and pretty soon Russ would spot him and crawl under the canvas and stand there watching his father and/or for a chance to get his fingers in the paint. So after a while John gave up painting.

As a matter of fact John is always starting something he doesn't finish. He used to do a lot of sculpting and Russ is fascinated by the assorted unfinished statues around the house. A few have bodies without heads, a few have heads without bodies, and the only completed project is that of an apple. After that, John was bitten by the photography bug and cameras and flashbulbs littered the house for weeks. Then one day two men came to the house. They were from Mexico and John told Russ they were bullfighters and then proceeded to learn all about bull fighting. He read a couple of books and practiced around the house with the cape the matadors had left for him as a souvenir. He got the dogs in the act and put Russ to work with a dish towel, explaining that Russ was to swing out of the

way when the dogs ran for the towel. This would have probably been a cinch for Russell, but his old man had to get technical. Bull fighters, said John, stand with their feet together. So he put Russ's feet side by side, and all Russ needed in that position was the wind from the dogs going by. He fell flat on his face and then looked up at his father with an expression that clearly said any fool should know that a boy of two-and-a-half can't balance with his feet close together.

Another day when Russ spotted John swinging the cape around the living room he figured he'd give his old man a good time. "I'm toro," said Russ, who has a faculty of picking up new words.

John beamed. "Okay," he said, "you charge me now."

Russ pounded on the floor with his fists and snorted the way he had seen John do when he was explaining what a bull was. He went straight for the cape, got it wound around his face so that he couldn't see where he was going, and by the time John had whisked it away Russ was headed straight for the edge of a table. Inertia took him right into it and he got a whack on the nose he'll never forget. He looked up at John pretty ruefully but kept his counsel, and since that day has never again joined up in this bull game.

Russ probably knows anyway that it's due to fade any day now. John has met Rito Romero the wrestler and now whenever Russ goes looking for his father he usually finds him in the patio with a couple of muscle men who are tossing each other all over the place. When John gets tired of that he comes in the house and chisels some more on the big piece of driftwood in the living room. This is a project which John hopes to make into a coffee table one of these days. Russ doesn't know which of these days it's going to be because it's been quite a few of them now. John chisels and chisels until he's got a flat top, and then he puts wax in the holes and then he puts some shiny stuff on it and rubs and rubs it. If he's ever satisfied with the way it looks, then he'll have to figure out some way to put legs under it.

Russ ignores his father when work is in progress on the driftwood. It's no fun at all unless he can get into the wax, and that's taboo. He also ignores his parents when they're engaged in a serious discussion. If they're happy and gay he's sure to break it up by shooting everybody involved with his assortment of pistols, but if they're having a disagreement, however slight, he sits down and plays quietly, waiting for it to blow over so that he can get a laugh out of them.

This is one place where Russ shines. He's a natural comedian and never fluffs a chance to get a laugh. The first time John and Patti took him to a drive-in theatre he leaned out of the car window and informed the neighbors that he was Russell Derek. "How do you do?" he said. "I'm Russell Derek. Russell Derek's my name."

"What a ham!" said John, but he and Patti laughed, so now Russ never forgets to do this when they go to a drive-in movie.

For a long time he had his hat act. Russ likes hats and has a whole pile of them, most of which are so big that they come down over his face. The gag was fool-proof until the day John noticed the hats were pushing on Russell's ears and making them stick out. So now when Russ puts on a hat he has to keep it way on top of his head. He can't understand all this fuss about a couple of ears.

Nor has he any comprehension about the stew over the gate that bars the way out of the patio. John never bothered to open it—just leapt over it, and Patti kept 72 telling him he was going to set Russell a

bad example, that pretty soon the boy would try to climb over it. So John took to opening and closing it with the dignity of a prime minister when he went through, and Russ feels it's all much ado about nothing. He had the idea to climb over that gate long before he first saw his father jump it, and example or no, he intends trying it as soon as he's big enough.

He's heard them discussing, too, the necessity of John keeping his voice down. "Please don't raise your voice in front of the baby," Patti says, and Russ figures it all as a waste of time. He makes so much noise all by himself that he couldn't hear his father if John used a microphone.

SOMETIMES RUSS just doesn't understand his father. Like the time John took him down to the corral and put him up on Diamond Star's back. Russ likes animals in general and horses in particular, and so

When Edmund Grainger was supervising the filming of *The Fabulous Texan*, he endeavored to render the smoke signals in the story as authentic as possible by having them supervised by a couple of Arizona Indians.

After they had finished their task, Grainger warmly commended them for the splendid job they did.

"Oh, there was nothing to it," one of the Indians rejoined. "We learned how to do it from the movies."

*Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter*

couldn't understand why John was so proud that he wasn't afraid. The toy lizard that John brought home was something else again. Real lizards are okay—they're fun—but this rubber thing bounced around the house as though it had lost its mind, and Russ was terrified lest the thing should land on his head. And John, instead of sympathizing, threw up his hands in bewilderment.

The two are worlds apart in their opinions about toys, too. Russell takes every new toy completely apart in a matter of seconds, figuring nothing's any fun until you know what's inside of it. John, on the other hand, takes the strange attitude that toys are to be kept whole. The only one that's remained that way is the toy monkey he gave Russ last Christmas. They gave him along with it some malarkey about a guy named Santa Claus, but Russ knew quite well his pop had bought it for him because of the special glow on his face when Russ opened it. As a matter of courtesy Russ has left the monkey intact, but the suspense is killing him and one day he'll get to the inside of that thing.

John goes along with him unless and until the going gets too rough, and then starts the discipline. Or at least John's own brand with Russ, which consists of one, maybe two whacks. It stops there because, as John tells Patti, Russ isn't the same boy when he's being punished that he was when he was stuffing hamburger into his mouth with his hands. That calls for a whack, sure, but the minute Russ turns on the tears John melts like an iceberg in the Caribbean. He has even said, in Russ's presence, that his son's face gets him, that he looks like an angel the minute he's done something wrong. Russ wasn't born yesterday and knows full well that all he has to do is squeeze the tears and the spanking ceases.

He knows his father is a big man. He's seen him stick on a spooky horse and heard him outpoint friends in an argument. But let something happen to Russ, and John is as effective as a paper cup in the Pacific. Like the day Patti took Russ for his first

haircut and drove him home in the sun with the top down. The heat got him and by the time he got home he passed out, with a temperature of 103. When he came to, John was rifling through the telephone directory and frantically calling one doctor after another. No one could come right away, but by the time one did arrive over an hour later, Russ's fever had disappeared and he was chewing happily on John's pants leg. Russ thinks John's face can change from May to December faster than anybody's you ever saw.

BUT always Russ knows that John is on his side, even if the old man does overdo this protective stuff a little bit. They're great pals these days and Russ tries to do everything John does. This includes swimming, which he does quite well for his years. The only trouble is that just as he's beginning to have a good time, John decides Russ had better get dressed before he catches cold. And when John himself has a cold he won't let Russ near him. "Don't touch Daddy," he says. Russ thinks it's pretty silly because he never catches a cold. He can't remember when he's been sick, yet his old man is forever watching over him.

John and Patti consider Russ to be a rather well behaved boy on the whole, and quite obedient. They keep wondering aloud, in front of him, whether it's because of their training or his own good nature. Russ can't figure how they know he's good. If he had a brother or sister they'd have some way of comparing him, but this way, he tells himself happily, he has the whole ship to himself. He knows the answer, though. He minds because he doesn't make out so well if he doesn't. At first he tried ignoring it when John called him to come to him, but even though John's spankings are short lived, he has a pretty heavy hand. So with simple logic, Russ comes.

John has given up the spankings almost entirely by now. He doesn't enjoy them—even Russ knows that—and he's taken to lecturing instead. If Russ mugs it up a little and looks real interested in what his old man is saying, John is sometimes good for a lollipop or two. So Russ stands there looking very serious and listens for a while and then he says, "Okay, okay, okay," and that always breaks up John, who forgets to finish the lecture.

In the hours without lectures, Russ enjoys tremendously his relationship with his father. He seems to sense already that he is lucky to have a pop who likes all kinds of sports and who one day will be able to teach him a great deal about these things. And when John goes away on business, Russ is crushed. The house seems so big and so empty and quiet.

JOHN'S trips are almost always made by plane, and Russ is taken to the airport to wave goodbye to John. But the other morning when Russ got to the breakfast table and missed John, he looked puzzled and said, "Where's Daddy?"

"Your father's gone away, down to Mexico to see a bull fight," said Patti.

"Silly boy," said Russ. "He didn't go away. I didn't wave at the plane."

"But he went in the car," explained Patti, and Russ looked at her coolly and shook his head. "Nope," he said. "No plane. You're hiding him somewhere."

He was really unhappy about that one. It's bad enough to have the old man gone, but to have him sneak away or what's worse, hide for two days, was more than Russ could take. He wasn't truly happy again until John came home and he could fly out from behind the door and butt the big character in the stomach.

END

(John Derek will soon be seen in Columbia's *Prince Of Pirates*.)

no tears for mitzi

(Continued from page 47) madcap with an irrepresible sense of humor and a pixie personality, and more talent than many a long-faced drahmah queen.

He forgave her, of course. In fact at the end of the production, Negulesco formally presented her with a tin lunch box. But her reputation as a practical joker was so firmly established at this point that the publicity department had little to do but embellish it from time to time with more samples of Gaynor gags that may or may not have happened.

And here's where the real practical joke sets in. It's a strange thing, but occasionally an actress is given a build-up which seemingly fits her personality. Then a crisis occurs in her private life, and the build-up looms false, incongruous, out of character. So it was with Mitzi Gaynor.

Coincidental with the establishment of Mitzi's effervescent sense of humor came the announcement that this delightful, dancing pixie was ecstatically in love with a handsome, prematurely gray young lawyer named Richard Coyle.

This love affair, which was Mitzi's first, began when she was 16. It lasted five years. It was supposed to culminate in marriage on September 4th, 1952 when Mitzi was 21. It culminated in nothingness. A few weeks ago Mitzi and Dick Coyle had one of those momentous heart-to-heart talks which usually prefaces the breakup of any engagement.

The talk took place in the old-fashioned Hollywood Hills home where Mitzi and her mother lived on the second floor and Dick and his mother lived on the first.

Mitzi had made her decision the week before, and because she is honest and straightforward and has always respected her former fiancé for his intellect and integrity, she made it short and sweet.

"I'm sorry," she said, removing the diamond engagement ring, "I can't wear this any longer."

Dick Coyle said nothing for a moment, just stood there gulping, looking into the sad brown eyes of the talented beauty who had been christened Francesca Mitzi Marlene de Chenzy von Gerber.

A few days later the Coyles, mother and son, moved out of the home they had jointly occupied with the Gerbers, mother and daughter. Thus finis was written to a Cinderella romance which even jaded Hollywood had accorded the destiny of a happy ending.

AFTER five long years of loving, hoping, working, waiting, and planning, why did Mitzi Gaynor break her engagement to Richard Coyle?

The 31-year-old attorney when asked to comment on the breakup, merely said, "It's a personal thing, and I don't want to talk about it."

Mitzi herself says in her usual, jaunty, bouncing style, "These things happen. A girl just decides that marriage to a certain man wouldn't be right for her; so she just doesn't marry that certain man."

Mrs. Pauline Gerber, Mitzi's mother, who knows something about heartache—she left her husband back in Detroit when she and her only child came west to try their luck—is of the opinion, "that it is best to forget about that affair. There's no point in re-hashing it. Mitzi is only 21. She has yet to reach the peak of her career, and there's plenty of time for marriage."

All of these quotations beg the question. None of them answers it. According to intimates the reason Mitzi Gaynor isn't Mrs. Richard Coyle today is that she has fallen for a famous studio executive.

Whether Mitzi Gaynor cares deeply for this man, more than twice her age,

whether anything, professional or non professional, emerges from this acquaintance-ship, it definitely proves one thing: When a 16-year-old girl tells the world that she is a "one-man-gal" and that "I have found the man in life for me," it may be regarded as the delightfully romantic, but often false notion of any young girl, immature and tender of heart. Mitzi is now old enough to realize she wants her fling. She isn't ready to settle down with any one young man no matter how brilliant, amusing, or educated.

When Mitzi Gaynor was 16 she was dancing in *Naughty Marietta* at the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera. One night backstage she caught a glimpse of a tall, handsome young man talking to Edward Everett Horton. The tall young man caught a glimpse of her, too. The glimpse became a stare.

"A funny thing," Mitzi has said. "I knew I'd just have to meet him. I asked Horton to introduce me. As a gag he wouldn't, but he did tell me that the fellow's name was Richard Coyle and that he was a fraternity brother of his, and that he'd just graduated from law school at Northwestern."

That's how it started, with a strong rapport of physical attraction between Mitzi Gaynor and Richard Coyle.

People have since wondered how a mature, settled, quiet, well-educated young man like Coyle could fall for a scatterbrain like Mitzi.

The truth is that there is little logic or reasonableness in love. Coyle recognized great potential in Mitzi, and when she reached her 17th birthday—they had met and dated several times previously—he gave her a gold band, a ring she prefers to call "a friendship ring."

The important factor to remember in this love affair was the relative obscurity of the participants. Practically no one had ever heard of Richard Coyle in California, and Mitzi Gerber (the name she went by before Fox changed it) was, in the year 1947, a dancer who had worked in several shows put on by Edgar Lester: *The Fortune Teller*, *Song Of Norway*, *Louisiana Purchase*, and *Naughty Marietta*. This was no love affair between a star-struck youth and a well-known dancer.

Dick and Mitzi were just a pair of kids in love, so much in love that one night Mitzi came to her mother and said, "Dick and I want to get married."

Looking back on it now Mitzi says, "Mother didn't exactly blow her top. She's much too sensible for that. But she pointed out other entertainers who had married at an early age, Shirley Temple, Lana Turner, Judy Garland. I knew what had happened to their first marriages, so when she suggested that we wait until I reached 21, I objected of course, but in my heart I felt she was right."

"After all, I wasn't anywhere yet in my career and neither was Dick. He was just starting out as a lawyer. How would we support ourselves? When you're very young and very much in love, I don't guess you worry about such down-to-earth things."

MITZI's big break came not long after she had been graduated from the School for Professional Children run by Mala Powers' mother. George Jessel, the ex-20th Century-Fox producer who still refers to her as "Morris," caught Mitzi playing the part of a gold-digging ballerina in *The Great Waltz*. It was during this operetta that Mitzi showed her great stage presence. While she was dancing her petticoat slipped down. Very casually Mitzi stepped out of it and continued waltzing with Walter Slezak.

George Jessel says now, "When I first caught Morris up there on the stage, I said

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to myself, 'This kid is worth a test.' I asked her to come out to the studio and she sang 'I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy' while the cameras rolled. I thought she was singing the song for me, but now she says it was this guy Coyle she had in mind. Whoever it was, she did a great job. We signed her to a one-picture deal at a grand a week. When Zanuck saw the rushes he gave her the usual seven-year contract at the same figure. I wanted to change her name into something pretty glamorous, but she insisted on keeping the Mitzi and the same last initial, so we came up with Gaynor."

What was her fiancé Richard Coyle doing while Mitzi was earning her \$1,000 a week? Working in a downtown insurance office during the day and studying for his bar exams during the night. He decided presently that it was more prudent of him to return to Chicago where he'd been offered a better-paying job.

Starring in musicals is the hardest picture-making there is. Mitzi found that out when she reported for work on the set of *My Blue Heaven*—but the months of arduous study and rehearsal were good for the slant-eyed madcap because they tired her physically and she hardly had enough strength left to worry about her Dickie-boy in Chicago. Only it was known all around Hollywood that Mitzi Gaynor was engaged, and none of the local wolves tried to move in. It wouldn't have helped them anyway.

"I'm a one-man-gal," Mitzi used to say. "and I have been since I met Richard. Maybe it's corny to believe in love at first sight, but that's what happened to me."

When Richard returned from Chicago he and his mother moved into the Gerber residence, which, even for Hollywood, is a most unique move. The columnists of course quickly came to the conclusion that Dick and Mitzi had eloped somewhere and had been secretly married.

I remember I once asked Mitzi while she was making *Take Care Of My Little Girl* if she hadn't eloped to Las Vegas. "Look, Cuz," she said (Cuz is the moniker she reserves for people whose names she doesn't know or remember) "when I get married it won't be an elopement. We'll do it up right, in a church with all the

trimmings." Her eyes shone with dreams. "When do you think that'll be?" I asked. Mitzi grinned. "Around my 21st birthday."

When I mentioned that conversation to an agent-friend of mine, he laughed and came up with a prophecy which has turned out to be the truth.

"That girl ain't marrying anybody for a long time," he said.

"Don't be silly," I answered. "She's getting married in September. Told me so herself."

THE agent regarded me with amused tolerance. "I know that little chick," he began, "and she's career-crazy. To her, her career comes first. Don't you know she's been dancing since the age of four? Her aunt on her mother's side was a concert ballet dancer. All her life this kid has been trained for stardom. I used to see her mother around town when they first came here from Detroit. She used to make the studio rounds with Mitzi trying to get the kid a break. The mother is a frustrated actress. She's living her life vicariously through Mitzi."

"Mitzi's got the same sense of values as her mother. You think she's going to give up what she has now to get married to this lawyer?"

"I may be talking through my hat, but this kid, as cute and smart as she is—well, she's career-driven, and I'll give you five-to-one that come September she stays married to 20th Century-Fox. Mitzi is heading for the big-time, and she'll let some big-time guy help her, but you can bet your last doughnut that there isn't a guy alive today who's going to slow her down."

"Mind you, I'm not knocking the kid. I think she's wonderful, really talented; I caught some of the rushes of *The I Don't Care Girl*, and she's swell; but, like I say, she'd have to have rocks in her head to give it all up for marriage. I don't think she will."

In retrospect the agent was right, and practically all the rest of Hollywood wrong. People who know Mitzi well say she made a sad mistake in going steadily with one man.

A girl who attended Mme. Katherine

Etienne's ballet school with the dancer, told me, "Mitzi loves a variety of things. She has a restless nature. Every girl should use her adolescent years as a time for experiment, a time for dating. That's the only way you get to know about men. They say boys need a fling as part of their education. The husband who marries early usually kicks over the traces. Isn't that what happened to Kirk Douglas? In a way I think that's what happened to Mitzi."

"Outside of a few schoolgirl crushes she never dated anyone but Dick Coyle. When you're very young the way she was, you start out being infatuated with a fellow. If after a year or two you don't get married the infatuation cools off. It's the same with most marriages. I think if Mitzi really wanted to marry Richard she could have done so last year when she was 20. After all the age of consent in California is 18."

"Actually it's a good thing that she's decided to play around a little. The more she sees of other men, especially in Hollywood, the more she'll realize what a wonderful guy she had in Dick Coyle. I've heard all those rumors about Mitzi and her V. I. P. and while he's a very influential man and can help any actress a great deal—let's face it, he doesn't happen to be the marrying kind. Of course, if Mitzi doesn't want to get married, she can play the field. But playing the field isn't very rewarding. By the time you decide on one certain guy, you usually discover that he's married to somebody else."

MITZI's mother feels that an actress can have both a career and marriage—and quite a few actresses, Susan Hayward, June Allyson, Jane Powell, and Jeanne Crain—have all managed to pull the trick. Right now, however, Mitzi is concentrating on her career and if there is some other man who has the inside track on her heart, she is keeping his identity hidden.

The girl who, according to all the publicity handouts, is supposed to gush like a severed artery, cracking jokes left and right, ready with a quip at the slightest provocation, says very little these days.

Has a new love got your tongue, Mitzi?

END

heartbreak ahead?

(Continued from page 52) feeling that everyone has been waiting for her third marriage to blow sky-high. And it's true. No one expects the Gardner-Sinatra marriage to last. Even as you read these very lines, it may be finished either temporarily or for good.

However, for Ava it won't be all play. If everything goes according to her planned schedule the actress will remain outside the U.S. at least 18 months. She will do *Mogambo*, a remake of the original Jean Harlow film titled *Red Dust*, opposite Clark Gable in Africa. This picture will be finished by March, 1953.

Then she will fly to Paris or London to star in a film tentatively titled *The House On Humility Street*. Ava will portray a night club singer in Paris who falls tempestuously in love with a young American who is preparing for the priesthood. This production should be finished by the end of 1953.

The second Mrs. Sinatra will then make a third picture abroad; neither she nor the studio knows what it will be.

After a dozen years in the movie colony of spasmodic work at salaries ranging from \$250 to \$1,250 a week, Ava, because of taxes and mounting expenses, has practically no money in the bank. Moreover, she has been 74 exceedingly unhappy in her relationship

with MGM—L. B. Mayer, former production chief at the studio, was furious with her for going around with Frank Sinatra—and she was determined not to re-sign with that organization.

However, when she was offered 18 months abroad, a fat boost in salary, and a chance to keep most of it, she forgot her "mad" and signed the new deal. It was rumored that she wanted a clause in her contract permitting her to star in at least one picture with Frank Sinatra, and while the matter was broached, MGM refused to entertain any such thought.

It wasn't only the pot of gold that made Ava Gardner decide to try to reach the other end of the rainbow. This "change of scene" may be just what the doctor ordered for Mrs. Sinatra's marital ills. Her union with Frank is unhealthy. It's heading toward an early demise. The symptoms are all there, everybody recognizes them. Everybody discusses them.

Ava knows this and it nettles her. In the year that she and Frank have been married they've bickered, fought, and quarreled all over the town. Generally Ava is an honest, frank-talking girl, but when reporters questioned her about these fights she denied them and, on one occasion, she bitterly berated one of the best writer friends she has in Hollywood because he printed a truthful approximation of her marital status with Frank.

When you quarrel in public, when your husband goes on location with you as Frank did with Ava when she made *Vaquero* in Utah, it is a physical impossibility to keep these battles a secret. People see and people will talk.

Why do Ava and Frank fight so much?

The answer is that Ava is basically a shy, insecure, fear-ridden, intelligent young woman who knows that for many years the man to whom she is now married was regarded as a Casanova of the 20th century.

Having spent a good deal of time with Artie Shaw, Ava knows what life is like for a crooner like Frankie on the road. She knows that when he plays New York, a small army of females thrives in that town any member of which would love to get her lips on her man. She knows that Sinatra, has, when he wants to use it, great charm, warmth, and good nature. In the mood, Frank can charm the fangs out of a snake.

As a singer he may have passed his prime, but as a man he is still virile, attractive, and particularly appealing to the type of girl who follows bands and singers. Jealousy has frequently been defined as that intangible which sits up with a wife when her husband is out late. Ava is not particularly jealous—it is impossible for anyone to have been married to such husbands as Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw without developing an awareness of the foibles inherent in man—it is rather that

she is fearful, afraid that her marriage to Frank will inevitably come apart at the seams.

When Frank is away from her, and in the year of their marriage he's been working out of town in New York, Lake Tahoe, New Jersey, Chicago—wherever he could pick up a buck—Ava has been bedeviled by thoughts which give her no peace. She wonders what Frank is doing when he isn't working; her imagination begins to play tricks on her, and she cannot sleep.

It is no exaggeration to say that at the time she left for Africa she had developed a beautiful case of insomnia for herself. She couldn't go to bed until she was utterly exhausted and worried out, usually by 4:00 or 4:30 in the morning; and she would sleep a restless, troubled sleep until 1:00 or 2:00 in the afternoon. Worse yet, her appetite fell off, and she became so thin that at such formal functions as the Marion Davies party she could not afford to wear a strapless gown, so much had the wherewithal to hold it up diminished.

Whether Ava has had any grounds to worry about Frank is beside the point. The fact is that she thinks she has, and for a year she's worried herself sick. In September when Frank was playing the Riviera in Jersey, Ava came to New York and stayed with him at the Hampshire House. One evening after a long dragged-out verbal battle in which she accused the thin man of behavior not on par with her expectations, Ava returned to their suite. Frank had gone to Jersey, and inwardly she was seething. She took off her wedding ring, wrote him a short but blistering farewell note, left the ring over which they both had taken their marriage vows, on top of the note, packed her bags, and returned to the Coldwater Canyon house they used to rent in Beverly Hills.

When Frank got back to the hotel the following morning he was flabbergasted. Regardless of his behavior he loves Ava more than he has ever loved any other woman, and when he read her farewell note, it seemed to him as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. "She can't do this," he kept saying to himself.

His first impulse was to race to La Guardia, catch a plane, and follow Ava home. Then he realized he was booked into the Hotel Chase in St. Louis in a few days, and if he cancelled out he would be sued for the small fortune he doesn't have.

He put the marriage ring Ava had left into his pocket, waited until the next day, then placed a long distance phone call to Beverly Hills. Eventually Ava came to the phone. The newlyweds spoke and quarreled. The same old story . . . Do you promise? Yes, I promise. I've heard that one before . . . and on ad infinitum.

PRESENTLY Frank discovered that he'd lost Ava's wedding ring. He ordered a duplicate. In Hollywood, however, Ava confided to friends that she and Frank were approaching the end of the trail. She couldn't care less, she asserted, if he cancelled plans to accompany her to Africa and Europe. She was taking her inoculations for scarlet fever, cholera, smallpox, and a flock of tropical diseases, and she didn't care what he did. This of course was merely so much venting of the spleen. Ava cared a good deal. She drove down to the Palm Springs house, the only home the Sinatras really own, and when Frank phoned from St. Louis, she was a little more amenable to his proposals for a truce.

Frank said he'd be home in a week or two, and Ava said she was going to the Marion Davies party with Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas. A few days later, she added, she and Lana were going down to Tijuana for the bull fights. Carlos Arruza, the great Mexican matador, was fighting, and she didn't want to miss him.

Frank allowed as he might be able to make the bullfights with her. This was the peace prelude.

When he was finished with his Hotel Chase engagement, the crooner flew home. A day later he and Ava had made up. Frank had been reinstated in his wife's good graces. She told him about the fight Lana and Lamas had engaged in at the Davies party and explained that Lana would attend the bullfights with Benny Cole.

Benny is a former business manager for Artie Shaw who now works as a business manager for two of Artie's ex-wives, Lana and Ava. He is a very indulgent young man and specializes in what he calls "personal service." He runs errands for his clients, accompanies Lana to Lake Tahoe, carries messages for the girls to and from MGM, even acts as their escort when escorts are scarce.

When the bullfights at Tijuana were over on October 12th, and some 5,000 people in the audience had seen Frank squeezed like a sardine between Ava and Lana, the news was quickly flashed that Ava and Frank had effected another reconciliation—no one knew or cared exactly which reconciliation this was, the tenth or the twentieth—and that both of them would leave for Africa together.

A few days later I ran into them at Frascatis, a restaurant in Beverly Hills. "You going overseas with Ava?" I asked the singer.

"You bet," he said.

"Going to do any work over there?"

"I think so," Frank said. He explained that there were many theatres in Africa, particularly in South Africa where he might entertain, but that more than anything else he didn't want to get too far away from Ava. That's what most of their trouble had been about in this country, being separated because of the circumstances of their respective careers.

Ava pointed out that some of Mogambo would be shot in England and that Frank had always been extremely popular at the Palladium in London and could undoubtedly find bookings there. They both seemed as happy as I've ever seen them.

Just how long that happiness will last I don't know. I do know, however, that Ava was happy to get away from Hollywood. This town has given her a strange kind of guilt complex.

I remember a few months ago when Frank was singing at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles. Ava had dyed her hair blonde and used to come to the hotel for the first show to give her man every possible support on his comeback trail. Midway during his performance, Frank would turn to the audience and ask for requests.

One night a particularly obnoxious red-head jumped to her feet. When Frank offered to sing any of the many songs he'd made famous, this "beaut" shouted, "Sing 'Nancy'! Sing 'Nancy'! We want 'Nancy'!" ("Nancy" is the title of a love ballad dedicated to Frank's first wife.)

At that moment I looked across the room at Ava. She was sitting with Frank's manager, Hank Sanicola. Her white complexion was an uncomfortably unbecoming shade of red.

OVERSEAS Ava Gardner Sinatra is sure such embarrassments won't occur. She hopes she's said goodbye to this kind of heartache. Which is one reason she's glad she went. The other, and much less important, is the money. Money has never been the prime consideration in Ava Gardner's life. "I never had any to begin with," she once said, "and I don't expect I'll have any at the end."

The last thing she wants to do in the world is to have to admit the same thing of happiness with Frank Sinatra.

END

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(Continued from page 32) "Give me just one kiss, please!" Bob shook her off and hit out for the truck. Another girl was already inside. He deposited her politely but firmly back on the street. "Gun it!" he yelled to Tim, already at the wheel.

As they roared away, Bob noticed his boys, Jim and Chris, wide awake and wider eyed.

"What's the big attraction?" Jim asked. "Sounded like dames. Was it?"

"It was," panted Bob. "Nuttty dames They think I'm a movie star."

"Well," countered Jim, "aren't you?"

"That's what some people claim back in Hollywood," answered Bob. "But I never believed that, do you?"

"Naw—not if you say so."

"Attaboy," his pop. patted him. "Now get back to sleep."

Bob Mitchum was running away from Hollywood—shaking the glamor-dust from his kicks as he's done before when it got too thick for comfort. At that get-away point, he didn't want to be reminded of a status which, for reasons peculiar to Robert Charles Mitchum, he is forced periodically to assure himself and everyone close to him ain't necessarily so—even though it so obviously is.

"This Hollywood star stuff—it's still not for real. I'm just in on a pass. I'm like a guest in the house. Soon—I'll be traveling on. I'm not a big Hollywood star, and I'm not terribly interested in being one. I haven't enhanced my position much socially or financially. Sure—I've got a house with a mortgage—a wonderful wife and three wonderful kids, a '48 Buick and this knockout heap. But I get little benefit or satisfaction out of being a freak. I've been one for eight years. Ten years is long enough for a guy to stick at any job, isn't it? I'm just sweating out the next two years on my contract and hoping to do one good job. Then—here we go again!"

You might call that the home-again blues. Or the get-away blues. Or the Mitchum melancholies. Whatever the tag, they're what seizes Bob Mitchum whenever he's had a footloose look at the world outside Hollywood, when the pressure builds up and he itches to be on his way. It's a chronic affliction with as misunderstood a character as has ever landed on Hollywood's golden shores, but who found the elusive gold he's juggled there not the kind of stuff he was chasing at the end of the rainbow

wheels which is built on a Ford truck.

After that upsetting incident, the Oochapap rolled on—farther and farther away from Hollywood—over Colorado's Rockies and across Oklahoma's plains. Through the piney woods of Arkansas, the cypress swamps and along the bayous of Mississippi and Louisiana. Along the way, the gear inside Bob's ramble wagon got a thorough workout as Mitch and his boys stopped and camped where they pleased, fished, hunted, swam, explored and chinned with the characters they met.

IN New Orleans, his wife, Dorothy, joined the gang and they headquartered at their pal, Frank Monteleone's hotel in the Old Quarter of the Mitchums' favorite city, where time goes back a couple of hundred years. They roamed up and down the narrow streets with their filigreed iron balconies, along Bourbon and Royal, and listened to the throbbing Basin Street jazz Mitch loves. They ate shrimps Creole and drank Sazeracs, exploring the intimate ante-bellum charms of the Old Absinthe House, the Vieux Carée, the Famous Door, the LaFitte Bar. When that palled, the Mitchums rolled along the Gulf Coast to Biloxi and Pass Christian where Frank Monteleone and his wife, Isabel, had a big log house up beside a bayou under ancient moss-draped oaks and a boat right in the front yard. Bob chugged out on the Gulf, ran into a line squall that almost

you're starting a picture." So the Mitchums flew home and Tim Wallace drove the Oochapap back. The pipe dream was ended, but not forgotten. Despite a three-month hiatus from Hollywood footloose and free, roaming and rambling, the gnawing, dissatisfied restlessness remains in Bob Mitchum's big chest—and fortunately or unfortunately for him—I'm pretty sure it always will.

I dropped in on the Mitchums a week after they got home this fall. Bob was still wearing his red-checked hunting shirt and his travel-soiled jeans. The picture job that spelled sudden death to his holiday still hadn't started then, and Bob was pacing restlessly around the big pine-paneled living room of his Mandeville Canyon place. Phones jangled constantly and sometimes Bob answered them. Sometimes he just growled, "I left yesterday," and prowled outside to where the Oochapap was parked, still crammed with the outdoor junk, as if straining at the leash to haul Mitch out on the open road again. On the lawn stretched his canvas boat, looking lonesome and thirsty for water. Bob came back in the house, sprawled on a long, leather sofa built to handle his outsized frame, reached for a shotgun and started polishing it with an oiled rag.

His wife, Dorothy, who has the softest brown eyes of any girl in Hollywood, sat in a club chair knitting. A fire crackled in the big fireplace. Pretty soon Dot's mother, Ina, brought in a fat, blue-eyed bundle—Petrina, Bob's new daughter, the prettiest, healthiest baby girl you ever saw and one you'd never guess almost died when she was born last winter. Bob bounced her on his knees, made faces and got faces back, called her "Baldy" then brought her a drink of warm milk to apologize. Chris, wearing a grin under a cocky, once white sailor hat romped in from school reminding his dad that the paper drive was coming up at Santa Monica Canyon school, also a PTA meeting, and don't forget the Cub Scout picnic. "You're in," grinned Bob, "I'll be there." Chris vanished into the study to practice his piano lesson, and about then Jimmy called from Harvard Military Academy. He'd just cracked his jaw playing football, he reported, and by the way, he wouldn't be home that week—yeah, he confessed, still working off demerits

*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

• One movie director—Arch Oboler of radio fame—likes to refer to himself in third person. Production was lagging but Oboler insisted on doing a scene over "I don't believe Oboler likes that scene the way it is now," he said.

Digustedly, his unhappy producer remarked, "When he comes in, I'll tell him."

**from the book by Andrew Hecht*

swamped the thing, had his arm halt yanked off by scrappy tarpon. He went into the bayou country angling for "green trout," the big Mississippi bass that grow as fat as whisky jugs; banged away at alligators in the swamps with his rifle, and on some lazy days just lounged around in the mossy shade with Dorothy and his hosts, nursing a tall, cool one. Hollywood seemed a million miles away and even more unimportant to a joker who never figured it was important to him, anyway.

After that the Oochapap (a Cajun word for practically anything) pushed on across Texas where everybody seemed to have a few million dollars, everybody wanted to toss a party for Bob and Dorothy and nobody could understand him when he said, at last, "I've got to get back to work."

"Work?" drawled one lady sadly, when she heard that excuse "Why, he's such a nice boy—does he have to work? My husband," she sighed, "had to work once—poor man."

But Bob knew what was coming. Hollywood caught up with him in Texas. He opened *The Lusty Men* in Dallas, and in Kilgore at his friend Judge McGee's house. The wife came. "Take the next plane home.

You'd have never guessed, witnessing that cozy domestic scene, that Bob Mitchum could ever want or need anything more than what was around him. That is, until you saw Bob jump out of his chair, burst through the door and stare up at the sky. A thin, wavering line in V-formation was heading south. Geese. How Bob heard their beckoning honks above all the family noises, I'll never know, unless his ears are tuned that way.

"Guess I'm just a bum at heart," allowed Bob cheerfully, in line with his thoughts. "Been chasing rainbows all my life and suppose I always will. People who try to make me a solid citizen today," he grinned, "are just 20 years too late. I've got the itch and I've always had it. Not," he added, "that I don't appreciate the luck I've had. Not many guys have such a break; mighty few are privileged to experience all this here in Hollywood. It's great. But it can't be forever."

"People," he continued, "are always saying to me, 'Watch it, boy. Play it safe. Be careful!' But that chokes me off. What for? Being careful's not living—that's for the cemetery. But saying 'What's next?' is. I've never really had a rough moment in all my life—not one. And I've been backed up against box car walls with a knife in my ribs, slugged it out on top a hi-balling freight where it was the other guy or me

RIGHT now Robert Mitchum's salary is \$200,000 a year. He's the mainstay and the work horse, too, of RKO studios, the boy they call on when the going looks rough for a script or a picture. In the year before he took off for his rambling "rest leave" he ground out five. The best, *The Lusty Men*, was his own idea which he helped cast and helped write. In between, he raced off for vain bursts of freedom, trying to avoid what happened once when he was making two pictures at MGM and another at RKO simultaneously. After working 19 straight days and 19 straight nights he went berserk, kicked an \$18,000 camera into a water tank, tore up the wardrobe department, demolished a set and insulted several dignified stars. But until last July each time Bob shook himself loose from Hollywood, they yanked him right back.

"I've been dying for dear old RKO a year and a half and now I'm dead—all flaked out," he told his bosses last July. "Goodbye, boys, I'm through." Small wonder Bob was in no mood for the movie star treatment that night up in Idaho after he'd finally fled Hollywood in the "Oochapap" as he calls his house or

—and it wasn't me. I've scampered away in the night like a rabbit. I've been hungry and cold and busted flat. I've been in clover and I've been in jail. But I've loved every minute of it. Some people around here," puzzled Bob, "can't understand that."

They certainly can't. A town that collects ulcers piling up annuities and worrying about a secure old age can't really understand a life-lusty guy like Bob Mitchum banking only on his crowded pocket full of dreams. They've tagged him a bum, and a wild Indian, by accepted lights, a screwball and a crazy character—and Bob would be the last one to say them nay. It wouldn't be worth all the cheap conversations involved. He wouldn't convince anybody anyway; and he doesn't need to convince the people who count with Mitch, which includes himself, his wife, his family and a flock of widely scattered friends who like him for what he is. And what Bob Mitchum is—bone, body, blood, heart and spirit—stems far away from Hollywood and goes back a good many years. In fact, around 300 years.

It was in the 1640's that a rugged band of settlers named Mitchum came to the Santee River swamplands in South Carolina with a land grant from the King of England. They were among the very first Carolinians, right along with the Davises, Gambles and Dukes. Only they weren't such a solid citizen type. They had a curious habit of wanting to know what was over the next hill. So a lot of them pushed up into the wilderness of Ohio, across into Tennessee, down through the palmettos to the Floridas, up the coast to Jersey and beyond. A couple of the more adventurous traveled with Lewis and Clark on the great Expedition to the Northwest and they brought back Blackfoot Indian brides, a shocker in those days to the local settlers. They got socially ostracized more or less for that, but they weren't conventional so it didn't bother them too much. From that branch descended Robert Mitchum—that's his right name—and he's one of the breed, an eighth Blackfoot himself. "I'm from the low-down Mitchum line," Bob will grin, "but I'm kind of proud of it. They didn't believe in rules, my ancestors, and they didn't give a damn. And every one of them could look after himself wherever he went, which was often a pretty far piece."

Bob himself grew up mainly around Bridgeport, Connecticut, but he spent a lot of time on the farm of his grandmaw (who died just this year) down in Delaware, and from the start he was a Mitchum, through and through. When he was only four years old he tore off alone, the sights for to see. They caught him, but he'd traveled 15 miles to Milford before they did, which is pretty good going for a four-year-old. He kept trying, until the cops got sick and tired of dragging him home. Sometimes he'd land in the pokey—as he did when he was only 12 on a vagrancy charge. At which time the vagabond muse in the boy Mitchum erupted with this fragmentary poem, expressing his rainbow-chasing urge, his frustrations, and his kid search for an answer. He wrote it and his mother, who worked for the *Bridgeport Post*, got it printed, because it sounded like her boy, Bob: "I seek adventure and I find it too much penned Bob).

"Oh if I were only rich!
"I'd not be in this terrible 'dutch,'
"I'd not be in this ditch."

Bob Mitchum's struggle all his life has been to keep out of ditches—some people all them ruts—and the struggle undoubtedly has landed him in various ditches. Whether being rich would have helped

much is questionable, and Bob himself knows that. He's never been a nickel-nurser and never will be. I asked him once what big charge he'd get out of important money if he ever did find himself rolling in the stuff. "Giving it away would be my kick," he replied promptly.

Bob sees his Hollywood colleagues all around him, earning no more money than himself, collecting oil wells and business blocks and piling up estates for the probate courts some day. He doesn't dig it. If the oil wells walked right into his front yard that would be fine, but he's not holding his breath until they do. "I'm a loser with dough, not a winner," he believes. "I've never made a profit on anything in my life. But that never made a wrinkle."

Bob has always been one of the softest touches in Hollywood. People take advantage of him, out-fox him in business, tap him like a beer barrel. He knows it but doesn't resent it. In his Hollywood career, he figures he's been knocked over for around \$80,000. "Which sometimes dims my faith in my fellow man," he chuckles, "but not for very long."

REALLY, faith and interest in his fellow man is the meat and drink of Bob Mitchum's soul. Mitch likes people—not just the right people—but all kinds of people. Humanity has been his prime hobby ever since he could knock around among people and learn what made them tick. Without going into Bob's life saga, I might point out that in his early checked career he's bummed through all the 48 states in the Union as a hobo, rail-roader, a carnival roustabout. He's tooted a sax, promoted a barnstorming astrologer, written night club skits, sold shoes, worked in service stations, factories, stores and on amusement pikes. He's dug ditches, peddled house-to-house. He's buddied with bums and with millionaires too. He knows the plush side and the seamy side as well. All of it fascinates him and still does. Maybe that's why when high-priced, artistic, Hollywood-bound script writers get stuck they call on Mitch to straighten them out. He's doctored half the scripts he's played in. As an actor he's no Barrymore, but he knows ten times more about all kinds of characters than most actors ever know.

The kind of pals Bob Mitchum cottons to, and always has, are the interesting characters—the genuine, the colorful, and the mavericks, even as himself. They may have millions or barely a bean—it makes no never mind with Mitch. He can take up—as he and Dorothy did—with "Francine, the Village queen," a night club entertainer at the Fiesta Club in Biloxi, Mississippi, and be as firm a friend as he also could with respectable Judge McGee, the Kilgore, Texas, lawyer who handles oil empires. He can chin with a bartender on Bourbon Street and swap valued observations, just as he can argue with a dough-heavy Texas oil tycoon who told him when debate waxed warm, "You have an opinion? Well, I have 53 million dollars!"

Bob's Bohemian taste for off-beat individuals has landed him in trouble a time or two and that's also handed him the reputation of a reckless brawling rounder. A body built for the prize ring, a devil-may-care map and manner, his knockabout past—and a few sensational incidents—have contributed to the dangerous legend that Bob would just as soon flatten you to the floor as look at you. The truth is that his funnybone is as much overdeveloped as his punching muscles and gets twice the exercise, wherever he roams.

ACTUALLY, Bob Mitchum is too wrapped up in the people he meets to go around mowing them down, and that attraction, I might add, is invariably a

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case of vice versa. Wherever Mitch sticks around for long people beg him to stay. He's been offered very soft setups in several places and a life of ease, absolutely gratis and with no strings attached, if he'd put down roots for keeps. In one Southern city a local moneybags told him, "Bob, why don't you stay here and go in business with me?"

"Business?" puzzled Bob. "Why, I don't know anything about your business."

"Don't have to," he was told. "Got a bookkeeper who takes care of that. All you've got to do is go fishin'. Come on, join the club. I'll deal you right in." But Mitch only laughed, although he was grateful.

Another oil tycoon in Texas offered him the same kind of fantastic free deal—20 per cent in a new company which would have netted Mitch \$180,000 the first year! And just because he liked Bob's company. That sort of thing is likely to pop up whenever genial Bob mixes with the idle rich. They go for his good-fellowship, humor, sportsmanship—and they want to keep him idle, too, by giving him "part of the store." But with Mitch that, of course, is strictly no go. He's too independent. "I couldn't be anybody's pet," he explains, "that's not my style"—as if he had to tell you.

Bob will kid even his best friends that what he wants out of life are simply days of ease. "Been trying for 35 years to figure how to keep away from work," he'll state solemnly, which, of course, doesn't jibe with the facts. What Bob really wants, and he'll admit it if you pin him down, is a life of variety, adventure, action and satisfactory fulfillment. Sports give him no charge. Football games, tennis matches,

even prize fights bore him. He thinks golf's silly. His pal, Jerry Devine, is always trying to talk him into sports contests. "What for?" Jerry gets. "Somebody runs up and down a field and somebody else runs down. Somebody hits a ball and somebody hits it back. So what?" But if you tell him where the big trout lie or a buck deer is feeding he'll get fidgety and move heaven and earth—and sometimes even Hollywood—to get there.

What gives Bob Mitchum the glooms about his Hollywood fate, each time he returns from a ramble and makes him champ to escape again, are some of the things most stars dearly prize: "I like making pictures," he'll explain, "but I don't like being a movie star." He doesn't like the phoniness, the flattery, the pedestal placing, the hassle, the pull and haul of a frenetic business. He doesn't like the red tape, the protocol, the fear, the deals, sometimes the stupidity. He doesn't like the lack of freedom, being the slave of a phone call. He doesn't like the monotony of "walking through my pictures." What would satisfy and calm him down more than anything is to get something real of himself or the world he knows on film—or, even better, between the covers of a book.

"I want to write, I always have," Bob confesses. "But I can't do it here. I don't have time to think, let alone write. So I want a ranch, somewhere where there's good fishing, good hunting, good land and pasture. That's what I'll have when I get the dough. I figure I could cash in right now for maybe \$100,000. But that's not enough. I want a good place, I want to seed it and build it up, stock it and make it produce."

jects. But after a while he discovered that she was capable of discussing a good deal more. As a matter of fact, Marlon is himself quite an authority on a lot of subjects, for he is an avid scholar, but he found out that Movita was as good, if not better, a conversationalist on most of the things he knew about.

They had a lot of fun on that location. The director was Elia Kazan, a man who believes in making his company happy—and there were lots of jokes and parties in the evenings when there was not an early call or the weather was bad. Marlon, of course, was still Marlon Brando and didn't commit himself to romance. But he did spend most of his time with the Latin girl and was truly sorry when the location trip was over.

When *Viva Zapata* was finished, Marlon was asked to stick around Hollywood for a couple of weeks until it was decided if retakes were necessary. This happens after most pictures and generally Marlon's agent, MCA, dreaded these days. When a day's shooting is scheduled it is generally suddenly, and never before, on other pictures, had they been able to ferret Marlon out for at least a couple of days. But this time it was different. They knew just where he was almost every minute. That was wherever Movita was. It was pleasant for the studio, to say the least.

But then, of course, came the inevitable day we spoke about. The day the studio told Marlon he could go home—and he had to make his difficult decision. It is a testament to his beliefs that he would never seriously fall in love or marry that he cuddled his pet in his arms and left Movita standing at the airport.

Movita Doyle is not just an ordinary woman, and that should be pointed out here. She came to Hollywood in 1934 and was promptly signed by MGM to play the role of Clark Gable's Polynesian sweetheart in *Mutiny On The Bounty*. All Holly-

W HEN Dorothy Mitchum hears Bob talk like that she moves a little closer to the fire and knits a little faster. She remembers the days when meeting the rent was a chronic problem and the cupboard bare. But she's been Bob Mitchum's gal ever since she was 14 and she still is. She'd go anywhere he said, even if the Mandeville canyon house does seem mighty safe and solid when a chill wind blows, and the baby cozy, the boys all settled in their school routines. But Bob has an answer for that, too.

"My kids are Mitchums," he says. "They don't need cozy corners or safe routines. They need love and care and a good education—and that they'll get. But I'm not too sure the only place in the world for them is Hollywood. I'll keep Oochapap ready to roll."

Someday maybe it will again, and keep rolling—and maybe it won't. No one who knows Bob Mitchum could say for sure about that and I doubt if Bob could either, right now. But he's no more tamed, domesticated, housebroken or softened up, really, than he was the first day he "dropped down from a Greyhound bus on Hollywood Boulevard with his pants patched and his elbows busting through his coat sleeves. He may stay in Hollywood until he grows a long, gray beard—or he may blow tomorrow—I wouldn't know."

All I know is that sitting in his comfortable, big house by the fireside with safe and sane security on all sides he can still hear the wild geese trumpet disturbingly. And after he's gone for a look and comes back in the house, sometimes he says to himself just a little anxiously, "I'm 35. It's getting late outside." **END**

love comes to marlon brando

(Continued from page 29) ticket for it as he said he would. They said he could cage it and put it in the baggage car, but it would not be allowed on any other part of the train. Marlon's answer was that any man who would coop a raccoon up for four days was not human, so he went over and bought a ticket on an airline that was more considerate of dumb animals.

And so, when the plane was leaving, Movita stood tearfully aside as Marlon and the raccoon boarded the plane—and as it took off she no doubt pondered bitterly on the chill superiority of men and raccoons.

That was just a little more than a year ago. A month ago, a Hollywood columnist, writing in one of the journals that is read by all filmdom, came up with this sparkling item. "It must be love for Marlon Brando," the gossipier wrote. "He has given up his raccoon for Movita."

During the year between these two incidents much happened, much that restored Movita's faith in the human race, and much that taught Marlon Brando the ways of love. The actor who had been the toast of the unmarried theatrical set for several years, the lad who had treated even the greatest ladies among his admirers like his servants, fell in love—even to the point where he gave up his most precious companion for the lady of his heart.

Marlon Brando met Movita, who's true name, by the way, is Mrs. Jack Doyle, shortly after he began shooting *Viva Zapata*. It was in Texas, on location down by the Rio Grande River, and Movita was one of the supporting players brought from Hollywood for the film. During the evening, after the day's work was done, the company stayed pretty close together and it was only natural that a fellow finally found a girl he liked to discuss the weather and life with. Marlon was introduced to the dark-eyed beauty and started to work on those sub-

wood raved about her. She was the toast of the MGM lot, but it just seemed as though the cards were stacked against her, for, although she made a few other pictures, none of them were big enough or good enough to follow *Mutiny* and she slowly fell from popularity.

In the meanwhile, in another part of the world, a young Irishman named Jack Doyle began making a name for himself. He was in the British Army and a London fight promoter saw him box in an amateur match. Sensing color, the promoter bought him out of the service, a process allowed at that time, and made a professional of him. Doyle was a handsome lad and every inch as much of a character in his line as Marlon Brando is in the acting profession today. He was never credited with being a great fighter, but he was certainly colorful both in the ring and in private life.

Any time Jack Doyle was fighting, the patrons could be sure something unexpected would happen, like somebody being thrown out of the ring, or somebody slugging the referee. Consequently, he was a big draw and became rich and famous in the British Isles. Jack Doyle and Movita met about the time both of their stars were dimming and shortly afterwards married and went to live in Ireland.

Before and during the past war they were familiar sights in the London night spots—and their hassles were as famous over there as the spats of Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller were over here—and just as colorful. Movita Doyle, because of her beauty and her fiery temperament, was considered splendid company and she moved in the best social circles in the British Isles. When her marriage to Doyle went on the rocks, she was much sought after and could have had almost any of the eligible bachelors around for the nodding of her pretty head.

This was the kind of woman Marlon Brando left waiting at the Los Angeles International Airport in 1951. And surely

she must have known as she walked slowly to her car that one day he'd be back, or that he'd ask her to come to him. Not even Marlon could escape the Movita charm.

Marlon held out in New York for about two weeks, during which time he telephoned a few times "just to say hello." Then he telephoned late one night and told the truth. Life was dull in Manhattan without her. He missed all the rough-house fun they had and the conversations. Wouldn't she come back and pay a visit. Well, she did—and there is no record in the gossip columns of his dating any other girl since. Marlon is not a café society man. He likes to patronize places of entertainment off the beaten track, so not too many of the Gotham reporters saw him with Movita. Not enough anyway to start the rumors of a serious romance.

But their friends knew it was serious. They were together constantly at parties and just visiting at the apartments of friends. And just before spring in 1952 the word was about that Marlon was going to marry the girl. It has even been said that he *did* marry her but no proof of this has ever been found—and neither one of them is ever likely to admit it.

ANOTHER parting loomed early in 1952 when Marlon had to go to Europe to talk over some picture deals. But this time he didn't leave Movita on the dock; she tagged along. All summer long they toured the continent, had gay times in Paris and visited out of the way places together. Movita was a wonderful guide, too, for she had been to most of the places Marlon wanted to see before—and could speak most of the European languages.

Some of their friends say that one of the reasons Marlon agreed to come back to Hollywood to play Marc Antony in *Julius Caesar* is that Movita said she just had to go home and visit her family and Marlon didn't want her to leave him alone. At any rate, they arrived together—and stayed together all during the shooting of the picture.

Marlon's desire to be close to Movita at all times is illustrated in an amusing story that came off the set of *Julius Caesar*. It seems that Movita played a small role in the film and had to be down in the crowd that milled about the steps of a Roman palace. Marlon disappeared and when the scene was finished the assistant directors began looking for him. He was nowhere to be found until one of the assistants happened to look down in the milling mob and saw Marlon sitting on a stone bench talking to Movita. He had, without anyone being aware of it, been playing an extra in the picture in which he was starring.

If you are not familiar with Marlon Brando you would never guess from seeing him and Movita at a private party that they were in love. Most men, paying court to a girl, stick close to her and hold her hand, or once in a while slip over and give her an affectionate peck on the cheek. Marlon shows his devotion in another manner. He will look across a room at Movita—and then make a charge and a flying tackle, throwing her to the ground where he will plant a fair example of a loving kiss right on the top of her nose. Or he will pick her up, when they are leaving, and carry her to the car—or home if it is not too far—on his back. It is unorthodox treatment all right, but she seems to like it.

To understand why Marlon Brando likes Movita better than the other women in his life, one must look into his relationships with other women. If he is not the least bit romantically interested in a girl, Marlon treats her like a boy scout treats his mother. He is the soul of politeness and consideration, almost courtly in his manner. But if there is any spark of the male and female nonsense between them he is

as different as Jekyll was from Hyde. He becomes terribly disinterested, then bored and finally, when the romance is in high gear, downright hateful to the girl. Shelley Winters, in the lonely days before she met her present husband and found happiness, was one of the women who made the mistake of letting Marlon know she liked him. Shelley, who could get most bachelors in Hollywood by dropping her handkerchief, got nothing but rebuffs from the fellow—and when he did give her the

Victor Mature and Maurice Evans did their own stand-in work for *Androcles And The Lion* in the scenes where they worked with live lions. The insurance companies wouldn't give risk insurance on stand-ins, only on the stars.

pleasure of his company she had to follow after him and not lead the way. At one time many of her friends wanted to punch him in the nose—thinking he was doing her wrong—but it was just Marlon's way of handling girls.

Then there was Marilyn Monroe who had a crush on him at one time. Nothing much ever came of this romance, probably because Marilyn was too popular for that kind of treatment. But if you had seen them together, you would have suspected that Marlon hated her. And Roberta Haynes, the girl who just co-starred with Gary Cooper in *Return To Paradise*, was another in love with Marlon. She admits it and to this day can't understand why he treated her as though she were his maid.

MARLON BRANDO, then, has to have a woman with fire. And one capable of hanging him by the heels. Movita is that kind of a girl. On the few occasions he has reverted to type, once their firm relationship was established, she has put him in his place but fast. Their friends say that on the smallest hint of a slight from him she will hit him over the head with the handiest blunt object. And if he seems to be getting out of line, such as flirting with another girl, she's just as liable as not to toss him on her shoulder and carry him to the car, or home if it is not too far.

What is to finally become of the Brando-Movita relationship only time can say. As we said, before, it is whispered that they are already married, but not confirmed. As far as Hollywood is concerned, no one here knows very much about them or their plans. They keep well away from sources of information to the press—and when they go off some place together they have no brass band announcing their movements as some stars do. But there is one thing the pals they do have will assure you of—and that is that they think they will always be together. There is a crazy kind of a bond between them. A crazy kind of a love that keeps them together.

The business of choosing between his raccoon and Movita is amusing on the surface, but not at all funny or a light matter to Marlon and Movita. Marlon is fanatically fond of animals. He would rather pet a dog than shake hands with a celebrity. He has a kinship with dumb things that is really beautiful. And he likes the wild things better than the tame. That is why his mother, who knows him better than anyone else, gave him the raccoon.

A raccoon is an affectionate animal and willful enough to make keeping one around the house a pleasant contest. Marlon was crazy about the beast as soon as he had it—and has been known to leave the most charming company when he felt he ought to go home and feed it or give it a little cheer. No matter where he went, until he decided about Movita, he took the

raccoon. Once he went to Cincinnati to make a personal appearance with one of his movies—and naturally took the animal along.

He was met at the plane by a representative of the film company (who was rather astonished to see his star alight in a suit of old clothes, carrying a raccoon) and escorted to the hotel. In the room the press agent outlined the plans for the evening. They were to include a dinner with city officials, meetings with the local press, a couple of appearances at the theatre showing the movie and a few jaunts about town that would get them home in the small hours of the morning.

While the press agent was talking, Marlon held the pet in his arms and stroked it thoughtfully. When the agent was finished he had something else he wanted to get off his chest.

"Mr. Brando," he said, "I want to thank you for coming down here. They tell me in the home office you don't like to make personal appearances—as a matter of fact never do. And I want you to know how much I appreciate your coming down here. And I want to say that if there is anything I can do for you here in Cincinnati, just mention it and it's done. Anything."

Marlon looked at him for a long moment. "Anything?" he asked.

"Anything!" said the press agent emphatically.

"Very well," said Marlon, "get me another raccoon to sit with mine while we're out."

YES, the final act of love that Marlon Brando could do for his girl was to give up his raccoon. It was not that Movita was jealous of Marlon's affection for the animal. It was just that she found tagging along with her boy friend became quite a chore when everything they had to do revolved around the creature's comfort and happiness. It couldn't be left alone for too long a time or it might decide to tear the apartment apart. And if they planned a trip somewhere they had to make sure they found a place that would rent a room to Marlon and a raccoon. This was extremely difficult. Then, most kennels, glad to take dogs of any breed for a few days, absolutely refused to have a raccoon in the place. This tied them down considerably. Another cause for dissension was that it was generally Movita who wound up cleaning up after the pet—and that is not much of a job for a lady—especially an exotic beauty.

Well, one day they had a bitter quarrel about it. The first serious quarrel they had ever had. They didn't speak for several days. But Marlon Brando, whatever his faults are, is not a man to bicker. He weighs the pros and cons of a problem, makes up his mind about it and acts irrevocably. He finally called Movita on the phone.

"Why don't you come on over tonight," he asked. "Maybe we can have dinner together."

Movita agreed. She was just about to call him anyway.

Marlon met her at the door and asked her to come in while he finished combing his hair. Movita walked into the flat, walked around the living room for a moment, then noticed something missing.

"Hey," she called in to the other room. "Where's the baby?"

"Oh, him," said Marlon casually. "I had him crated up and sent back to my mother at the farm. I guess you were right. He'll be happier there."

That's all that was ever said about it. But they both knew a sacrifice had been made for love. And when Marlon went back to New York a few weeks later, he had no problems. And his girl wasn't left waiting at the airport, either.

the christmas they couldn't see

(Continued from page 49) and there were the children, bless them, laughing and bubbling with excitement and happiness, ecstatic with the sheer joy of living.

Ah yes, the children. But with a difference. Much the same, at casual glance, as your children and mine—pretty and sweet, happy and gay, in love with life and with a party.

But there was a difference. You see, these three- and four-year-olds attending Esther's party, are blind. They cannot see color and form. They cannot see lovely, willowy Esther as she moves gracefully among them, leaving a hug here, a kiss there. They cannot see jolly old Santa Claus, or the lights on the tree, or the silver tinsel, or the red-and-white stripes of the candy canes. These children are blind—totally, irrevocably. This is, in truth, a Christmas they cannot see.

Where does Esther Williams fit into all this? Why does she devote so much of her energy and limited time to these blind tykes at the Los Angeles Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children? She has two wonderful boys of her own, that is true, but two-year-old Kim and three-year-old Benjy are normal youngsters physically and mentally, who take up a good deal of Esther's time. Why then does she give of herself to these other children, these visually handicapped boys and girls, often to the point of exhaustion?

I asked her. The familiar, warm Esther Williams smile danced across her face as she replied, "I'm glad you asked, Mike, because I've been wanting to tell you. I want the whole world to know about these children!"

It all happened three years ago, Esther explained, when she was asked to model at the Harold Lloyd benefit party for the Nursery School. "I did a strip tease, of a sort," she recalled. "Louis B. Mayer bought the dress I wore, an Adrian original, and sent it to me afterwards as a gift. Ted Bris-kin bought the bathing suit underneath.

"I became very curious about the organization and asked in detail what it was all about. My heart went out to these blind babies. They're born that way, I found out, most of them prematurely.

"They told me that when the Nursery work was first started in 1935, many blind children aged three or four were brought in in pathetic condition, and it was a question as to whether they ever would be able to enter the first grade.

"They told me about Sally, who didn't walk or talk, was rigid, tense, and proclaimed an imbecile. They told me about little Bob, who had been held and cuddled so much that his arms and legs were like gelatin. With little Sally, I'm happy to say, constant training proved the first diagnosis wrong. She was quite normal—in fact, of superior mental capacity! With Bob, proper stimulus soon developed a normal body."

Shortly after the benefit party, Esther said, she was carrying her first baby, and since she was unable to continue with her motion picture work during those months, she had a lot of time to mull over what she had heard concerning the Nursery School. She visited the Adams Street school to see what it was like.

"I love children," Esther said, "and when I learned that this type of eye difficulty is the third most serious disease for children, and that the Nursery School had facilities for only eight, I was determined to study and work hard in order to learn how to teach handicapped children such as these to adjust themselves in this world of ours. Just think, there were only five such schools in the entire country, and this one 80 had a waiting list of 200 children! Many

of them came in during the day and had to go home again at night. I felt I had to help them!"

Although, as Esther explained, she could do nothing immediately to earn funds for the School since she was pregnant, she was able to teach the children to swim. These boys and girls couldn't run or play games where sight was necessary, but lots of people swim with their eyes closed. This, Esther decided, she could and would teach them to do.

She took the children to a heated pool regularly three times a week until just a month before her own Benjy was born. She recalls that even when she was very tired and it was a terrible burden to keep on with the swimming lessons, she experienced a curious urgency to go ahead with the work. "A still, small voice inside me seemed to ask, 'Why do you feel this urgency, this drive, why do you keep going when it would be so easy to plead illness?'"

"A terrible, agonizing thought struck me: 'Am I doing all this because I'm going to have a blind baby?'" It was like a pressure. It was driving me mad. I always answered myself with 'You'll be a better mother as a result of all this study and teaching. And you'll be prepared, if the worst happens, to be the mother of a blind child!'"

In desperation, Esther recalls, she finally turned to her "favorite companion," her mother, a child psychologist and founder of the Southwest Counselling Service in Los Angeles, and confided the fears and the doubts that had been tormenting her.

"Mother, as usual, set me straight," Esther said. "She put her arms around me and said, 'Darling, maybe you're doing this so you won't have a blind baby. Did

I don't care what anyone prints so long as it isn't true.

Katharine Hepburn

you ever think of that? Maybe you're earning your own perfectly healthy child."

"And you know, I'm sure now she was right. You see, I had lost a baby prematurely—my first—before Benjy was born, and subconsciously I had been connecting this incident with the possibility that I might again have a premature baby and that its eyes might not be properly formed, as is the case with those children I had been teaching to swim. I was trying to earn a healthy child."

I asked her, "Doesn't it break your heart to work with blind children?"

"Oh, no," Esther replied, "I regard it as a privilege and honor to be able to help in some way. How wonderful it is if I can, in my small way, help them to live their lives as useful citizens. After all, they're not hopeless invalids."

Esther recounted for me her first enlightening experience as she watched the teachers at the school in order to learn how to handle the children. "I watched a baby just learning to walk, head straight for a chair. I stood by and watched him run right into it and hurt himself. It seemed heartless, but the wise instructor said you have to let them run into obstructions, in their blindness, and sometimes even hurt themselves. It's the only way they can learn to be aware of obstacles."

Two years ago, as a Christmas gift, Esther and her husband, Ben Gage, presented the school with a specially constructed swimming pool and Esther trained the teachers in instructing the children to swim. The heated pool is four feet deep all the way around, and with encircling steps. There are guard rails on all four corners to guide the children up the steps. The children were frightened of the

water at first, Esther said. Once they're in the water, they don't have the one security they depended upon before—a firm support under their feet. The water is, at first, a strange, terrifying, new, dark world and their only support is gone. They have to be won over to it, and then when they become friends with this new medium their laughter and enjoyment is just like that of any normal child.

"One day," Esther recalled, "little Thayer got water splashed in her eyes. Of course, this disturbed me and I asked one of the instructors whether or not it was possible for the water to injure the children's eyes in any way. She explained that they have no sensation in the eye, painful or otherwise, and that sometimes they actually lean on their handicap to gain sympathy—which is, after all, a very normal human reaction.

"So Thayer was using her handicap as an excuse not to concentrate on her swimming lesson. I said, 'We won't let you play with the other children if you don't learn to swim.' She said, 'But the water hurts my eyes when they splash me!' So I said, 'Hey, the water doesn't hurt your eyes and you know it!' We made a game of it and splashed back and forth. She came over afterwards and said, 'I'm sorry. I was fooling you. It didn't hurt my eyes. I don't have any eyes, Aunt Esther, so how can I hurt them?'"

"You see," Esther explained, "the teaching approach is honest and straightforward. The children must accept the fact that they were born without eyes and cannot see as other people see. They must learn to think, 'now let's get to work and do something to make up for it!'"

And Esther tells this poignant story. "One day little five-year-old Barbara said to me, 'What color is your dress?'"

"You have no idea how regularly we all say 'Look,' 'You'll see,' or 'I'll show you' until you work with the blind. Anyway, I said, 'I can't tell you because you've never seen colors.'

"She said, 'But I think maybe you can tell me! Is it sun color?'"

"I said 'yes' because the dress was yellow and had white trim. Then I walked over to the superintendent and asked if Barbara had ever been able to see. She said, 'Yes, she lost her sight when she was two.' She was remembering the colors she had seen up to the time she was two! I walked back to Barbara and said, 'Darling, tell me something. Do you know what color yellow is?' 'Sure,' she said, 'it's the color of a dandelion.' 'And the trim is white,' I added. She exclaimed, 'Oh, like when a dandelion goes poof! See, Aunt Esther, I remember all the old things!'"

SUDDENLY Esther remembered she was hostess at a gay Christmas party for 17 lovely, lively children, and watching her move around among her guests, my heart wasn't as heavy as it had been. These boys and girls no longer appeared handicapped, no longer objects for pity and sympathy. They were normal children, I told myself, but without sight. They like to romp and wrestle. They shriek and laugh with delight when they are happy. They shed tears when they are hurt. They like to hear stories, to eat ice cream and cake, to "see" loveliness with their fingers and ears, and yes—they like to swim. And they weren't loving or enjoying Esther Williams, motion picture star. They appreciate her as a warm-hearted friend only, because, remember they had never seen and will never see a motion picture. It was a Christmas party they couldn't see, there's no denying that—but oh, how they could feel it!

END

(Esther Williams will soon be seen in MGM's Million-Dollar Mermaid.)

(Continued from page 40) each day looking as though she hadn't the slightest idea how to apply three-cornered pants.

In the first place, she is Secretary-Treasurer of the Brinkman Manufacturing Company, a firm which turns out precision aircraft parts. The President and owner is her husband, Paul Brinkman. At first, or even third glance, Jeanne does not appear the type to understand cams, grommets or sumps, and indeed she does not. She describes her husband's firm as one which "makes pistons and things that make motors go." On the other hand, she does understand and takes a keen interest in the business itself. To Jeanne, the business world is a deeply fascinating thing, and she is one of those rare women who devour the "Business" section in news magazines. She was appointed Secretary-Treasurer solely because of the legal aspect of owning a firm that is a family affair, and admittedly has little to do with making decisions. More or less as a gag, Paul had a box of business cards printed, including her name and title, and while Jeanne isn't quite sure what to do with them—"I'll drop them places"—she takes a whimsical pride in their existence.

Occasionally she will put in her oar, such as the time when Paul, after building a new plant, changed the name of the firm from the ABC Die and Engineering Company to The Brinkman Manufacturing Company.

The Secretary-Treasurer gave this due consideration and then asked, "Don't you think it's rather unusual to use our name in the title?"

The President promptly overruled her objection. "Look at the Ford Motor Company—and Firestone—and Westinghouse," he said. "Those are owners' names."

"Yes, sir," said the Secretary-Treasurer.

She attends business meetings regularly and takes active interest in the proceedings. On these occasions she wears a business-type suit and modifies her hair-do and make-up for the occasion. "I feel like Roz Russell in a movie role," she says.

When Paul brings business associates home for dinner, Jeanne pulls a switch, and being now the hostess rather than the businesswoman, blossoms out in décolleté evening clothes that shimmer in the candlelight. She is attentive to conversations that might bore many a woman, yet retains the femininity so important to wives of successful young businessmen.

THIS in itself is perhaps the whole secret of Jeanne's glamor, for she does have that. She is perpetually feminine, in her gestures, her thought, her walk and her clothes, and whether she is discussing a new role for herself, a business deal for Paul's firm, or drawing bead on a duck in flight, she is always completely so.

Paul is a sportsman—he likes to fish and ski and hunt, and he hoped from the first that Jeanne would share his enthusiasm. As a new bridegroom his first Christmas gifts to her were a skeet rifle, a Western belt and a cartridge case. Mrs. Brinkman took the hint and tried her hand at shooting. It turned out like everything else. Jeanne has the inclination, but not the talent. She is a fair golfer, a fair tennis player, so-so as an angler, can master a beginners' slope when skiing, and didn't swim well until their own pool was installed. It is a frustration with her, this urge to be good at sports, and while she is skilled enough in most things to make a good companion for Paul, she has found that where there is a will there isn't always a way.

On ice skates she is a competent dream; it is the only sport in which she is adept.

In other things she is merely a dream, not only because she looks well in the clothes required by each sport, but also because she really does try. Other women who visit Mount Rose near Reno may sit on the porch of the lodge modeling their striking ski clothes, but Jeanne is always out on the practice run, working like a beaver, going up the slope time after time to learn control of the skis. As she puts it, "I love the snow, and the clothes, and the cold and the fun at the resorts—but I can't ski!"

She goes hunting with Paul, but while she shrinks at the thought of the big brown eyes of the deer, she knows Paul is a true sportsman, and refrains from spoiling his fun by mentioning her qualms. When ducks are in season, she climbs out of bed at 2:30 in the morning and into her warm clothes, grabs her hip boots and goes merrily off with Paul on the four-hour drive to the duck country. No matter what Jeanne does she always looks like a magazine cover, and the impression of glamor is heightened by her intelligent interest. For her husband, she is the perfect companion because while she plays a good game, she never wins.

SHE is also feminine in that she is an incurable shopper. At Palm Springs she will drag on Paul's arm as they pass a shop window. "Please, I want to look at those purses."

"How many purses do you have now?" he says.

"About a dozen, I guess."

"Then, why do you want to look at them? You don't need any more."

"Because I want to look," says Jeanne with feminine logic.

They don't get away from home often. Paul is at his plant most mornings by seven and doesn't get home until six in the evening; and in between babies Jeanne has starred in a continual stream of movies. The brief weekends are treasured, for within a few hours' drive from Los Angeles are the mountains at Lake Arrowhead, the surf at Laguna Beach, the desert at the Palm Springs, the ranches near Victorville, or Mexico to the south. These short trips, even if they happen but once every six weeks, make the Brinkman marriage a constant honeymoon. Jeanne feels that "getting away from it all" is a very necessary thing in anyone's life; that it gives renewed vigor and bounce. In the months when she was making one picture after another her career became the only thing in her life, and while she loves movie work, Jeanne is a many faceted person and requires a variety of interests.

At home, she never finds enough time for the things she wants to do. She is a calm person, and her friends often remark about the fact that Jeanne never seems ruffled, no matter what pressures or emergencies may arise. A woman who is taut and harried, continually shuffling problems that bewilder her, seldom carries the aura of glamor, and Jeanne escapes this tension by moving sedately through life, ever ready with quick decisions. She has a positive approach to everything, and through her own career has learned how annoying it is to come home and be surrounded with the petty problems that go hand-in-hand with a large household. As a result she shields Paul from the miniature typhoons that periodically blow through their home: the broken washing machine, the rash on Mike's arm, the gopher under the azalea bed and the cook who quit without notice. "I don't think a man should be burdened with the little annoyances," she says. Then adds with a wise little smile, "Maybe women give a little bit more than men in a marriage, but if they do, they get back more, too."

Around the house, Jeanne wears her col-

lection of short cotton brunch coats, long ago having given up the fussy productions, the things that have to be zipped or buttoned at myriad points. She shows up for breakfast every morning with a scrubbed face and shining hair and a fresh morning coat, and stays that way until it's time to bathe and dress for Paul's homecoming. Being well groomed for the dinner hour is important with her, and she has found that it had to be made a habit. Otherwise, the unexpected sometimes happened and she failed to be ready to meet him at the front door. "Men notice things like that," she says, "no matter what their age." The added thought refers to her trio of sons, who howl with delight when they see her "dressed up." The brighter the colors the better, and Jeanne thinks this goes for the adult male, as well. When she turns out in red the two-year-old Timothy croons happily

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I had just bought a copy of MODERN SCREEN, and was standing in the drugstore at Selma and Vine Streets, in Hollywood, reading an article called "How Dopey Can He Get?" when a gentleman brushed past me mumbling, "Excuse me." Imagine my surprise when I looked up and saw the star of the story, Gordon MacRae, luying some toothpaste and grinning at me.

Nancy Streebeck
Hollywood, California



and remarks "Da doll!" a pet name originated for his small sister and lately applied to all likely looking females.

JEANNE is always on the prowl for new fashion ideas, and when she comes home after a fashion show her program is covered with scribbles. Deciphered, they are reminders to try a pin here or a pin there, or a novel way to wear a scarf, a trick with sweaters, or to see if she has any hat that would take a wide ribbon like that pillbox number at the show. Jeanne isn't what is termed a pace setter in fashions, but she does give her wardrobe and grooming minute attention, despite the fact that more often than not she is "helped" in getting dressed by her offspring. The boys drag out their respective choices—shoes, gloves, jewelry and bags—and Jeanne calmly puts them back where they belong and goes on with her original plans.

She has her own dryer at home and has devoted one corner of her dressing room to what she likes to think of as her own beauty parlor. She shampoos and sets her own hair at least once a week, and always performs the operation when Paul is not at home.

Jeanne loves to draw a pleasing assortment of wolf whistles around town. Like most movie stars she is well known in Beverly Hills, where the citizens are usually respectful, but away from the neighborhood she has been known to snarl traffic. The characters who try to whistle down lone women drivers have a tough subject in Jeanne Crain, but also a fairly considerate one. "I don't like to see the poor men wasting time and energy trying to keep up with me in traffic," she says. "So I nonchalantly adjust the mirror on the side of the car until I'm sure they've seen my wedding ring." She feels she can't be too annoyed because once, eight years 81

ago, there was a young man who used to follow her car around town, a handsome man named Brinkman.

Besides, Jeanne likes wolf whistles, and is frank enough to admit it. "If I don't get any for a while I begin worrying about it. If you've ever noticed, they don't happen when you look tired or grumpy, and I think if you suddenly realize the whistles have died down it's time to take a good look at yourself."

Jeanne almost always defers to Paul in the majority of problems, and career or no career, continues to be a wife to him in every sense of the word. She sees to it that his clothes are in order, that his shirts are properly ironed, and his sock supply is plentiful. When they were first married she refrained from fussy frills in their bedroom, giving him the edge with masculine grey woodwork and grey wallpaper. It's only lately that she's begun to think about painting the woodwork a peach color. "Not too peachy, but just enough to relieve the feeling that I sleep in a bachelor dormitory." She smiled. "Maybe having a daughter has finally given me courage."

When Paul built the new plant and wondered about decorating his office Jeanne pitched in to help. She suggested wood panelling on all four walls. "And we can hang up that deer head that's been sitting on top of the freezer in the garage." She spent many days on the project, which luckily came at the time when, after

Jeanne's birth, there was a long period of rest before making a movie—*O. Henry's Full House*. But the free period had flown by on wings. For Jeanne there is never enough time. There is not only her job of being wife and mother and running the house and maintaining what is ordinarily a full time career, but there are her hobbies, too.

Jeanne's hobbies tend to be the clutter type; things like painting and keeping scrapbooks. After seven years of bumping into easels and stepping on clippings smeared with paste, Paul built Jeanne her own tiny house, tucked away up on the hill at the back of their property. Jeanne calls it her studio and is ecstatically happy over having, at last, a place where she can paint and putter to her heart's content. No one else is allowed to enter, and Jeanne even insists on cleaning it herself because if a maid ever broke in and tidied up the place, Mrs. Brinkman wouldn't be able to find a thing. The children have seen it, of course, and once in a while Jeanne will extend an invitation to them, one at a time, to join her in her leisure hours. Each has his own smock and equipment.

OTHERWISE, its security is inviolate, and there's no one to complain about its dishevelment. It's bound to be that way, too, for Jeanne is an inveterate scrapbook-keeper, having one on home furnishing ideas, one on fashion, one on

entertaining, a big book of family pictures, all her publicity clippings, and even a guest book which she keeps supplied with pictures of friends as well as their autographs. None of them are ever up to date, naturally. The one drawback of having the little studio is the fact that there is seldom time to spend there.

Next to the Lady of Guadalupe medal, it is her most treasured gift from Paul. The medal, incidentally, was a gift on their fifth anniversary. Five star-shaped diamonds are set around the rim, and three rubies in the center, representing the boys. Recently Paul has added an emerald in honor of their only daughter, and Jeanne prizes the ornament above all other material things in her life.

It is not only for the sentiment, but also for the beauty, for by now, having gone through the practical cycle of marriage and motherhood and career, Jeanne is back in the old glamor groove. In the first flush of her marriage and the resultant dip into domesticity, she found few things more exciting than the new dishwasher, the new stove, the carpeting of the house. She recalls that when they went on the big adventure to buy an incinerator they got so carried away that they bought a huge model in a soft shade of green to blend with the pepper tree.

"Things have changed," says Jeanne with a toss of her red gold hair. "Nowadays, I'd rather have a small diamond than a large washing machine." **END**

so in love

(Continued from page 30) warm personality is directly accountable. He married Rita because he loves her and he says he wants to stay married to her because he still loves her. Yet, by the standards of the western world, he is utterly incomprehensible as a husband. For some 1,300 years in the known history of his family its men have lived as they pleased—which means today exactly what it has always meant. To their wives, secluded in harems, this may or may not have been always acceptable, but tradition and laws gave them no other choice. To a girl like Rita Hayworth, born not only beautiful, but free, it has been something else—something she has tried to live with only to find it, again and again, intolerable. That's why Attorney Bartley Crum reportedly flew to Europe in late October; to finalize the divorce and arrange a settlement of reportedly a million and a half.

She left him—once before. But where there is love there is hope—and Rita has always listened to love. She came back. And the fact that she has again run off, causing everyone to label her flighty and inconsistent, is the most human thing about Rita in the opinion of her friends, if not Aly's. She tried. She may even try again. And with a husband like Aly this could probably get her nowhere again—but if that isn't love, what is? As she herself said to reporters in Spain, "My leaving is exclusively a very intimate matter of the heart."

"What's she thinking about?" her critics ask. "How does she justify such behavior? Can't she make up her mind?" The answer is that she isn't thinking. She is a wife in a quandary. Any woman who has been in love, any wife who has faced a similar problem, knows the answer. Do they always use logic at such times—or rarely? Doesn't any woman do what she can . . . fight?

DESPITE the fact that Aly made no promises when he came to Beverly Hills to get her, and that she returned on his 82 terms so to speak, there was every indi-

cation that he was prepared to curb his self-indulgences and take life more seriously. They both knew (and it is still true) that he cannot afford more scandal. As the heir of the Aga Khan (who if he lives until 1954, when he'll be 79, expects to be gifted with platinum equal to his weight to commemorate his 70th year as leader of his Mohammedan following) Aly must sober down considerably.

In the last year he has awakened to his responsibility and is grooming himself towards taking over his father's vast religious empire. The Aga Khan fully expects this and has waved aside any speculation that Aly won't succeed him. "Of course he will," he has declared. But if Aly brings disgrace on the house of Khan, it is not inconceivable that his half-brother, Prince Sadri Aga Khan, now attending Harvard, may replace him as the heir. Sharpening the whole situation is the fact that for the first time in years the Aga Khan will not make his annual winter pilgrimage to Africa, and India (Pakistan) to greet his followers. On the advice of his physicians he will stay in the south of France, and Aly is to take his place. Rita might have accompanied him, had she not decided to break up again.

If for no other reason marriage is desirable because it offers a mantle of respectability to Aly. But there are other reasons. It is known he dislikes being open game for the more predatory femme fatales that have a habit of turning up wherever he puts in an appearance. If shouldn't be forgotten that he was married the first time he met Rita and it was not until he decided that he wanted her that he moved to divorce his wife.

Yet the very day she left this last time, the day she quietly moved from his villa into a hotel, Aly was not at all visibly sunk in the despair you would expect. Nor did he talk like a man who had failed to keep his wife after traveling 7,000 miles to effect her return. He showed up, chipper and smiling, at Paris' market place for pure-blooded horses, the Chez Cheri on the Rue Ernest Deloisian, where an important sale was being held. The next day the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, one of the year's biggest races, was held at the

Longchamps racetrack. Aly's father, the Aga Khan, had two horses entered (one of them, Nuccio, won it) and Aly was again very much evident and again was his usual self. By this time, news of Rita's departure from his home was beginning to leak out, but Aly had no comment. He greeted friends, ducked a countless or two whom he considers pests, and when a girl reporter tried to talk about Rita he countered with a characteristic Aly response: the offer to buy her a drink.

Was he being a Pagliacci and suffering the torment of a rejected husband under a smiling mask . . . or was he unaffected by what had happened? As far as his friends were concerned it didn't matter . . . the important thing was that he was playing the game as an aristocrat should and not being so crass as to reveal emotional turmoil. To them, to both the men and women in his circle, this counts strongly. Over their champagne glasses they kept asking, "What does this girl (meaning Rita) want?"

RITE's story is very simple. After being married to Aly for more than three years, she thought they had agreed to settle down—and found they had nothing to settle down to. To begin with, when she left Aly the first time, there is a conviction here that another woman was to blame. This girl, who wanted very much to succeed Rita in Aly's affections, arranged that Rita should hear reports well calculated to sicken her of Paris and make her run back to America. This was one of the things Aly had to clear up by long distance phone to Beverly Hills before he even thought it worthwhile to make the trip there . . . and he did. It is also to Aly's credit that he has never been anything but icily polite to this rival of Rita's since.

But when Rita, with this episode forgiven, returned to Paris she began to hear gossip involving another woman—Lauren Dubonnet of the famed Dubonnet wine family. That she began to think of Lauren as Aly's light of love all during her absence is more than a probability. As disturbing as this was, there were even further upsetting developments. She was

no sooner back as mistress of Aly's Paris villa (as well as a dozen other chateaus and country places he owns) when the house began filling up with his friends—mostly English, mostly of the “horsey” type with whom Rita has so little in common that a pact of mutual disregard has long been honored between them.

Aly and his friends talked horses. Rita read, went shopping, posed once on their balcony with the grinning Aly the time he asked the photographers, “You mean like Romeo and Juliet?”—and was thoroughly bored and disappointed. And she was terribly alone. As a matter of fact, a friend of Aly who, like him, spends a good many late afternoons at the Traveler's Club and saw him very often there just about this period, circulated a story that had Paris snickering. “Aly has deliberately surrounded himself with a lot of people because he doesn't want to be too much alone with Rita,” he said. This sort of revelation triggered a lot of suppositions in the minds of Parisians, not all in Aly's favor either, as the French can be quite objective in their thinking. They picture Aly as having played the role of a husband with open arms only to solidify his case and weaken hers—meaning that Aly was being practical, was not overlooking the financial settlement that must always be a factor if he and Rita come to the divorce stage. This, it is pointed out, stacks the cards against Rita completely. On the surface there is a husbandly welcome but underneath it's not so cozy.

PARIS, when you are in love, can be inspiring. Paris, when your love is a question mark, and when there is no surge of romance to counterbalance the fall chill and the rain sweeping in from the north and west, as it did steadily during this period, can be terribly dreary. Per-

haps this was why Rita headed south to warm Spain when she left. And it must have been heartening when an admirer welcomed her in Madrid with a bouquet of flowers. She told Spanish reporters that not even her closest friends knew she had left Paris. This was in a sense a pathetic remark; Rita had no close friends in Paris. She was accused of holding herself aloof, of not even trying to perfect her French, which she says is “pretty good” and the French say is “pretty poor.”

She made no statement directly when she left France but adopted a diplomatic stratagem and appointed a “spokesman” who talked to an English reporter from the London Daily Mail. “Rita and Aly disagreed over the extent of the independence each would retain in resuming their married life together,” said the spokesman (who might well be Rita herself). “Both have public responsibilities and they hoped to find a way of life that would take that into account, allowing each to keep their necessary independence and yet remain husband and wife. At present the position is vague, and it is impossible to say what decision will be taken. The couple was sincere in their desire for a reconciliation, as revealed at their press conference. But even then everything had not been settled, as shown by Miss Hayworth's insistence that she did not for the present intend to proceed with a divorce.”

The same story, when it ran in the Mail, also said that Aly had seen his lawyer, ostensibly about business connected with his racing stable but also to discuss the marriage. When lovers, or parted couples, run to their lawyers at the first hint of trouble, it is usually a sign of a fight to the finish. A woman who knows Aly well summed up Rita's chances for happiness as follows: “It really is rather sad to think of that poor girl trying to dictate terms

to someone as powerful and clever as Aly and his family . . . because believe me, she hasn't a prayer.”

This is probably true, if you believe general opinion here. But this doesn't darken Rita's future by any means. It may be lightening right now . . . if Bob Savage, a former lieutenant colonel in the American Air Force and now New York café singer, has his way. It was known in Paris that he sought Rita's favor in Beverly Hills where he met her, and it was only because a reconciliation between her and Aly seemed imminent that he retired from the scene. With the first report that she and Aly had broken again he took off for Europe.

BUT perhaps the best analysis of Rita's decision not to stay with Aly was given by an American writer familiar with the story. “I think every woman in the world ought to bless her for it,” he said. “She earnestly tried to make a go of it with the father of her child. But she had to walk out in all honesty. Aly wanted a wife, all right, but not one at his side . . . just in the convenient background. Aly wanted her beauty, but not as an inspiration to him, just to grace his household. Aly wanted the respectability of marriage—it's a necessity for him politically and, you might say, economically—but little of the responsibility. A lot of women come to this realization about their husbands and do nothing about it. Rita, at 34, if not before, knew that this is not what she wanted. She sensed that in the enlightened portions of the world a wife who does not fight to maintain the marital emancipation women have won is betraying all of them. Being Rita she wouldn't, she couldn't, stand for it.”

END
(Rita Hayworth will soon be seen in Columbia's Salome.)

the male animal

(Continued from page 57) and history behind her handsome husband.

Heston didn't always give the impression of power. As a boy he was a runt, an undersized featherweight, and stayed that way until high school. Then he grew eight inches in two years, then gained weight during his stint with the army, after college. He grew up in the wilds of Michigan, a life that was almost an inheritance, for his grandfather had once owned thousands of acres of timberland. The family, although well educated, had for years lived the remote life of the woodsman, and Heston was born there in 1923 to follow for a while in the footsteps of his predecessors. Until the family moved to Chicago in 1933, his boyhood was the richest that can be experienced. He swam in the rivers, fished in the lakes, and hunted in the forests, and before he was knee-high to his father he was fairly expert with the rod and gun and axe and all the tools by which outdoor men live. To this day he hunts only to eat, and pioneer-like, disdains the act of hunting for the mere sport of it, feeling that hunger is the only reason strong enough for the act of killing.

As the area where he lived had few children and was populated mostly by lumberjacks, Heston lived the early part of his life like a small lone wolf, with few companions of his own age. There was no one with whom to pretend, and he early began using his imagination, creating his own world peopled with imaginary characters. Sundown would find the small boy, his chores at home finished, off in the forest playing with scores of cowboys, robbers and Indians but no one but himself could see.

It was the beginning of his interest in acting, and when the Hestons moved to Chicago he was delighted to at last have other boys around him, kids who could play parts in the melodramas he had been playing solo for so long.

It wasn't easy at first, this move from the big outdoors to the big city. It was weeks before he could cross the heavily trafficked streets without fear and before he could feel at home with the other kids on the block. He realized for the first time how much shorter and slimmer he was than other boys his own age, and it bothered him. He had always wanted to be big some day, big like his father and the other lumbermen, and now to know that he was smaller even than his classmates was a blow.

HIS name made another strike against him. “Charlton,” the other boys would sneer, and shrug their shoulders in disgust. The first day in school, the huge school whose classrooms were spilling over with more children than he had ever seen, the teacher called the roll. “Charlotte Heston!” she said, and no one answered. The small Mr. Heston scrunched down behind his desk, his ears flaming red with embarrassment. “Charlotte Heston!” repeated the teacher. “Where is the little Heston girl?” That did it, of course, and his classmates didn't forget it in a hurry. There were a few snide remarks made, but Charlton, despite his diminutive size, could use his fists as well if not better than the city boys, and soon his new-found friends were calling him Chuck and joining with him in his own brand of fun.

He was not only already an actor at ten years of age; he was a director and writer as well. “You guys come to get me, see,” he'd say, “and you don't know I have a gun. But I got one from Joe

when he came to see me at the jail. So you've got to look real surprised when I all of a sudden pull it out of my shoulder holster.”

It went on that way, first on the streets after school, then later in school plays. When Chuck learned that New Trier High School in Winnetka offered the best dramatic training of any public school in the country, he enrolled immediately. He excelled from the first in stage designing, management and diction. After graduation he attended Northwestern University's School of Speech. It was there he met Lydia Clarke, another student of the theater. They were married just before his induction into the army.

The first year was certainly the hardest. They lived out of a foot locker, moving from camp to camp, before Chuck was sent to the Aleutians. Lydia had to wait two years to cook their first meal, and four years before they had a room that could honestly be called a kitchen. They lived in shabby hotel rooms and boarding houses while Chuck tried to get a start on Broadway. For almost one whole year Lydia's modeling brought in the lion's share of the Heston income.

Chuck didn't like being broke. “Maybe if I were Bohemian,” he says, “I could enjoy that kind of living. But when an actor's broke it means he isn't working, and an actor out of work is a sorry character.” They never went into debt, but there was many a night when the mere sight of the ever-present dish of noodles was enough to make them despair.

Things grew brighter as the years passed. Heston had worked in radio soap operas, out of necessity rather than choice, and the radio experience led naturally into television. After two Broadway seasons and a busy summer of stock in 1948, Chuck landed a role in television's “Studio 1.” 83

Worthington Miner, the show's producer, saw great talent in the new actor and henceforth gave him plush leading roles in many distinguished productions, including *Jane Eyre*, *Of Human Bondage* and *Shadow And Substance*. Audience reaction was immediate, and fan mail began flooding the studio. *Macbeth* drew an astounding number of letters, a fact about which Heston, whose highest ambition is Shakespearean drama, felt quite warmly. "The unlikeliest people wrote, people from tiny little towns—people whom you wouldn't suspect of being interested in Shakespeare."

THE interest spread to Hollywood, and producer Hal Wallis was the man successful in signing Heston to a contract. There had been nibbles from Hollywood prior to Wallis' offer and Chuck, with three mediums already conquered, gave it much serious thought. He preferred to remain in New York to be near the stage and television center, yet he came to the conclusion that it's impossible for an actor to get beyond a certain point without doing films. "As a matter of fact," he says, "I suppose you could say that there hasn't been a star made in the last dozen years who hasn't made at least one picture."

He and Lydia came to Hollywood and rented a two-and-a-half room apartment, "bigger than our place in New York." The place in New York is a cold water flat, which they still maintain, because Heston is one of the few Hollywood actors having studio permission to work also in television. They live from coast to coast, still packing the traveling irons and traveling clocks collected during their marriage, and in each apartment Chuck bumps into the walls at every turn. He likes big rooms but has learned to adjust to small spaces.

"When we buy our house," he says, "the first thing on the purchase list is an eight-by-eight mattress. I'm tired of tucking my toes over the end of the skimpy thing we have now."

When he feels a need for stretching he and Lydia go back to Michigan, where Chuck owns 1280 acres of forest land. It is their one luxury in life, and a personal triumph for Chuck, because after years of saving, he managed to purchase a part of the huge lands that the family sold years ago. There is a large house, a machine shed, a lake over a mile wide, hundreds of bears, deer, and even a pair of golden eagles. It is his country, big and rugged; the winter temperature often dips way below zero, but this is where Heston developed the healthy body that has since grown into such an immense frame. He's used to it, he loves it, this is the only place where he can really relax. It is their vacation spot whenever there's a let-up in their busy schedules. "Think of it," says Chuck. "There isn't a telephone in the house." There has been little time for Michigan, however. Heston, whose latest film is *Pony Express*, has been too busy.

WHILE he has the ability to play hero or heel with equal conviction, he is most at home in the type of role that portrays him as a rugged Romeo . . . the Heathcliff of *Wuthering Heights* with his deep intensity, the Rochester of *Jane Eyre* with his hint of brutality, and in movies the Brad of *The Greatest Show On Earth*. The role of Brad, says Chuck, was the most comfortable of his career, the more so because Cecil B. DeMille altered the character to fit him even more snugly. Brad, if you will remember, was the circus manager, the strong and silent type who wore his hat rakishly on the back of his head, who ran the circus, including the 84 heroine Betty Hutton, with an iron glove.

Charlton himself does not understand why his admirers consider him the rugged type. He feels he is just an average guy and fails to see, despite all his psychological self-probing, that his appeal stems from the very fact that he is, underneath, like Brad. He is a big man, two inches over six feet, and a few pounds more than two hundred. His chest measures 44 inches; and expanded, increases to 48, one of the biggest even in Hollywood, land of barrel-chested bruisers.

HIS fans particularly notice the masculine quality of his voice. Although his diction leaves nothing to be desired, the voice itself has rough edges, a gruff quality that seemingly delights the distaff side of America. It often gets away from him, and without realizing it, he booms his pear-shaped tones until they bounce from wall to wall of whatever room he may be in. On these occasions Lydia lays a hand gently on his arm. "Dear, you're projecting too much."

"It's a good thing," Charlton Heston once remarked, "that I married a girl like Lydia even though she does say I'm a Great Dane on a leash. I can't stand stupid women, and Lydia is not only bright; she also knows what I'm talking about when I talk shop."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While in Gloucester, Massachusetts, during the summer of 1949, I attended a carnival on the 4th of July. I noticed a long chauffeur-driven car come into the parking lot and thought this was a little unusual.

There in a few minutes, I saw a large crowd watching a young mother and her child on the horses at the merry-go-round. Someone said, "It's Judy Garland and Liza."

When the merry-go-round stopped, Judy took Liza around to some of the other amusements. The crowd kept following them but nobody asked for an autograph as they realized at the time she was recuperating from a nervous breakdown.

Christine Lampinen
Maynard, Massachusetts



When he can be touted away from his favorite subject, he is every bit as articulate in other fields. Despite the Hestons' preoccupation with their profession, more than half of their close friends have never been backstage, and their mutual interests run the gamut from politics to a new recipe for snails.

They get along fine, and there's little reason why they shouldn't. Lydia is the perfect helpmeet for Chuck, going over his scripts with him and playing the assorted parts related to his own. She likes good food, as he does, but will never be able to consume the same quantities. He is a prodigious eater, and one night when dining at the home of friends, ate seven steaks. "Not exactly the way to win friends or get invited again," he says. He claims he did it sort of unconsciously; two at the table; then later in the kitchen, talking with his host, the remaining five that were still on the platter disappeared during the confab.

"That's what I mean about having a Great Dane on a leash," says Lydia. "He's overgrown, and every once in a while he

just wanders off and needs a tug on the leash. He gets distracted easily and does things in an absent-minded fashion. He keeps things in his closet for years, and it never occurs to him that they left this world years ago. I have to keep throwing out or giving away his clothes and if it happens to be some tweedy old favorite of his he pretends he's angry. But he really isn't. He doesn't even have a temper—he's almost phlegmatic. But," she amends, "he's really easy to live with. He's like a chameleon—can adapt himself to whatever type of person he's with. And he has such tremendous energy. Charlie never gets tired."

She's the world's only resident who can call him Charlie and get away with it. Chuck claims she gives the name "a special kind of reading," a special something that makes it bearable to him. They blend their careers perfectly. Never criticizing until a performance is over, and then giving and taking constructive remarks with even temper—and sometimes teasing each other.

Lydia once saw a movie film taken of Chuck when he was a boy. "He was pretending, as usual. Climbing over em-bankments and shooting at thin air. What a ham!"

Now, he can't remember when he didn't want to be an actor. When he was in high school and his mother suggested dancing lessons he was too engrossed in his theater studies to take the time. So that when the night arrived for the senior ball he didn't attend. But rather than tell his parents, spent the night walking along the beach by himself, encased in his tuxedo.

THERE never was any girl but Lydia. Chuck married when he was 20, and now when he meets a woman he looks first at her eyes. If they show intelligence, he settles down comfortably for a long conversation. It goes something like this:

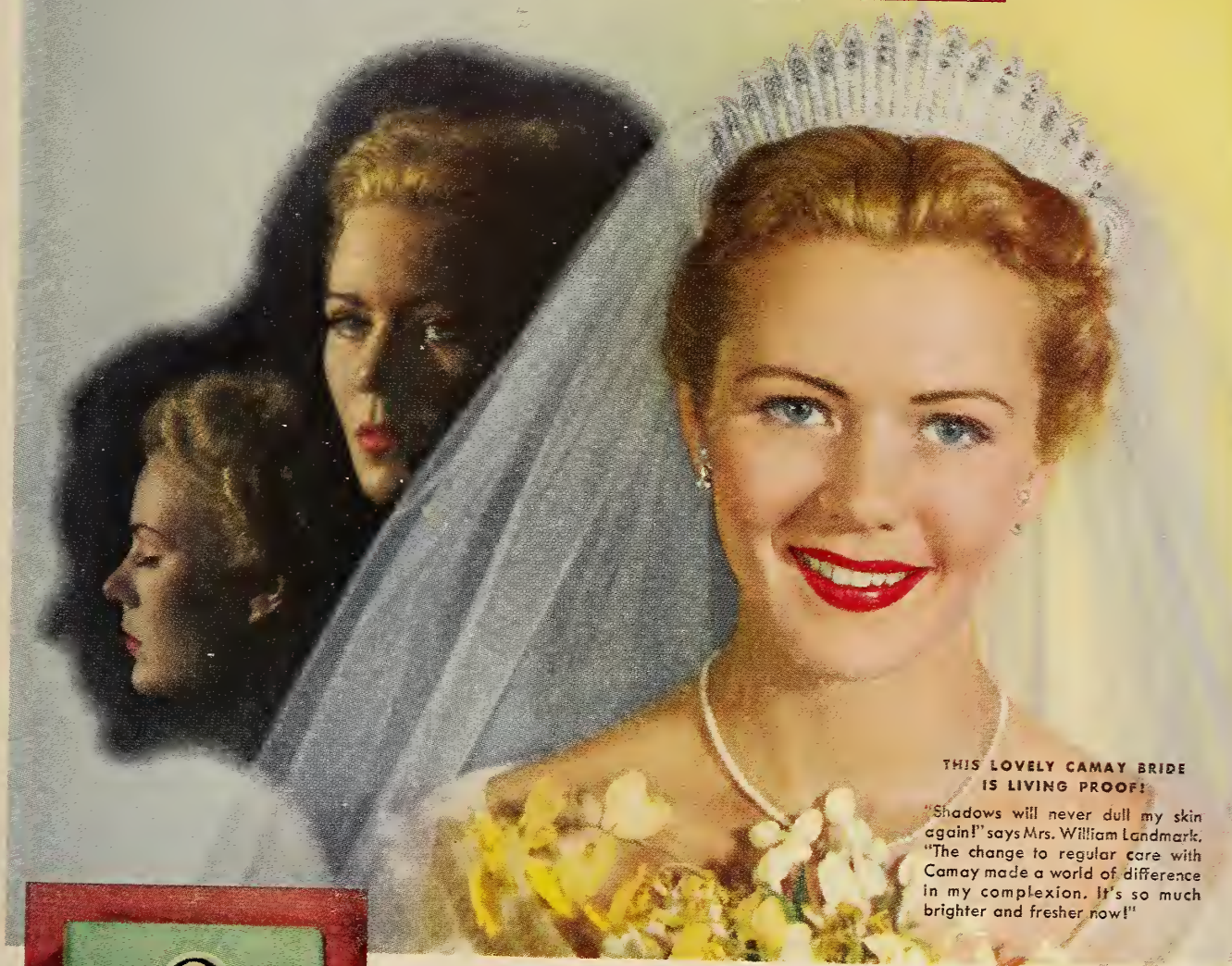
"I like stage work best. I suppose because it's there the actor has the greatest responsibility. Movies are a visual thing, and the camera and director can do almost anything without an actor. . . . I like actors who are professional people, the actors who know the importance of being prompt and of knowing their lines. . . . Playing characters of Henry James was difficult for me. His heroes don't act like I do, don't think like I do. It was hard work, but it was good for me. And then the parts in *Claudia*, in *Voice Of The Turtle*—those men are too gentle. I'm not that way. But you see, the greatest advantage an actor can have is the kind of parts that don't fit him. He has to work. You kind of have to stretch different muscles all the time. The same goes for working in all kinds of mediums. . . . I like to paint because when I paint I don't have to be good. I can relax and do something bad if I want to. All the arts are allied. The same qualities are necessary, the sense of timing, the mental concentration, the selectivity. But most of all, the power of observation. Acting is a visual art. I'm a visual thinker. When you say the word 'father' I think of a pair of legs encased in leather boots, with the firelight shining on them. That's the way it used to be back in Michigan. . . . I think anybody who can write a good play is wonderful. Play writing takes everything in the book, and there's no pleasure greater for me than doing a good play. . . ."

This is shop talk, pure and simple. But there aren't many women who, if they have intelligent eyes and can garner this much attention, would really object to being Charlton Heston's audience for the subject closest to his heart. After all, he is a ruddy hunk of man.

END

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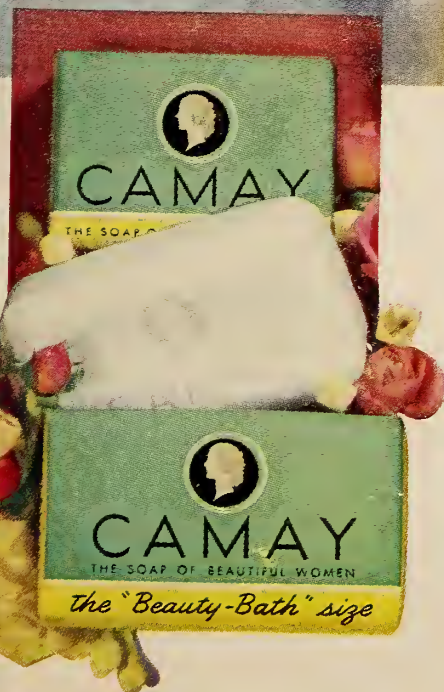
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It is wonderful to see your hair shining with this silky blaze . . . silky soft, silky smooth, silky bright!

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This silkening magic is in Drene's *new lightning lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

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a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—

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modern screen

WEEKLY
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Lead
**LOUELLA
PARSONS:**
Following Crosby's
future

**VEDDA
LOPPER:**
What Lana does
to men

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That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!

*Lovely models have it...
So can you!*

As clear, as sparkling as a frosty morning, Anne Viggers' complexion is one that any girl might envy. Her secret? "Pure, mild Ivory is my only beauty aid," says this stunning model. "I think gentle care with Ivory is a magic formula for any girl's complexion!"



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so can you!*

Imagine you with a complexion as baby-fine as little Justine's! Like the idea? Then surely it makes sense to share her beauty soap—pure, mild Ivory! More doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands of soap put together.



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Tooth brushing can be a pleasure instead of a chore—with new improved Ipana. Its new "Sparkle-Fresh" flavor and twice-as-rich foaming made it the 2 to 1 choice of hundreds of men, women and children who tried it in their own homes. See if your own family doesn't agree.

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Teeth 54% Cleaner the First Day. New Ipana's remarkable cleaning ability was proved by university scientists. In a study of brushing in the morning and after meals, they found that new Ipana made badly stained teeth 54% cleaner—the first day.



Oral Bad Breath Stopped 4 Hours. Another test studied breath with a scientific odor-measuring osmometer. Men and women with severe mouth odor used new Ipana. Unpleasant mouth odor was stopped *even after 4 hours*—in every case.

Famous Ipana now gives you two new scientific cleansing agents.

Yes, Ipana Tooth Paste is now better than ever. It gives you all the ingredients you need for effective mouth hygiene. And it tastes wonderfully refreshing, can never stain.

Ipana's two new scientific cleansing, purifying agents actually clean better than any single tooth-paste ingredient known. They penetrate where even water cannot reach . . . help keep your whole mouth healthier.

What's more, you've never tasted anything so fresh and peppery as Ipana's new, improved flavor. And you have never felt anything like the way it bursts instantly into twice as much cleansing foam. You'll notice the difference.



New pleasanter way to take care of gums, reduce tooth decay.

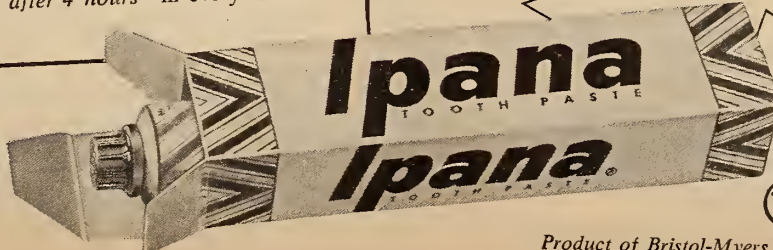
Dentists will tell you that a cleaner mouth is a healthier mouth. That's just what you get when you brush your teeth after meals with creamy new Ipana.

First, new Ipana removes more of the mouth acids that can bring on painful and costly cavities. It gives you and your family better protection from tooth decay.

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LATELY?



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Product of Bristol-Myers

She Even Stumps This Expert!



WHAT A FRAUD YOU ARE! YOU DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN I DO ABOUT THE WAY TO FRANKIE'S HEART!

OH YES I DO, SUE! BUT BAD BREATH STUMPS EVEN ME! THE EXPERT FOR YOU TO SEE IS YOUR DENTIST, HONEY!

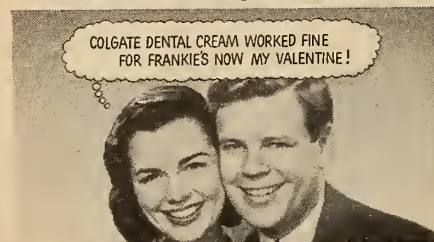


TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



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LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



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STOPS
BAD BREATH and
STOPS DECAY!

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

modern screen

stories

MODERN SCREEN'S PARTY OF THE YEAR..... 44

Beginning on page 44 are the story and 35 photographs of the most exciting Hollywood event of the year—the award presentations to the most popular stars of 1952 as decided by you, the 4,500,000 readers of Modern Screen. Your responses to the questionnaire (see page 99) determine the winners each year, and all Hollywood turns out to show its appreciation of your judgment. Full evidence of the respect Hollywood has for your decisions will be seen in the forthcoming choices of the final movieland bosses—the casting directors. Thank you.

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FORECAST:
*So powerful,
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year's "10 BEST" list!*

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BARRY SULLIVAN • GLORIA GRAHAME
GILBERT ROLAND • with **LEO G. CARROLL**

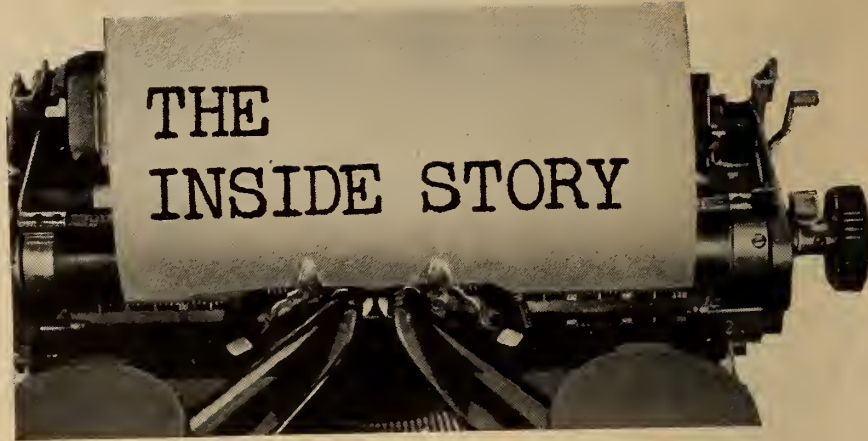
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**SUPER
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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to **THE INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Can you tell me please how many times Dale Robertson has been married?
—J. J., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

A. Twice.

Q. Isn't the Dean Martin marriage going to pieces?
—D. E., AKRON, OHIO.

A. No.

Q. Can you find out how much money Gary Cooper will make from *High Noon*?
—E. R., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Cooper's salary is \$100,000 and 20% of the net profits. His take from *High Noon* will approximate \$360,000.

Q. Will Dan Dailey reconcile with his former wife?
—H. Y., NASHVILLE, TENN.

A. It is doubtful.

Q. Is there any possibility that Bing Crosby will now marry Ann Blyth, especially since they are both Catholics?
—D. U., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. A rumor in bad taste and without foundation.

Q. I understand Bob Hope is worth four million dollars. If this is true, why does he want to buy oil wells, TV stations, and other enterprises?
—H. Y., TOLEDO, OHIO.

A. That is his approximate worth. His youth was so poverty-ridden that one of his great passions in life has always been the acquisition of money; another is giving thousands to charity.

Q. Is it true that Betty Grable refuses to speak to Marilyn Monroe because of jealousy?
—T. E., SANTA FE, N.M.

A. Grable and Monroe are on speaking terms.

Q. I've been told that Rock Hudson is being given a big build-up by Universal because the studio is sore at Tony Curtis. Is that true?
—C. E., MOLINE, ILL.

A. It was at one point, is no longer.

Q. What is Marilyn Monroe's salary and how much does 20th Century-Fox get for her on a loanout?
—I. Y., DENNIS, MASS.

A. Marilyn's salary is \$750 per week; 20th currently is not loaning her out.

If they did the asking price would be \$100,000 per picture.

Q. Wasn't the John Wayne divorce proceeding soft-pedaled because of all the dirty linen in the case?
—B. Y., ITHACA, N.Y.

A. Yes.

Q. I've been told that ever since that riotous Marion Davies party in which she fought with Fernando Lamas, Lana Turner has been referred to by her friends as "the human punching bag." Is this true?

A. A few of Miss Turner's friends have described her thusly.

Q. I understand that Doris Day has refused to act in any more pictures with Danny Thomas. Has Danny become stuck-up?
—E. R., TOLEDO, OHIO.

A. Just convinced of his potential as a dramatic star.

Q. Isn't the Ty Power-Linda Christian marriage finished to all intents and purposes?
—D. W., DENVER, COL.

A. Both sophisticated partners have an understanding which should keep the marriage going.

Q. Wasn't Bob Wagner a dish-washer at the Bel-Air Hotel rather than a rich man's son as his publicity makes him out to be?
—T. F., DALLAS, TEXAS.

A. Wagner worked one Summer at the Bel-Air Hotel as a dish-washer; his parents, however, are well off.

Q. Does Jeanne Crain's mother still think her daughter is the wrong wife for Paul Brinkman?
—E. E., SANTA FE, N.M.

A. In view of the fact that Jeanne's marriage has lasted seven years and has produced four children, Jeanne's mother feels now she was wrong in doubting Brinkman as a husband.

Q. Of all the actors in Hollywood which one has success changed the most?
—E. M., HARTFORD, CONN.

A. Some say Kirk Douglas.

Q. Now that MGM has dropped Peter
(Continued on page 26)

DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS



Are Back With
Lots Of Laughs!
Lots Of Heart-tugs!
Lots Of Songs!
Lots Of Babes!

in **HAL WALLIS'** Production
THE STOOGES

Co-starring
EDDIE MAYEHOFF (That's My Boy)

MARION MARSHALL
POLLY BERGEN

SONGS
"A Girl Named Mary and A Boy Named Bill"
"Who's Your Little Who-zis"
"I Feel A Song Coming On"
"I Feel Like A Feather In The Breeze"
"With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming"
"Lauise" • "Lover" • "I'm Yours"
"Just One More Chance"

Directed by
NORMAN TAUROG • FRED F. FINKLEHOFF and MARTIN RACKIN

Additional Dialogue by **ELWOOD ULLMAN** • From a story by
Fred F. Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers • A Paramount Picture





LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, one and all—bit belated but not the less heartfelt.

This is the time of the year I usually make a few predictions of things to come in Hollywood—and so let's tee-off with a few:

I doubt if Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas will marry despite the heat they're generating romantically at the present time. I have Lamas down in my book as not a marryin' man.

The Gregory Pecks won't part no matter how strong the rumors from Europe that they are quarreling.

Two Academy Award nominees for the "best Actress" Oscar will be Shirley Booth (*Come Back, Little Sheba*) and Julie Harris (*Member Of The Wedding*).

Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner WON'T make up their quarrel.

Newcomers to shine the brightest in 1953—Rosemary Clooney, Peggy Lee, Audrey Hepburn, Jeff Hunter, Aldo Ray, Dewey Martin and Anna Maria Alberghetti.

Gossip writers persistently trying to tie up Bing Crosby in romances which he won't be having.

East Of Eden the most discussed and cussed picture since casting *Gone With The Wind*.

Marilyn Monroe's jump in salary from \$500

per week to an eventual \$6000 per week (which isn't a prediction—the new deal is coming up 'for Marilyn).

No marriage for Lana Turner.

IT'S also a little late to be talking about Christmas presents, but I know I'm always interested in who gets what—and perhaps you haven't heard about these:

Lana Turner gave little Cheryl a small "set chair"—a duplicate of the one Lana uses when she's working.

Deborah Kerr gave her family the order for a swimming pool and the family gave Deborah three beautiful Suzy sports outfits.

Ava Gardner sent beautiful ivory gifts from Africa to her Hollywood pals.

The Gene Kellys loaded their friends with French perfume.

Another swimming pool gift—Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding gave each other the pool for their new home.

Van Johnson gave Evie an oil painting of their daughter Schuyler—a lovely picture by artist John Morris.

Ricardo Montalban's gift to Georgianna—an exquisite antique bracelet encrusted in semi-precious stones.

And, perhaps, the nicest surprise of all—George Hormel surprised Leslie Caron by bringing her parents, the Claude Carons, here from Paris to spend the holidays with their daughter.

MY 'phone rang at a very late hour and a nasal, muffled voice said softly:

"This is Marlon Brando. I've just married Movita. I'm drunk—but I wanted you to know the news!"

Ordinarily, I'd have been on the telephone immediately to my paper with this "scoop"—but I haven't been in the "scoops" business all these years without developing a sixth sense about these things.

I'm glad I listened to my feminine intuition. Sure enough, my midnight caller turned out to be an impostor pretending to be Brando and trying to get me to fall for this phony story.

Marlon, highly indignant, knows who this man is—and if he dares to repeat the hoax, will take police action.

FERNANDO LAMAS' little habit of letting ladies pick up the check at cafes and nightclubs has the town gasping. A South American habit, maybe? (Continued on page 8)

PARTY OF THE MONTH: THE SURPRISE SHINDIG CLARK GABLE THREW FOR THE SINATRAS . . . A "PROFILE" OF



Janet Leigh's leggy figure was shown off to advantage in the costume she wore to the annual Masquer's Ball in Hollywood recently.



And Jan Sterling was a close rival for honors in the gargeous gam department, at the same gala Ball. Jan came with hubby Paul Douglas.



Mike O'Shea ran the danger of being tickled to death if he got too close to his featherbedecked wife, Virginia Mayo, that night.



Ursula Thiess and Bob Taylor look happy together here, but why was she crying, waiting for him in his car alone a few nights before this?

MARILYN MONROE... MARRIAGE HAS CHANGED JANE WYMAN... MICKEY ROONEY'S HONEYMOON BEHAVIOR...



Debra Paget's mother is never far behind when her beautiful daughter goes stepping. Debra's the gal who's never been kissed, except on the cheek, and she wants to keep it that way (for a while, at least!).



Charming new bride Jane Wyman wore a demure checked gingham bonnet and skirt to the Masquer's Ball . . . but her skirt stopped short way above the knee, and Janie held her own with the rest of the glamor girls.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

One of his friends explains that, of course, Fernie permits his date to pick up the tariff ONLY when he has been invited. When he does the inviting, he pays.

Anyway, it looks awful.

Sight and Sound in the Night: Ursula Thiess, parked in Bob Taylor's car outside the Mocambo, weeping quietly to herself.

But when he swung in behind the wheel, she had the powder puff out, drying the traces.

A honeymoon story to end all honeymoon stories is that when Mickey Rooney and his bride, Elaine Mahnken, checked into the El Rancho Hotel a few hours after their elopement to Las Vegas, they asked for SLEEPING PILLS! !? ? ? ?

AVA GARDNER and Frank Sinatra spent their first wedding anniversary 18,000 feet up in the air and 10,000 miles from home winging their way to Nairobi where Ava was due to start *Mogambo*.

"We felt kinda sorry for ourselves" Frankie reports, "But we exchanged our gifts and opened a not-too-chilled bottle of champagne to toast our first milestone."

His gift to Ava was a huge globe-shaped ring studded with diamond chips. She gave him a thin platinum wrist watch.

When they arrived in Nairobi the night of their anniversary, it was pleasant to be met at the plane by Clark Gable and director John Ford and the rest of the Hollywood troupe.

They were surprised when Clark told them to dress for dinner. "It's the custom at the new Stanley Hotel here," Clark said.

And, it wasn't until they entered the dining room that night, and the African orchestra struck up the chords of "The Anniversary Waltz", that Frankie and Ava realized that their wedding date had not been forgotten and that they were guests of honor at a big party hosted by Gable.

Ava got very sentimental and cried and told Clark she didn't think anyone would think to celebrate their anniversary (even if he knew about it), because they'd had so many battles during their short marriage nobody would know whether they'd be speaking or not.

Ten days later, Frankie had to fly back to Hollywood to rest for *From Here To Eternity* and it will be a long time before he sees Ava again.

But, he'll never forget Clark Gable's gesture of friendship and the happiness that shone in the eyes of his bride when she realized their anniversary hadn't been forgotten—and good friends made it gay and warm and memorable for both of them with all the trimmings, including a cake.

THE night the William Goetzes gave a dinner honoring Gene Markey and his charming bride (the former Mrs. Lucille Wright, owner of the Calumet racing stable) was the evening Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger elected to elope, so I spent most of my time at the telephone waiting for their call.

However, it was a very gay party. Jimmy Stewart was at the piano singing some of his favorite tunes; Loretta Young did a dance; George Burns, who will sing at the drop of a hint, gave with number after number in his

GEARY STEFFEN GETS HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF HIS NEW BABY!



Jane Powell's new baby daughter, Suzanne Steffen, sleeps right through first meeting with Daddy.



The Steffens' first child, Geary Steffen III, 16 months old, is just as pleased as his parents are that the new baby turned out to be a girl.



Here's a close-up of Suzanne, who arrived ahead of schedule. She wasn't due till December. For complete story of her birth, see page 24.

DORIS DAY * RAY BOLGER

IN WARNER BROS. SPRING-TIME, SING-TIME, FLING-TIME MUSICAL OO-LA-LA!

When they sing...
your heart dances!
When they dance...
your heart sings!

April in Paris

WITH
CLAUDE DAUPHIN

IN COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

WITH 10 SUNSHINY SONG HITS!

WRITTEN BY
JACK ROSE AND MELVILLE SHAVELSON

MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF

PRODUCED BY

DIRECTED BY

MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED AND DIRECTED BY LEROY PRINZ

WILLIAM JACOBS • DAVID BUTLER

ANOTHER
WARNER BROS.
PICTURE



Anne Baxter wore her new blonde hairdo when she, John Hodiak, saw *Snows of Kilimanjaro*.



Rhonda attended the same premiere with husband, Dr. Lou Merrill. Her dress drew whistles!



George Sanders escorted both his wife, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and her sister, Eva, to the premiere.



John Poyne and Coleen Gray attended the 10 opening of the Terroce Room in Los Angeles.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

off-key style. And, Deborah Kerr, the most ladylike girl in Hollywood, seemed to be having the best time of all just sitting quietly on the sidelines and looking on.

Jack Benny's toast to the guests of honor was very amusing and ditto for Bill Goetz' to Joan Fontaine and Collier Young, also newlyweds.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: I'm fed up with the feuding of Corinne Calvet and Zsa Zsa Gabor. How about you? . . . His friends are worried about Red Skelton, who isn't taking the best care of his career, his marriage or his health. Nothing is worth getting the shakes about, Red. . . I just wonder if Ginger Rogers will be as happy (if she marries 24-year-old Jacques du Bergerac) as she thinks she will? . . . Isn't blonde, doll-faced Jane Powell well on her way to being a baby Hetty Greene of Hollywood? She already owns two eighteen-unit apartment buildings in the San Fernando Valley, has an interest in a cleaning establishment and has bought acreage to subdivide for small homes . . . Hedy Lamarr should grab herself a movie job—but quickly. She's turning down every script offered to her—and some of them are good. If she isn't careful, she'll "neurotize" herself right out of a career. . . . If any actor's wife pays more for her clothes than Mrs. Van Johnson, will she please hold up her hand and be counted. Rumor has it that some of Evie's Rontana gowns cost as much as \$1500 apiece. . . . Who did Dale Robertson think he was kidding when he said he and his wife had never been separated. What does he call moving out of his home, refusing to answer Mrs. R's telephone calls, and staying away for two weeks . . . Isn't the real reason Debbie Reynolds called off her romance with Bob Wagner was because of all the publicity he received dating Barbara Stanwyck. Me thinks so.

THE big social events of the month have been charity dinners and the wonderful tribute paid Louis B. Mayer by the Producers Guild at a whopping banquet in the Biltmore Bowl.

I can't remember seeing more beautiful gowns at any event. Our beauties were really done to the teeth.

Jeanne Crain looked like something right out of heaven in an apple green bouffant satin with a slightly deeper shade of green tulle scarf billowing to the floor.

I overheard Betty Furness (a looker herself) say, when she spotted Jeanne, "If I looked like Jeanne Crain I'd stay home all day and just look at myself in different mirrors!" You're welcome, Jeanne.

Ann Blyth (she was Harriet Parsons' guest and sat at our table) wore daintily beaded pink satin, the new above-the-ankle-length for formals, and she, too, was encircled by a pink tulle stole.

Gracie Allen's gown was made of baby lace and white net, yards and yards of it, with enormous puff sleeves.

A sheath of "winter white" satin was chosen by Esther Williams and it fit her as tightly as one of her swimming suits. Why not—if you've got a shape like Esther's?

One of the few black gowns (most of the gals went pastel satin with a vengeance) was worn by Norma Shearer, the only woman sitting on the dais. The former star wore

black velvet with pearls and when she put on her glasses to read parts of her speech, I jotted down a fashion note for gals who wear glasses:

Norma's glass-rims were studded with pearls and brilliants—very becoming.

My Janie Wyman said, "Darling, we can't come to the City of Hope dinner with you Sunday night, because Freddie is playing a date in Pasadena that evening—and I'm sittin' home waiting for him."

This, mind you, from the former "going-out" gal in our town, the belle who just couldn't stay home, even when she was dead tired, and who sought out her favorite jive artists almost nightly!

What a change in Jane! And how very well her sudden and surprising (even to her best friends) marriage to bandleader Freddie Karger is working out.

Recently, I danced past Freddie's bandstand when he was playing the Jimmy McHugh Polio Foundation costume party in Palm Springs. "Where's your bride?" I asked Karger as I danced by.

"Home with the children," he laughed, "mine and hers."

What Freddie meant is that his 11-year-old daughter, Terry, was with Jane and her two, Maureen and Michael. "Terry and Maureen are just two years separated," Freddie said. "They are already close friends—and of course, Terry loves Jane." He added proudly, "Who doesn't?"

There's no problem about Terry's spending much time with her glamorous new stepmother and her father. Freddie's former wife is a successful woman lawyer, very busy, and she is glad that the little girl has found such a wonderful "ready made" family to visit when she isn't with her real mother.

JEAN SIMMONS got the giggles something awful, playing the first love scene with her swashbuckler-husband, Stewart Granger, in *Young Bess*.

She broke Granger up, too, and finally, when she got around to making an embarrassed explanation to the more or less irritated members of the cast and crew, Jean said:

"There are a couple of lines in the dialogue that strike us funny because they have a very private meaning to us as married people. We're sorry. Let's do the scene over."

Many fans have the idea that *Young Bess* is the first picture Jean and Stewart have ever made together. T'aint so.

Several years ago they did Adam and Evelyn together in London. "But we weren't married then," explained Jean.

"It isn't easy to work with your real-life husband," she sighed. "Having people on the set watching us is as though, on a quiet evening at home together, we left the shades up!"

INTIMATE Tidbits About That Delectable Dish, Marilyn Monroe: She would rather eat hors d'oeuvres than dinner—her favorites being tiny tomatoes stuffed with cream cheese and caviar. . . .

Unless she's actually in front of a camera, her hair never looks well combed. It's fine and it snarls and it hurts her to comb it. . . .

She used to say, "Between you and I" and is grateful that someone corrected her that it is right to say "Between you and me." Now

If you're neglecting dry skin... watch out!

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY



I am always amazed at some women. They spend *hours* nursing plants, exclaim with horror if a begonia wilts. But these same women do nothing to keep their own dry skin from getting thirstier, flakier, more withered... and just plain wrinkled.

If you're neglecting dry skin, let me caution you...you're adding years to your face! Perhaps you think skin care is expensive, time-consuming? Well, there is a dry skin care that *costs pennies*, takes *less than five minutes a day*, and will make you look like a new woman!

I'm talking about Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, with its amazing new penetrating ingredient, *Penaten!* Penaten carries the lanolin and other rich softening oils in the cream deep into the important corneum layer of your skin.



While many creams just stay on the surface of your skin, Woodbury *penetrates* — so quickly — five minutes' care is all you need!

here's a simple routine
I recommend:

With your fingertips, cream this rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream in tiny circles about your eyes, nose and mouth, over your cheeks and forehead. With firm upward strokes, work the cream over your throat and neck. Leave it on for five minutes, then... tissue off!



Dry lines and rough flakes will be gone. You'll notice a fresh new bloom in your face, and others will notice it too! Try Woodbury Dry Skin Cream. It costs only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax. The results are priceless.



Jane
Russell's
advice to
a fan

JR

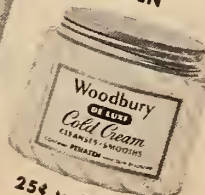
Dear Rosalind,
Just finished filming my new R.K.O. Radio
Picture "Montana Belle".

Now to answer your question: I use Woodbury
Cold Cream! It has a marvelous new ingredient—
Penaten! They say it penetrates deep into pore
openings—loosens every trace of make-up. And
I believe it does! I've used the most expensive
face creams and nothing's ever made
my skin so fresh and smooth as
Woodbury Cold Cream! Try it!

Kindest regards,

Jane Russell

penetrates deeper
because it contains
PENATEN



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offers ideal, newer method for

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Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. They offer a far more modern, convenient and powerfully effective method for intimate feminine hygiene. *They are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.*

When inserted, Zonitors instantly begin to spread a protective deodorizing coating. And they *continue* to do so for hours. They do not quickly melt away. Yet their presence is never felt.

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Shirley Temple poses with her second child, Charles S. Block, Jr., for his first published photo.

she says "Between you and me" quite frequently and looks around quickly to see if anybody's noticed how correctly she is speaking. . . .

She was for Adlai Stevenson and cried when he lost. . . .

A pal, playing a gag on her, called after the election and said he was Adlai Stevenson. Without batting a surprised eyelash, our girl said, "I'm sorry you lost, Mr. Stevenson, real sorry". . . .

When she isn't made-up she says she "hasn't got her face on". . . .

Arlene Dahl is her idea of a beauty with or without her face on. . . .

Recently, 20th gave her a personal maid—the first she has ever had. She calls the maid "Honey" and waits on her. . . .

She's delighted that she has recently dropped 12 pounds—but her studio isn't nor her male fans. . . .

She thinks black velvet is the sexiest thing a girl can wear and has many evening gowns, cocktail dresses, hostess robes and slacks of this material. . . .

Sometimes when she is upset, she talks to herself.

The Letter Box: A while ago I said I would

print the names and addresses of servicemen who would like to correspond with movie stars and/or movie fans. There was so much response from this, both from the boys and from fans eager to write to them that I am using most of the letter-box space this month to give you a few names and addresses of GIs who are lonely:

Attention Debra Paget—Sgt. J. T. Van Swearingen, U.S. 55079282 c/o PM, 24th Ord. M.M. Co., APO 301, San Francisco, California, would love to hear from you personally.

Pvt. Kent Hurley, now in hospital in Japan and soon scheduled for return to active duty in Korea, can be reached via the following address: RA-13412723, 154th Transport Co., APO 59 c/o PM, San Francisco, California.

Also:

A/3c Robert W. Thurber AF 11232274
581st Repro. Sg. APO-74
c/o P.M., San Francisco, California.

A/1c Ralph Zimmerman AF 15431537
200 1st AACs SQN, APO 729
c/o PM, Seattle, Washington

I think this is about all we will have room for this month—but this department will carry more in the future. See you next month.

the lusty...
loving
gambling man!

PIPER LAURIE • JULIA ADAMS

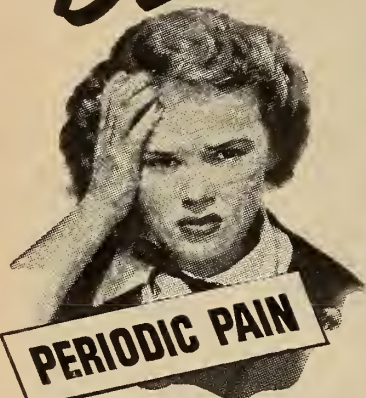
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WITH **JOHN McINTIRE · WILLIAM REYNOLDS** • DIRECTED BY **RUDOLPH MATÉ** • STORY AND SCREENPLAY BY **SETON I. MILLER** • PRODUCED BY **TED RICHMOND** • A Universal-International Picture

Bonnie's BLUE



Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. F-23, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Bonnie's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



MOVIE REVIEWS

by Jonathan Kilbourn

picture of the month



Ray Bolger and Doris Day sing and dance their way into each other's hearts on the way to Paris.

APRIL IN PARIS

■ A gay and original story idea, just the right light touch in the direction and the lightning feet and lanky frame of Ray Bolger make a fine prescription for a movie musical. Add a dash of Gallic whimsy in the person of Claude Dauphin and a part tailored to the talents of Doris Day, and you have just what the play-doctor ordered: an offbeat song-and-dance show that seldom takes itself seriously. How could it, with Bolger playing an assistant secretary to the secretary to the Under-secretary of State? The story gets off to a hilarious start when Bolger lovingly plans an international festival of the arts in Paris, a project he feels sure will spread the fame of the U. S.—and the name of Bolger—throughout the world. But he makes one frightful error. Misaddressing a letter intended to invite Ethel Barrymore to be an American representative at the fete, he sends it instead to one Ethel (Dynamite) Jackson, a Broadway chorus cutie played by Miss Day, who accepts. There is a lot of explaining to do. Dynamite naturally explodes and Bolger's problems multiply. Unexpectedly the selection of a chorus girl to represent the U. S. in Paris is hailed by press and public alike as a stroke of sheer genius. But now Dynamite is adamant in her refusal to go, and all Bolger's powers of persuasion are called upon in his efforts to make her board the ship. She falls for his sales talk, and he falls for her. The rest of the action takes place mostly on shipboard and features some comical contrasts between the entertainer's honesty and the State Department staff's stuffiness. In addition, there is a spur-of-the-moment, mid-night marriage for Doris and Ray, but unbeknownst to them it is, not binding (a thieving busboy, stealing liquor from the captain's cabin, assumes the latter's identity and pretends to perform the ceremony). From here on in, *April in Paris* substitutes farce for satire and loses some of its champagne sparkle, though by no means all of its punch. The sophisticated effect grows thin at the finish, but to the end the film is good fun and the singing and dancing top-notch.—Warners

(Continued on page 16)

"I soothed my husband with sandpaper!"

"Nobody'd ever call Paul Douglas a meek husband," Jan Sterling explains, "and he was pretty irate at the 'junk' I picked up at auctions... that is, until I showed him how lovely it was underneath."



"Then he admitted all the sanding and scraping was worth while. But, oh, what it did to my hands! And what a relief it was afterwards to smooth on soothing Jergens Lotion!"



"We worked like beavers getting settled and unpacking barrels filled with scratchy excelsior. Again I blessed Jergens. It works so fast! See for yourself why: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens..."



"Apply ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as it will with an oily care."



"My hands are always smooth and soft for close-ups with my favorite leading man." No wonder Jergens Lotion is preferred by screen stars 7 to 1!



Use Jergens Lotion to keep *your* hands lovely, too. See why it's the hand care used by more women than any other in the world. 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Remember JERGENS LOTION... because you care for your hands!



ANDROCLES AND THE LION

Although the story is about a group of Christian martyrs-to-be in the time of Caesar, *Androcles And The Lion* is one of George Bernard Shaw's gentlest jests. There is a lot of bite to some of its lines but little to its lion. The real violence is all off stage. Shaw purposely bypasses the legitimately tragic scenes the period would permit him, for his purpose is high comedy rather than historical drama, and the ultimate, rather than the historical truth. Androcles (Alan Young), a devoutly Christian tailor, flees to the hills from Rome to avoid being sacrificed in the Colosseum. Androcles' flight is hardly escape, for his ever-nagging wife is with him. But real freedom comes when Androcles meets a moaning lion and removes a thorn from the paw of the thankful beast—an animal he is fated to meet again. Fear frustrating her wifely disapproval, the wife disappears. That means that Androcles can be captured quietly by Roman soldiers who have been searching for him and rest secure in the Christian comradeship of his fellow runaways. This little irony helps to set the scene: a group of psalm-singing martyrs on their way to death in the arena at Rome. One of Androcles new-found friends is Ferrovius (Robert Newton), an ill-tempered giant who has discovered peace in abstinence from violence, and who tests his self-restraint by almost breaking people's backs. Another is Lavinia (Jean Simmons), a lovely, lonely aristocrat who has found in simple-hearted faith an answer to all her doubts and fears. She tests herself by almost breaking a Roman captain's heart. The captain (Victor Mature) loves Lavinia and argues with her philosophically but always seems to know he cannot win. And so it goes: Nobody can win but Shaw himself and, in this particular example of his whimsy, the most docilely humble of human creatures. All this is Shaw in his most deliciously playful mood, but Androcles demands delicately balanced screen adapting, playing and direction. The film version is sorely lacking in these elements. Some of Shaw's best lines have been cut, truncated or completely reshaped. Thus Shaw leads up to his points but is never allowed really to make them. Worse still, the actors make points the playwright surely never had in mind. In styles of acting they run the gamut from Young's very quiet, very American kind of comedy (so effectively shy but not sly enough for Shaw) to Evans' very posturing, very British way of throwing away some of Shaw's best lines. In between—and much more effective—are the sweet but sharp delivery of Miss Simmons and the romantic but mettlesome portrayal of Mature. But only Alan Mowbray really makes the most of his role. Playing one of those Shavian commentators that actors de-

happy in his lines, half cynical Shaw, deriding them.

Cast: Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Robert Newton, Alan Young, Maurice Evans, Alan Mowbray.—RKO.

MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID

Esther Williams was born to play Annette Kellerman, the famed Australian swimmer and feminist, and finally she has. In justice to Miss Kellerman, however, it is necessary to point out that this film biography doesn't quite fill the bill. This is not Miss Williams' fault. No performer and part were ever better fitted for one another, for Annette was the Esther of her day, and the latter fills the role as well as the former's famous one-piece bathing suit. But Annette's story was one of fight, fight for her rights, and in the present script no human being emerges from her suit to justify this attitude. Except in the picture's opening sequence (in which Donna Cocoran effectively acts the role of the 10-year-old Annette, whose emaciated legs are encased in iron braces but whose spirit soars above them), the swimmer is shown as a gentlewoman of charm, breeding and retiring nature, not the girl from Down Under with iron determination. According to *Million Dollar Mermaid*, financial troubles cause the Kellerman family, consisting of Annette and her music-teacher father (Walter Pidgeon), to emigrate to England. On the boat they meet a smooth promoter (Victor Mature), who promises them the sky. When things don't work out for them in the old country, they have to ask him for it. He tells them it's in America. There, Annette's single-piece bathing costume becomes the scandal of an even-then easily scandalized Boston. But notoriety skyrockets her to fame and leaves her boy friend far behind. Determined to make good on his own, he disappears. Rapidly the screen story scans the Kellermans' life: She becomes the N. Y. Hippodrome's biggest hit, her father the orchestra conductor there. But always there is the pull at the heart, the thought of the true love behind all those promotion stunts. So Annette seeks her man out and wins him back when, through a tragedy, her high-water days are ended. Fans may find *Million Dollar Mermaid* as entertaining as most Esther Williams shows. The swimming and diving are phenomenal, the film is photographically fine. Since this is, in a sense, however, Esther Williams' story as well as Miss Kellerman's, it's sad that it doesn't have more point, more portraiture. In its screening, the power behind the Australian crawl has been lost.

Cast: Esther Williams, Victor Mature, Walter Pidgeon.—MGM.



THUNDER IN THE EAST

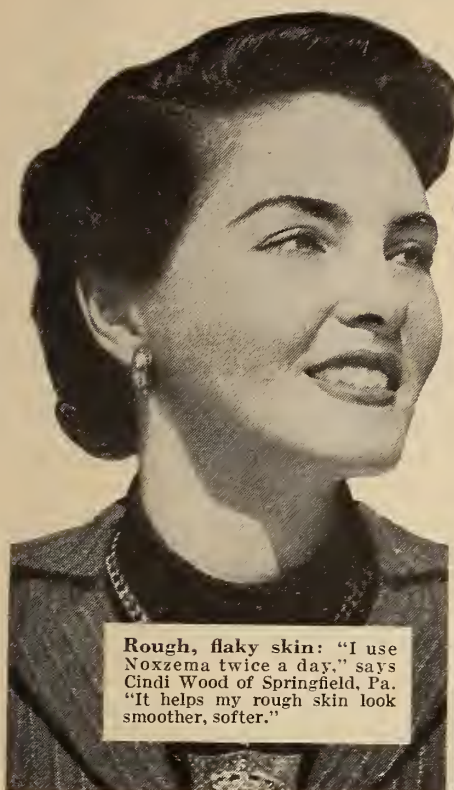
This exotic item features two really fine performances: by Charles Boyer as the thoughtful, Nehru-like prime minister of an Indian border state, and Deborah Kerr, as a beautiful blind British colonist. Fewer compliments can be paid the rest of the cast, and none the story. It tells how Alan Ladd, as a brash American munitions runner, arrives at the tiny mountain principality, his plane stocked with guns to sell to the government, which is threatened by a horde of savage rebels who have been sacking the countryside. Ladd finds, however, that Boyer, the state's real ruler (its weak, wealthy maharajah soon flees with his fortune), is an advocate of non-violence. Boyer impounds his guns. Infuriated, Ladd sees how he can make a few bucks after all. He proposes to fly the British colony out of the embattled city, but at a price. Enraged again when Miss Kerr, with whom he is in love, accuses him of trying to make money out of others' misery, he tries to take off by himself, but airfield guards shoot his plane down. Escaping from the flames, Ladd makes plans anew and finally arranges for another plane to arrive from Bombay and take all the women away. Miss Kerr, however, won't go, and at the final moment Ladd decides he would rather stay and die by her side than leave her to her fate. In the final scene, Boyer, Ladd and Miss Kerr, together with a little band of British diehards, attempt a last-ditch defense of the palace against the encroaching horde. It is a comment on the picture's improbability that the prime minister, who has adhered to the doctrine of non-violence all his life, finally takes up a machine-gun and starts shooting at his insurgent subjects with it.

Cast: Charles Boyer, Deborah Kerr, Alan Ladd, Corinne Calvet.—Paramount.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

The job of dropping the fateful A-Bomb on Hiroshima was, indeed, "above and beyond" the call of duty. Beyond and before this fearful task lay another, equally shattering to the individuals involved—one of long and wearying preparation and planning, of stringent training and military security necessarily so tight as to seem almost totalitarian. It is with the history of this story-behind-the story and Col. Paul Tibbets, the man who commanded the top-secret A-Bomb unit, that *Above And Beyond* is primarily concerned. From the time he is recalled to the U.S. from the war in North Africa to embark on a mysterious mission, Col. Tibbets (Robert Taylor) finds that even his personal life is no longer his own. He can spend only a half-hour in the Washington airport with his wife (Eleanor Parker) before setting off again, for Wichita and the beginning of "Operation Silver-

Which of these skin problems spoils your appearance?



Rough, flaky skin: "I use Noxzema twice a day," says Cindi Wood of Springfield, Pa. "It helps my rough skin look smoother, softer."



Dry skin: "Cream-washing with Noxzema refreshes my dry skin and helps it look much fresher and smoother!" says Marjorie Weir, Huntington, L.I.



Blemishes*: "Noxzema helped heal my minor blemishes* fast!" says Skye Patrick of New Orleans, La. "My skin looks so much softer and smoother."

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Look lovelier in 10 days *or your money back!*

Famous doctor's new beauty care helps skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps you keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous skin doctor has developed a new wonderfully effective home beauty routine. It helps your complexion look fresher, lovelier and helps you *keep* it that way!

Different! This new sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *medicated* beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. It's *greaseless*, too—actually washes off in water—and helps the looks of your skin while it cleans off make-up and dirt.

Quick! Easy! Women all over America are thrilled with this sensible, inexpensive skin care. Their letters praise Noxzema's quick help for rough, dry skin and externally-caused blemishes. Wouldn't you like to help your problem skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier? Then tonight, try this:

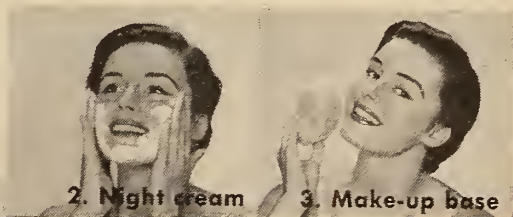
1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how make-up and dirt disappear! How fresh your skin looks after 'cream-washing'! No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so its softening, soothing ingredients can help skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. (Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast!)

The film of oil-and-moisture Noxzema provides is especially beneficial to rough, dry, sensitive skin. Even in extreme cases, where the dried-out, curled-up cells of dead skin give an unattractive grayish look, you will see a big improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*! No smeary face!

3. Make-up base. In the morning, 'cream-wash'; apply Noxzema as a powder-base.

No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. This *greaseless* beauty cream is a *medicated* formula;



that's one secret of its amazing effectiveness. That's why it has helped so many women with discouraging skin problems—in actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women.

It works or money back!

Try Noxzema for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

*externally-caused

look lovelier offer!

40¢ NOXZEMA

for only **29¢** plus tax

Limited time only!
At drug or cosmetic counters

We

all use Tampax of course

"Such a big difference!"

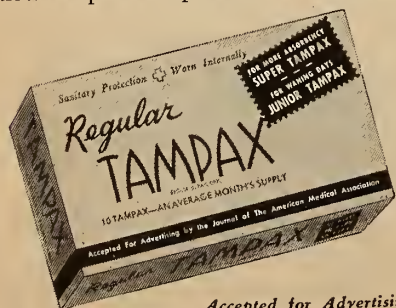
What a contrast between *Tampax* and the outside kind of sanitary protection you are accustomed to! Tampax is many times smaller and is worn internally and therefore needs no belts, pins or other supports to keep it in place. It's perfect!

"So ingenious" The doctor who invented Tampax certainly gave us an ingenious product. Pure surgical cotton gives reliable absorption and the Tampax comes in slender applicators for convenient insertion. You can't even feel the Tampax when in place. (And disposal is so easy.)

"Daintiness plus" There's no odor with Tampax because it's worn internally. And if you're a girl who is careful about her silhouette (about bulges and edge-lines "showing through" a close-fitting skirt or dress) you'd better investigate Tampax right away.

"Gives me confidence!"

Wearing Tampax gives me greater confidence than I've ever had, socially and at my job. I don't feel conspicuous on "those days." I know that "nobody knows" . . . Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies — Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

plate." The enormity of his responsibility is heavy on Tibbets' shoulders, and he works day and night, a lonely man. Even when his wife at last is allowed to join him, he cannot tell her his troubles. This unhappy situation gradually develops into marital discord. Misunderstanding his stoic suffering for pomposity and ambition, his wife threatens to leave him. Finally Tibbets' security officer (James Whitmore), fearing the consequences of Mrs. Tibbets' growing hysteria, tells the colonel to force her to leave. This, the screenplay would have it, is the somber background from which Col. Tibbets went forward to pilot a B-29, the "Enola Gay," through the murky mist to Japan on that historical day now known as Hiroshima. Much of the colonel's personal tragedy—the frustration of his wife, his own nightmares—seem all too real. But the ring of the whole is wrong. Sometimes, more often than the picture shows, there must have been for the chosen colonel the thrill of a job well done, the tinkered-with plane that turned out right, the well-drilled crew that could be counted on. The exciting, over-all story of the important mission is neglected as the film focuses on the Tibbets' increasing marital discord. Thus *Above and Beyond* becomes a depressing domestic drama rather than the thrilling documentary it could have been about this incident in our country's history.

Cast: Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker, James Whitmore.—MGM.

MY PAL GUS

The common, everyday story of parents and their children and their trouble in bringing one another up is practically never touched on in the movies, although so close to all moviegoers—in fact, to most of the human kind. Because it tackles these problems with considerable honesty and, initially at least, with shocking effect, *My Pal Gus* is an unusual film. Richard Widmark is the father—a least likely nomination for this kind of role, perhaps, but he plays it with all the restrained feeling at his command. George Winslow, that remarkable youngster with the basso voice, is his unhappy hellion of a kindergarten son. One of those self-made millionaires, Widmark is willing to pay plenty to have the neurotic kid, whose mother left the household when times and paychecks were bad, put on the right track. The progressive school of lovely Joanne Dru seems just the place, but the trouble is, neither the boy nor the principal will cooperate. He continues to raise hell, and she says his father's loving presence is necessary (her

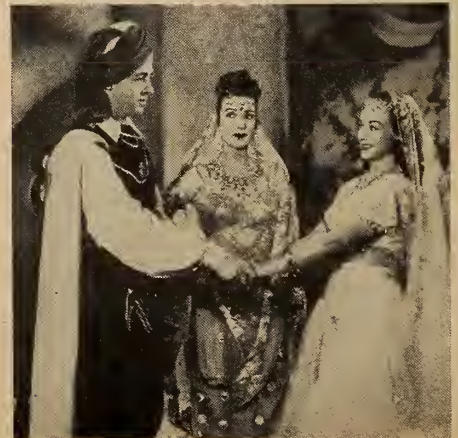
theory, not so modern after all, is that parents should have as much to do with child-rearing as the teachers). This brings a new parent-teacher association into rapid—though convincing being. Widmark, the blustering man of business, is subconsciously on the make for marital as well as parental happiness. This is when the screenplay goes astray. Suddenly, from nowhere except the dens where big-time operators have been keeping her, comes Audrey Totter, as the original wife and mother. Not malevolent but moneywise, she knows a good thing when she sees it and, when her former husband refuses to pay off, sends him into a scandalous court custody fight that almost ruins him and his hopes. None of this is overly melodramatic or unbelievable; actually, it paints a memorable portrait of that pristine American, the self-made man, with a whim of iron, the kind of man who fights to the end for the right, even if in yielding he could save something more important to him than face.

Cast: Richard Widmark, Joanne Dru, George Winslow, Audrey Totter.—20th Century-Fox.

BABES IN BAGDAD

The magic of the Arabian nights is nowhere evident in this tale of old Bagdad. Featuring as complicated a story as was ever plotted by a team of tired scriptwriters, the film is more often off-color than colorful. In the maze of plots and counterplots, it is, however, possible to find one novel idea: In ancient times the son (Richard Ney) of a Persian caliph fought for equal rights for women. His eye caught by fiery Paulette Goddard, latest houri to be added to the harem of Bagdad's Kadi (John Boles), Ney plots with the Kadi's oldtime favorite, a fiery type too, named Gypsy Rose Lee, who wants to hold her man. Ney, on the other hand, wants to free the new girl from her forthcoming marriage vows so she can marry him. The plans that Ney and his two girl friends evolve include the tortuous tunneling of a secret passageway between his villa and the Kadi's palace by a band of blind men. But that's nothing to what follows—fights, festivities, magic potions and even a water ballet. All this seems so to confuse the old caliph that he readily admits his son is right: Women can prove the equal of men, so Paulette can have his son, the man of her choice. Practiced showgirls both, the Misses Goddard and Lee play their parts with all the dignity of the stars of an old-time burlesque revue. And in this show, that is as it should be.

Cast: Paulette Goddard, Gypsy Rose Lee, Richard Ney, John Boles.—United Artists.



You feel it!

*With your hair Shasta-Soft
and sweet, you're every inch a
desirable woman!*



Feel it on your fingertips!

Rub it into the palms of your hands!

*You can feel that Shasta Shampoo
is right for your hair!*



From the second you open the jar, you can *feel* that creamy-soft Shasta is going to do *wonderful* things for your hair.

Rich but not oily, creamy but not sticky, Shasta is the very softest of the cream shampoos...gives you billows of rich, lasting lather that cleanses your hair like no ordinary soap shampoo can do.

No other shampoo is so *femininely right* for your hair. So when it's important for you to look *and feel* your best, be Shasta-sure your hair is soft, sweet, feminine!

P.S. Just a little Shasta gives you a lot of lather. Don't waste it.

New
Shasta

the Softest of the Cream Shampoos

SPECIAL AT-HOME TREATMENT FOR 4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"!

Now—you don't have to let nature rob you of a nice skin. And it's so true. When a girl *needs* a pretty complexion, nature seems bent on spoiling it. Skin that only yesterday was baby-soft, suddenly begins to develop over-active oil glands. And at the same time your skin seems to get sluggish about throwing off the every-day accumulation of dead-skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings—there's trouble ahead. Enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Today Pond's recommends a greaseless treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores, blackheads. It's quick, easy!

**Remarkable
one-minute facial**
clears off... softens...
brightens
"young skin"



Cover face, all except eyes, with a lavish 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave 1 minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn, dead-skin cells—dissolves them off! Frees the tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. Now—after 60 seconds—tissue off. How tingling-fresh your skin feels. And how much smoother, clearer it looks.

For skin that "can't take" heavy make-up:

Use a thin film of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream for a more natural, fine-textured, smoother powder base!

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

It took the annual MODERN SCREEN party—a big, beautiful, bustling blowout that proved to be the year's best brawl—to bring a lot of things out into the open. For instance—Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas showed up on one of their first dates . . . But Lana Turner, who had just broken up with Fernando and hadn't yet gotten around to dating Arlene's ex, Lex Barker, got the 'flu and couldn't make the party . . . Dale Robertson was there with his Jackie at the very time their break-up was still Page One news. "Reckon Jackie and I had just a minor misunderstanding," said Dale. "What's all the frettin' and stewin' about?" . . . Marilyn Monroe catted, "I've loved seeing Ginger Rogers in movies ever since I was a *little girl*!" . . . Johnnie Ray crashed the party, which was held in the Beverly Hills Hotel, and turned out to be a regular little old celebrity seeker. Johnnie was all over the place gawking at Arlene, Dale, Marilyn, Janie Powell, Aldo Ray, Ava Gardner—you name 'em and Mine Host, Mr. George Delacorte, had 'em at his swellegant shindig!



Turner



Brando

It was shortly after this party that Ava, Lana and Lana's business manager, Ben Cole, who were visiting the Sinatra home in Palm Springs, got tossed out on their ears by Frankie. Apparently he's as jealous of the way Ava spends her time away from him as she is of him . . . And, when you stop to think that Ava's marriages have lasted an average of a year apiece, mebbe Frank has reasons! . . . The MGM publicity boys were the happiest in town when Marlon Brando checked off the lot after finishing *Julius Caesar*. He refused to talk to press. But who knows—maybe the day will come when the lads who write for a living won't be asking questions about Marlon!

TIME TABLES:

Bouncing Patricia Anne was welcomed five weeks prematurely by Ronnie and Nancy Reagan . . . Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw expect *their* baby about May 1, although Pete couldn't be sure about the exact date when I called to check. Said he, "It'll probably arrive the first rainy night that the car won't start!" . . . Jeff Hunter couldn't get back to his ever-lovin' Barbara Rush and the hearthside in time for Christmas because *Sailor Of The King* ran into all sorts of production delays abroad. Poor Jeff hadn't seen his child since it was a week old!



The Reagans



Hunter

Barbara Stanwyck and Ralph Meeker broke up, whereupon she started seeing young Bobby Wagner, of all people, and Ralph resumed with an old flame, Nina Foch . . . They're calling Tab Hunter, who'll pose for a beefcake picture at the pop of a flash-bulb, "the male Marilyn Monroe" . . . As a matter of fact, Tab, who was trying to ease in on Joe DiMaggio's territory and date Marilyn, finally did meet her, and this is what he said: "Believe me when I say this, you're the only girl I know who can wear Levis!" And Marilyn just smiled enigmatically . . . Clark Gable has been doing Italy with an old friend of his, the Countess Dorothy DiFrasso . . . Geary Steffen ordered a pair of baby skis for the new Powell-Steffen image a month before the child arrived. Geary believes in starting 'em young.

LONG HUNCH DEPT':

Celeste Holm phoned, very upset, to say that gossip columnists who have linked her romantically with Dr. Peter Lindstrom, who is, as you all know, Bergman's

ex-husband, are doing it maliciously. Celeste says it's a plot to ruin the doctor's reputation and thus get daughter Pia away from him and back to Ingrid, but I've got a strong notion it won't work . . . Funny, isn't it, how Ethel Barrymore has managed to stay at the top of her profession all these years without sensational publicity. But the younger Barrymores can't seem to become top stars even with it!



Mitzi Gaynor

. . . Dick Coyle, his romance with Mitzi Gaynor broken up, has started dating a new gal—a brunette whose name I didn't get—and she's much nearer Dick's own age than Mitzi . . . Wait'll you see Jennifer Jones in *Ruby Gentry*, sliding through the mud. It's the most realistic kind of acting we've seen since Bette Davis used to make herself look so ugly.

Humphrey Bogart made a bet of \$50 with his agent, Irving Lazar, that Judy Garland's baby would be a boy . . . You won't be finding two happier people than the newly-wed Joan Fontaine and Collier Young—even though sister Olivia deHavilland didn't attend the wedding!—once Joan realizes her dream of regaining custody of daughter Deborah. Both Collie and Joan love children, as witness the fact that Collie was Godfather for the Ida Lupino-Howard Duff baby, Bridget, and bought the infant's christening gown himself in Paris . . . Walter deHavilland, the 85-year-old father of Olivia and Joan, was visiting Olivia in Hollywood on his first visit here at the very moment Joan and Collie were getting married. Pop wasn't invited to the wedding either . . . Just as Liz Taylor was expecting her baby, spouse Mike Wilding got knocked off the payroll at MGM for turning down the role of a heel in *Latin Lovers*, the Turner-Montalban starrer. Can't say I blame him—but baby *does* need shoes!

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Death always seems to strike in three's in Hollywood—as witness the passing of Dixie Crosby, Hattie McDaniel and Pamela Lang, all within a few days of each other . . . Saddest, to me, was Dixie's death, because I think she knew it was coming many, many months before. Remember when she threw that birthday party for Bing last spring and invited none but their oldest, closest friends? It was as though she wanted



Dixie Crosby

one last look at the old gang together . . . The four Crosby boys sat inside the pew at the funeral Mass in Beverly Hills, while Bing sat in the aisle seat, looking wan and thin and tired, praying with his head bowed and hands folded under his chin alongside the white-gardenia-and-orchid-blanketed casket. Mostly he knelt motionless, his face drawn with grief, except that now and then his index finger came up out of the church-and-steeple formed by his folded hands and scratched the side of his nose or brushed away a tear . . . The fans behaved surprisingly well outside the church at the funeral but some of the newspaper photographers got over-excited. They kept poking their cameras into Bing's limousine, and, at the cemetery, Bing refused to alight from his car until one photog, who was bound he would

ONLY with **SHADOW WAVE** patented 1-step lotion
HOME PERMANENT

NO NEUTRALIZER

NO TIMING



NEW CURLERS

FRENCH-STYLE—END PAPERS ATTACHED



The easiest, most natural-looking home permanent you ever had—**GUARANTEED** by the makers of Lux Toilet Soap—or money back.

WAVES AND NEUTRALIZES IN ONE APPLICATION

1. Roll curls on French-style curlers—no resetting.

The only curlers that give you the hair style you want while waving. Use again and again. So soft you can sleep on them!



2. Apply lotion—no rinsing—just let dry.

The only lotion that waves and neutralizes without timing, rinsing or resetting. One single lotion right for every type of hair.



3. Brush into springy, soft, long-lasting curls.

When dry, simply remove curlers—no resetting—just brush and the set becomes a lovely, lasting wave.



\$2²⁵

Complete Kit including curlers . . . Plus Fed. Tax

\$1⁵⁰

Refill Plus Fed. Tax

SHADOW WAVE

HOME PERMANENT

**NO CHANGE OF BUS!
NO TRANSFER OF BAGGAGE!
NO CONNECTION WORRIES!**

Same seat straight through



when you travel by
**TRAILWAYS
THRU-LINER**

TRAILWAYS PIONEERED THRU-BUSES... buses that travel long distances over various parts of the system so there's no change en route and you can keep the same seat straight through. Today Trailways operates thru-buses to all sections of America!

New "Limousine" Comfort. Custom engineered spring suspension and sound-proofing give a ride as smooth and silent as in the finest motor cars. Other Trailways "plus" comfort features are reclining, foam-rubber seats scientifically designed for greater comfort, greater leg room; individual reading lights and extra large scenery-view windows with tinted "eye-ease" glass. And a separate air-conditioning system!

Trailways the route
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77 ALL-EXPENSE TOURS
Send coupon for information

TRAILWAYS, Dept. DM-23, 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
I am interested in a ☐ Trip ☐ Expense Paid Tour
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FROM _____
TO _____
LEAVING DATE _____
NAME _____
STREET ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

hollywood report

continued

take a picture of the family alongside the grave, got down off a rock on which he was perching.

ODDS BODKINS:

In Hollywood, where movie stars are a dime a dozen, it wasn't surprising that nobody lined up along the line of march for the Junior Chamber of Commerce parade in which Ann Blyth sat atop the back seat of the first open car in the parade. The citizens of Hollywood are just too blasé—and, watching the parade, I couldn't help but think how the fans back East would have rushed at this opportunity to catch a closeup of one of their favorite stars... Did you know that June Haver still wears her wedding ring, after all these years of separation?... And that Errol Flynn still receives more fan mail than any other star at Warners—more than Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson, Steve Cochran or any of the other newcomers? You fans are REALLY loyal!... Lunching with Shelley Winters at Romanoff's, I learned that her Vittorio was insisting that their baby be born in Rome and not Hollywood. But Shelley was holding out for Hollywood!... Afterwards, out in front of Romanoff's, we ran into Cary Grant and Betsy Drake, and I introduced Shelley to them. Said she, "Gosh, after all these years I finally get to meet Cary Grant, and I'm pregnant!"... And Cary gave me this definition of a leading man: "An actor lucky enough to keep his hair and teeth."



Blyth

FUNNIES:

Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac went to the Mocambo, and sitting nearby we listened to them talking about everything except what the columnists say they talk about: politics, the weather, economic conditions in France and Germany, acting, and life in general!... And, if this ISN'T love, the handsome Bergerac rates an Oscar for giving a great performance of a man hopelessly in love!... Jane Russell is acting as agent and publicity gal for brothers Wally and Jamie. But, as an observer points out, while the brothers have the socko Russell personality, charm and good looks, they just CAN'T come up to Jane's measurements!



Rogers

QUICK QUOTES:

Mike Romanoff's secret of success: "My profound mistrust of human beings has stood me in good stead throughout the years"... Once upon a time a Beverly Hills hostess bragged to another BH hostess: "Prince Aly Khan is coming to stay at my house!" Snapped the second: "I wouldn't dream of having a Mohammedan in my house!"... Somebody asked Tallulah Bankhead if she thought separate heds were conducive to a

happy marriage. "Separate beds?" boomed Bankhead. "You mean separate towns!"... A guy named Stanley Balokowski called me and giggled that he'd like to marry Phyllis Kirk but—"I don't want to give her a bad name!"... Barbara Peyton, who never seems to be able to stay out of Page One scandals, tells us: "I'd rather live in Hollywood than any place else in the world but I'm treated badly here. In London and on the Continent they treat me like a lady. And I am a lady!"... Sign on the bulletin board of a church in Hollywood: "If you have troubles, come in and tell us about them. If not, come in and tell us how you do it."

SEX APPEAL:

Fans who attended the *Steak For Connie* preview in Westwood were wondering just how tight Janet Leigh could wear her clothes and not faint dead away through lack of oxygen... There are those who claim that Marilyn Monroe's success has put the nose of her fellow 20th contractee, Betty Grable, out of joint—especially after Marilyn got the starring role in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and Betty lost it. But it's not true. Betty Grable doesn't have a jealous bone in her body... Joan Crawford packed 50 dresses and 36 pairs of shoes into her trunk for a weekend visit in Dallas and Fort Worth, but stayed for weeks and weeks and weeks! It's love, kids!



Leigh

My eyehalls were popping out of their sockets over the lowest-cut dress I've ever seen Marie Wilson wearing—till she came over to my table at LaRue and explained, "I sent this dress to the cleaners and when it came back I couldn't get into it"... Mike O'Shea gave Virginia Mayo a black lace nightgown with "I Love You" embroidered thereon. No special occasion. He says he just loves the gal.

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Before she married George Sanders, Zsa Zsa Gabor summed up a certain suitor this way: "But how could I be bored by him, dolling, when he's worth \$2,000,000?"... Zsa Zsa, by the way, went up to James Mason in the MGM commissary and pouted, "Your wife spends most of her time spreading vicious stories about people and I wish she would stop." And James snapped back, "She just repeats what you tell her!"... Peggy Dow's baby will get a \$1,000,000 trust fund from its fond daddy, Walt Helmerich... This is John Wayne's deal for making a picture at Warners: The studio hands him \$750,000 to make the complete picture, including salary for himself, the rest of the cast and crew, etc. Then after you fans have forked over a total of \$750,000 to pay for the actual cost of the picture at the boxoffice, Warners and Wayne split the rest of the money taken in 50/50. Quite a deal for a star, but John's just the biggest in the business so they figure he's worth it... Irene Dunne isn't doing badly either. She got \$48,000 for three weeks' work in television's Schlitz Playhouse.



Dow

hollywood report continued

HE WENT THATAWAY:

If Bob Mitchum isn't hard at work knocking off the paunch he displayed so lackadaisically in *The Lusty Men*, he should be! The fans don't like fat heroes, Bob . . . Whip Wilson, once a big Western star, quit the movies and is now in the steel construction business here in Los Angeles . . . A fan wrote to Guy Madison as follows: "How come you've given up acting? I see you in the *Wild Bill Hickok* television shows—but why aren't you acting any more?" Now what do you suppose that fan meant?



Mitchum

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Monty Clift's brother is working as a floor manager for NBC . . . Louis B. Mayer tossed a dinner party to celebrate being named chairman of the board of the new Cine-rama company, and Janie Wyman sang and sang and sang for hours for the guests and her new bandleader husband, Freddie Karger. But not for Louis B., who was having trouble with his teeth and couldn't come downstairs to join the fun . . . The daily papers said that this is Jane's second wedding. Isn't it her fourth? . . .



Clift

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Abigail Adams and Georgie Jessel had their umpteenth fight in the eight years they've been dating. After neighbors called the police, Abigail told me, "Georgie and I won't split up. We couldn't find anyone else who could put up with either of us, so we HAVE to stick together!" . . . But while Abigail was telling me this, Georgie was catching the first plane for New York! . . . Gene Tierney threatened to smash the camera of a Paris photographer who snapped her with Aly Khan . . . And, in *Salome*, Rita Hayworth never does get to lose that seventh veil. At the critical moment there's an interruption—the head of John the Baptist arrives on a plate!



Hayworth

Nobody thought Bette Davis would ever get her stage musical, *Two's Company*, on Broadway. While they were trying it out on the road every fight she had with other cast members was reported in the New York papers as though the brawls were happening right there on Broadway . . . Maria Riva, Marlene Dietrich's daughter, turned down a chance to make a picture—"because the role in that picture is a cheap imitation of my mother" . . . Wanna know the REAL reason Mario Lanza didn't want to make *The Student Prince*? It required him to do some real acting, for a change—starting as a silly play-boy prince and developing into a noble king—and Mario didn't think he was ready for it. He was just plain SCARED!



Are you in the know?

If he asks you to a house party—

- ☐ Get it in writing ☐ Go as his guest

All your gang's going—and Tom's heckling you to come along. Trouble is (maybe you're new in town)—you've never met the hostess! Appear at her party as a "guest's guest"? Tain't proper! A girl should have a written invitation. On problem days, Kotex invites you to be comfortable—with softness that *holds its shape*. You know, this extra-absorbent napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it; so you stay confident, whatever your plans.



Is this doodler showing signs of—

- ☐ The Zodiac ☐ Genius ☐ Warning

"Ain't he had no fetchin' up?"—this tablecloth Michelangelo? Bruising good linen doesn't worry him a bit. Be leery of such telltale traits. They're a warning sign: show he's inconsiderate. And when you're buying sanitary protection, sidestep telltale *outlines*—with Kotex. Those *flat pressed ends* show no sign of a line! Try all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super.



Do you think a "fascia" is—

- ☐ A lady Fascist ☐ Fine for any figure

You love the "dash" a fascia gives—but unless you're the tall, lean type this broad draped cummerbund is not for you. To flatter a plumpish midriff, get a narrower style; helps boost your height, if you're pint-sized. To hoist your *poise* (on certain days) get the extra protection Kotex gives. Remember, that special *safety center* helps prevent "accidents."



More women choose KOTEX[®]
than all other sanitary napkins

—T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ Circle your calendar ☐ Perk up your wardrobe ☐ Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight sanitary belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries pronto!* So don't wait: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. Buy *two—for a change!*



SEND UP THE ROCKETS . . . RING THE BELLS. THERE'S A NEW BABY AT JANIE POWELL'S HOUSE. ● BY PAMELA MORGAN

*It's a
girl!*

■ The shout went ringing down the hospital corridor—bounced back as an echo from countless doorways. A woman awakened, looked at her clock with the luminous dial. It was just 20 minutes past one o'clock in the morning. She smiled. Moonlight filtered into the hospital room. It seemed so cozy and warm in her neat white bed. She yawned sleepily. Oh yes, what was that noise that had disturbed her? Now she remembered. The same thing had happened the night before. Her husband had also been excited when he had been told he was a father. That was it. The noise she had heard was a man's voice, proclaiming the arrival of another baby. She yawned once more. She was completely relaxed and happy. It was quiet once again. She fell asleep immediately.

The exultant voice belonged to a proud man—a new father. It was the voice of Geary Steffen, whose wife, Jane Powell, had just given birth to a baby girl.

Geary put his hand over his mouth after realizing that it was the wee hours of the morning and that he was in a hospital. Then he laughed at himself and started walking more sedately down the corridor to the happy people waiting for him. Thoughts tumbled through his mind. What a day this had been! He stopped. "Let me taste every moment, just as it happened."

It began quite early the day before—Thursday, November 20, 1952.

Jane Powell awakened at 7:00 A. M. A (Continued on page 96)

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly
Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars:
Average

FROM THE MOVIES

APRIL IN PARIS—Title song by Doris Day* (Columbia); Johnny Desmond (MGM). *Give Me Your Lips* by Alan Dean** (MGM).

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS—title song by Bob Eberly (Capitol).

IVANHOE and PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE—album from sound tracks* (MGM).

This unusual LP brings you several selections from each picture, with Miklos Roszo conducting the MGM studio orchestra and chorus in his own compositions. The music takes in a variety of moods, with the love themes (such as *Rebecca's Love* from *Ivanhoe*) generally most impressive.

LILI—Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo by Dinah Shore* (Victor).

PETER PAN—*First Star To Your Right* and *Your Mother And Mine* by Doris Day (Columbia).

SOMEBODY LOVES ME—album by Betty Hutton** (Victor).

Betty (alias Blossom Seeley) does one of her better jobs on this collection of songs immortalized by voudevillians of the 1920s. Even the titles have a nostalgic sound—like *That Teasin' Rag* and *Toddling The Todalo*.

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER—album from sound track (MGM).

The John Philip Sousa brand of music was, of course, appropriate for the biographical movie based on the life of this famed march composer. Taken away from the exciting visual settings of the picture it loses something of its charm unless you're a rabid march fan, and I don't mean Fredric. The title song, and *Semper Fidelis*, *Turkey In The Straw*, *El Capitan* et al. are played here by the 20th Century-Fox studio orchestra and choir, ably conducted by Alfred Newman.

POPULAR

HARRY BELAFONTE—*Shenandoah*** (Victor).

The young balladeer who found fame, fortune and Hollywood beckoning him when he turned to folk-singing does excellently with this number and the coupling, *Scarlet Ribbons*. You'll be seeing his first movie, *See How They Run*, very soon.

ROSEMARY CLOONEY—*If I Had A Penny** (Columbia).

PERRY COMO—*Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyes** (Victor).

JAZZ

BUDDY DE FRANCO—*King of The Clarinet* album* (MGM).

BENNY GOODMAN—*1937-38 Jazz Concert No. 2** (Columbia).

The two greatest clarinetists of jazz in two sets of exciting performances: Buddy's recorded recently in a studio; Benny's broadcast in the 1930s and recently made into an album from recordings of his radio shows.

“Soaping” dulls hair— HALO glorifies it!



Yes, “soaping” your hair
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no
soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals
shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair
soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable!

No special rinsing needed. Halo *does*
not dry . . . does not irritate!

*Halo glorifies your hair
with your very first shampoo!*



Sandpaper Hands feel *Caressable* **in 10 Seconds!**



Cashmere Bouquet *Hand Lotion*

Absorbs Like A Lotion . . . Softens Like A Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . “Sandpaper Hands” are smoothed and softened to lovely “Caressable Hands” with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they’re romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet “fragrance men love”!

NEW! Cashmere Bouquet
French Type **Non-Smear Lipstick!**



*Stays Moist!
Stays Bright!
Stays On!*



25¢ and 43¢



continued from page 4

Lawford, is there any possibility of his marrying Rocky Cooper?

—B. B., GREAT NECK, N.Y.

A. No. Rocky Cooper is still married to Gary. Lawford asked for his release.

Q. How long did Jane Wyman go with Freddie Karger before they were married?

—C. R., DANBURY, CONN.

A. They had half-a-dozen dates.

Q. Did Olivia DeHavilland pay her husband one-third of her bank balance before he agreed to a divorce?

—H. G., SEA GIRT, N. J.

A. No, but there was a settlement.

Q. Is it true that 45-year-old Barbara Stanwyck has been going around with 23-year-old Robert Wagner?

—L. O., SALEM, ORE.

A. It's true.

Q. What is Debra Paget's salary at this moment?

—D. E., GLENDALE, CALIF.

A. \$500 per week.

Q. Was Fernando Lamas ever an Argentine gaucho?

—V. H., BUTTE, MONT.

A. No; he was an Argentine radio announcer.

Q. Why does Sam Goldwyn suspend Farley Granger so often?

—S. A., DURANGO, COL.

A. Granger declines to exploit the Goldwyn product.

Q. How old is Rita Hayworth? Will she marry Dominguin, the Spanish bull-fighter?

—R. L., STEVENSON, KY.

A. Hayworth is 34; has no intention of marrying Dominguin.

Q. I've been told that Gene Kelly and Jimmy Stewart are the two Hollywood stars who refuse to employ press agents. Is this true?

—V. N., ANNAPOLIS, MD.

A. No.

Q. What is the relationship between Richard Greene's ex-wife, Patricia Medina, and director John Farrow?

—F. Y., BANGOR, ME.

A. Good friends.

Q. Does Lana Turner hope to marry again after her sad experience with men?

—C. R., AKRON, OHIO

A. Certainly.

Q. Will Betty Grable divorce Harry James in order to marry jockey Ralph Neves?

—P. R., PROVIDENCE, R.I.

A. No.

Q. I'm always reading about how sick Cary Grant is. What's wrong with him, anyway? —J. U., CORNING, N. Y.

A. Grant suffers from recurrent attacks of yellow jaundice.

Q. Is it true that Lena Basquette, who was once married to one of the Warner Brothers, is really Marge Champion's mother? —T. R., TUGUNGA, CAL.

A. Marge Champion and Lena Basquette are half-sisters.

Q. Does Anne Baxter really like to smoke cigars or is this a publicity act she puts on?

—C. F., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

A. Publicity.

Q. Who has the larger bust measurement, Jane Russell or Marilyn Monroe? —C. W., NORFOLK, VA.

A. Russell.

Q. What kept Gregory Peck out of World War II?—A. D., LA JOLLA, CAL.

A. A bad back.

Q. Is Spencer Tracy retiring from movies? —B. C., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A. In another two years.

Q. Are Lana Turner and producer Joe Pasternak dating these days? Doesn't Pasternak send Lana one rose each morning? —H. D., DANVERS, MASS.

A. Pasternak sends a rose, but he and Lana are not a romantic item.

Q. Why was Mike Wilding suspended by MGM when his wife is pregnant? —O. P., NEWARK, N. J.

A. Wilding refused a role in Latin Lovers.

Q. Is Cornel Wilde's popularity declining? Why don't we see him in more pictures? —H. H., HARRISBURG, PA.

A. You soon will. There are big plans afoot for him.

Q. Is June Haver still planning to become a nun, or has she found a new sweetheart? —V. V., TROY, N. Y.

A. Has a new sweetheart.

Q. In the history of motion pictures which movie has earned the most money, been seen by the most people? —F. J., JONESBORO, N. C.

A. *Gone With The Wind*; it has grossed \$35,000,000; been seen by 100,000,000.

Q. Does Lana Turner wear caps over her teeth when making a movie? —G. T., BOSTON, MASS.

A. Yes.

Q. What is Ray Milland's real name, and why does he shy away from posing with his family?—S. A., RYE, N. Y.

A. Reginald Truscott-Jones. A Welshman, Milland doesn't particularly like to involve his family in what he considers purely professional exploitation.



BEAUTY

is my business

says stunning cover girl
BUNNY COOPER



and SWEETHEART

is my Beauty Soap

Bunny says: "Making my living as a model often requires that I pose in evening gowns; that's why I always use gentle SweetHeart Soap for my baths . . . it leaves my skin soft and smooth all over. And regular SweetHeart Care really helps prevent chapping!"

9 out of 10 leading cover girls
use SweetHeart Soap

Help your family prevent red, chapped skin! Get SweetHeart, in the big bath size, for daily baths—and see: just one week after you change to thorough care, with SweetHeart, your skin looks softer, smoother, all over!

Beauty is my business, too!

Dear little Susie Galvin is a model at just 13 months. Her mother guards her exquisite skin—she uses only pure, mild SweetHeart for Susie's daily baths.

Get SweetHeart
in the big
bath size today!



The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

New! a shampoo that

Silkens your hair!

Picture you . . . after just one shampoo . . . with hair that shimmers under even the softest light. Picture you with hair that's silky soft, silky smooth, silky bright!

New lightning lather—milder than castile!

This silkening magic is in Drene's *new lightning lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic! because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this new Drene with its *lightning lather* . . . its new, fresh fragrance of 100 flowers. *You have a new experience coming!*

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . .
to see your hair so silky soft,
so silky bright . . . to feel the
magic of this lightning lather—
milder than castile. No other
lather is so *quick*, yet so *thick*.

New Lightning Lather—

a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use Drene every day!



**New
Drene**

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE



Spanish count Jose Villa-Padierna (right) made Rita feel at home when she, Aly (left) and rider Cavanillas visited him in happier days.

There's been a lot of printed and unprintable gossip about Rita and Aly. But here's the absolutely last word—by someone who should know.

Cinderella's tired

by Sheila Graham

■ It's over. Finished. Kaput. It's the End. Rita Hayworth, the Beautiful Movie Star and Aly Khan, the handsome trillionaire Moslem Prince. No more weeping. No more wooing. Just cold dollars and cents to seal for all time the Great Romance. Because it *is* over. Even Rita, the ever hopeful, knows it now. Aly knew it before she went over that last time for the Big Reconciliation that turned into the Big Flop. And right here and now I'm putting the blame—not on Mame—but fairly and squarely on Aly. Because if it takes two to make a quarrel, it certainly takes two to make up. And Aly was asleep at the switch when he should have been awake at the controls. Whether it was deliberate or not makes no difference now. And unless there is an unforeseeable last-second change of mind, Rita will complete the long-pending divorce in Nevada just as soon as *Miss Sadie Thompson* is in the can at Columbia.

Of course, they never should have tied the knot in the first place. (Continued on page 65)

Just one of those
things, they said about
Fernando's love for Lana.
Is his new romance
with Arlene so hot
it's got to cool down, also?

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

— it's

LOVE! LOVE! LOVE!



Fernando wanted Lana badly. He divorced his wife for her, made no secret of his great amour. But now they're not even on speaking terms.



Arlene Dahl's the girl for him, at present. Since the Davies party they're seldom seen apart. But how long will this romance last, everyone's asking.

■ There are some actors in Hollywood whose love-lives resemble nothing so much as a high-staked relay race.

For the most part, these are emotionally immature men who date a different girl each night, preferably a big-name actress, and then revel in the luxury of reading about themselves in the gossip columns next morning.

Occasionally, however, an actor comes along who refuses to use women, who dedicates himself to one female at a time with such intensity, such passion, such fidelity and concentration that he is recognized at once as The Great Lover; in fact, the greatest lover Hollywood has known in two decades: Fernando Lamas.

At 37, tapering and tall, wavy-haired and sensuous-looking, Fernando is completely, tempestuously, envelopingly in love with Arlene Dahl, a fragile, willowy stalk of auburn-tressed loveliness who is tinder that will touch any red-blooded male to flame.

Not that Senor Lamas has bought any commercial spot announcements on radio or TV to advertise his new love. In true Latin tradition, he is a lover who retains his ardor for the privacy of the boudoir. But he tips his heart so easily. His feelings are so evident in his single-minded devotion to Arlene.

Since the 15th of October last he has dated no other woman but Dahl. He dines with her each night after work. You can see them in such picturesque restaurants as Frascati's or the Villanova, in the two Hollywood night clubs, Ciro's (Continued on page 64)





Bing, his head bowed with grief, leaves the Church of the Good Shepherd after the Requiem Mass for Dixie. His arm is around his youngest son, Lindsay. Philip is at the right, while Gary and Dennis (not pictured) walk behind.

This is the Palm Springs house that Dixie Lee Crosby yearned for, planned, decorated, and furnished, but never lived to see. Bing, knowing Dixie was doomed to die shortly, went ahead with plans for the house nevertheless, knowing it would make her happy.

By Louella Parsons

Bing Crosby's Future

Death forced on Bing
the tragic acceptance of life
without Dixie. An intimate
friend tells how he is learning
to face the future.

■ Let's get this question out of the way—right away:

There Will Be No Second Marriage for Bing Crosby.

I am no fortuneteller, but I feel I can say from knowledge based on a long friendship and what I believe is a real understanding of one of the best-known least-known men in the world, that he can never accept or even look for a substitute for the great love Dixie bore him.

It wouldn't be good enough.

Yes, I know that whether he wishes it or not he has fallen heir to the title of the world's most eligible marriageable man since the Duke of Windsor was a bachelor. And he will be pursued and lured and tempted by the most beautiful and talented women, and just hopeful ones, too, wherever he goes.

I still say that it all will be futile and that Bing will retire into a man's world of his four rapidly growing sons and his intimate, closed circle of men friends who have been for years his inseparable companions. One of these is his writer Bill Morrow. Another is his songwriter, Jimmy Van Heusen.

Bing is a man's man—no matter how many women swoon over his love songs—and already there are strong indications that he will slip more and more deeply into the quiet, easy, retiring solace of male companionship particularly involving the raising of his sons.

Now that Dixie is gone, many things can be told which could not be revealed while she still clung to life—never knowing that she was the victim of incurable cancer.

As a strong indication as to where the future points, let us go back to the immediate past, to just a few hours following an operation performed on Dixie last summer.

The scene is St. John's Hospital and two men are standing apart from the others talking. One is Dr. Arnold Stevens, the fine Los Angeles surgeon. The other is Bing.

Stevens' arm is around Bing's shoulder. He has just told him that Dixie is hopelessly the victim of cancer; that even he and his consultants (*Continued on page 85*)





Jane had known Columbia's Fred Karger casually for years, but fell in love after working for three happy months under his smooth musical supervision.



A surprised crew had a wedding cake ready when Jane and Fred reported to work after their weekend wedding. Music is their great love in common.



For a long time, Jane
Wyman's been warbling
and Fred Karger's been
a music man. But
Hollywood never suspected
they'd end up making
beautiful music together.

by Jane Wilkie

He ran away with her heart

■ A great many movie stars, when planning to be married, have bent over backward to keep the wedding plans a secret. This is understandable, in view of the fact that their average days have the privacy of life in a zoo cage, and they strive to keep anything so personal as a wedding free of the press, curiosity seekers, and flashbulbs. Few of them have made the grade so effectively as Jane Wyman in her recent marriage to musician Fred Karger.

So tightly was the secret kept that four days before the marriage ceremony studio publicists, unaware of the romance, fluffed an opportunity for a picture of Miss Wyman and Mr. Karger together. Fred Karger, in his position as musical supervisor at Columbia Studios, rehearses those stars who have musical routines in their pictures, and in preparation for *Great While It Lasted*, had been working for weeks with Miss Wyman. The publicists decided to take a picture of Jane standing by the piano, and asked Mr. Karger to turn his face away from the camera so that they would not have to go through the complication of identifying him and his work in the picture's caption. Instead of feeling miffed about the incident, both Jane and Fred were highly amused, because it was proof positive that no one suspected their plans.

The romance had begun only a few weeks before, when Jane reported at Columbia for *Great While It Lasted*. It turned out, from the beginning, to be a real love song for Jane. Five years had gone by since her final divorce decree from Ronald Reagan, and during that time her name was continually coupled with assorted men. Columnists reported that she was in love again, with one man after another, but Jane herself denied romantic interest with any of them. Her career had shot to new heights, and while she was not averse to the idea of marrying again, there was not only no time for romance, but more important, there was no one to capture her heart . . . no one until the day she reported for rehearsal and began working with, and getting to know, Fred Karger.

A skilled musician, Karger comes from a show business family. His father, now deceased, was a Director General of the Metro Picture (Continued on page 93)



Roy and Dole sit for an informal portrait with their newly-enlarged family. Dusty and his adopted kid brother share their father's lap; Cheryl

FULL HOUSE- FULL HEARTS

by Susan Trent



"I'm a real cowboy now," grins Sandy, who loves to dress in full Western regalia, just like Roy and Dusty. The Raggers' adopted Sandy practically on sight.



holds Little Doe while Dale and Linda (back to camera) watch.

Roy Rogers' and Dale Evans'
two new adopted babies have
flooded their hearts,
as well as their home,
with sunshine and love.

Dusty Rogers was getting a little worried about things. Here it was his sixth birthday at last, but the day of days was slipping fast away and Daddy and Mommy still weren't home. For understandable reasons and certain unforgotten promises, Dusty gazed anxiously at the setting sun in one direction and more anxiously at the purple mountains in the other, as he pressed his nose into a shapeless bump against the airport gate. Back of him his big sisters, Cheryl and Linda, stood on one foot and then the other.

But at last the sky speck appeared and grew and the loud speaker blared, "Flight Number 14 arriving from Dallas." Dusty clamped his fingers on the wire and tugged excitedly as the plane swooped down like a big, silver stork, taxied and rolled to a stop. He was shouting "Hey, Dad—Hey!" long before the steps were fastened and the belly door swung open. Sure enough, there was the familiar cream colored stetson and the round, grinning face he was waiting for. Roy Rogers waved to his waiting brood and (*Continued on page 58*)

Since the arrival of Sandy and Little Doe, life has taken on new meaning for Dale and Roy. The two newcomers are the answer to their anguished prayers after their beloved daughter, Robin Elizabeth, died.



The Rogers' children met their newly adopted sister and brother for the first time at the airport when parents Roy and Dale returned from their Eastern tour.





she floored Greg Bautzer...



and sent Tony Martin spinning



Lawford lost his heart...



and Turhan Bey, his wallet!

With a roving eye
and a fickle heart,
Lana's no shrinking
violet when it comes
to picking the
man she wants!



he married Crane, briefly...



and Topping, too...



but even Lamas couldn't keep her!

**BY
HEDDA
HOPPER**

Lana takes one look
at a man . . . and he's
hers! But she's as
quick to leave him flat
as she is to pick him
up! says this outstanding
Hollywood reporter.

WHAT LANA DOES TO MEN

■ The year was 1947. A newspaper headline read: "Ty Gives Up Lana For Fight On Reds." A wag commented: "That's logical enough. How could one expect a guy to have enough energy to fight Communism all day and pay court to Lana Turner every night?" The fellow in question was, of course, Tyrone Power. Just a little over three months before, he and Lana had parted lovers. They had tossed a tender farewell dinner at which the goblets bore the etchings of their names entwined with hearts and flowers. With dry-eyed grief, Lana had gone to the airport to see her current lover fly off into the wild blue yonder on another "goodwill tour" of Africa and Europe.

There were plans to meet in Casablanca; but they never came off. Ty cabled briefly that the rendezvous was impractical. He failed to explain that he had met a bewitching woman in Rome named Linda Christian. When he returned here, he expressed his alarm over the rising tides of Communism abroad and admitted that his romance with Lana was over. Hence the misleading headline. The two subjects had nothing to do with each other. Frankly I was among the befooled. I had known Ty since his youth, and his father before him. He (Continued on page 81)



"I don't give a hang
what a writer says
about me . . . as
long as it's the truth."
That's Jane Russell
talking, and she
means what she says.
Here's the proof.

MAKE

ME

HONEST

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ Dear Jane:

You got me in a peck of trouble. You and that smile and that laugh. The trouble with you is that you put your feet up on a chair and whenever anybody asks you a straight-forward question, you laugh and give them a straight-forward answer. Movie stars are not supposed to do this.

I was sitting up in the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood office and the editor was pacing up and down chewing his finger nails and dripping executive ability all over the rug. Every once in a while he would stop and look at me with what I suspect was an expression of loathing.

"You've got to get on the ball, Henaghan," he kept saying. "Younger men are getting into this business, you know, and none of us (meaning me, of course) are too secure these days."

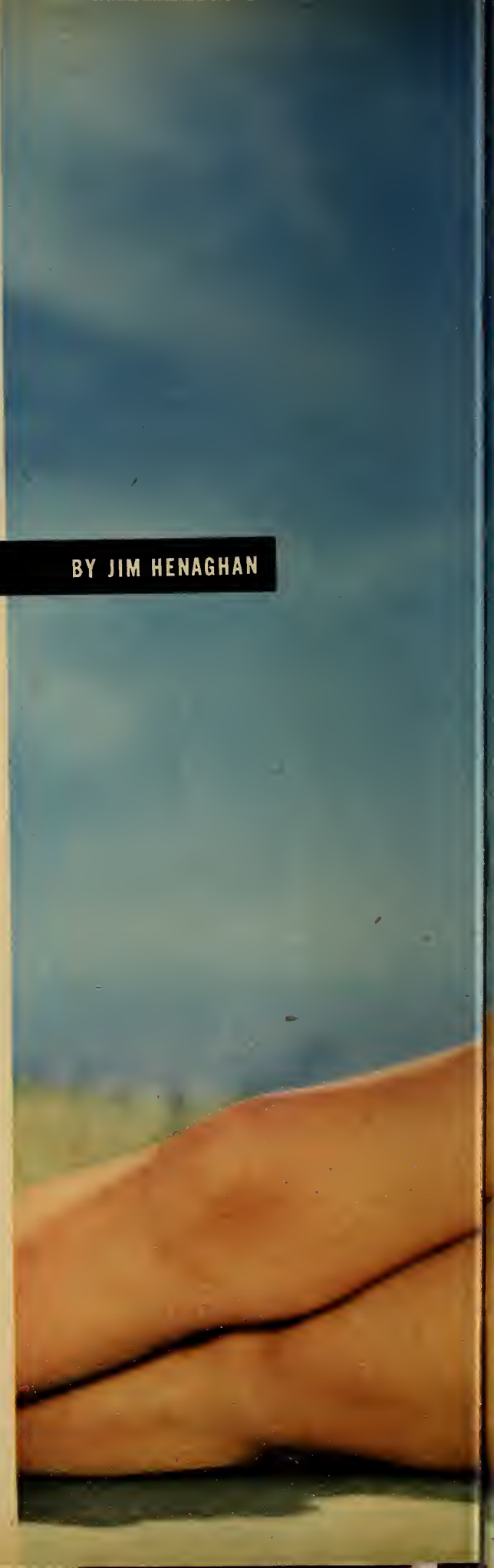
"I do my level best, sir," I said. "I try very hard."

"Sometimes that's not enough, old man" (meaning me), he said. "Sometimes we have to extend ourselves. Get the old noodle to grinding."

"I've got the old noodle grinding this very minute," I said. "I'm right on the old ball this morning."

"And what have we come up with that will please our readers?" he said.

Well, to tell you the truth, Miss Russell, the old noodle was grinding all right, but it wasn't coming up with anything, if you please. Then I (Continued on page 94)







On location in the Fiji Islands, Burt and Horst Graff suggested Norma pose for "leg art." Here, she laughingly obliges!



Norma loves to dance, so Burt occasionally twirled around the floor with her while they were on Fiji. Norma and the kids loved "roughing it" on location.



Surrounded by bushy-haired Fiji Islanders, extras in *His Majesty O'Keefe*, little Jimmy and his pop strum a ukulele.



Norma and Susabet wear authentic mother-and-daughter Island costumes, while Billy is clad Tarzan style. Burt's proud of his handsome, healthy family.



THE LANCASTER MARRIAGE IS A FAIRY TALE THAT WILL

LOVE STORY-

Nine years young



NEVER END. IT GETS YOUNGER AS THEY GROW OLDER, SAY BURT AND WIFE NORMA • BY RUTH WATERBURY

■ He's tall and he's moody and he moves like a leopard—and you really can't understand Burt Lancaster fully, unless you know four very special things about him.

The names of those four extra special things are Jimmy and Billy and Susan Elizabeth and Joanna Lancaster, all blond, all beautiful. Jimmy's just six-and-a-half. Joanna won't be two until next July. Billy and Susabet are neatly spaced in between. Up until now Burt has always

refused to talk about them, or let them be photographed for publication. His general attitude has been that his domestic life was one thing, his career another. He never has intended to let anything upset either.

Along about the time that Burt clicked big in his first picture, *The Killers*, a certain glamor girl found this out subtly, as you find out all things about him. You might not expect that a big, strong guy

who has been a professional athlete and circus acrobat would be subtle, but Burt is.

Nobody knew him when Miss Glamorpuss took out after him. He'd come to Hollywood, an ex-G.I. with one Broadway flop behind him, and no dough. But even then he had those broad shoulders, slim hips, penetrating eyes and the habit he still has, of talking like crazy about everything under (Continued on page 87)

modern screen's party of the year



Mrs. Lydia Lamas (Fernando's ex) came to Modern Screen's annual popularity poll party with Ricardo Montalban and his wife, Georgiana Young.



Fernando showed up with his latest flame, Arlene Dahl, in tow. Lana Turner, for whom he divorced his wife, didn't come to the party.



G. T. Delacorte presents a beautiful silver tray to fancy-steppers Marge and Gower Champion, who were dubbed 1952's top co-starring discoveries.



Modern Screen editor Charles Saxon entrusted Jeff Hunter's award to Jeff's wife Barbara Rush. Jeff was away in Europe.



Jane Powell beams happily as she accepts the silver trophy Mr. Delacorte hands her while Geary Steffan and Louella Parsons look on. Jane copped the "Most Popular Female Star" award this year.



John Wayne, voted the "Most Popular Male Star" of 1952 by Modern Screen readers, accepts his award from editor Saxon, while Sheilah Graham gets all ready to congratulate the bashful winner.



Mrs. Bryce Holland and her father, Modern Screen's publisher, George T. Delacorte greet Jeanne and Poul Brinkman.



Mr. and Mrs. Rex Allen and Dell mon Dove Irwin discuss Dell's new Rex Allen comic book, one of the thousands of Dell's mogazines and books displayed.



Award winner Ursula Thiess signs the guest book at the gala party held in the Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel.



Mr. and Mrs. John Agor were among the hundreds of guests; as were Celeste Holm, Tony Dexter, Buddy Boer, Jimmy McHugh, Sidney Skolsky, Edith Gwynn.

MODERN SCREEN'S POPULARITY AWARD WINNERS FOR 1952

THE TOP TEN

JANE POWELL	JOHN WAYNE
Most Popular Female Star	Most Popular Male Star
JUNE ALLYSON	DALE ROBERTSON
BETTY GRABLE	ALAN LADD
LANA TURNER	MARIO LANZA
LIZ TAYLOR	CLARK GABLE
AVA GARDNER	TONY CURTIS
DORIS DAY	BILL HOLDEN
JANET LEIGH	JEFF CHANDLER
RITA HAYWORTH	FARLEY GRANGER
JANE WYMAN	GREGORY PECK

SPECIAL AWARDS

LANA TURNER	ALAN LADD
All Time 10-Year Popularity Champion	All Time 10-Year Popularity Champion
DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS	MARGE AND GOWER CHAMPION
Hollywood's All Time Champion Comedy Team	1952's Co-Starring Discoveries

MOST PROMISING STARS OF 1952

ANNE FRANCIS	BOB WAGNER
LESLIE CARON	JEFF HUNTER
DEBRA PAGET	ALDO RAY
MARILYN MONROE	CARLETON CARPENTER
URSULA THIESS	FERNANDO LAMAS

HERE'S THE PARTY THAT LASTS ALL YEAR—MODERN SCREEN'S TRIBUTE TO HOLLYWOOD'S TOP STARS

■ "Having a baby doesn't guarantee a girl that she'll win MODERN SCREEN's annual popularity award, but it certainly helps!"

The author of that statement is Jane Powell, the Hollywood Glamor Mother of the Year. Janie, who arrived at our elegant shindig at the Beverly Hills Hotel in an off-the-shoulder white taffeta maternity evening gown with jeweled unattached collar, had this to add: "Any resemblance between my statement and the truth is strictly *not* coincidental, because it was just a year ago that I watched June Allyson accept her award. Filled to the brim with envy, I asked, 'How did you manage it?' And Junie, who was expecting at the time, retorted, 'Just become an expectant mother and your popularity will go zooming.'

"Well, I laughed at the time, but that's exactly what happened! And it goes without saying that winning MODERN SCREEN's beautiful cup is the high point of my career!"

Janie's "bubbling over" established the exciting keynote for the annual awards party. Her enthusiasm seemed to light up the entire Rodeo Room to provide a fitting entrance for Mr. John Wayne, her co-winner as the most popular male star for the second straight year. It is no secret that John Wayne seldom goes to parties. Matter of fact, he shied like a wild colt when the editors told him he'd won the silver cup.

"Golly," he exclaimed, "does that mean that I have to go and have speeches made at me?"

Assured that this was not the case; that anyone making a big fat speech at a MODERN SCREEN party is certain to get the old heave-ho, "The Duke" arrived early and stayed late, towering over the other males at the party and having the time of his life.

When Publisher George T. Delacorte presented him with his award over a nationwide radio broadcast, John spent two-and-a-half minutes giving credit (*Continued on page 67*)



modern screen's party of the year

continued

1. Publisher George T. Delacorte congratulates Aldo Ray on winning a "most promising star" award.
2. Ann Blyth came to the party with Palmer Lee, a new acting discovery. A new romance, also?
3. Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, who recently patched up their serious rift, came to the party together.
4. Denise Darcel and Bryon Palmer wouldn't share their private joke with anyone. Must've been very funny.
5. Jean MacDonald (Peter Lawford's old flame), who's now an MGM press aide, came with Bob Horton.
6. Charlton Heston (left) ribs Paul Douglas while Mrs. Heston and Mrs. Douglas (lovely Jan Sterling) look on.
7. Katie Robinson, MODERN SCREEN's West Coast Editor, chats with Virginia Gibson and her escort.
8. Bob Mitchum and George Delacorte renew acquaintance. They met at last year's Popularity Poll party.
9. Lucy Knoch, who's on Red Skelton's television show, and her husband. Lucy's a promising MODERN SCREEN Golden Key girl.
10. Old-timer Johnny Mack Brown, and Rex Allen, both top cowboy stars, say hello to Piper Laurie.
11. MODERN SCREEN editor Charles Saxon and award winner Bob Wagner joke with Johnnie Ray about his crashing the party.
12. Golden Key Girl Joan Taylor and her husband, writer Leonard Freeman. Joan resembles Ava Gardner.
13. David Wayne signs the guest book. More than 400 top personalities signed the book that night.
14. Jane Russell came alone to the party. Here she signs the guest register while Chuck Saxon steadies the book for her.
15. Pete Lawford and MODERN SCREEN columnist Mike Connolly plunk themselves down in a quiet corner.
16. Mrs. Bryce Holland and Marilyn Monroe find another quiet corner for a girl-to-girl talk.
17. Tony and Janet sign in, with Patti Lewis sandwiched between them. Jerry and Dean couldn't come.
18. When Jerry and Dean got back from their p.a. tour, Bill Holden presented them with their awards.
19. Mr. and Mrs. Gene Nelson, Marge and Gower Champion, and Joyce McKensie, had fun at the party.
20. Ricardo Montalban shakes hands with Eileen Christie's husband. Eileen is another Golden Key Girl.



John Wayne and Modern Screen's Western Manager, Carl Schroeder go over the agenda before the broadcast.



Marilyn Monroe, chosen as one of 1953's most promising stars, was thrilled with the loving cup (a miniature of the top stars' trophies) George Delacorte presented to her.



Anne Francis and Bom Price leaf through Dell's Screen Stories. Dell is largest newsstand publisher in the world.



Columnist Sheilah Graham congratulates Dale Robertson on his award. The party was the first time Dale and his wife were seen in public since their reconciliation.



Jim McCullo, KMPC radio commentator, cues Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh for radio spots.



Betty was worried before opening at the Palladium. But her mother was there to make light of her fears and cheer her on as usual.



Singing, dancing, and a heart-stopping finale on the trapeze were exhausting. Betty, only briefly recovered from surgery, collapsed once.



Dear Mr. Saxon:

I first met Betty Hutton back in her dressing room at the London Palladium. She was wringing wet, clutching one of the many bouquets that surrounded her, and sobbing with joy and relief. She looked like a newly-crowned Olympic swimming champion, even to the traditional terry-cloth bathrobe and damp curly locks clinging to her shiny forehead.

Calming down a little and breathing more or less evenly after the "walking out" Charlie O'Curran had just given her, she submitted to a rub down as her husband muttered, "Mustn't let my filly catch cold." To complete the sportslike atmosphere in the greasepaint scented room, he draped a towel over her head, boxer fashion.

"This sure is a better way to recuperate fast," said Betty, "than floppin' down on the floor like some dancer as soon as the curtain's down. This way you get your wind back naturally. Right, Porkchop?"

"I said so, didn't I?"

"Then that's enough for me!" and Hutton popped up to hug O'Curran.


"Save your energy. You're on again in an hour and a half," her man said as he disentangled himself.

"What's two little shows (*Continued on page 75*)



Catching herself in a mistake, Betty turns to husband Charles O'Curran for help, comfort, correction and advice. Ever since their marriage in the spring of 1952, he has been her coach and manager.

Letter from London



DAILY DOUBLE

With a high-flyin' filly
like Hutton, and a running-mate
like O'Curran, it's a
sucker bet that doesn't say
they'll win in a walk.

BY BRENDA HELSER



June, Dick Powell, Pam and Ricky at home.

June Allyson goes Country

June and Dick are a couple of hicks who live in the sticks and love it! The Powell family's rambling fieldstone farmhouse is something they've been yearning for a long time.

■ In the Powell household this was one of those rare, incredible, delightful days.

June Allyson had a day off before she was scheduled to start *Remains To Be Seen*, her eighth picture with Van Johnson. Dick Powell had just finished what he considers his best acting role in films, the portrayal of the writer in *The Bad And The Beautiful*. The children were nowhere about, and the afternoon stretched before June and Dick like some glorious private holiday.

After lunch they strolled around their Bel-Air gardens. First they examined the peach trees June had planted three years ago. Then they got down on all fours to measure the bulb sprouts. From time to time they talked busily about nothing in particular.

Presently, Dick said, "Where are the kids, darling?" He never can keep quite up to date on Ricky and Pam's schedule. (Continued on page 52)



Ever since Dick Powell came to Hollywood, he's had his eye on this fieldstone house. He promised himself long ago he'd own it one day; finally bought it from singer John Charles Thomas for about \$170,000.



The three oak tables and the breakfront fit perfectly into the new dining room. June didn't buy one new piece of furniture. The rugs and the English chintz from their other home were perfect, too.



A room within a room is this fireplace alcove. Its low-beamed ceiling is scoled for family enjoyment. The half-way point in a tremendous 40-foot living room, when just the Powells gather on the hearth, it's a cozy, intimate place.



The roomy farm kitchen is the sort that lingers in your memory as the Grandmother's. Its brick oven, pine cabinets, and beamed ceiling will provide many happy memories for the Powell children.



Modern and traditional mix happily in the new house as modern plate glass frames on old Colonial door.



The original owners installed a \$40,000 theater-sized projection booth behind this living room wall.



Guests roll up to the back door of the Mandeville Canyon house to see June and Dick. "Yoo-hoo. Anybody home?"



"Hi, there. Grand to see you. Come on out back. Got my chores to do, but I can always use a hand," grins cordial Farmerette Allyson



"Look at me! No cops, no traffic . . . no license." But she's really only holding the wheel till Richard the tractor-man comes.



"Maybe you pull it instead." Cute as a button making a molehill out of a mountain, she'll never replace the old fashioned bulldozer.



"First you mow it down (above); then you rake it up (below). This farm work just never stops . . . but, gee, it's fun."



"Eggs-actly the way I've always wanted it," sighs happy Mrs. Powell, who has a home, a farm, a private lake, and a world full of love.



June Allyson goes Country

continued

"Taking a nap," Junie answered. "Richard, don't you think this poodle cut of mine is simply awful? I didn't want to do it, you know. The studio made me, for this picture. Really, I . . ."

"Stop worrying about your old poodle cut," Dick joshed. "Why don't we ride around a little and look at houses?"

"I'd love to," Junie said. At this point house-hunting had become a fascinating new interest with her. She and Dick had both decided that they would build a house altogether different than the Tudor mansion they were currently occupying.

They piled into June's powder-blue Hillman Minx, Dick's last birthday present to her, and with the top down, leisurely drove out along Sunset Boulevard. At the juncture of Sunset and Mandeville Canyon, Dick turned right, up past the homes of Esther Williams, Don DeFore, Richard Widmark, Diana Lynn and many of the other film celebrities who prefer the quiet rural life.

Junie tossed her head back and breathed a whiff of canyon air. "Gosh! It smells good, Richard."

Richard grinned and continued driving, humming the first eight bars of a tune called, "Wish You Were Here." They drove for several miles beyond the last house in the canyon before June spoke up. "We might as well turn around at the next wide place in the road," she said. "I don't think there's anything beyond this."

"Let's see where this lane leads," Dick suggested, turning off onto a side road. Deftly he maneuvered the little car between a couple of fence posts and up a steep, winding incline to the hills above the canyon.

Junie was impressed. "Gosh!" she muttered. "What a view, Richard! A lake, too!"

And sure enough, as the car turned a bend in the road, a small tree-fringed lake appeared at their right. The car rattled over a wooden bridge, and Dick turned off the ignition in front of a (Continued on page 62)

"Never get me in pictures," chuckled Rosemary Clooney. "I'm an Ugly Duckling." But Hollywood had other plans for the heppiest chick ever.

BY JIM BURTON

She came a LONG way!

■ One cheerless, smog-stricken morning about a year-and-a-half ago, a giant silver bird (that's what travelogue narrators call an air-liner) settled down a runway at the Los Angeles International Airport and lumbered over to an awkward stop before one of the unloading enclosures. The motors whimpered to a stop, steps were pushed to the side of the plane, the doors were opened and the passengers, quickly emptied from the ship, were swallowed up by the usual crowd that welcomes all public carriers.

Several moments later a lone girl appeared in the doorway of the plane and stepped gingerly on to the platform at the top of the steps. Her eyelids were heavy with recent sleep. Her suit, natty in cut, was wrinkled and her hat seemed to be fiddling with the idea of falling off. She wrinkled her nose and smelled of the fume-laden air and her brow furrowed into an expression that seemed to cry: "How did we wind up in Pittsburgh?" She squinted her eyes and surveyed the charging trucks and luggage dollies scuttling about below her, and she swung about from right to left checking the buildings and flat, barren fields that flanked the runways.

Her expression changed to one that said: "This is (Continued on page 91)"

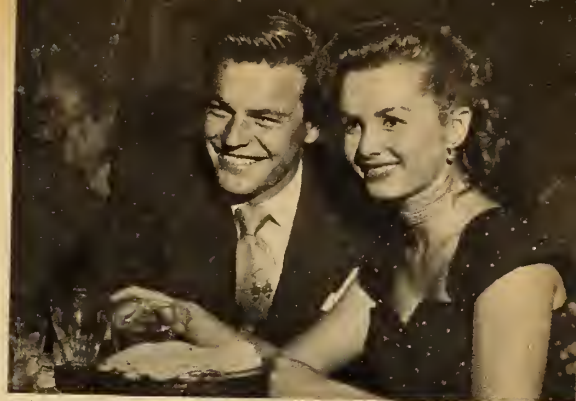


Rosie was a top-flight record star when she started *The Stars Are Singing*.



"She's goner than I am,
and I went two years ago,"
says Bob Wagner
about Debbie Reynolds.
For the lowdown on
the other up-beats
in his life, read on . . .

BY JOHN MAYNARD



Bob and Debbie Reynolds used to be snuggler than two bugs in a rug . . . but no more. She got mad when he started dating Barbara Stanwyck.



One of the many girls Bob dates is Melinda Markey, Jaan Bennett's daughter. "But," he says, "I'm in no hurry to get married, hanest!"

REAL GONE AND STRAIGHT UP!

■ There were three of us at lunch in the 20th Century-Fox commissary, a barn of a place featuring murals having to do with the motion picture industry. The other two were a publicist named Julian and Robert Wagner, Fox's 22-year-old *wunderkind*. Wagner, who had spent the morning vaulting into a lifeboat from the deck of a reasonable facsimile of the ill-fated Titanic, was late and making efforts to catch up on the scoffing. In the Wagner vocabulary, somewhat inflected with bop, scoffing is eating.

"Look," he said to the waitress, "may I see the executives' menu?"

She handed him a small slip with four entrees listed on it; no more, but each a trifle fancier than what was being offered the proletariat. He settled for corned beef and cabbage.

"Some days," he said, "that menu's real gone. They got real crazy items on it. Shrimp newburg. Lord, I hate shrimp newburg."

"Bob," said Julian, "you know what this is about?"

"What what's about?"

"This story."

"No. What's it about?"

"Your romances. The girls you date. Are you in a hurry to get married? Stuff like that." Julian tossed it off as if I weren't holding my breath.

(Continued on page 89)

Pop Wilding, all set to learn how to rock baby to sleep, practices his lap-holding technique on lovely wife Liz.



is for DADDY

■ High above the hills of Beverly, much higher than any other hill in the area, there stands a house that is in the process of being made into a home. It is not a very large house, although it rambles about a bit and therefore takes up most of the space on the small mesa on which it stands. In the main living quarters there is a combination living and dining room, sort of L-shaped, that at this time is furnished only with a dining table and a curving sofa beside a flagstone fireplace. Beyond this is a kitchen with gleaming white new equipment.

Through a door in an ash-panelled wall that runs the length of the house there are two bedrooms and two baths. One of the bedrooms is occupied by the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding, and it is furnished with a huge, low bed, a pair of dressers and a television set. The other room is empty, except for a large, canopied baby's bed. The walls of this room are bright yellow and the floor is as yet uncarpeted. This room is unoccupied at the moment, but it is about this chamber that the rest of the house is being planned, for it is here that the first child of Michael and Elizabeth Wilding will spend his or her first years.

At the time of this writing, the preparations for the coming of the infant are lumbering along. From early in the morning until the sun sinks into the sea beyond the last distant mountain, Michael and Elizabeth putter about the place hanging drapes, matching wood, stretching carpet and coaxing green things into life on the grounds outside. And when darkness has fallen they knock off. Sometimes they just collapse and have their dinner lounging on the huge bed while (Continued on page 74)

It's as simple as

A B C . . . Liz, the prettiest mother, and Mike, the handsomest father, of the year will just naturally have the cutest baby of 1953

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES



M is for Mommy, who's more thrilled over her first baby than over any thing that ever happened in her fairy-tale life before.



full house—full hearts

(Continued from page 37) then helped a little boy down the steps, a boy who tottered uncomfortably in shiny new cowboy boots. Hey—who was that kid?

Then Dusty saw his mom, Dale Evans, step out. She too waved with one arm, but in the other—Dusty really puckered his brow—what was she holding—a baby? Dale started down the steps carefully, gingerly, as if she were carrying the most precious package in all the world.

"Okay," grunted the guard, sliding open the gate. In a sec Dusty Rogers had tackled his Daddy's skin tight pants and was shinnying up his leg. Roy grabbed him and swung him up with one arm—and with the other hoisted the little stranger on his shoulder, too.

"Told you we'd be home for your birthday," he chuckled. "And here we are!"

"Bring me a present?" Dusty wanted to know pronto.

"Sure did," grinned Roy happily. "Here's your birthday present, Son. A brand new brother! Dusty, this is Sandy. He's come to our house to stay."

There was an awkward moment of silence as the two tow-heads sized up each other. Then Sandy cracked his shy face in a wide grin. He stuck out a small hand tentatively. "Hiyah, podner!" he said.

"Howdy," said Dusty slowly, cocking his thumbs. "Reach for the sky, Stranger!"

Roy eased his two boys to the ground and watched them race away. Then he looked across at Dale. Already her precious bundle was the center of a loving melee. "Our baby! Our baby!—Let me hold her!" Linda shrieked.

"No—me, me! I'm older. I know how!" cried Cheryl.

"Careful, careful," warned their mother. "She's just a little girl, just seven months old. Our Little Doe. There, gently now. . ."

Roy Rogers caught the eyes of his wife. They were full, just like her heart. He took her hand and pressed it softly. He couldn't see so well himself just then. But he cleared his throat and addressed the bobbing, excited heads below him—all five of them. "Git along, little dogies," he laughed. "We're goin' home now. And we're gonna have the best birthday party there ever was tonight—with all the ice cream and cake everybody can eat!"

ORDINARILY, you wouldn't associate a blessed event with an airport. But that happy Hollywood homecoming of Roy and Dale Rogers with their new children, Sandy and Little Doe, on an afternoon last fall was a blessed event in all that that overworked phrase implies. For Roy and Dale it was even more than that. It was a miracle, because only six weeks before Roy and Dale had flown away from that very airport with hearts heavy enough to weight down the wings of the DC-6. They had left because they had to carry on in their demanding show business lives; because they had engagements in the East that couldn't be cancelled. But it was a heart-wrenching take-off, a desolate, painful time for Roy and Dale to leave their home and children. Only a few days before, the one baby of their marriage, their little girl, Robin Elizabeth, had sickened suddenly and died, two days before her second birthday. On that birthday, they had buried her.

Roy and Dale's grief was no less consuming and their loss no less poignant because that tragedy had long threatened. From her birth on August 26, 1950, little Robin had lived in the shadow of the dark angel's wings, because she was born with a con-

genital heart defect that could not be repaired.

Such handicapped babies, Dale Evans now firmly believes, are messengers from God, and she has written a book on that theme, in little Robin's words, reporting to her Maker about her stay on earth and His message which she delivered to the Rogers family. Although she had written nothing before in her life, it came in easily flowing text. She finished it in three weeks, even while travelling. It's called "Angel Unawares" from the text of Hebrews 13:2—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. . . ." It will be published this Easter. Dale started writing it the day after Robin was laid to rest.

Roy watched the girl he loves anxiously in the days after little Robin was laid to rest. He saw her plunge industri-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was watching John Derek at a personal appearance sign autographs in a Philadelphia theater lobby. Suddenly a tiny girl with golden curls ran up and kissed him on the cheek.

He was terribly surprised, but then recovered himself, broke into a wonderful smile, and taking up her little hand he kissed it in return.

It was one of the sweetest gestures I've ever seen.

Marie Joan Grabias
Philadelphia, Pa.



ously into tidying up the house, getting the children's clothes ready for the approaching school term, hovering over them and doing myriad things he knew they could do for themselves. He watched her sit at her desk and write furiously on the book that would receive Robin's message and send it on to those who need it, to other handicapped children and to sorrowing parents. He knew she was seeking release for her own pent up sorrow, and while those things were indeed an emotional escape hatch he knew they were not enough. He put his arms around her one day in the week after Robin died.

"Honey," he said, "why don't we get that little boy we've been planning to get? Now's the time, isn't it?"

Dale knew that what Roy meant was the playmate for Dusty they had planned for over a year to adopt, ever since Dusty's teacher at pre-school had pointed out to them the obvious psychological signs of a need. Dusty wasn't getting along right with the other boys. He was acting up in telltale ways that bespoke female domination. "Dusty needs a brother," she suggested, and both Roy and Dale agreed. Roy remembered his own lonely boyhood on the farm in Duck Run, Ohio, with three sisters, but no brother. His kids come first in his heart as they do Dale's, and have ever since she married widowed Roy and took over his children to mother in a warm, loving way that makes "step-mother" a cold and inaccurate word.

SO WHILE they had talked about the family addition, they had not yet discovered the boy they wanted. But now, in her anguish, Roy mentioned it. Dale shook her head. "No," she said, "nobody can take the place of Robin." Dale thought she meant what she said and in a way she did. Nobody can take the place of any child a

mother loses. But there must be a place for that thwarted mother love to find a home. Roy knew that, but he didn't press the issue. He tried another tack.

"Maybe," he mentioned, "you'd kind of like to see your own folks right now."

"Yes," Dale said, "I would."

"Fine!" he took her right up. "We'll leave right away, before we're due at the Garden. We'll go by Texas and see your mom and dad, then on to Mississippi and visit your brother. Think it'll do us a lot of good."

So they were aboard the plane and neither saying much, both with thoughts too deep for words, but none about filling the gap in their family. Planwise, they were as up in the air as the droning craft that bore them. Then suddenly Dale found herself saying, "I wonder if that little Indian girl is still at the Home."

"Bet she is," brightened Roy.

"She was so cute," Dale thought out loud, "so full of life. I held her. And she laughed. She seemed to like me. I could feel her heart beat right against mine. Her little body was ivory brown. She was part Choctaw."

"So'm I," Roy carried the ball. "My great-great-grandma was a full-blooded Choctaw. Now, that's a coincidence, isn't it?"

"She had the brightest black eyes, but soft. Like a little doe's," Dale went on. "Little Doe"—wouldn't that make a cute name?"

"Little Doe—yeah—Little Doe Rogers. . ."

Roy gave a cautious glance at his wife.

IT was just last spring that she had visited the children's adoption home in Dallas. She had taken Cheryl, the daughter Roy and his first wife, Arlene, had adopted from there 12 years before. They visited the ward for babies under three months. There were 42 there, she remembered now, thinking back, but for her there had been just one star of the group. That was this little Indian baby, a dusky little gem with hypnotic attraction. Her bright eyes flashed like black diamonds, and she felt them following her around the room. When she looked back she saw the tiny mite raise up on her elbows and peer. She heard her chortle and squeal with eagerness, and saw her bob her black shock of hair up and down.

"We call her Mary," the nurse smiled.

Dale remembered being drawn back irresistibly time and again to that crib and that entrancing little Indian papoose. The nurse had lifted her up at last and Dale had reached out her arms.

"It's against the rules to hold them."

"Pooh to the rules!" Dale had said. And she'd held her, very close, thinking, at the time, of her own little girl at home.

When she left that day she had breathed, "Goodbye little Pocahontas. Bye-bye little deer." The eyes followed her to the door, and seemingly for a long time past it. "I hope she finds the right home," she'd told the nurse earnestly. "I'll pray that little Mary does." And she had.

All this Dale Evans recalled as she sped toward Texas, and all of it seemed to her now like a vision. But she didn't say anything to Roy about it, not then. She wanted to be sure; she didn't want to ask for disappointment. She couldn't take another disappointment, not right now.

They were walking up the stairs of the children's adoption home together when fear clutched her breast and she gripped Roy's arm. "Do you suppose she's still here?" Dale voiced her anxiety out loud. He smiled, because he knew what she was after then, although she still hadn't told him. "She's here," he said. Roy knew she had to be there. And she was.

"Yes," affirmed the receiving nurse. "We've still got Mary. She's had all her tests and she's ready to go out for adoption,

any minute now." Dale quickened her steps; she couldn't walk fast enough. She knew, now, that it was the hand of God which had guided her there—in time.

And there Mary was, the little doe, with the same sparkling black eyes, the same hair sticking up like a tiny, feathered war bonnet, with two shiny new teeth below, five months old by now and making the crib rattle. When she spied Dale, she gave out a shrill, gurgling cry. "War whoop," grinned Roy.

They held her again, both of them, and she almost bounced out of Roy's arms to the floor. She was life, she was resurrection. "I want her," Dale told the nurse suddenly. "I love her. I need her. Can I have her?"

"We'll see what we can do," she was promised, "but, of course, this is very sudden. . . . The superintendent's away on vacation. We couldn't do anything about it today. And you say you're leaving tomorrow. Why don't you keep in touch with us?"

Then followed the days of suspense. Roy and Dale went on to Jackson, Mississippi, to visit her brother, Hillman, and his family. She called the adoption home the night they got in. The superintendent was still away. "Please," Dale begged, "keep Mary for me. I asked first." She wired the same plea almost every night from New York.

But for long days there was no answer. And in those days Dale felt the reins on her emotions fraying thin. She went on with the show—the rodeo at Madison Square Garden, even though each night, walking from her dressing room to the chutes, she clenched her fists until her nails cut the palms, trying to control herself. The trouble she had been through was telling on her at last; she felt the dam was about to burst.

Then one night the phone call came from the Home. "The baby's yours," the superintendent said. "Won't you pick her up on your way home from the tour?"

Dale jumped from the phone and landed in Roy's arms. The King of the Cowboys let out a "Ki-yippee" that pierced Broadway's roar, and from then on Dale knew she would sleep like a baby. But there was another sign soon to come, too. In fact, it was that very night that Roy, in his happiness at Dale's recovery and the news about their new daughter, came out with it: "Now," he said, "let's find our boy, too!"

It seemed a rash, impossible project. But after all, to find a new girl for the nursery that little Robin had left, in hardly more than a month after she went away, was some kind of a miracle. Miracles, they knew now, could happen. The first already had and before many days had passed the second arrived.

It was in Cincinnati, the last city of their tour. One night stands, that a telephone call came. A woman who kept orphans for the county was on the wire from Covington, Kentucky, across the Ohio River. Her own daughter, Penny, a little girl stricken with cerebral palsy, had read about Roy's arrival. Television was about Penny's arrival, and on television her hero was Roy Rogers. She wondered if she could bring her over to meet him. It would mean so much.

"I'll say you can," Roy assured her. "You're my guests at the show today, and after that I'll have a big pow-wow in my dressing room." Then, he had a sudden inspiration: "You don't happen to have a five-year-old boy at your place, do you?" he asked.

Yes, she answered, she did. She had Larry, a little orphan from a Kentucky farm. But he had suffered from malnutrition as a baby, he'd had rickets, he didn't

walk too well. "Can you bring him along too?" asked Roy.

They were in the dressing room when Penny was rolled in, and beside her wheel chair walked a shy little tow-head, undersized in body but with oversized blue eyes and a double measure grin. It must have been an overpowering sight for the two little handicapped waifs to see Roy Rogers there in full cowboy trappings, butterfly boots and spurs, holsters, guns, and fancy Hollywood rig—and Dale Evans the same. It must have been like a visitation straight from fairyland. But the little guy, dazzled as he was, didn't lose control.

"Hiyah, podner!" he said.

Roy grinned, "Well, I'll be doggined—a real cowhand! Say—what's my horse's name, know that?"

"Trigger," answered Harry.

Roy lifted the frail little fellow up on his knee, chatted with him, encouraging him. To most people little Harry wouldn't have seemed a prize personality boy. When Dale took off his shoes and had him run around the room in his stocking feet, he was awkward, with the legs that had got such a poor start. He had a cold. After his first greeting he didn't talk much—cat got his tongue. He wasn't a little boy beautiful, he was just boy. But those were the very things that lodged him in Dale and Roy Rogers' hearts.

"You know," said Roy, after they'd left, "that little guy reminds me of myself when I was a shy, awkward farm kid, too. He kind of gets next to me."

It was a serious decision they had to make—and a fast one. They would be doubling their new responsibility. They already had their new baby daughter wait-

June Haver has been in the movies for seven years, yet has never been seen in a black-and-white film. Eight of her 12 shows have been musicals.

Life Magazine

ing for them in Dallas. And if they wanted this little undersized, underprivileged boy too, they would have to make up their minds that night. They were leaving at ten o'clock in the morning.

Roy and Dale skipped dinner. They went to their hotel and ordered up warm milk, cheese and crackers. They talked it all over, and there was a lot to talk about. True, there was much they didn't know about this little waif on such short acquaintance. But still there was enough. After all, he was a child of the Lord, just like their own. If he had needs, they would supply them. If he was weak, they would make him strong. That would be the joy of it, that was what clinched the decision in Roy's mind. It was past midnight when he spoke his mind.

"Let's take him. Anybody in the world would take a strong, healthy boy. But if we can help a little fellow without a chance get a decent start in life—then we're doing something important. I just wouldn't feel right now about going on and leaving him."

It was one o'clock when they called the welfare officer and got him out of bed to make the hurry-up arrangements. Next morning at eight they drove across the river and—in one short hour—had completed the papers, picked up Sandy—their new name for him—rolled back and packed. By ten they were off on their bus, and Sandy Rogers was so excited he couldn't hold the lunch he ate, was sick all the miles to Muncie, where they stopped the night. But Sandy said he'd make up for that, "I can chop weeds," he told Roy eagerly. "I can feed the chickens. I can lock the gate so the cow won't get out on your ranch."

"You're hired," grinned Roy. "The min-

ute we get home you can show your stuff."

By now Sandy and Dodie Rogers are as at home on the Bar-Double-R as if they had been born there. By now "Mommy" and "Dad" come as easy to Sandy's lips as if they'd been the first words he learned. By now Dusty Rogers has taken over his kid brother and revealed the wonders of the ranch. They've climbed the big oak tree, played Indians in the cornfield, snatched the grapes, figs and the brown walnuts, learned the names of all the coon hounds. Because, on his six acres of San Fernando soil, Roy Rogers has packed about everything that a real ranch should have, and it's a wonderland for a boy, especially a boy who has a brother to explore it with. There isn't a cow to keep inside the gate—but there are sheep, with new lambs to pet, and chickens, geese, ducks, 17 dogs, uncounted cats and a corral full of real cow horses. Why, even "Trigger" comes when Sandy calls him, and the day his dad, Roy Rogers, lifted him right up into the silvered saddle—how close to Paradise can a boy get?

Already Sandy has sprouted up like a jimpson weed, filled out and toughened up with the affection, food and fun in his new home. Dale took him to her pediatrician the first thing. "Nothing wrong with this boy that good care and family love won't cure," he announced. Well, that the Rogers' have in abundance. As for Little Doe, the doc pronounced both a rave and a warning. "You picked a real prize this time," he told Dale. "But don't put her in a picture. You won't have a chance."

Since the arrival of Sandy and Little Doe, whom they call "Little Princess" most of the time, life has taken on a new meaningful tempo for Roy and Dale with a hum that unmistakably announces busy happiness. "I always wanted at least five children," says Dale, who comes from a small two-child family herself. "And now, look—I have seven!" When Dale counts them, of course, she counts not only all her living brood (her son, Tom Fox, is now 22), but little Robin, too, who though gone, will always be with her in the way, she is now sure, she was intended to be from the start.

For to Roy and Dale Rogers, there is no essential difference between heaven and earth, life and the spirit—and especially do they feel this way since their sudden sadness has been translated into sudden joy. Their religion is an inseparable part of their lives, as the crowded car with Roy at the wheel and the four Rogers kids behind him rolling off to Sunday School each week plainly reveals. As Roy and Dale's earnest participation in the Hollywood Christian Group also testifies and as, daily, their unselfish actions prove.

But it is not entirely for the future good of their souls that Dale and Roy Rogers want their house to ring with the shouts and happy laughter of children. Paradoxically, there is a selfish reason, too. "Both Roy and I have found that we're happiest when we're crowded with responsibilities," Dale will tell you. "We don't have time to think of ourselves then, and people who never think of themselves never worry, never have fears."

In Hollywood, which is notably ridden with both worries and fears, Roy and Dale seem to have found the best prescription for happiness—and it's an open prescription that requires no doctor's order to fill.

But to use it successfully, you need a heart that is strong in faith and with many welcoming chambers. There are houses in Hollywood far greater in size than the one which Dale and Roy Rogers occupy. But there are mighty few hearts that hold as much room. Right now Dale and Roy's house is full to bursting—and so are their hearts. And that, they both know, is their miracle.



It is not only like
a religion, this house
which I love but am
not in; it is like my
religion, my own
church which I love
but am not in.

The House I Love

by DEAN MARTIN

■ After dinner evenings you can always find me sitting on the front steps of the house. I have always liked to do it—now more so than ever. I was brought up in Steubenville, Ohio. Like a lot of kids from that part of the country, I used to tell myself that someday I would own a white-pillared, Colonial mansion like the kind the rich folks in town lived in. But when a time came, years later, to buy a home in Hollywood, things didn't work out so I could get such a place. Not to live in. But the reason I bought the home I did, which cost a young fortune, was because right across the street from it stood my dream-mansion, handsome and stately with its white pillars and green gables, which cost nothing to look at.

Night after night I sat and looked at it, and one night my wife said, "You know, it's like a religion with you . . . that house." And she didn't know how symbolically right she was. (Continued on page 98)

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june allyson goes country

(Continued from page 52) large, rambling, fieldstone farmhouse.

"You suppose we could look inside?" June asked cautiously.

"I think so," Dick said. "Some real estate agent told me it's up for sale."

THEY entered the pleasant old farmhouse, and what June saw made her feel good and warm and pleasant. The golden tones of the pine-paneled living room, for example, "made me feel," she explained later, "as relaxed and happy as a kitten." She liked the unpretentiousness of the simple stone fireplace, the big square windows, the plank floors. June is a very emotional young woman and as she walked from room to room eyeing the grandmotherly kitchen, the bedroom fireplace, and the glass-enclosed porch, tears of delight began to well up in her eyes. Everything about this house was warmer, more intimate, more home-like than the rather austere environment of the English manor house they'd been living in for five years.

"Oh! Richard! If we could only buy this house, we'd never have to build another one—ever."

Dick cocked his head to one side. "You really like it that much?"

"Yes, Richard. I think it's just fine."

"I'm glad, darling, because we own it." He threw the line away, underplaying the scene deliberately.

June couldn't believe it, wouldn't believe it. Dick had to show her the bill of sale and explain that, "I traded our old house and quite a lot of dough for this farm and 56 acres of land."

That evening, June insisted that Dick go over the purchasing of "The Farm" step by step. "I was like a little girl," she says, "wanting to hear her favorite story over and over again."

ACCORDING to Dick, his interest in the property had its origin back in the late 1920's. In those days he was a farmboy from Mountain View, Arkansas, who'd been brought west by Warner Brothers, that is, after he'd pulled several years on the road as a singer and emcee.

"Those were the days," he recalls, "when the stars and the movie moguls really used to live it up out here. And boy! How I was impressed. I was doing fairly well in some of those early Warner musicals, and because screen success and social success usually go hand in hand, I was invited to a number of parties and social functions."

"Of all the homes I saw, the one that left a lasting impression was a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse owned by Bernie Hyman. He was Irving Thalberg's assistant, and I don't know how much dough he spent on the house. But it was plenty. Back then the hills in the Mandeville section were wild and undeveloped, and the 56 acres were stocked with chickens, horses, cows, not to mention the deer and jack rabbits."

"Bernie had plenty of money at the time, and he didn't mind spending it on the house. For example, the movie projection system in the living room cost him \$40,000. His kitchen had a walk-in refrigerator as large as a butcher shop, and there was a dumb-waiter that ran to the second floor. There was also a separate guest house for relatives and friends."

"I remember saying to myself first time I went through the house, 'If you ever get any dough, this is the house you must buy.' But I knew I'd have to wait."

Eventually the house and land were purchased by John Charles Thomas, the well-known concert singer. When June and Dick were married seven years ago, Dick

made another attempt to buy "The Farm." It failed. "In a way," he says, "it's a good thing, because what could a pair of newlyweds do with a 12-room house and 56 acres of land?"

In the years they've been married, June has learned how to run a large household with adequate competence. She is no longer the frightened, bewildered little city girl who came to Hollywood with a great big inferiority complex. Success, marriage, money and fame have all contributed to a bolstering of her ego. And Dick has recognized this fact.

"A couple of weeks ago," he told his wife, "I heard that the Thomas place was on the market. I acted on a hunch. I offered them our house in trade, because you know yourself how people hate to give up one home before they've found another. Thomas liked my offer, but I was afraid to talk to you about it, because there were a lot of hitches, and I thought that maybe the deal would fall through."

June edged her way into Dick's arms to kiss him. "I'm glad you kept it a secret. It's the most beautiful surprise since Ricky."

AS THIS article goes to press, the Powells have been living in their new home only five weeks. They plan to make many changes and improvements, but to forge ahead slowly. The proof of a good house is in the living, and living on "The Farm" is a better life than the one Dick and June ever dreamed of.

In June's own words, "Our farm is an improvement over the Bel-Air house in every way. Specifically, it's better for the children, better environment for their growing up. The tempo is slower and safer than in a traffic-jammed district. Richard and I both feel that it's a good thing for children to develop in the com-

I didn't like you, even when I liked you.

Mike Curtiz to an actor

pany of other growing things. Pam and Ricky are going to share their growing up with chickens and sheep, and dogs and horses and maybe a calf or two."

June Allyson is most at peace with the world when her children are happy, but right now the new house has given her an abundance of peace in her own right. She was never particularly happy competing in the fashionable suburban life of Bel-Air. She was always a little on edge, a bit nervous, and frightened, but in her new surroundings, the tension has disappeared. She can be herself, completely relaxed in blue jeans.

"Another thing—" she adds, "you ought to see the way friends just drop in on us out here. In our old place we used to give parties, expensively catered deals with all the trimmings. Lots of times they were very stiff, very dull. No one relaxed. But you know something? The first Sunday we moved here, 15 friends drove out to see us and practically all of them stayed for a pick-up supper. I raided some spare bricks from the front yard, and Richard rigged up a makeshift grill in the living room fireplace. We cooked hot dogs, and it was more fun than a circus. It's been that way every weekend since we got here."

From Dick's viewpoint, "The Farm" is not only the fulfillment of a long-term desire, it is also a project for the future. "I hope to keep maybe half-a-dozen acres," he says. "The rest of it I'll subdivide. With a little luck I figure we can sell the lots for as much as we paid for the whole deal (approximately \$200,000). I want to sell the lots to friends with families, so that Pam and Ricky can have other chil-

dren nearby. I'm also going to start a plant nursery and get some sheep to eat back the weeds. We should have more than 1,000 chickens in a week or two and they should be worth a few bucks."

POWELL, who is one of the shrewdest money-managers in Hollywood, has all the future details worked out except one. He can't decide whether to stock his lake with fish or keep it as a swimming hole.

"Whatever Powell touches," one of his friends points out, "it's sure to turn to gold. This guy has more financial brains than any other actor in the business. I've been out to his new farm. I've seen all the chickens and land, and it looks very nice to me. But the only thing I'm sure of is that Dick will make a great profit on it."

"It sure is funny, the difference between him and June. She knows nothing about money. Maybe you won't believe this, but June doesn't even know her own salary. Dick makes all the big decisions, all the big investments for their family, and pretty darn good ones, too. June doesn't know about it, but some of her money has been invested in oil leases in Texas, Oklahoma, California, and Nebraska. Dick has also organized a television company, 'The Four-Star Playhouse' with Charles Boyer, Ronald Colman, Joel McCrea and himself. That's one of the company's programs. They've already sold it to the Singer Sewing Machine people. Another is the 'My Hero' series, starring Bob Cummings."

"I'm telling you, Powell is a frustrated businessman, and I think June recognizes that fact, too. That's why she was so happy when he finally landed his first job as a director. He's directing *Split Second* for RKO, you know, with Steve McNally and Jan Sterling, and Dore Scharly is willing to give him a chance to direct at Metro. Maybe I should say that Dick Powell is a frustrated creative businessman, because "creative" is certainly the key word in his makeup."

If "creative" best describes Dick Powell, then "adaptive" is probably the key adjective pertaining to his wife.

When June looked at the farmhouse Dick had bought for their family, she said very quickly, "I don't think we'll have to buy any new furniture at all. I think everything we have will fit. What doesn't, we'll adapt."

June was right. Outside of a few gifts, the grandfather clock in the hall given to them by decorator Paul Granard, and a coffee samovar in its own niche near the fireplace, June as yet hasn't had to buy one new stick of furniture.

"Positively amazing," says Granard. "We took the furnishings from their two previous homes, and they look better in this background than they've ever looked before. The heavy oak tables, the braided rugs, the English chintz, they all go beautifully with the stone and natural wood finishes of the rooms downstairs."

There are changes to come, of course, but like most good wives, June hopes to bring them in unobtrusively. "Some time this year," she says, "I'm going to change my pink bedroom to all green and white. I think I've kind of outgrown that little-girl pink."

JUNE has outgrown many other things, too—her desire to retire from movies, her fear of large crowds, her basic insecurity, all her self-doubts as to her efficiency as a wife, mother, and actress. And all this is relatively new.

"I believe," says a middle-aged lady who once worked as her housekeeper, "that in buying that old Thomas farmhouse, Dick Powell has done one of the smartest things in his life. He's given June a place where she really feels at home."

END

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(Continued from page 30) and Mocambo, at the social functions of friends. Always they are together, oblivious to the world.

Not too long ago, for example, they came to the Mocambo for Gloria De Haven's opening. Gloria has the kind of figure that gives many other women inferiority complexes and leaves men too breathless to whistle. But did Lamas focus on this gorgeous eyeful? He was politely attentive, casting Gloria a sideward glance or two, but his eyes feasted on Arlene with unsated hunger; his strong, thin fingers curled themselves around her arm. Here was a study of a man who saw what he wanted and wanted what he saw.

A few nights later at Chuck Walters' party, Lamas was again in action. The living room was filled with beautiful, provocative, gorgeously-gowned females. But for the son of Maria and Emilio Lamas that night, all the women in the world were non-existent except for Arlene. "Each time I look at you," he whispered into her hair, "I see you with my heart."

Arlene turned and smiled. Her hand entwined itself in his in an unspoken echo.

DOLORES del Rio, one of the world's most beautiful women, who played opposite Lamas in the Argentine version of *Lady Windemere's Fan*, in 1948, was once asked about the young actor in Buenos Aires. "Fernando," she said, "has the most soulful eyes I have ever seen. When he is playing a tender love scene, you cannot help believing him. He has the kind of eyes that are irresistible to most women."

Lamas is the type of lover who is always playing love scenes with or without the benefit of a motion picture camera.

"He makes me feel," Arlene Dahl says, "as if the whole world was bathed in sunshine and goodness."

Elizabeth Taylor, who only recently finished a picture with Fernando, when told of Arlene's statement, said, "I agree with her completely. Fernando is really wonderful."

Even Esther Williams, whose entire interest in men revolves about the colossal proportions of her husband, Ben Gage, has been impressed by the Lamas charm. "We did *Dangerous When Wet* a few weeks ago," Esther recalls, "and Lamas is dangerous wet or dry."

Similarly enthusiastic about the Latin lover is Denise Darcel. "How can you describe Fernando?" she asks. "He has the heart of Casanova, the eyes of Don Juan, the profile of John Barrymore. I know the words in French, but in English it is very difficult for me to express. He is all jammed up with what you would call it—sex appeal."

Chroniclers of the Hollywood scene may consider the sources of such quotations surprising. After all, only a few short months ago, Fernando had been staked out, surveyed, and mortgaged to Lana Turner. "There is only one man in my life that counts," Lana said at that point, "and that man is Fernando Lamas."

You remember, I'm sure, how rumors of their imminent marriage abounded in every screenland salon and saloon. It was just a question of a few legal difficulties before Lana divorced Bob Topping and took unto her self this troubador tenor.

Although more circumspect than usual, Lana made no secret of the fact that she had given her heart to Fernando, that she regarded him as the one great love in her life, that here at last was the end-fulfillment of all her hopes and dreams.

As for Lamas, he, too, made no secret of his love for Lana. "I cannot discuss marriage," he truthfully told reporters, "when I am not yet divorced from my wife; so

please don't ask me when I am going to marry Miss Turner." But, then, Lydia Lamas, the beautiful and intelligent Scotch-Italian girl, who had married Fernando in Montevideo in 1946, went to Las Vegas and returned with a divorce. This time the reporters descended on Fernando again and said, "Okay, you're free now. When are you and Lana gonna make it legal?"

Lamas, who is liked very much by the Hollywood press corps, merely grinned and shrugged his shoulders. "I am free—yes," he agreed, "only Miss Turner is not."

WHAT Fernando did not say at that particular time, however, was that the great love he and Lana had kindled between them was no longer blazing brightly. In fact its intensity had begun to diminish even before the celebrated quarrel at the Marion Davies party.

There are many stories in circulation as to what caused the rupture in the Lana-Fernando relationship. One would have you believe that Lamas grew insane with jealousy when he saw his lovely sweetheart dancing with Lex Barker. Another canard is that Lamas, for many years one of the great amateur boxers in Argentina, so lost his temper that night that he not only swung at Lex, but also jabbed Lana with a fast left.

All of this is ridiculous, of course. There is no doubt but what Fernando and Lana quarreled during and after the Marion Davies party. I was there and I heard them. But let's face it—it takes more than one quarrel, no matter how violent, to dissolve a year-long love affair.

The simple truth is that the love affair was dying. Had Lana Turner agreed to divorce Bob Topping immediately after he

For my dough, Ava Gardner is one of the nicest gals in town. Also a very top actress. Don't ever sell her short; she's long on talent.

Clark Gable

strayed from the true and narrow path; had she secured her freedom quickly instead of trying to wrangle a fair and equitable financial settlement, she might be Mrs. Fernando Lamas today. For make no mistake about it, this past summer Lana had her Latin boy groggy with love.

When she flew up to Zephyr Cove, Nevada, with her daughter, Cheryl, for a vacation, Fernando, despite the fact that he was working six days a week, would fly up on the seventh just to be near her.

It was at this time, as a matter of fact, that he entered into divorce discussions with his estranged Lydia.

He wanted Lana badly. Each night after he finished work on the set, he would phone her, tell her all that he did that day, exchange small endearments—nothing important was said, but the phone calls always left him spiritually at peace . . . temporarily, at least.

IT is a sad truth, but as regards Fernando Lamas and marriage, Lana Turner missed the boat. She should have struck while the iron was hot, passion was seething, desire knew no reason.

Instead, for the first time in her life she let love come last. She relegated it to a subsidiary position, placing it after her daughter's welfare, her career, and money—and, in the process of relegation, it died.

Of all the women Lamas has known in his life, Lana is the only one who, at this juncture, is not his friend. His two former wives, for example, speak of him glowingly. Azuzena Mus, his first, once told a *La Prensa* reporter, "Fernando is a young man of character and integrity, and mark my word, he will make a place for himself in the world one day. He has talent and

will-power. He was a good husband to me."

Lydia Babacci Lamas, who lives in Beverly Hills and has custody of their daughter, Alexandra, a six-year-old beauty with large, luminous brown eyes, has said time and again, "Although we are divorced, Fernando and I are very great friends. He is not to blame that our marriage did not work. We were separated by circumstances, and I grew very nervous. It is all over with now, but any woman will look long and far before she finds someone as thoughtful and considerate as Fernando. He is of Spanish descent, you know; and he has all the fire of those people."

WITH Lana Turner irrevocably lost—although there is a large school of Hollywood masterminds which believes that if he were to knock on Turner's front door today, she would gladly let him in—Fernando, last October, began to wonder about whom he would take to the MODERN SCREEN party. This is one of the outstanding social functions of the year in Hollywood during which the most popular actors and actresses are awarded sterling silver plates, bowls, cups, scrolls, certificates and other tributes and acknowledgments of their popularity.

When Fernando was told that he was scheduled to receive an award as one of the year's most up-and-coming players, he phoned Arlene Dahl and asked if she would accompany him.

Why Arlene Dahl?

The vicious gossips say it was because he wanted to wreak his vengeance on Lex Barker from whom Arlene had just secured a divorce. But that's only gossip.

"Why did I call Arlene?" Lamas asks. "Very simple. A few years ago when

first reported to MGM, I could hardly speak any English. The studio gave me a marvelous instructress, Gertrude Fogler. In a few months I was ready to make a screen test in English. To play opposite me in this test, George Sidney, the great director—he asked Arlene Dahl. Now, Arlene did not have to do it. After all, I was a nobody and making tests is not much fun. But you know what Arlene said? She said 'I would love to do it.' She was so gracious so feminine; she was so helpful to me, perfect stranger, that my heart went out to her in gratitude.

"She was so kind during the test. She saw that I had the benefit of her wisdom and experience. And she is such a beauty—not only in the face but in the soul as well—that I remember saying to myself 'Fernando, here is one girl you will never forget.' And I didn't.

"When I phoned and asked her if she'd like to go with me to the MODERN SCREEN party, she accepted. I have been going with her ever since. I do not want to speak of love or affection or anything like that—but to me Arlene Dahl is a woman in every sense of the word. She is what one might call classically feminine."

What does Arlene Dahl think of her new lovelight? "I'm extremely fond of Fernando," she says. "We've seen each other quite frequently. As a matter of fact, he's practically the only one I've seen. Don't get any wrong impressions. I've been working on *Here Come The Girls*. It's got a ten-week shooting schedule. I don't think I have a day off; so that I don't really have too much time for a hectic social life."

"I'm not denying, however, that I've seen Fernando a good many times. What will come of it I don't know. My divorce won't be final until next year. In the meanwhile he's a lot of fun to be with, much more versatile than you'd think. He's got a good mind; he's a great athlete; he sings beautifully; he's very handsome; and he dances divinely."

There are some cynics who say that Fernando and Arlene are using each other

that they both came along at the right time, that one needed a man and the other a woman. Others claim that this is merely a case in point of a double rebound, Fernando from Lana, and Arlene from Lex.

This isn't particularly true. If it were, just a question of needing someone of the opposite sex, Fernando and Arlene might easily have their pick. Arlene, after her divorce, began dating Greg Bautzer, the world's champion escort of beautiful women, but that lasted for only two dates. Once Lamas came into the picture, Bautzer was shunted to the showers.

Lamas admits that he needs someone like Arlene Dahl. The reason for this is essentially psychological and has its roots in his background. His father died of pneumonia when he was one; and his mother of peri-

tonitis when he was four. As a youngster he was raised by two 70-year-old grandmothers who shared his custody. He has no brothers, no sisters, and in his youth there was a conspicuous lack of young feminine beauty. There is a possibility that his single-minded devotion to one beautiful woman at a time is to compensate for his motherless childhood.

Whatever the reason, whatever the motivation, the fact remains that Fernando Lamas is one of the truly great lovers in the world today. A make-up man at MGM, when he heard recently that Lamas had been replaced by Ricardo Montalban to star opposite Lana Turner in *Latin Lovers*, said sadly, "Montalban's a good performer—he'll do fine in the picture—but not so well by Lana personally. Just imagine

Lana Turner in a film with that Lamas. Maybe she hates his guts; maybe she can't stand the sight of him, but the scene calls for them to make passionate love. He takes her in his arms, her antagonism melts away, gradually they melt into a kiss. I'm telling you they'd be back together in a minute and the picture would gross ten million bucks. Lana has a great earthy quality. She belongs to a guy like Lamas. Not that I have anything against his new girl friend, Arlene Dahl. It's just that somehow to me she doesn't seem capable of real, downright passion. She should be going with some Greek god like Apollo. But who knows? Maybe Lamas can warm her up—he's a walking generator." **END**

(Fernando Lamas will soon be seen in MGM's *The Girl Who Had Everything*.)

cinderella's tired

(Continued from page 29) I don't know another man and woman with less in common. Aly the playboy, Rita the retiring. One the extrovert. The other tongue-tied and shy. Aly loves horses, gambling and women, in that order. He's a spendthrift, a night-clubber, cannot bear to be alone.

Rita is none of these things. But it was cruel to call her a peasant, because, to quote her third husband—"At eight o'clock at night the only thing she's interested in is putting on her slippers and sitting by the fire. She ignores night life and is not interested in social life. She's a homebody."

Since when is it wrong to want to live quietly with the man you love, to build understanding and companionship away from the glitter of the phoney and the frivolous, to build a home for children in which the parents stay? This was Rita's long-standing dream. And to make it materialize with Aly, she was willing to toss aside a million-dollar movie career, to live in his country, to put him first in all her plans. And for this she's called a peasant and immature. At 33 she's more mature than the 40-plus Aly will ever be. I tip my hat to her. She tried.

If she'd been 29—and done the slippers-by-the-fire routine, that would have been different. At 20 she didn't. She loved nightclubs then. And a long string of beaux took her dancing—from Tony Martin to Vic Mature. In fact, one reason she paid alimony to Ed Judson was reportedly because he presented a long list of dancing partners to Rita's lawyer and threatened to splash 'em on the front pages. Now Rita and Ed are friends again, but I don't think she'll ever forgive him. And I don't think she'll forgive Aly for the present humiliation.

THERE are so many conflicting stories. His friends tell me he was very generous with Rita. But hers say the reverse. Let's study His and Hers. His: He gave her an engagement ring that cost between \$50,000 and \$100,000. And a diamond bracelet and earrings to match. Bought her racehorses. Opened charge accounts with world-famous Parisian coutouriers. And when he was in Hollywood that last time, he gave her the cash to buy the most expensive make of Cadillac.

Hers: When Rita first left Aly, I asked her, "Did you bring back a lot of jewelry?" "Nothing that I didn't have before," she replied—"except this." And she showed me a gold St. Christopher medal with half a dozen very small diamonds on the edge. "But what happened to the flawless engagement ring?" I wanted to know. "She had to sell the ring to help pay Aly's debts," I was told.

This is for sure. When she returned to her movie career she was too broke to buy

a house, and her agent had to advance cash for everyday living. And one of these days I'll ask Rita what happened to the \$55,000 that Aly's business associate here collected for the sale of her Brentwood home. Her pals insist she gave it to Aly. And she corroborated it in October when she complained —"He's a playboy who spends his time and my money at race-tracks and casinos while I slave making pictures."

They call Rita money-mad because she held out for a huge settlement for Yasmin. She isn't mercenary, she's obstinate. And you don't need an X-ray to see the workings of her mind. If Aly's two sons by his previous marriage can get a three-million-dollar trust fund each from him, then their daughter is surely worth just as much. Okay, so Moslems don't think a daughter's so hot. Rita's American, and girls in this country rate as much as boys.

It's a secret how much mother and lawyer were able to shake loose for the little girl, but you can bet your bottom dollar that the check was signed by Aly's aged father, who wanted the divorce settled and done with, just as much as he wanted the marriage in the first place. Then, to kill the scandal of their world wide wanderings. Now, to keep their marital shennanigans from continuing to shock his Moslem followers who pay to keep him in the style in which he couldn't live without.

THERE are also two schools of thought as to exactly how much money Aly can call his own. Her friends insist he hasn't a dime except the expense account he gets from Pop, that he is always broke, that he owed \$100,000 to the little Casino in Monte Carlo for a year and that's why he has to gamble in the big Casino!

But Aly's buddies reveal that in the horse department alone, in which the Prince is in 50-50 with the Aga Khan, he could get \$10,000,000 tomorrow for his share, and that recently he bought a huge tract of property worth trillions, between Cannes and Monte Carlo. Also that he owns five huge homes in his own right. That he has a yacht, an airplane, servants by the score, and simply fabulous inheritance prospects.

Well, even unlimited coffers or credit can scrape bottom if you take out all the time, without putting anything back. It happens with mother nature and it can happen with father spendthrift. And, perish the thought, what if the toiling, moiling peoples who supply the income for Aly's wonder way of life were to turn off the golden flow suddenly? I guess the pampered playboy would have to work. Even as Rita has worked since she was 12 years old to reach her present pinnacle of success.

It's a mystery to me why she ever wanted this man. She needs him like a hole in her check book. But she wanted him all right. And it's true she wanted the reconcilia-

tion, whereas Aly merely didn't want a divorce. He prefers his dishes piping hot, and Rita was just a warmed over meal. But you'd think that in the few brief days that he allotted his wife in Hollywood—not more than a week—that he would play ball, at least try to please her.

But the quiet life Rita loves is an impossible dream for Aly. After three days he was guest of honor at the Charles Vidor party, without Rita. She was invited too, but obstinately refused to accompany him. And she stayed home when Cole Porter threw a whingding on the fourth night. On the fifth day, Aly flew to the Del Mar racetrack without her. And on the sixth he drove to Long Beach to visit a former friend—feminine gender.

So it's obvious that Rita was in love with her Prince, and you can see how much she wanted the marriage to work when she took off for his home in Paris. He was supposed to meet her boat at Cherbourg, but he wasn't there when she arrived. He was somewhere in the South of France having a barrel of fun. She proceeded to the Paris house alone. A few days later he leisurely turned up and made a big thing of the reunion, calling in all the photographers to witness the loving poses "with my wife."

I WAS critical of Rita when she didn't take their daughter to Europe to be with her father. Now I see why. It's one thing for Rita to take a chance with Aly; but until she was certain in her own mind it could work out, she wouldn't drag a couple of kids back and forth across the Atlantic in winter. She did that once, and had to leave them in France while she flew to Africa with her lord, who could never be her master.

That's another thing Rita will never fathom. How can Aly don a mantle of piety with the ease of pressing a button, when all he lives for in Europe is fun, Fun, FUN? So, in faraway Africa, she accused him of hypocrisy. She could be right, although an intimate of Aly's tells me he had a lunch date with Aly at the Ritz not long ago, but Aly cancelled at the last hour, explaining he had to fly to London to see the Swedish Ambassador. When asked "Why?" he replied, "I'm trying to get Swedish steel for my followers in Africa."

Even steel loses its strength when you put it through fire. And even if Rita's flame for Aly ever glows again, which could happen but I doubt it, it'll be a flicker, not a blaze. As I told you previously, Rita can never revolutionize her outlook to where she could live on champagne for breakfast—for Aly, water is something you wash in only—and heartbreak for supper. And that brings us to the women in his life.

This last time, even while he was telephoning Rita with the news he was on his way to her in Hollywood, he was also writing letters to Yvonne De Carlo making a

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date for a whirling weekend in New York! And while supposedly shattered with grief when Rita took off, without notice, to America, while he was hymn-singing in Nairobi, he drowned his disappointment in the fascinating company of pert Greek star Irene Pappas. He even found time between tears to introduce her to Mack Sennett, because she thought he was still a big wheel in the picture business and could bring her to Hollywood.

Those Katharine Dunham rumors just about the time Rita was expecting their baby? His Deauville dates with Joan Fontaine? They might have meant something, they probably meant nothing. Let us never forget that in Moslem tradition a woman counts for nothing except to bear sons for the glory of Allah. You can bet that Rita will rear Yasmin for the glory of the little girl's happiness whatever the religion. She's a good mother in spite of her frenzied and pathetic non-stop search for the perfect romance, which has in the past taken her away from her children very frequently when she'd rather be with them.

WHEN Glenn Ford, who has worked so much with Rita, talks about her, which he only rarely does, there's a great sympathy and a touch of tragedy in his voice. He seems apprehensive for her happiness. And actually, with the shedding of her once Prince Charming, what does the future promise for Rita?

She won't lack money—although she asked none for herself from Aly. She's expected to collect at least half-a-million dollars from her last two pictures—*Affair In Trinidad*, and *Salome*—capital gains too—for her own Beckwith Corporation. And I don't see how she can miss with *Miss Sadie Thompson*, the Somerset Maugham play, *Rain*, that has brought fame and acclaim to everyone who plays the leading lady.

Rita isn't careful or particularly clever with money. She lives quietly, doesn't spend money on parties or pretties, and she can stash enough away to retire one day on her own terms.

Money could never spell happiness for Rita. I'm not sure anything can. But a reasonable facsimile will have to look like a Man. She'll fall in love again—and again and again. The woods are full of men willing to leap on the Hayworth love wagon. Publicity seekers like Bob Savage, who trumpeted about some kisses and called a columnist with the world-shaking news that he was off to Spain to marry her—and she didn't know who he was from Hades.

Rita, the girl without formal education, has an innate instinct for the right thing to do. She's always a lady when she busts up with her beaux, even when she marries them—and except for explaining that she couldn't live with a genius—Orson Wells—invariably says, "No comment," before and after the romance of the moment.

She said, "No comment," when asked if she planned to marry Spanish Count José María Villa-Padierna when she divorces Aly. Although she was seen everywhere with the Count in Madrid when she left Aly's mansion in Paris—the Spaniard's a horse breeder, too, and I'll bet she won't play second fiddle to the nags again. (Rita's unpredictable so I won't bet too much!)

Casting a cold eye over the Hollywood product, your favorite guess is as good as mine. Dick Greene was a favorite when she left. But she might be married to someone else when you read this. She raised her sights when she raised her hairline, 15, 16 years ago. Now Rita wants to revert to the kind of life that was possible when she answered to Marguerite Cansino. Cinderella is tired. The glass shoe pinched. We can only hope her fairy godmother has another trick up her wand. P. S. It's pumpkins to Princes the old gal has.

END

(Continued from page 46) to everybody but himself. Then he leaned back and said, "That's the longest speech in my life. Let me out of here!"

"Me, too," Mr. Delacorte agreed. So they went back to the party which shifted suddenly into high gear as the doors opened wide to admit the year's greatest gathering of stars.

It's almost impossible to report all the excitement that goes on at a party like this one. Who escorts whom and who goes home with the one that didn't bring 'em.

For instance there was the case of Lana Turner and her erstwhile gentleman friend, Fernando Lamas. Lana, who won the All-Time Ten-Year Popularity Award, a handful of votes ahead of Betty Grable, was taken with a sudden attack of flu the day before the party and couldn't attend. This on the heels of a mild adventure in Palm Springs, during which Lana and Ava Gardner had a spat with Frank Sinatra over nobody knows what. Meantime, the news was out that Lana and Fernando were no longer making such beautiful music together, and everyone wondered who the Metro Latin Lover would escort to the party.

Fernando didn't let romance down. He showed up with Arlene Dahl, recently detached from Lex Barker. Arlene's beauty was at its cameo-like perfection and those who knew Lana said that Fernando couldn't have brought anyone who would make Lana more jealous. (That's what they said. We're not saying, nor is Lana.)

You never can tell what's going to be the big scoop at a party. In Hollywood, if some of the guests come with the people they are supposed to, that's news. For example, Diana Lynn and her architect husband, if you believe some columns, are not getting along too well with their reconciliation. But at the MODERN SCREEN party they looked like they had just discovered each other yesterday, and it wasn't acting.

But what really started the whispering was the sudden appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Dale Robertson. This was shortly on the heels of the announcement that they had separated. No one expected that they'd show up together. They did, though, and every time an unattached male whispered to another, "Who's that luscious doll," he got the answer, "That's Mrs. Dale Robertson—better try to date somebody else!"

It seems that Mr. Robertson is not a man to be fooled with. He had a wonderful time at the party, particularly when he cornered Chuck Saxon, the editor, and told him right out in a public corner that he was sore about something or other. When they were through with their brief argument, Chuck was heard to exclaim, "I got to hand it to that guy. I never knew an actor who had courage to tell an editor off in person. But (P. S.) that doesn't mean that I agree with him."

FUNNY about Hollywood parties. It takes more than a small fight, verbal or otherwise, to make one a success, and all hands agreed that this, indeed, was the "party that lasts all year," for the reporters and photographers had a field day from the time Louella Parsons showed up, escorted by the distinguished song writer, Jimmy McHugh, until Marilyn Monroe made a climactic solo entrance, causing all males present to gravitate across the room until it looked top-heavy. Then Jane Russell came in the opposite door, and balance was somewhat restored.

Yup, there's a fever about a successful party. There were a lot of gate-crashers, including Johnnie Ray, who for some reason or other never received an invitation. But he was there, laughing, not crying.

"You know what I think, Mr. Delacorte?" Bob Mitchum asked, answering the question himself. "I think you ought to sell tickets to this party every year for producers who are searching for new talent." He arched a famous eyebrow at an unknown blonde who practically swooned in her tracks. "There are enough stars of tomorrow here to cast every picture for the next two years."

Mr. Mitchum never said it better, and he's said many a mouthful in his time, for

Cannes Film Festival prize awards are not statuettes, a la Oscar, but paintings and rare books.

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

among those present were Karen Sharpe, the TV lovely who shares MODERN SCREEN Golden Key honors with the darkly beautiful Ursula (RKO) Thiess, Paramount's Joan Taylor, Red Skelton's exciting blonde comedy sparring partner, Lucy Knoch, Anne Francis and other MS discoveries.

When guests could take their eyes off such enticing creatures as Piper Laurie and the buxom Denise Darcel, they chorused one of the most repeated questions of the evening, namely, "Who is that striking brunette in the gingham dress—the one with the eyes?"

Naturally it was obvious that all the girls at the party had eyes, but this child was something else again. She wasn't and isn't more than 19 years old. And the hit she made at the party was big enough, although a mere atom compared to a hydrogen explosion that followed later that same night when she took the spotlight at Mocambo and sang her way into a big time Paramount contract. The girl's name is Joanne Gilbert. She's the daughter of famous song writer, Ray Gilbert, and what she has in voice and figure is welcome to movie-goers as well as Paramount stockholders. If you don't believe it, wait until you see her in the big musical, *Away We Go*, in which she is co-starred (in her very first picture, yet) with Donald O'Connor.

On the male side, there were the discoveries of the last couple of years—the darkly handsome Tony Dexter, Bob Wagner, who arrived stag to claim his cup because Debbie Reynolds had to work that night, Ricardo Montalban, Bob Stack, Ken Tobey, Dick Anderson and Gene Nelson.

And then (draw a long breath, gals), there was that six-foot, four-inch male who is being groomed to take John Wayne's place at Republic, now that John has gone free lance. It just happens that his name is John, too. John Russell. And you can get a load of him, even if you weren't at the party, in *Fair Wind To Java*.

YOU'VE probably pondered on the problems of being a movie star. Consider the problem of being a reporter and trying to tell about a gala party in which almost all of the famous guests should be in the first paragraph of your story. Particularly when you have personal favorites, such as Marge and Gower Champion, who won the award for being 1952's Co-starring Discoveries. There are no greater people than these, nor for that matter than Paul Douglas and his wife, Jan Sterling.

We came upon Jan and Paul as they were telling Louella Parsons and George Delacorte about the plans for their second trip to Korea (which has just taken place.) They were about to take off by plane with Carleton Carpenter, Barbara Ruick, Peggy King, Rory Calhoun and a host of others to make the G.I. Christmas a little happier.

If you don't think actors are rugged, genuine people, try looking Paul Douglas in the eye sometime. Or risk a handshake with Buddy Baer.

That's if you like actors. We happen to like the endless gang who were at the party. Like David Wayne, who spills over with talent. Like Charlton Heston, who is a cinch to land on the Ten Most Popular list in 1953. (Our authority: the editors' wives.) Like the cowboy contingent, long popular Johnny Mack Brown and Rex Allen. Like Pete Lawford and John Agar. Now there's a MODERN SCREEN favorite, just beginning to get his big breaks so long deserved. John's lovely wife told us that his new picture for RKO is going to be *My Dad, J. R.*, Edward Arnold's son.

"This joint—beg pardon—this place—is like Grand Central Station," Academy Award winner Celeste Holm exclaimed. "Every time I come to a MODERN SCREEN party I don't believe it—there are so many new stars. I figure a girl's got to keep busy to keep working." Her modesty is becoming but not necessary, for Celeste, after wowing them on Broadway and in TV for a year, is back to make competition even tougher in Hollywood.

Speaking of competition, two stars really scored in the fashion and beauty department. There was our particular pet, Ann Blyth, who arrived with one arm linked to new acting discovery, Palmer Lee, who could be a new romance. The other arm carried her magnificent new mink cape, and her delightful face was framed in a hat that just wouldn't stop. (Hedda Hopper will pay her plenty for that chapeau when Ann is through with it.) Then, Jeanne Crain, in a white beaded dress with a feathered picture hat. She stopped the party cold for at least a minute and a half, and caused Don Taylor to take his eyes away from the ever-charming Mrs. T. long enough to exclaim, "I don't believe it!" (If we misquote you, Don, see you next year and we'll straighten it out.)

So the band played on, flowing like champagne, right up to the several wonderful climaxes of the evening, one of which occurred when Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, both among the Ten Most Popular Favorites of the year, showed up to accept the All-Time Comedy Favorites Award for Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who were keeping the public hysterical on a personal appearance tour.

"Aha!" Janet exclaimed into the radio microphone, "this is a great opportunity. We can lose those guys right now."

"Sure thing," Tony agreed. "This is as good a time as any to grab a few minutes to tell the world about our co-starring picture, *Houdini*." But they didn't do that. Instead, they said so many good things about America's favorite idiots that there isn't room to print them here. (And speaking of idiots, Tony was limping from an accident received on the set. Some columnist reported that Janet had kicked him under the table. No truth to this, though.)

Well, that's rumor for you. Rumor usually starts with beautiful women. Perhaps that's why, because Marilyn appeared alone at the party, people got the idea that she and Joe DiMaggio had busted up. The truth was that Joe wasn't ready yet to make his first big public splash with Marilyn.

Marilyn, however, made plenty of splash on her own. When she was interviewed on the air by Jim McCulla, she matched him quip for quip as she accepted her Most Popular New Star Award. And because a party has to end somewhere, we conclude this report with Jim asking Marilyn, "Do gentlemen prefer blondes?"

Marilyn staggered the commentator with her famous look and replied, lazily, "Gosh, Jim, I HOPE SO!"

Anne Baxter

co-starring in "I CONFESS"
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modern screen fashions



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the dress of the month

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Sign of Love

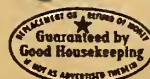


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Above — Shimmering watercolor print of acetate and nylon has a lovely silken touch. Collar stands up with a flip of the hand. Rhinestone buttons gleam like sunlight on water. Aqua/pink, rose/blue, grey/violet. Sizes: 14½ to 22½.
Bur-mil Fabric Printed by United Piece Dye Works.

Right — Day and night elegance in designer-inspired dress, deeply collared and softly bowed with ripple scallops circling the wide skirt. Silk faced rayon and acetate shantung. Colors: Aqua, dream blue, orchid, grey. Sizes: 14½ to 22½.



MAX WIESEN & SONS CO., INC. 463 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18

D is for daddy

(Continued from page 56) they stare glassy-eyed at the TV. But at other times, in the grip of the enthusiasm that energizes all new home owners, they stalk about their property and marvel at their accomplishments and fall in love with the place all over again. It is then that they stand at the huge window—that is two glass walls of the living room—and look down at the million lights of the city far beneath, and with arms about one another grin at their handiwork and frustrations alike and contemplate happily the certain joys of the future there on their mountain top.

There is no doorbell. Attention is gained by knocking the heavy front door. Michael Wilding greeted me dressed in a pair of faded blue jeans, moccasins and a casual sport shirt. He ushered me to the lone sofa and handed me a tall cool glass of iced tea. Elizabeth Taylor Wilding came in a moment later and she was a sight to behold. I have no talent for describing fashions, but she wore a pair of clinging corduroy trousers and a short jacket of the same material, trimmed and lined with checkered satin. She carried herself with the regal poise of all young mothers. Pregnancy has not altered her beauty. Her full mouth was as mobile as ever and as quick to smile. Her huge violet eyes were as bright, her exquisite complexion as fair as when I had seen her last. She wore her hair cut like an urchin, with wispy strands caressing her forehead and the back of her neck. As she strutted about the room she looked like an expensive doll that might be seen in a Fifth Avenue shop window.

The purpose of the call was, of course, to talk about the coming baby, but, as we sat there talking, it suddenly developed into a briefing session. I observed that to Michael Wilding the birth of his child was an event bristling with possibilities of disaster. Not tragedy, but minor disaster that added up could muddle things intolerably.

THERE is an old joke, still cackled over in country territory, that goes something like this: A gentleman, calling on a lady who lived in a fourth floor apartment, melted a few too many ice cubes. As he was leaving, he mistook a pair of French doors for the main entrance—and seconds later was picking himself off the sidewalk below. There he encountered an acquaintance who confessed that he, too, was about to call on the same young lady. "Then I am in a position to give you some advice," said the near-casualty. "When you leave, watch that first step. It's a Lulu!"

Someone, somewhere at sometime must have convinced Michael Wilding that the first step in the raising of a family is a Lulu, for he approaches the date with extreme anxiety. As a matter of fact, he prepares for it very much in the manner of the classic caricature of a moving picture father-to-be. He doesn't actually spoon-feed Elizabeth or help her in and out of chairs, but he views her every unexpected move with alarm. And her oft-said, "Now really, Michael, I'm all right!" is taken with a grain of salt.

It has been a smug practice for ages for other people to smile slyly at a man's concern at the time of birth. He has been depicted in cartoons and on film trembling like a thief at a convention of detectives. He has been lampooned as a dolt who, in time of stress, pulls his trousers on over his pajamas and races to the hospital alone, unaware that his wife is still casually packing at home. He has been pictured as a fool with an active passion for pulling

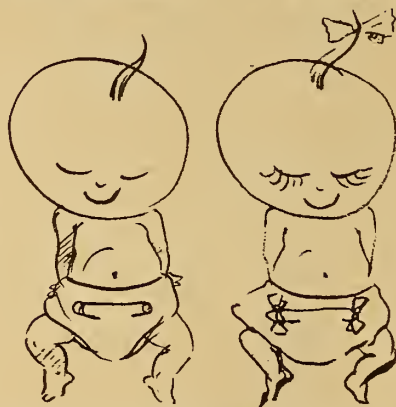
on the lapels of obstetrical physicians while he pleads for assurance that the little lady is going to pull through. The mildest canard is that he is a nimble idiot who can smoke an entire package of cigarettes at one time in the narrow area of that comedy institution, the Fathers' Room.

Well, none of these caricatures will fit Michael Wilding on The Day. He has seen to all eventualities. Not like a floundering simpleton, but like a man quite aware of what can happen if even the smallest detail is left to chance.

There is a hazardous distance of some ten miles between the Wilding home and the hospital in Santa Monica where the child is to be born. It has been thoroughly reconnoitered. Trial runs have been made in both the Wilding cars, Elizabeth's Cadillac and Michael's Jaguar. At the present time Elizabeth makes it more quickly and with less effort in her car.

According to the plan I listened to, at the first sign of a suspect pang, the obstetrician—who has been requested to keep in touch during the last month—will be calmly called and the nature, extent and area of the discomfort will be described to him in a matter-of-fact tone. No hysteria. If, as is to be expected, the doctor considers it nothing more than a bit of dinner salmon, the Wildings will return to bed and to sleep.

Upon the occasion of the real thing—and



Exclusive to Modern Screen: Artist Michael Wilding's conception of his future son or daughter. Mother-to-be Liz had "no comment."

the Wildings plan to trust to the obstetrician's instincts on this—there will be an orderly but speedy preparation for departure. A bag, containing the needs of the mother in the hospital, will, of course, be packed and placed near the front door well in advance of The Day. Michael and Elizabeth figure it will attract no more attention than an occasional "What's that?" There will be no getting into the wrong things. Although Michael has never been in a fire house, his clothing will be arranged so that he can slip into his most important garments with no waste of time or energy—much like a fire-fighter, who can leap from a sound sleep in his shorts to a fully-dressed thud at the bottom of a brass pole in 60 seconds.

ALTHOUGH completely inexperienced in the business of fatherhood, Michael Wilding is, of course, fully aware that a long-legged bird is not going to flap onto his chimney some night and drop his heir into his waiting arms. He knows that getting his wife to the proper place of arrival is his responsibility, and that transportation over that hazardous ten miles must be arranged with the closest attention to detail. Altogether too many children mix their first angry cry with the unmusical click of a taxi meter; and policemen are delivering as many babies in some localities as doctors.

The Beverly Hills Police Department has been alerted and has agreed to provide an escort, complete with sirens to terrify all non-expecting motorists out of the way, to the hospital. With this assistance Michael figures he can get Elizabeth into the maternity quarters almost as fast as if he lived next door. The method of summoning the coppers will probably have to be by telephone, although there is the hazard there of wrong numbers, fingers stuck in dials and operators who, in emergencies, can't speak English. A flare might do the trick, but then the men on the desk watch at the Beverly Hills Police station would be required to keep their eyes peeled to the north sky all during the month of January. Too risky.

Elizabeth made a suggestion during the briefing that they drive sanely down the mountain and pick up the escort at the Beverly Hills Hotel. This may be adopted.

Another thing that Michael Wilding is cognizant of is that babies born in hospitals sometimes get mixed up. He remembers reading somewhere that it happened right in Los Angeles about 1936. "A man takes an awful chance," he said. "They put a lot of them in back of that glassed-in pen in little cribs, and the Lord knows how they keep track of who they belong to. No sense in taking a chance on that, is there?"

In order to avoid this possibility, the Wildings have already engaged two rooms at the hospital with a door between, so that either Michael or Elizabeth can keep an eye on the tot from the time it is delivered until they take it home. He has been assured by his wife's doctor, the hospital staff and most of his friends that the babies are footprinted immediately after birth, tagged with identification beads and never out of the sight of a wary nurse until they have been settled in their own marked crib. But he doesn't trust the system. And he and Elizabeth both excuse the other room and the special nurses required on the grounds that in this way they will be able to see their first born at any time, and that Michael will not have to observe regular visiting hours and press his nose against a pane of glass to get a peek at his offspring.

BEYOND ushering Elizabeth through the hospital doors and into a room where she will be in competent hands, Michael has no definite plans. He feels that when this has been done his duties as a pre-father will have been discharged. His only obligation from that point forward will be to see that the doctor is kept awake and aware of the importance of the occasion, and that the nurses remember they are disciples of Florence Nightingale and spare Elizabeth all possible discomfort.

No one has had the heart, apparently, to tell him about the hours of waiting. He has not been briefed on the Fathers' Room. Well, having been there, I can tell him about that.

When Elizabeth has been taken beyond the one-way door that leads to the alien area of the maternity ward—a place which no male without an MD tacked on his name may enter—his usefulness in the matter at hand will have ended. He will be treated like an old lover, abandoned and forgotten. He will be ignored by all members of the hospital staff, who will brush past him in the halls as though he didn't exist.

After a few hours of pacing a rubber-tiled floor like a wraith, he will be drawn, as though by a magnet, to the Fathers' Room. Here he will find his own kind, wan, skeptical, harried men to whom the sound of each footfall is the tread of approach-

ing doom. Among these poor creatures, who generally assemble in coveys of half-a-dozen or so, he will find a cross-section of life, although they are gauged differently than men on the "outside." There will be silent, pale-faced men, crying men, fainting men and occasionally stony-faced, unconcerned men. These latter are known in the Fathers' Room vernacular as "repeaters."

Normal social contact is never seen in the Fathers' Room. A man will shout a vital question at another—and then turn away and be deep in another dismal dream before the answer is given. A continual contest is in progress. "Eighteen hours!" one will cry in triumph. "I've been here 36!" another will chortle in pitiful victory. Watches are consulted every few minutes. And each time anything white passes the door, there are exclamations of "Nurse! . . . Nurse! . . . Doctor! . . . Orderly! . . . Nurse! . . . Doctor! . . ." etc. But no one on the other side ever pays any attention.

Whenever the activities in the Fathers' Room die down and the waiting occupants, faces hidden in clouds of tobacco smoke, settle down and it looks as though the men might get some rest, a coldy-officious nurse appears in the doorway. "Mr Abernathy?" she asks. When Abernathy staggers to his feet, she says matter-of-factly, "Your wife has just given birth to a fine baby boy (girl) and they're both doing well." When Abernathy has been revived and removed the panic settles on the room again until the next announcement is made.

Michael Wilding has made all the proper preparations, but no man can steel him-

self for the ordeal of waiting, nor plan his activities during the fretful last hours of his wife's confinement.

THE best calculations at the moment place the time of the birth of Elizabeth Taylor Wilding's baby in January, but Nature, that shifty one, has been known to cross up even fathers and magazine writers, so there is a possibility that when this piece is read the child will have been born, and already happily at home in its large, canary-colored room, with lots of no-draft windows. It will sleep in a crib fit for a prince or princess and spend its waking hours absorbing the warmth and the love and the fun that fills the Wilding home. There will be nothing but the best in the way of accoutrements, for although an infant's wants are few, they require creature comforts like the rest of us—and respond with even tempers and good health to the care they are given.

There is already quite a stock of necessities about, such as diapers and small gowns and rattles. Some of them were brought home by Michael who, along with Geary Steffen, was given a shower by his friend Spike Jones some time ago. The presents were to be gags but they included, as well as diapers galore, a high chair and other bits of child furniture. Michael was quite proud of his take that night when Elizabeth came to pick him up, as did the other wives of the husbands attending. He glowed like a man who had won a raffle.

Over in a corner of Michael and Elizabeth's room there is a growing stack of books which give advice on the care and growth of babies. They are rather dog-

eared already, and the reading of them has resulted in some really important discussions between the parents.

"Now you take walking," said Michael one night. "That's a bit of a problem, isn't it?"

"All babies do it eventually," said Liz. "I suppose you're right," said Michael turning a page.

There is nothing facetious in all these things written here. It is a dead serious time in a father's life. A man doesn't have a baby every day—and Michael Wilding, for all his wit and humor, for all his inexperienced preparations, is a man who takes serious things seriously. If his plotting seems strange to you, it is just because, like the rest of us, you find comedy in fatherhood and a joke in such situations because you already know—and he doesn't—that everything is going to be all right.

NEXT year will tell the tale. I'd like to drive up that mountain again and get a look at the three of them. Maybe the house will be finished by then. They'll be standing at dusk before the big glass window. The beautiful mother, the handsome father, and the son—or daughter—looking down upon the city as the lights blink on and fill the child's eyes with magic. The three of them, holding hands together—the terror of the birth of the first child well behind them—surrounded by the warmth that is the word Family. Yes, I'd like to ride up there and see that.

END

(Elizabeth Taylor can be seen in MGM's *The Girl Who Had Everything*.)

Daily double

Continued from page 48) a day. We did live in New York!"

"Not five like this, we didn't," he glowered at her. "So eat that steak, drink that orange juice and glucose, and as soon as it's all down you lie down and get some rest, or . . ."

Betty did as she was told.

Further down the street, in a pub near the Palladium, two casually tweeded gentlemen of the press decided to have another pint of bitter each, and have another to it.

"Whatever can we say, old man?" asked one deadline sprinter of the other.

"That she was wonderful, of course."

"Can't say that, it's meaningless. We've said it about 'Star Turns' before. They were wonderful, but Betty Hutton is superb."

"Superb is no good; sounds as if we were reviewing Dame Sybil Thorndyke." "But what can we write? She thrilled me, you know, but no one will ever believe that we actually mean to say 'thrilling.'" One must see Miss Hutton's performance to believe that a variety turn can be so emotional an experience."

The first newsmen reluctantly put down his mug. "Well, I've got to hop it back to the office. I shall just have to give the young lady one of our ratings. Our top is three stars, so I'll give her four. But it still won't tell people how wonderful, terrific, superb and thrilling she was tonight."

That's pretty strong talk for a reserved Britisher, but it was pretty strong stuff that brought it on, for they'd just witnessed a show that went like this:

After more than an hour of singing sweet and hot, dancing straight and for laughs, Betty took to her trapeze and moved once and for all that it's all true

about her having done her own high flying for *The Greatest Show On Earth*. This part was her finale, an exhibition that literally took the curl out of her hair, and figuratively that of everyone who saw it.

The audience had been extremely well impressed by the typical Hutton antics that had gone on before; they'd had their money's worth, and were more than satisfied as Betty swung, looped, and hung upside down and inside out over their heads. Their palms were ready to tear the house down with applause, when Betty suddenly plunged down, and with a snap that looked like a bone-cracker, was stopped from falling into their midst by a small rope around her ankle.

The audience gasped with horror. Not believing that such a famous star would take unnecessary risks to top an untopable show, they believed they were eyewitnesses to a terrible accident. Then she smiled, and slipped down to the stage.

They exploded with thunderous cheers. Betty gulped for air, almost choking on her involuntary sobs as she bowed and threw kisses. Only "God Save The Queen" quieted the scene. Then with the curtain down, hiding her from view, Betty Hutton walked rigidly offstage, her knees locked with every step until the tension in her muscles relaxed.

SMALL wonder that the press exploded the next morning with quotes like: "What a display of courage!" "Miss Hutton has put an end to 'best since Danny Kaye.'" A third read, "She's a nice girl, clean, and wholesome. Definitely no red hot mama. A real darling!"

Everyone agreed that the human jet was much improved over her 1948 appearance. She was a sensation then, if one happened to like "Bang, Boom and Bounce," but this time, with her fresh poise and assurance, it's a different story. All London has raised its derby to a trouper with talent,

high gloss of professionalism, guts, pathos, humor and beauty.

What this means is that Betty, by succeeding in vaudeville, which she considers the prime barometer of show business, has finally won her spurs. From now on she is a star in its fullest meaning. Before the big leap, neither she nor Charlie O'Curran were sure of what would happen, but they had the courage to make a try.

If you remember, the stakes were for all or nothing. Happily the decision is in, and all on their side. They won hands down.

"It wasn't so hard with Genius at my side," says the blonde, hugging her groom.

There's no need now to worry about losing the one thing in the world she really owned, her house. No need for Charlie to wonder if he did right in giving up his contract at Paramount. No sir. No need to worry about anything but their health.

This last point is, however, one to consider seriously. Having had one breakdown since her opening, it is no wonder that Charlie watches Betty like a combination doctor, coach, and mother hen.

They arrived in England scarcely two months after her last throat operation, and she was not, needless to say, at her very strongest. She actually looked a bit peaked, but since time is money now that they're free-lancers, they had to get the show on the road. And a tough, exciting, demanding show it is.

Even a completely healthy girl might understandably feel dizzy from such physical effort, so it was almost to be expected that one so recently under the surgeon's knife would reel and sway and nearly fall.

This is exactly what happened one performance. Seeing all was not as it should have been, Betty's mother screamed. The crowd, knowing then about the stunt fall, thought it was part of the act, and took it

as such until Betty was helped down and stepped forward to apologize in a weak little voice.

The doctor called it flu and ordered her to bed where she stayed for only one day. She'd missed the first performance of her life and she didn't like it. Frankie Laine, who had bought tickets to see her, filled in for her instead.

"He was swell, and I'm grateful to him, but the people expect to see me, don't they," she croaked from her bed. So back she went, still pretty wobbly. "And they're going to see it all."

In addition to orders from her doctor, pleadings from her husband, her mother and even her manager, she received 50 telegrams, all to the same effect. "Cut the trapeze. It isn't worth the risk," they said. As the head of an official delegation, the president of her Paddington fan club went around and told her the show was good enough; and that the members did not want to lose their star, so please stick to singing and dancing. Betty's answer was typically Hutton. "Well, that's very sweet, and I appreciate it. But I'm not promisin' anything except that I'm rarin' to go."

THE day she returned to the act, no one, possibly not even Betty herself, knew what she intended doing about the finale. It was a real-life enactment of the crucial scene from any number of the pictures she's made. In her own direct way she stepped to the edge of the blazing stage.

"I have an apology to make to you people," she said, peering out into the blackness. "I haven't been feelin' so hot. I might have to take a flyin' run into the wings . . . and if that happens I hope you will forgive me. I want to give you a great show, but I might make mistakes. So . . . Well, bear with me, will you?"

And then, making the atom bomb look like the convalescent, she proceeded to give them the best show yet. At one point, she put her foot through the piano, and sure enough, finished with the trapeze.

A new set of reviews blossomed next day. Her "return" was greeted with the enthusiasm usually reserved for the Royal Navy after an especially difficult bout with the enemy. Betty and her trapeze had become nearly as important as the changing of the guards.

So much had her courage impressed the British that when ex-Prime Minister Clement Atlee pulled an unusually daring political feat a few days later, the headlines referred to it as "A Betty Hutton." A new expression for something brave and risky has passed into the Queen's English.

Two things favored a reception warmer than her last. Firstly, Londoners, no matter how eager for a star's visit, are cautious the first time. Not only that—in 1948 Betty was a pretty strange pill for them to swallow. "An acquired taste, like mushrooms," someone had said then. She impressed them, but she failed to touch their hearts as had, for instance, Danny Kaye.

But this year, she didn't just "come" to London. She "came back" . . . a vast difference. Even better, she was greatly subdued and infinitely more charming and appealing. Also there is that love light in her eyes, and he who says an Englishman can't appreciate that sort of thing as well as any Latin just doesn't know England.

Soon after their fabulous opening the O'Curran's invited a few people up to celebrate. Someone asked Charlie if he found living with a girl who daily breaks through the sound barrier more than somewhat nervewracking.

"Oh no, 'cause when I tell her to pipe down, she pipes down!" He pounded the

arm of the chair he was sitting in, with his bride on his lap. "No, sir. Life with the Lambchop isn't all slam, bang, scream, and yell. The operation gave me a spell of peace. Only thing is that now she can holler twice as effectively."

Betty nodded, then added, "But I won't unless absolutely necessary. We must conserve our professional resources, so you do the hollering for me." She squeezed his arm and snuggled deeper into his lap. "You know, this guy is awfully active. I can hardly keep up with him." Her eyes drooped sleepily and Charlie had to prop her to her feet so she could say good night like a little lady.

Mr. O'Curran rates high with Lindsay and Candice, too. At least such would be the case judging by what they said to their father recently when he asked if they loved him. "Yes, Daddy, we love you; but we love Charlie, too."

BETTY was supposed to have been pretty bossy in her previous marriage. She is supposed to have refused to let Ted Briskin have even a small part of the say that Charlie gets. A friend explains it this way: "Briskin wasn't the least interested in show business. He just wanted to boss, with no special aim in view. So rather than let him get everything hopelessly balled up, Betty put her foot down in the beginning. She'll tell you that it means everything to her to be able to have someone constantly around with

Overheard in the Mocambo powder room: "How do I know she writes her own fan mail? Didja' ever notice the spelling?"

Mike Connolly

whom she can talk show business. She loves it and she has to have a husband who loves it, too."

Betty agrees very willingly with this diagnosis. "Ted was a nice guy, all right, but he made cameras, and since I don't know anything about cameras we used to be pretty stuck for conversation."

So it wasn't true that Betty had to run things for the sake of being boss. Nor is it true that love is currently blinding her reason. Unless all this present success is only a happy blunder.

The new Mrs. O.C. had long talked up Charlie's abilities as a producer, but no one in Hollywood would take her very seriously, if at all. When she told Paramount she'd stay with them only if they made him a full director, they thought him so inadequate they decided to lose her rather than risk him. But now, merely on the basis of the team's first ventures, even a Paramount executive has to admit that O'Curran has what it takes.

Right after New York handed them its favorable verdict Betty screamed to all the world, "What'd I tell you? My man! My boss!" From her point of view, the entire credit is due him, that is, unless someone else says so. Then maybe a tiny touch of ham in her shows with a pink flush around the hairline and a small pucker between the brows.

Strictly from a production point of view, the slide-rule perfect show is his all right. For example, there is one place in it where Betty uses black face. Burnt cork takes a long time to apply, and a longer time to remove. Since she has to make seven costume changes in full view of the audience, a lesser idea man would have decided to sacrifice the number. But not our Charles. He up and invented a chocolate colored gelatine slide and his wife is lighted into black face and out of it with the flick of a switch.

Telling of their courtship Betty inadvertently admits that solid respect is at

the base of her love for her husband; and in interrupting the telling, he reveals the same thing lies at the bottom of his love for her.

"Yeah," she chuckles, "I guess you could call me smug. Look what I got. He's not higher up than me, but he weighs 168, and that's not petite. Another thing, he's not prepared to take a walk, and he'll never take second billing."

She was harking back to her famous remark made in the hopeless despair of ever finding a man who could handle her, cope with her, love her, and look down on her a little.

"I never would have guessed he was for me when I first met him on the set. For a week or so I just sort of noticed him around, and then after a routine I casually asked, 'How'm I doin'?' 'Pretty bad, dreamboat,' he said. Now, nobody jokes with me when I'm concentratin' on a picture. So I went straight to the bosses and said, 'Fire this dance director, and fire him quick!' They calmed me down and I shut up for a while.

"Then a few weeks later, something was wrong with one of my exits, and he kept buttin' in, sayin', 'Miss Hutton, if you would just try startin' off with your right foot.' I hated him deeply, and I kept bawlin' him out with words you can't print, and I guess I tried that exit a hundred times. Then I accidentally started off with the right foot, like he said, and it clicked!"

"After which," injects O'Curran, "Betty stepped forward in front of about 200 people on the lot and said, 'Folks, O'Curran has been right since nine this morning, and I want to apologize to him and to you.' Whereupon, as you will understand, I realized she was 100% woman, and I loved her very much."

That's how they started dating.

"He would try to smooch in the car," she recalls with a giggle, "and I would say, 'Please, Mr. O'Curran, please. Our relationship is strictly business, and in any case, I insist you get rid of that mustache!'" (O'Curran is still sporting the mustache.) "So," she goes on, "I went to Korea and missed him something awful. There were a lot of guys out there. Handsome guys with medals even, and I asked myself what O'Curran had that was so special and then it hit me. O'Curran was the only man with sex appeal who could make me laugh. They just didn't come together before, and then I knew it didn't make so much difference if I didn't have a million bucks in the bank after all. Which is a thought that never entered my head before. So I came home and proposed to him."

"And I turned her down," her groom continues. "The poor girl wasn't at all well, and I thought she was delirious."

"He never did accept me, I had to kidnap him," says Mrs. O'Curran, wearing her smug pirate look. "First I called up my secretary and told her to get two tickets to Nevada. We were having dinner at Lucy's across from the studio. Well, she called back and said there weren't any tickets that night for anywhere in Nevada. So I told her to charter a plane, and off we went and got married."

"Amen," says Charlie, looking like a mighty happy kidnap victim.

SOMEWHERE about that time the steady change, or steady progress of Betty's personality began. It came to full flower with the overwhelming confirmation of the rightness of the marriage, her change, their flight from previous commitments the opening night at the Palladium. Starting when she made her decision about Charlie out there in Korea, she has grown daily greater as a woman, and as a per-

former. This leads only to the conclusion that O'Curran is the best thing that has ever happened to Hutton.

Most of the changes in her life are directly or indirectly due to him. While she had long felt the studio was increasingly dictatorial, and didn't know what to do about it, he gave her the courage and moral support to break away, and something to fall back on if she failed. Neither claims ownership of the notion to cut the tie, but they say they came to the conclusion together, and it suddenly seemed so ridiculously simple. Just up and leave. They still wonder why it hadn't occurred to them before.

Those who have loved Betty Hutton for years needn't worry, though. She hasn't really changed, but rather seems to have grown to her best advantage. It was all there before, it's just been developed. For instance, Betty has always had excellent clothes sense, but she didn't stand still long enough for anyone to notice. Now they do. London particularly has noted with approval Betty's good tweed suits worn with simple accessories for morning appearances; her dignified but beautiful afternoon clothes; and the downright gracious evening costumes she wears so charmingly. She launched a fad there for fake pearls all over everything, and quite in spite of herself has become a rival with Princess Margaret for pace-setting hats. A London lady must now choose between a head-hugging Princess hat, or an about-to-fall-off Betty sort of thing.

Although years of mistreating her voice made what she calls "an operation for corns on the vocal chords" necessary, it may well have been Charlie's common sense that led her to take the first singing lessons in her life. Or it may have been a good scare too.

"Okay, my voice wasn't right for the Met," she smiles, "but it was my bread and butter, and for a while after the operation there wasn't any voice at all. I don't mind tellin' you I was scared. People thought I was savin' it, but I tell you that for a few days it didn't even exist. Then it started to come back, like a little baby's at first, but it was there. I was so grateful I got down on my knees, and promised to take care of it always."

In typical Hutton fashion she had been dramatizing every phase of the telling, down to the Jolson finish. Then brightly, she added her epilogue, "It's a better voice, already. I can sing a little higher and a little lower . . . sorta sexier."

"She means she used to be a whisky tenor, and now she's a pink gin soprano," laughed her husband.

THAT'S how things looked in London. And they kept on looking rosy. They took off for a "provincial tour," Betty bundled up in a pair of pink fur slippers Charlie had bought her for a present. "Pink for a girl and fur because it's going to be cold."

When last heard from her press agent reported something like this:

"The tour is wonderful. They're as big a success out of town as here in London. Her health is better every day. Work is just a tonic to her. The marriage is perfect, a sock hit. After the tour they'll head for America and the biggest Hutton-O'Curran production . . . the baby. Betty's scheduled to do the Sophie Tucker story, but figures she can make it come out fine. . . . She has to be padded to play Sophie in the last scenes anyway. . . ."

Which should answer once and for all the question of marriage versus career. At least for Betty Hutton O'Curran, they're practically one and the very same thing.

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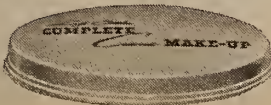


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"I puzzle me," says Ava Gardner.

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Take my word for it

by AVA GARDNER, star columnist for February



There's more to life than being waited on



People kid me about my serious reading



I'm not too interested in housekeeping



Instinct told me I'd meet Frank one day

WHEN THE EDITOR of MODERN SCREEN discussed my writing this column he wasn't a bit helpful; he said I could talk about anything under the sun. He didn't know the territory was too big for me. For too long I've been a Jill of far too few interests. But one thing has always intrigued me—people. I have always put them in two classifications: Those I couldn't understand, those I understood too well. I'm among the first group—the ones who puzzle me.

WHY DO I FEAR THINGS that my common sense assures me are not hurtful? For instance, as you read this I will very probably be in Africa winding up my part in *Mogambo*, much to the disappointment of a lot of smallpox, sleeping sickness, malaria, and other assorted germs who will no doubt have made a good college try to cut my career (and life) short. That they will fail (I hope) will be mainly due to the medics who inoculated me before I left Hollywood. But how I would dread the needle when it came time to go down and take my shots . . . and how little the actual discomfort amounted to compared to the benefit I was to derive! This is how little any unpleasant prospect in life amounts to, I have come to think, in comparison with what you sometimes gain. But I don't want to preach. I just wanted to point out how I puzzle me.

People I know too well are those who push, who take over, who raise holy Ned when things work out to their disadvantage. And if you think it makes me feel like a sap to get cheated and say nothing about it, or to have someone step in front of me at the bank window, or catch the eye of the waiter I have been trying to get over to my table for ten minutes, or slam into the parking spot I have been slowly trying to jockey into—why, you are right.

"THEY MUST HAVE SEEN YOU COMING," my friends say when they examine my purchases and they're not kidding—they mean exactly that. It happens often to me. I was quite content when I walked into a Beverly Hills shop a few days before I left Hollywood, but I walked out fuming. I saw a little velvet top for a blouse which I liked. Another patron was examining it, and I caught sight of the price tag. When she decided not to take it, I found a salesgirl and told her I wanted it. She wrapped it up and then asked for an amount several dollars higher than the price I had seen on the tag. I knew then that she had recognized me; this was nothing new, raising the price for someone the store people feel can't afford to quibble. I wanted to protest, to



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tell her to keep it. But what's the use . . . I hate scenes. I paid and left.

Why do people do that to other people? I'm just asking . . . I'm not mad . . . now. It's even quite possible for me to imagine myself having lived a different life so that I could be the salesgirl and I would do the overcharging. In that case the question would be just as pertinent—why would I do it? The only answer I know is that people are that way, that's all. People are all sorts of ways they shouldn't be, and you either become indulgent of this and get along or you can fritter yourself to pieces.

A friend of mine plays golf weekends with a pathologist I shall call Dr. X. Dr. X is considered an honorable man in his profession and a leader in his branch of medicine—properly so, too. And he is a generous man. He is the first to reach for the lunch check, the first to contribute to a good cause. But the fact is that Dr. X is also a cheat. He cheats at golf for a dime a hole! Everybody who has played with him has caught him at it . . . yet they know the doctor doesn't think so. Some sort of mental block stands between him and the realization that he has a habit of overlooking penalties, strokes and most of the rules of the game. The odd thing, and the nice thing about it, is that all his friends in turn not only overlook this peculiarity, they have become fond of him for it! A hit confusing . . . hut warm.

DO YOU PUZZLE ANYONE? There is a man in our circle of acquaintances who is normal in every way except one—and that causes me to do just a bit of brow-knitting if we invite him to a dinner. He doesn't like pale looking food. It has to have a definite, warm color. He hasn't eaten a piece of fish in his life. To me, who can eat anything, this is beyond comprehension. But I have to admit, it is a fact. At that, I do have a little food fetish of my own. When I order iced tea in a restaurant I want it fresh—that is, the tea steeped and then cooled after I order it—and know I really get it that way. Not being the type who can send something back after ordering it, I have lately taken to stratagem. I order hot tea plus ice and then make my own iced tea on the table. If you like iced tea you are welcome to this idea. The tea tastes better and, besides this, the fact that you make it yourself satisfies that

(Continued on page 80)

Unmarried Women as Well as Wives Should Benefit by These Intimate Facts!

For years, modern-thinking women have realized that vaginal cleanliness is a *must*. It's just as necessary as brushing one's teeth or taking a bath. The big problem is what is *right* to use for a cleansing antiseptic douche solution. What product can a woman **BE SURE** is powerfully effective, deodorizing yet soothing and absolutely safe to body tissues? Any woman worried about this intimate problem should read these facts and find out **WHY ZONITE** is a perfect solution.

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**WALT DISNEY'S PETER
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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW!

Take my word for it

continued from page 79

urge to cook which is supposed to be in every woman—at least it takes care of as much urge to slave over a hot stove as I ever get!

LET'S GO BACK earlier in my life . . . when I was going to high school in Newport News, Virginia. There was a boy who caught my eye—and held it for two years during which time I did absolutely nothing about getting to meet him (let's not pretend that girls ordinarily don't try to meet boys they want to know). I'd see him walking down the street alone and pine to be alongside him. I'd see him with other girls and suffer. I must not have suffered in silence because I can remember these words from a schoolmate: "It's perfectly silly! You can get to meet him. Soandso knows him, and I'll get her to introduce me and then I'll introduce you!"

But I wouldn't agree and, to this day, I don't know why. There was another boy I saw in that period. He showed up as a singer with Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. They played, he sang, I moaned, and then there were long years that passed. But one day in New York he made up for it. He invited me for a drive . . . which is how Frankie and Ava finally met. Did I know this would happen back in Newport News? Is that why I was content not to circulate more? Sometimes young girls have instincts like this. I can't say that this describes me. I don't have to have reasons for what I don't do . . . or do.

It has just occurred to me that there is a reason why I talk so much about people—for some time I have been trying to become a better example myself. If I had to start being Ava Gardner all over again I'd hope, of course, that I'd be just as lucky as I have been. Getting a chance to get into the movies was luck, and there is no point in calling it anything else. But aside from that there was something I failed to do until just lately, and that something I would now start at from the very beginning. That something is to work towards becoming a fully developed person. It was a great shock to me some years ago to realize an odd aspect about my apparent success on the screen. I was in a position now to get all I could possibly want from the world . . . but I couldn't use it! Yes, yes, I could put clothes on my back and surround myself with fine things in my home . . . but I felt there must be something fuller to life than just being a doll in a doll's house.

WHAT DID I KNOW? A little about acting, a little about dancing, a smidgen about music . . . that was me. About people—and you have to live your whole life with and around people—I was, as I still am, just puzzled. Since this included myself I didn't know how to really come alive, to express myself, to test my more serious capabilities and give myself a closer identification with my time in history and thus an inner satisfaction with my part in it.

Let me tell you how all this started . . . because it may happen to you . . . it should happen to all of us, I think! Some years ago I had to spend a Sunday in a strange town. There were no theatres or movies open, no events of any kind, and I didn't know a soul. I found myself terribly bored and couldn't wait until

bedtime so I could go to sleep and get the day over. But when I did climb in for the night I became conscious of being displeased with myself. How was it that a whole new city with its fresh sights and faces had meant nothing to me? How was it that the things of my everyday life, the Hollywood I knew, escorts, a new gown, a smart place to show it off in, had become such props I couldn't do without them? There were fine parks in this city. There was a wonderful museum, I knew, and places of historical interest. Were these interests too simple for me? This is what I really thought at first. I considered that I was sophisticated. But then, inwardly, awoke an unpleasant truth. I wasn't too superior for these things; I wasn't mature enough. Around me was humanity moving in great new directions in a dynamic world and none of these even touched me in the little hurrow I had dug out for myself. I realized that moment that despite having apparently achieved success professionally, I had failed to develop character sufficiently, my general knowledge, my social possibilities, and was therefore really living a small life. That was when Ava Gardner wriggled out of her hole and looked around. (That, too, was when word got around that Ava was trying to be an intellectual, and people kidded her about it. Ava wasn't trying to be a great brain . . . she was just discovering that there was a satisfaction in using the one she had.)

I WON'T GO INTO EVERY STEP I took from that point on. Suppose I just skip to the results:

Who would suspect that achieving, not necessarily a knowledge, but just an appreciation for books, for music, for art in all its interesting forms, would help give a girl poise? I mean, maybe you would know this . . . but I didn't. And that was only one of the surprising results. I still haven't figured out just what the process is, but a little I know. The very fact that you can sit down and enjoy fine thoughts in a book or stirring musical themes and artistry at a concert must give you the one trait of character you can't get without earning it—a true sense of humility and, curiously enough, with that a true self-respect. I still don't understand how these two can be so closely related, but I know it is so. It must also be that the fine thoughts (and good thinking) which you get from literature, and the inspiration you get from music or a fine painting, are not stimulations which leave you unchanged. You grow a little each time in a good way. Maybe it causes you to expect something better from yourself and thus automatically enlarges and elevates your thoughts. Whatever it is, your attitude is finer and the people you meet know it and, as has been my experience, respond, in kind.

Ava Gardner

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Ava Gardner personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, 1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.

what lana does to men

(Continued from page 38) was an earnest young man bent on making good in his chosen profession. He was well-balanced and seemingly devoid of the flightiness of many actors.

I had also known Lana for a long time. She and my son, Bill, had tested for parts in her first picture. Bill lost; Lana won. The film was titled *They Won't Forget*, and apparently the public didn't forget. Lana had scarcely more than a walk-on part; but she wore one of those tight sweaters that made her famous. Even then, though still in her teens, she was evoking wolf whistles. The men ogled but kept hands off. Young Lana was regarded as beautiful jail-bait. But she was a headstrong, impulsive girl. It was her misfortune that this young girl should be turned practically overnight into a screen butterfly.

Lana, who had been denied much in the impoverished days of her youth and carried in her veins the blood of her gambling father, loved it all: the glamor, the excitement, even the uncertainty of the show world. It meant scads of men panting for a date with her, night clubs, dancing, music, and a prospect that could end only in glory. How many young girls have had this dream? Lana was the all-American blonde who flits through the minds of most males. To women she was the girl from across the tracks who beat the rap and made good. Pleasure-seeking Lana didn't work too hard for stardom. The adoring public and some high-powered press agents thrust it upon her. If she lacked a talent for acting, she had a genius for making mistakes. She was a young girl of 20 giddy on the wine of success, and not very receptive to the advice of older, wiser people.

THAT's how I viewed Lana when Tyrone Power became romantically entangled with her, and I told him so. "But you don't know the real Lana Turner," he said. "Let me bring her to your home. I want you to see Lana as I do." Now these old eyes had seen countless, hectic, short-lived romances among show people; but they still skeptically sought for the miracle— Until death us do part So I asked Ty to bring her for a visit.

We spent an evening together; and I thought, at long weary last, I had found the miracle. Lana, dressed simply and as demure as a girl fresh from the farmlands, could talk of nothing but Ty. And his chief subject was Turner. It was hard to see in her the brash young lass who had bought her clothes to match the fire-engine red of her first automobile and even tried to have her hair dyed the same color. Curled upon a sofa like a kitten and looking like the little girl next door, she hung on every word Ty spoke. The amazement showed in my face. Ty noticed it and grinned, "See—what did I tell you, honey?"

If she was putting on an act, it was better than anything she's done on the screen. I kept thinking of what a handsome couple they made; and of what beautiful children they could bring into the world. Later when she held in her hands only the ashes of a broken romance, Lana said she never really loved Ty; nor he her. They were simply good companions.

That I will never believe. While in the midst of making *Green Dolphin Street*, she slipped off to Mexico to visit Ty, risking the wrath of her studio, even suspension, when bad weather delayed her return to Hollywood two days. I'll admit that "good companionship" is not the most common commodity in Hollywood; but it's not that scarce, especially when your ab-

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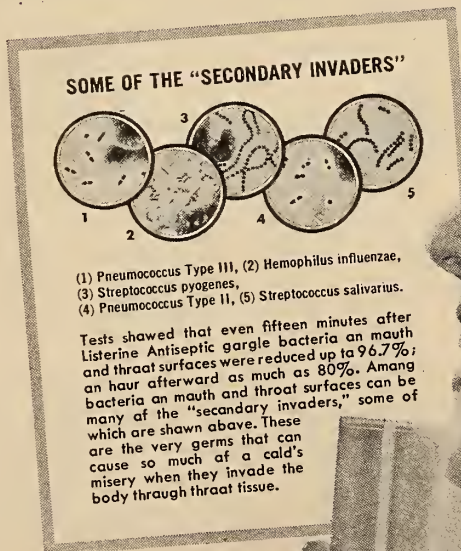
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sence from the sound stages may mean idleness on the part of dozens of workmen. I say love is the only emotion strong enough to induce a girl into doing such a foolish act.

Later I visited her in her dressing room when she was making *Cass Timberlane*. Still the talk was all Ty. They wanted to make a picture together. He adored her daughter Cheryl. Life was wonderful. I still believe that she and Ty would have married if his divorce from Annabella had been final. It's on record that Annabella said she would give Ty a divorce whenever he wished it; but it's not on record that he was in great haste to get that little decree so he could marry Lana.

When the romance exploded, I called Lana and told her how much I regretted it. "So do I," she sighed, "but I've had a wonderful year. Ty's a great guy. From now on I'll carry my chin a little higher and work harder." Where had I heard those words before? It seems that everybody is "a great guy" or "great girl" when the end comes.

It is more than passing irony that Lana in her new picture, *The Bad And The Beautiful*, is used by a man to further his own ambitions but rejects her love when she is no longer useful to him. This cannot be applied to Tyrone Power. He never used Lana. During their romance he was as big a name as she. But I cannot say that about all the men in her life.

Let's flash back to the early days when Victor Mature, Turhan Bey, Tony Martin, and Bob Hutton were among her frequent escorts. They were all actors struggling toward big time in the movies; and being seen with glamorous Lana hurt them not one whit. Indeed, it was sufficient to get their pictures spread all over the papers. Lana was not the big star she is today, but she was a beautiful girl and the photographers' delight. It seems a long time ago but maybe you can remember what a striking couple blonde Turner and dashing, dark Mature made. Then there was Turhan Bey, who set feminine hearts aflutter with his suave, elegant continental manners. Just recently he reminded me that I had once said, "You look wicked, but you aren't." So he decided to do something about it. "I had great fun," he added, "but it certainly put a crimp in my bank account."

Greg Bautzer was her first great love; and this was unfortunate. He's one of the most eligible but most elusive bachelors in our town. Greg's a fine escort, but to take him seriously romantically is to invite heartache. Greg is a man who just naturally likes to have his arm decorated by a pretty girl swinging thereon. Handsome, virile, well-mannered, and prosperous, he's the dreamboat whom all girls think they can land until they turn around and suddenly he isn't there. Greg's not the marrying kind. But when he's with a girl, he's most attentive; so you think the latest gal on his arm is the love of his life.

Lana Turner, who describes Greg as "an escape artist," was no different. Like the other girls she took a headlong fling at the determined bachelor and got bounced off for her pains. Though he didn't marry her, he has remained a faithful, helpful friend to Lana through her stormy life. In some instances, however, he was indirectly responsible for her grief.

It began on her 19th birthday. Greg made a date to take Lana and her mother out for the evening, but at the last minute he begged off, claiming illness. Lana, at that time considering herself engaged to Bautzer, blew her top. Then the phone rang; and answering it was one of the biggest mistakes the girl ever made. On the other end of the wire was Artie Shaw with a

line as smooth as silk. He didn't have to exhaust his extensive vocabulary to convince the furious girl that she should go out and celebrate with him. She'd show that Bautzer that a lady didn't have to sit home evenings awaiting the whims of the lord and master.

Now Artie was not among Lana's favorite people. They had met when making a picture, *Dancing Co-ed*. To put it mildly there were no heart throbs between the two. Artie can be classified as an intellectual snob.

No night clubs with music, dancing, champagne for Artie. That would have caused distraction; and he couldn't hear himself talk. He drove Lana down to the sea. It was a night made for love, with a full moon turning the surging tides to gold. Tumultuous Lana was still burning over the Bautzer slight. Artie turned on the charm; and let it be recorded that this gent is not lacking in that commodity when he wishes to dish it out.

He used a tactical talk familiar to most experienced women, starting with abstractions, literature, and the like; then ending the oration with a conversation piece about marriage and a cozy little home. That night they drove back to Hollywood, roused out the famous "Honeymoon Pilot," Paul Mantz, flew to Las Vegas and got married. For the ceremony, Artie pulled a ring off his finger for Lana to wear. She had a very good ring in her handbag—the one Greg Bautzer gave her to seal their engagement.

About this time Lana figured she ought to notify her mother about the event. She simply wired her that she had got married, but failed to state to whom. Her mother

Asked if it is true that there is a touch of madness in every actress, Marlene Dietrich said, "Of course. That's what makes us what we are. We should accept it—instead of going to analysts to be rid of it."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

thought it had to be to Greg Bautzer. She was in for a dismal disillusionment.

So was Lana. Artie lost no time in starting to improve his bride—a matter that's become a habit with him. He wanted her to be everything from a cook to a philosopher. The case was hopeless. Lana tried, but the lessons didn't take. After four months of being brow-beaten, she locked Artie out of the house; called up Greg Bautzer, and said she'd had it. She asked him to get her out of her marriage.

You would have thought that "education" would have included a lesson on men for Lana. But it didn't. For a little while she concentrated on her career; and her efforts proved her capability for acting in *Ziegfeld Girl*. But she went on a real night club kick, making the rounds and keeping an eye peeled for eligible men.

When it comes to romance, she's a law unto herself. She usurps the prerogatives of most males, who, when they see a pretty girl, say, "That's the dish for me," and move right in. Well, Lana does the same. I've seen her in action. At a party we both attended, she cased the room, picked out an attractive man, walked over, stuck out her hand, and said, "I'm Lana Turner. Who are you?"

To her men are like new dresses to be donned and doffed at her pleasure. Seeing a fellow that attracts her, she's like a child looking at a new doll. It's got to belong to her. And like a child, she can knock the stuffing out of the doll in a week, discard it, and pick up a new one. Of a trusting nature, she seldom pauses to differentiate between heels and haloes.

While night-clubbing one night, destiny brought Steve Crane into her life. He came over to her table and greeted Lana

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by reminding her of his name. She remembered him as somebody she had met somewhere and invited him to join her party. They danced; and Lana promptly fell in love with him. That suited Steve fine. A reputed "tobacco heir," he was actually out here to make his fortune. Lana was a big name and could help him on his way. After a brief and passionate courtship, they were married.

A pall was quickly cast over that lovely affair by a girl named Carol Kurtz. She happened to be Steve's wife. They had separated but no divorce had become final. When angry Lana confronted him with the news, he gently tried to explain that he *thought* he'd been divorced. What a slip of memory. Lana, who was obviously weary of the boy by this time, quickly had her marriage annulled.

Steve got into the headlines by running his car off a cliff near Lana's home. It is said that he'd gone there to plead for a reconciliation. The girl wavered; then decided, for a change, not to marry the man. It was rumored that Steve, crushed with grief, had taken a sleeping potion and attempted to end his life in a car wreck. This has never been proven; but I went to the site, examined the auto tracks; and it certainly looked like no ordinary accident to me.

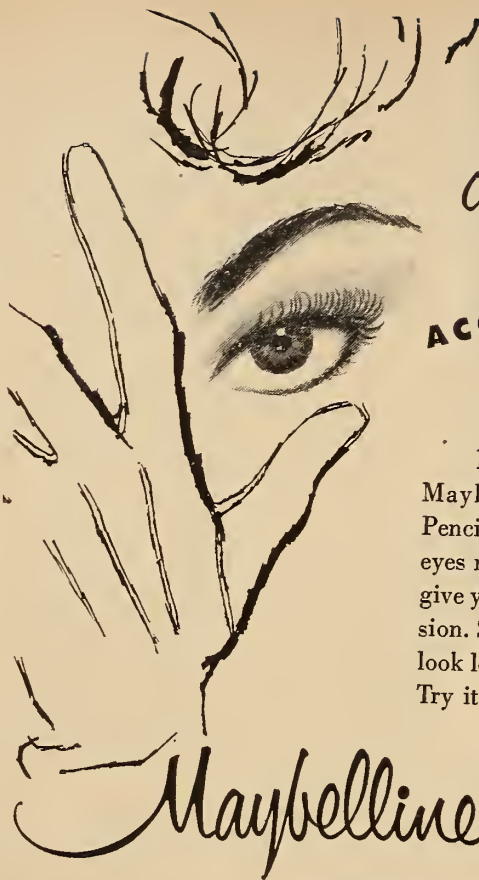
Life was getting complicated indeed for the gorgeous blonde; but there was more to come. Lana, now legally a single girl who had never been legally married to Steve, discovered she was going to have a baby. Steve's divorce was now final. They went to Tiajuana and got married again. There was nothing else to do. When the baby was six months old, she divorced Crane. Steve's still in Hollywood, happily making the rounds.

Lana got one thing out of her marriage to him—a daughter to whom she's devoted. And in fairness to Lana, I must point out a tragedy that may be responsible for her jumping from man to man. She's always wanted a large family; but an RH factor in her blood makes child-bearing extremely difficult for her. She lost two babies by miscarriages; and little Cheryl herself has had a tough fight for survival.

It was after her break-up with Crane that Lana latched onto Ty Power. When he stepped out of her life, Bob Topping moved in. It was her old pal Greg Bautzer who suggested to Lana that Bob might make a good mate. He was a well-known playboy, thrice married; but he had a fine family background and heir to a fortune. The only catch was that he was still legally wed to Arline Judge. Lana wanted no part of him. But Bob was persistent. He flooded her with flowers and telephone calls. Still Lana wouldn't yield. It remained for that old matchmaker, Johnny Meyers, to get them together. It happened in New York.

Lana was not greatly impressed by meeting the gentleman in the flesh. But she had to attend a premiere and had no escort. So she called up Bob and asked if he'd escort her to the theater. Would he? That guy was absolutely delighted. In fact, he was so delighted that on the way to the theater he slipped a couple of baubles in her purse—earrings set with huge diamonds. But Bob didn't believe that diamonds should be a girl's best friend. He continued his pursuit of Lana by inviting her to spend a white Christmas on the family estate in Connecticut. He went all the way by asking her to bring her daughter and mother along. It would be one big happy gathering. The girl gave in.

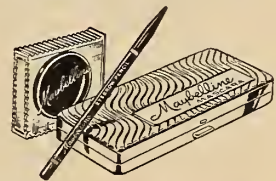
She was impressed by the culture of the Topping family. Her own background had been rough and rugged. The Toppings were unlike the newly rich she had known



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in Hollywood. Wealth had been in their family so long that the members took it for granted. But Lana and Bob's affair was to be high-lighted by comedy, tragedy, and the ridiculous. It began with a \$25,000 party which Bob planned to toss for Lana at the Mocambo in Hollywood. His divorce from Arline had not become final; but we rather expected that he and Lana would make an engagement announcement. Imagine our bestarlement then when we received our invitations in the form of telegrams, and they were signed "Lana and Bob Topping." That little error in words caused such a furor that the whole shindig was canceled.

LANA's previous marriages had been elopements; and her one to Bob was, she insisted, to be the real thing with all the trimmings. There would be dignity about it. But the fate that dogged Lana was still at her heels. The marriage rites blew up into a farce. The setting was gorgeous with food, flowers, and champagne at the home of Billy Wilkerson, who had discovered Lana for pictures as she sat sipping a soda at a drug store fountain. Twelve guests and one lone reporter were invited to the actual ceremony. But at the reception following, many more people, including 63 photographers, showed up and turned the celebration into a maelstrom. Under the impact, Lana was reported to have swooned, but she later denied that. Even the minister was rebuked by his church for tying the knot.

They began their honeymoon in a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel. To get a story which I'd been assigned, I crashed right in on them. It was mid-afternoon, but I remember they were still in their dressing gowns. Lana wore a pair of old bedroom mules as a concession to comfort. After their disastrous brush with the press at the wedding reception, they'd suddenly developed a phobia against people with pad and pencils and cameramen with flashlight bulbs.

Fearing they would be hounded by the press, they had canceled a honeymoon in Palm Springs and decided to go directly to Europe. We had a nice conversation, however, and I warned them that they might as well go along with the press in London and New York. That was the only way they could expect to be treated kindly by the boys and girls whose job it is to get stories and pictures of famous people.

My advice went unheeded. In London, a press conference was set up. Lana arrived late, keeping reporters waiting. When she did show up, she flipped off the reporters with a few casual comments. Of course, they were written up in a scathing manner, which made them angrier than ever at the press.

They went into hiding in the East; and then became virtual hermits in a \$90,000 house in Holmby Hills. But they kept contact with the world through the aid of six television sets. The roof of their home had so many aeriels it looked like something descended from Mars. Hollywood was amazed at the Toppings' retirement, because if there ever were a play-boy and a play-girl, they were Bob and Lana.

During this period, Lana dropped by my house for an interview. Getting a story out of her was rugged. She was too divinely happy to be doing anything that would make news; and I must say she looked it. She had become nearly domesticated, and who was interested in reading about that?

Immediately after the marriage ceremony, one of the pair had murmured, "This is forever." There are two schools of thought on this. Some claim Bob made the statement; others, that she did. But

after the tragic loss of her two babies, reports that the Toppings were having serious upsets became more and more frequent. Finally Bob went to Oregon on a fishing trip, presumably "to think it over," and neglected to come back home.

Now officially separated again, Lana began casting her blue peepers about and they lit on Latin Lover Fernando Lamas. They were co-starring in *The Merry Widow*; and I believed the romance was a publicity stunt. I still think it began that way. But the affair turned into love. And for film fans it made exciting news: The Latin Lover and the Blonde Beauty. Lana went to Nevada and divorced Topping. Almost everyone expected her to wed Lamas. I didn't. In the middle of the romance, Lamas had whispered to me, "I don't think we'll ever marry. She's too demanding."

THE explosion was sudden and final. Fernando took both Lana and Ava Gardner to Marion Davies' party for the Johnnie Rays. Lana's eye went aroving again. This time it fell on Tarzan—Lex Barker. Being out of town, I wasn't present at the affair, but was told that when Lex and Lana danced, she snuggled up. Fernando's blood boiled over. And we soon were notified that the romance between Turner and Lamas had gone kaput. "It's true," Fernando told me cautiously. "But I hope we can always be friends and make a good picture out of *Latin Lovers*." In this they were scheduled to co-star; but within a few days, Fernando was dropped from the cast with a bang, and replaced by Ricardo Montalban.

You could see the way the wind was blowing. The stories emanating from Leo the Lion showed Lana in a sympathetic light. The general tenor of the story was that poor Lana had helped Fernando get his studio contract; and now he showed his gratitude by treating her badly. Lana had nothing to do with his movie contract.

THE reason, I believe, that he was dropped from *Latin Lovers* is that the studio figured that instead of coming out loving, they'd come out with their dukes up. Even if the picture was made without mayhem, the public wouldn't believe the story because of the busted romance. Either Lamas or Turner had to go; and she was more important. So Fernando got the axe.

He didn't carry a torch for Lana, but quickly latched onto Arlene Dahl. As for Lana, she's still casting those baby blues around and alighting on no man of particular interest. But you can bet your bottom dollar it won't be long. The pattern will be repeated. I daresay she'll have plenty of romances and more marriages—that is, if she enjoys the life span insurance companies give most women. But life with Lana has become so full, so repetitious, so enriched with material possessions that I don't believe any love or marriage would, or could, last her until the end of her days.

END

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6—Parry, 7—Top Wide World, Bot. Parry, 10—Top Beerman, Bot. Bonafide, 12—Associated Press, 29—Associated Press, 30—Beerman, Parry, 33—Beerman, Parry, 34—Wide World, 34—Paramount, 35—Beerman, Parry, 36—Beerman, Parry, 38—London Daily Graphic, 38-39—London Picture Post, 41—Beerman, Parry, 44-47—Beerman, Parry, 50—Beerman, Parry, 53—Beerman, 54—Globe 55—Top 20th Century-Fox, Bot. Globe, 60—Culver, 69—Lt. Prigent, Rt. Embree-Hesse, 70—Prigent, 71—Prigent, 72—Embree-Hesse. Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

bing crosby's future

(Continued from page 33) were amazed beyond words that the malignancy had gone so far that there was nothing to be done to help her.

"It is just a matter of hours, days, weeks—and we'll keep trying. But it is hopeless," said the doctor who is also one of Bing's closest friends.

For a moment it seemed that Bing, who had never suspected the extent of Dixie's illness, would collapse. Then that aura of impenetrable dignity, that seems to color his personality at all times, came to his rescue.

"Dixie isn't to be told," he whispered, "but the boys must know."

Weep for him in that hour of agony when he summoned his four sons before him at home and told them the truth about their mother.

More than that, he told them, that as hard as it might seem, as impossible, they must play a role of pretense and acting. That they must appear to be gay and happy though their hearts were breaking. He told them Dixie was being sent home from the hospital within a few days because there was nothing more that could be done for her. And she was never to suspect from their faces or words or actions that she was soon to leave them.

He asked his wonderful boys to pretend to their mother that they were so sure she was well back on the road to recovery that they wanted to return to their vacation in Elko and that they expected her to join them as soon as she was able to travel after surgery.

And—the day Dixie came home—Bing had a peculiar welcome awaiting her.

HER bedroom was littered with blueprints and plans for a house in Palm Springs, a place long contemplated by the whole family, Dixie in particular, but never realized.

"We'll spend a lot of time there, honey," he told Dixie. "It will be just a little place, no chi-chi, no big house like this one. We won't have it an inch bigger than we need to hold the six of us."

"Now here, Wilma," he said, using the family name to kid her, "you get busy and start looking over these plans and pick out what you like best. And—no loafing! Start selecting the carpets and drapes and color schemes and get things ready in a hurry. Maybe we can spend Christmas there—and New Year's if you get at it."

"Honey," he went on swallowing a big lump in his throat, "you are coming along so well, I'm going ahead with making Little Boy Lost in Europe. I'll be gone about three weeks. When I get back—don't let me find you haven't started our house in Palm Springs."

And, so, Dixie sat up in bed and started directing every nail and stone to go into that little home she had wanted for so long—and which she was never to see.

The gleam of happiness came back to her eyes as she planned the desert home, on the edge of the new golf course. Naturally, Bing would be happiest living near a golf course, Dixie told her doctors and nurses.

Her plans for the happiness of her Bing and the boys seemed to be making a new woman of her. A miracle was happening. Dixie, unbelievably, was able to leave her bed.

In an incredibly short time, she was up and around and driving herself to the hospital for a series of treatments to which she was making response beyond the most prayerful hopes of her doctors.

Best of all, she was able to meet daily with Harold Grieve, the decorator, about

the part that was the most fun—the color schemes, the drapes and carpets, pictures and pots and pans, the part of homemaking so dear to every woman's heart.

"Remember, nothing fussy," she would remind Grieve, "just something my five boys will like."

And so the house was built, and the gray-and-beige carpets were down and the desert-pink drapes were up when, with shocking suddenness of pain, suffering and then blessed coma, the curtain mercifully lowered for Dixie.

The reason I tell you about this little house in Palm Springs in such minute detail is that it will be Bing's real home in the future.

When he originally acquired the prop-

If movie theaters must give away dishes it should be a dish like Jane Russell.

Jerry Colonna as quoted by Sidney Skolsky

erty atop a knoll about ten miles east of Palm Springs, he gave half of it to his pal-confidant and songwriter, Jimmy Van Heusen. Jimmy started his house at the same time Bing did and has already moved into his part of the isolated male paradise where men, without women (Van Heusen is a bachelor) can play golf all day in the sunshine and come home to hearty, diet-less dinners, pipes, open, blazing hearths and the music, music, music that both men love.

It is here that the boys will spend their holidays with their "old man" in an intimacy and closeness of association the big, sprawling Crosby mansion in Holmby Hills never afforded.

BING has always been interested in his kids as individuals. Now he is dedicated to them. Not that he will be maudlin or overly sentimental to his motherless brood. Far from it.

As an example, not long ago he got wind that Gary was having a bit too much of a tres gay time at Stanford. Much driving around in the new car Bing and Dixie had given him when he set off for the Northern California campus; very little concentration on his studies.

And Gary was getting fat. Bing had been fat, himself, when he was a kid—even when he first came to Hollywood. And, he wasn't too overly studious about his career.

But, as many a father has said before him, it was a case of "Don't do as I do (or did). Do as I say!"

Bing took Gary's car away from him to the tune of much indignant howling from the injured member of the Crosby clan.

"Hey, Dad," Gary telephoned from Stanford (charges reversed), "how am I going to get around?????"

"You're round enough," his pappy snapped, "now start walking some of it off!"

As of this writing, the car has not yet been restored to that fine star of song and hoof, Monsieur Gary Crosby—and you can rest assured it won't be until pop gets a look at the midyear scholastic reports in January.

If Gary ever had any idea that he was already a star of song, (and his records with Bing have sold like hotcakes) he's had that notion knocked out of any swelled head he might have been developing by his partner in song.

Recently, Bing was approached by an agent who had a sponsor wanting to star Gary in a TV program directed toward teen-agers. Knowing that Bing is insistent that Gary finish college before turning professional entertainer, the agent approached Bing with the idea that Gary

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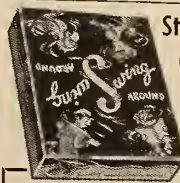
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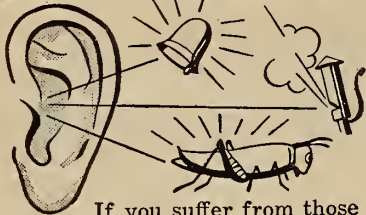
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could do it during his summer vacation.

"Who's the sponsor?" asked Crosby, Sr., "and what do they offer?"

The agent told him a canned meat company, and the figure was \$2500 weekly for Gary.

"They've got the right hambone to commercialize," Bing laughed, "but my boy's not that good—yet. There are too many fine performers who have been years training themselves to get that kind of money—and the job should go to one of them. Right now they're just buying the Crosby part of Gary's name. To get up in that salary bracket, he must wait until he can deliver on his talent."

Could anything really demonstrate better his love for Gary, his concern that his boy not become a spoiled prodigy robbed forever of the wonderful satisfaction of getting to the top on his own?

Of the twins, 17-year-old Phillip and Dennis, 'ole Pappy has a hard time concealing his pride. Both boys are enrolled at the University of Washington, studying animal husbandry. While they, too, have performed on their Dad's radio show—their real interests are centered in the big Crosby ranch in Elko, Nevada.

They are serious boys, thoughtful, polite, considerate—already as quiet and retiring as the ranchhands they work with and admire so much.

It was Phillip who quietly suggested to his father that he (Bing) study up on his French before leaving for *Little Boy Lost* scenes in Paris.

"Oh, almost everyone I'll come in contact with speaks English there," Bing tossed it off. "Why bother?"

"It's cheaper when you speak the lingo," replied Phillip with a perfectly straight face, "and you aren't the fastest guy in the world with a buck, you know!"

AND, last—but far, far from least, there's 14-year-old Lindsay, "the little fellow" to his Dad and his brothers, the "baby." Oh, Bing can be a strict father to his heart's content and talk about his boys who have proved they are man-sized—but he's going to be a mother and father to Lindsay—because he can't help himself.

All the deep tenderness in Bing's nature, that sometimes seems to manifest itself fully only when he is singing, goes out to encircle Lindsay and hold him dear in warm affection.

He will keep Lindsay very close to him, particularly during these next so-very-important years to a boy of Lindsay's age and sensitivity.

Lindsay will be kept in school in Los Angeles—he is currently a student at Loyola High School. And when Bing goes traveling—and most certainly he will go traveling because he loves it—I think Lindsay will be by Bing's side, very close, very warm and near to the father who loves him so much.

This is the way it should be and will be because "little fellows" can become puzzled and hurt and too lonely when they are out on their own too soon in life.

When I say that Bing will travel, I mean on a large scale. Like many Hollywood stars who are clams in Hollywood, he loves Europe, feels a freedom there not felt at home and revels in the open admiration of the fans who appear to be able to admire celebrities without attempting to tear the buttons off their clothes as many of the native variety do.

His favorite going-to-Europe partner is his wise and witty writer, Bill Morrow, who is responsible for so much of the subtle humor, always in good taste, in Bing's radio shows.

Bing and Bill were together in Paris the summer of '50 and had a wonderful time for themselves being just what they were, "yokels from Hollywood."

Bill is a wonderful buffer for Bing. He has such a delightful way of turning down hostesses, continental or homegrown, that the dear charmers never know they have been bypassed in favor of a stroll down Champs Elysées or a bachelor dinner "stag" in London.

It isn't often easy, this job of "getting Bing off the hook" because the people who know Bing and admire him as ardently as the wildest sidewalk fan, often reach into the upper echelon of European society, diplomacy and—recently, royalty.

One cause which particularly appealed to Bing and which he was eager to do was the golf tournament just outside London in which he was teamed with his old nemesis, Bob Hope, against two top British comedians.

The reason Bing agreed to play the exhibition match is because the proceeds were to go to the Playing Fields Fund, favorite charity of the Duke of Edinburgh, and dedicated to raising money for playgrounds and athletic endeavors to the homeless, bombed out and orphaned children of England.

The result? Bing and Bob lost to the Britishers. But he never will regret having made that appearance, even in the pouring rain. A lot of money was raised for the kids.

THE next day, at his hotel, a letter was delivered to Bing. It was from the popular and beloved Prince Phillip, Duke of Edinburgh, who, in his own handwriting, thanked the American star for what he had done for English children and asking him to accept, in the grateful spirit in which it was given, one of the Duke's "school ties"—one of the greatest tributes an Englishman can pay a friend! (And I didn't get that story from Bing who will die when he reads it here!)

Nor will he be happy that I tell you that one of the first telegrams to arrive at the Crosby house of mourning came from General Dwight D. Eisenhower, President-elect of our United States, who, with millions throughout the nation and abroad, expressed heartfelt sympathy over Dixie's death.

Famous or unknown—I happen to know that Bing read all the letters and wires sent to him and they did much to help him bear up in his time of deep bereavement.

Perhaps it was the greatest thing in the world—for him—that he was in the middle of a picture when his loss came. Although his studio, Paramount, and his producer, William Perlberg, would have given him days, weeks, even an indefinite postponement—he insisted on coming back to work the day after Dixie's funeral.

To his producer, director, co-workers and the crew, it was an ironically cruel thing that the only sequences remaining to be shot were those of an ex-GI, returning to France who has just learned that the French girl he married and who bore him a son he has never seen, is—dead!

Most of the workers on a movie set are pretty casehardened. In Hollywood, they have worked through the most extraordinary happenings. But strong men couldn't stand this.

Bing could—and did. "And if these scenes don't earn this wonderful guy an Academy Award," William Perlberg later told me, "they should never gold-leaf another statuette. Just a crooner? He's a great actor."

Yes, Bing will go on. He will walk ahead marshalling, guiding, cherishing those young ones near and dear to him; sharing his friendship with his cronies; being humble and dignified when honors come to him, proud when honors come to those he loves.

But, he will go on—alone.

END

love story—nine years young

(Continued from page 43) the sun—except himself. So the doll, like many before and after her, made a play for him, not knowing he hates predatory women.

She was much more important than he, and persistent. She suggested that he ask her for a date. He didn't. She hinted that it would be dandy if he took her for a drive one day. He didn't. Finally, when he either had to make a scene or go into action, he went into action. He has a strong man's aversion to feminine scenes but he drove to Malibu, stopped by a small, neat house.

In the living room there was a beautiful girl with golden hair and a sunny smile. "This is my wife," said Mr. Lancaster. "How do you do?" said Norma Lancaster to the speechless doll. "It's such a long drive down from Hollywood, I'm sure you want to freshen up."

Burt originally kept silent about his private life because, like so many very masculine men, he's afraid of admitting he's sentimental. As an example of this, about two years ago Norma hinted she would appreciate a mink coat for Christmas. It didn't turn up under the Christmas tree but just ahead of her birthday, which comes in July, Burt brought a mink coat home in a plain box and handed it to Norma as though it were a pound of rice.

Norma had it on in a second. She whirled delightedly, then said, "But Burt, we've made so many additions to the house, we can't afford this."

"No," said Burt, "but you're glad I got it just the same, and so am I."

It is in character, therefore that a completely sentimental thing broke him down into talking about his family. He received a fan letter which said, "I don't believe you've got a beautiful wife and four kids. If you did, why should you hide them?" He showed Norma the letter. "This is a great family," he said, "so let's tell the world about it."

THAT family ideal has always come first with him from the very day he met Norma and fell in love instantly. The first time they ever saw one another was in the bitter war winter of 1944. The place was the battered town of Montecatini, Italy.

It was one of those miracles that make you believe in fate. Burt was just a tired G.I. among a lot of other tired G.I.s. Norma was a dancer with a USO unit.

It was complete happenchance that Norma Marie Anderson was in the USO troupe, because she was neither a professional singer nor dancer. She had been a stenographer up until then in the office where the USO acts were booked. But her beauty, sex appeal and general radiant good nature stood out so that when a girl in the unit fell ill, it was quite natural that somebody should ask Norma if she'd like to go overseas. Maybe she couldn't keep a time step, but she had what the boys wanted—and then some.

Burning with a bright patriotic fervor, and also not exactly annoyed with the idea of being surrounded by thousands of men, Norma and the other girls soon discovered one disconcerting fact. Their entertainment of the G.I.'s consisted solely of what they could project across the footlights. Off stage, they were captured by the brass.

Thus the blonde Miss Anderson was more than out of line when, as the jeep in which she was riding, reached Montecatini she noticed one particular broad-shouldered, slim-hipped soldier in the group crowded around.

"Gee, who's that?" she asked the col-

onel sitting beside her.

The colonel didn't know, but eagerly urged, he said he could find out.

"Find out if he's married," Norma said.

The colonel was a gentleman, as well as Cupid's messenger. He soon came back with the fellow's name, his unmarried status, and the fact that he'd set up a blind date for that night after the show.

The only trouble with that was that Mr. Lancaster nearly didn't keep the date. He had got into a poker game, early evening, and was busily losing his shirt. He hates to be defeated at anything and never is until he drops in his tracks, so that evening, he stayed in the game until he won back his shirt and all the other guys' shirts, too. Then he went over to the dance hall where the USO troupe was glittering that time. He took one look at Norma and was a gone goose.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

About ten years ago, my family and I went to the country for a vacation. While at White Lake in Monticello, New York, a beautiful young girl took care of the children for us in the hotel.



I had completely forgotten about this girl until many years later when I went to the movies—there on the screen was the girl from the country. Now she was a famous actress and her name was none other than Shelley Winters.

Ina Joyce Fisherman
Brooklyn, New York

He can laugh at himself now for the way he acted that evening. "I hate to dance," he confesses, "but that night I suddenly was old-fashioned waltzing, and new-fashioned rumba-ing and whatever that band wanted to beat out. I'd get one step with Norma in my arms and 90 other guys would cut in, and they'd get one step and I'd cut back. I kept that up until they blew us out of the hall at three AM, but by then I had another date with this dish."

However, this was the Army in war time. At dawn that morning, the USO unit, including Norma Marie Anderson, was flown several hundred miles north to Caserta. At eight AM PFC Lancaster, learning this bit of news, went AWOL, hitch-hiked to Caserta, and saw Miss Anderson for all of a half-hour before the MP's caught up with him and slapped him in custody, back in Montecatini.

So what did Miss Anderson do then, the bold thing? She went AWOL, and got back to Montecatini. By this time the lovers had known one another two whole days, Burt had served his punishment, so they again went AWOL, only together this time, to Pisa, the one that has the leaning tower. And it was in the Leaning Tower that Burt proposed and in these words, "I want to have some blond children," he said.

"How many?" breathed Norma.

"Four."

"All right," she said.

They got married that very afternoon in a fast Italian civil ceremony. They didn't dare wait, you see, knowing the MP's were breathing on their necks, knowing it was wartime, knowing they might never see one another again. And the MP's really did catch up with them, but good. Norma was taken back to her USO troupe and confined to quarters. Burt was hauled

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off to Montecatini and what happened to him wasn't a honeymoon.

THEY didn't see one another again until Labor Day, in New York, but by now the war was over, and Burt was about to be out of uniform. He didn't know what he wanted to do in civilian life but Norma said to take his time, she could keep right on with her job as stenographer, only right then Burt was discovered by a theatrical producer, in an elevator, and Norma discovered Jimmy was on the way—and you know the rest.

That is, you know the rest except how much each of his children has changed Burt's character. He came out of the war like many another G.I. He was bitter. He was poor. He felt much of life was all wrong, and he wanted to do something about that. He wanted to reform things and he wanted to make some one pay and pay. At the moment that Hal Wallis offered him a Hollywood contract, as the result of his appearance in a single play, *The Sound of Hunting*, he owned only one suit and couldn't have paid the rent on their flat if it hadn't been for Norma's earnings. But he made Wallis pay. He thought then money was the answer to most problems.

Now it's a standard Hollywood compliment to say of a fellow that he can spot phoneys at 60 paces and hate them. But this attitude is not true of Burt. He certainly can spot phoneys—but he has a perfectly open admiration of them, if they are getting away with their phoniness.

Jimmy began the change in him. They named the baby, who looks so much more like his father than the other three, for Burt's father—but their hearts shook when they first saw him. Because he was club footed.

Burt had loved his wife very much up until then, but after that, he shifted almost to admiration. Because she took the situation with absolute courage. "Let's see as many doctors as we have to until we find the one who can cure the baby."

By the time Jimmy was cured—he's the sturdiest, healthiest kid imaginable today—Billy was on the way, and Burt knew a lot more about human kindness. Though his contract belonged to Wallis, the first Lancaster producer was Mark Hellinger, a deeply talented, highly sentimental and completely cynical man. Actually Mark wanted Wayne Morris for *The Killers* but Wayne had been on the Warner payroll all during the war years. So when Warners wanted to charge all that money against the production, Mark got Lancaster simply because he was big and he was cheap.

Together they made *The Killers* and *Brute Force* and they suited one another's mood because they were both hard-boiled New Yorkers. The two pictures were hits. Burt was an overnight star, but I'll always remember Mark saying of him at that time, "This is only a sky rocket, not a star. He'll tumble because already he's arguing with everybody. Already, he thinks he knows about direction, he thinks he knows about production, he thinks he knows about writing. In another year or so, he'll be unendurable."

It looked like a confirmation of Mark's theory when Burt promoted enough money to buy half his contract away from Wallis in order to do the bitter but truthful picture, *All My Sons*. It was a flop. Burt didn't alibi. He went quietly back to Wallis and made another picture. Then on his own time and money made *Kiss The Blood Off My Hands*, which you may remember was just as jolly as the title and flopped horribly, too.

Contrast those titles with *The Flame And The Arrow*, which was all fun and action, and made a fortune. Or with *The Crim-*

son Pirate, which did the same, and was ditto. This was the evidence of the softening influence of Jimmy and Billy Lancaster on their father, and of the sound sense of Norma. Of course, Burt still thought he knew a lot about production, direction and writing. He still thinks that—and he's darned tooting. He does.

The sum of all this is what makes him so often moody and hard to understand. He hasn't only a dual nature, but a triple one. One part of him is all artist. When he is acting a scene he is completely lost to anything outside of him. *Come Back, Little Sheba* is complete miscasting for him. He went into it knowing the whole picture had to belong to Shirley Booth. Nevertheless, he was as excited as his kids with their Christmas joys over the challenge of playing the off-beat role of a drunk who is a fugitive from AA. The part called for him to look middle-aged, defeated. Just the same he gave his finest screen performance and somehow he subdued that vigorous body of his into looking thoroughly spent.

The business man in him is what makes him get such a boot out of his personal productions, which are called "Norma

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Productions" for his wife, and actively headed up by his friend, Harold Hecht. Burt sticks his nose into every detail on those: cost sheets, set design, the original script idea, the scenario, the direction, the casting. The artist in him keeps on bumping into the business man, and he spends too much on the films in one way, and then drives himself crazy by not having spent enough in some other.

He hasn't actually much money sense, anyway, though he fondly thinks he has. Sob stories get him and he always has a bunch of retainers hanging around from his circus or carnival days to whom he continually slips cash. When Norma announced that their third baby was coming, he decided it would be thrifty to buy a small house. He bought in the section which he calls "the poor man's Bel-Air," which is actually high in the hills over Supulveda Boulevard and very beautiful. The house actually was a simple, inexpensive one—whereupon he started re-altering it and invested more than \$100,000 on top of the purchase price. Yet one of these alterations gives you the key to his character: he had a tremendous kitchen put on the house. It has everything in it a kitchen can have, a washing machine, a drying machine, a dishwasher, garbage

disposal and all the mixing, grinding and liquefying gadgets. Also it has what Burt calls "a real family table." This is hard wood and no amount of childish spilling or mug-banging could hurt it. It can easily seat ten about its great circle in high chairs, as un-hurttable as the table. Off the kitchen, there is the children's playroom, which opens right out on the lawns where the kids' athletic equipment is set up.

There is nothing in the playroom that can be hurt, either. There's a TV set there, and radios, blackboards, toys, and all the furniture is scaled down to kid size. Good practical linoleum is on the floor. So stains of muddy little feet, or the tracks that the two Boxer puppies or the four kittens bring in as they wander casually in and out through the two big sliding glass panels, which serve both as doors and the whole side of the room, don't mean a thing.

THE Lancasters do have a tremendous, very beautiful living room, complete with a projection booth for showing movies. They also have a formal dining room. They don't go in either room more than once a week.

That's because they live entirely for and with the children. They have a cleaning woman who comes in by the day, to keep the place spic and span, but they decided long ago they didn't want a cook. This was because Burt felt, with his work, the only time he would see a lot of his kids was evenings and Sundays. Norma is an excellent cook, and so is he. This is another little thing he learned in Italy and he can make the best fettucini or spaghetti you ever tasted.

So the moment he lands home from the studio, he heads toward the kitchen or the kids' playroom. The children literally crawl all over him, and he often has Jimmy sitting on top his head, Billy hanging off one shoulder and Susiebet sitting on his lap, all simultaneously. Susie, for no known reason, is fascinated by his teeth and its the craziest sight you ever watched to see that big man sitting in the old-fashioned rocker he bought for the kitchen, holding his mouth wide-open while a very small girl carefully counts, for the hundredth time, how many teeth he has.

THUS the third side of his nature is this "Daddy" side—and it is the one that is becoming the most dominant. It has made him reject *The Naked And The Dead* and want to do amusing, escape pictures like *The Flame And The Arrow* and his newest one, *His Majesty O'Keefe* because he now believes that if you give people happiness you give them the most important of all things. And it is the side of him that has given the lie to Hellinger's dire forecast.

Besides, Burt's discovered the "kind" side of people. He found it out the day Billy was stricken with polio, and in an instant Warners suspended production on *Jim Thorpe* so he could be by his boy's side. He found it out through the doctor and therapists who worked with Billy, so that he is now nearly all well. It humbled him enough that he quietly goes to PTA meetings with Norma, and school board meetings and the like.

He's still no saint. He still blows his top over what he thinks are stupidities or social inequalities. He's still madly high-brow about music (going for Bach and Richard Strauss particularly) and lowbrow about prizefights and other athletic contests. He still hasn't any "little courtesies" at all—like opening car doors or lighting cigarettes for languishing ladies. But he's all man, and he's getting close to being all heart, and nothing would surprise me less than to have the world discover him as a very great human being.

END

(Continued from page 55) Wagner put down a fork he'd been stabbing the table with and stopped looking at Jane Russell, who was sitting next door with Dan Dailey, Robert Mitchum and three unidentified spear-carriers.

"No, I'm not," he said. "No hurry at all. Not that I have anything against women. For Pete's sake, don't print that. I love women. But the way I figure is, I got time."

He was wearing a box-back coat, a choker collar, a string necktie, and the sort of bucolic, semi-banged hair-comb that suggested he might have been on his way out of a burning building—or off a burning deck. None of it was strictly out of character. Away from the screen, he dresses habitually as though having barely had time to escape a holocaust of some really dire nature. Now he explained with considerable precision that his part in this picture—*Nearer My God To Thee*—was that of a Purdue University tennis player of reasonably prominent talents who got a young lady off the sinking ship but didn't make out very well himself.

"But about this marriage business," he said. "I'm only 22. Young. What could I offer a wife? I'm not in the big money, don't let this movie actor business fool you. Maybe in a few years, but that's beside the point. Maybe in a few years I'll be out on—I'll be right back where I started. Then again, how do I know how I'm going to feel later? So I'm crazy about a girl when I'm 22, so when I'm 30 I'm not. Wouldn't be fair to her, wouldn't be fair to me. And like I was saying, what could I offer her anyway? A second-hand car and a house not big enough to—"

"—swing a cat by the tail."

"Well, you could always get yourself another hobby. No, what I was thinking, just not big enough to live in. These midget houses can be murder."

The corned beef and cabbage came—Fox must use pressure cookers—and Wagner stared at it suspiciously. "Executive fare," he said.

"You rate around here."

"Oh, no. Anybody can—" An arrested look of horror crossed his face. He got the waitress back. "Look, isn't anybody allowed to ask for the executives' menu?"

The waitress didn't say yes and she didn't say no.

"Holy cow," said Wagner. "I do it every day. I just thought anybody— Look, have I been doing something wrong?"

The waitress and Julian laughed. Apparently it didn't amount to breach of contract.

"Let's skip my romances," Wagner said after a while and two slices of beef, "mainly because I haven't got any romances. Dates though."

Melinda Markey?

"Sure. Melinda Markey. Wonderful. Wonderful girl. They're all wonderful. I mean, why would you date what you didn't like? Melinda I've known—" He made a gesture covering roughly a period dating from the arrival in Hollywood of Cecil B. DeMille. "She's a girl who has fun at anything. Indoor, outdoor, picnic, dancing, I don't care what. You name it, she loves it. How lucky can you be?"

"You or her?"

"Her for being the way she is, me for getting to date her. One thing, I don't mean to sound particular, but one thing I can't take in a girl is this tired business. You know, bored? All this is so childish? Much rather be home with a good book? No, you can have those. They think they're tired? Well, they are tired—period. You know what I mean? Really

tired. But not Melinda. One time we got into a lecture by mistake. No kidding, we thought it was a bop session. It was something, I don't know, trends in Elizabethan literature, I'm not sure. Maybe worse than that. So we were way down front and couldn't very well leave after the guy had started. So we stayed, and she liked it. Anyway, she made like she was liking it, which is even better."

Wagner and Miss Russell exchanged a long, mock-sultry look. "Mmmm," said Wagner.

WASN'T there a Babs Darrow, like Miss Markey—a daughter of the Gene Markeys when Mrs. Gene Markey was Joan Bennett—a fledgling actress?

"Oh, very definitely, there is a Babs Darrow. Very, very definitely. And you know what? She is what I would describe as the ideal party girl."

In what respect?

"In the respect—now don't let this floor you—that you can walk away from her as soon as you get to the party. Just walk right away. That's what I call wonderful."

An extension of remarks seemed to be called for.

"Oh, not for that reason, nothing of the kind. But because you know she can take care of herself, you know what I mean? Take five steps toward the ice cream, and she's surrounded by the loyal opposition. She's a beautiful girl, you know. Beautiful? Words fail me. Words absolutely fail me."

"Do your girls have to be beautiful?"

Wagner polished off his plate, finished his coffee and reached for a cigarette. "Noooo—I wouldn't say that. Or would I? You threw me a curve then. Let me stop and think about it." He stopped and thought about it. It came ultimately to this: "If a girl looks beautiful to me, then she's beautiful. In my eyes, you know what I mean? In other words, almost all girls are beautiful because almost all girls have a man who thinks so. Maybe I should go in for philosophy. Maybe I'm wasting my time around here."

So what was his criterion for beauty?

"I don't know. The girl next door, I guess. I mean, I sort of like them to look like the girl next door. I mean, I do unless I get to thinking about it real hard, and then I figure, well, if the girl next door's all you want, go next door then and stop beating your brains out all over town. I don't know, maybe girls next door are a dime a dozen. Maybe that's a bad steer. It's funny, but just when I've convinced myself that's the type for me, I see Marlene Dietrich somewhere and flip my lid. I mean, I imagine she lives next door to someone but it sure isn't me or anyone I know. And anybody who doesn't think Marlene Dietrich's a beautiful woman is on his way to the rockin' chair. It's a tough deal to figure."

Well and good. On with the list then?

"Well, not a list exactly. I just date certain girls and they date me, and they date other guys, too. I date Debbie Reynolds quite a lot, maybe you know. She's the kind of girl—well, I'll tell you the kind of girl she is. You go skiing and she doesn't wait for you to tie her straps. She ties them herself. That might not sound like a lot but believe me, it is. There are so many girls who wouldn't think of doing it, have to wait around until you've been Sir Galahad or Walter Raleigh or whoever it is. And I'm exactly the kind of guy who wouldn't think of doing it for them until it's too late, and they've decided I'm a self-centered jerk with no manners."

"Debbie and I are both sort of in what you'd call the bop element, too. She's gone than I am, and I went two years ago. We like the same things, and—I don't know, it's just like I was saying, she's a



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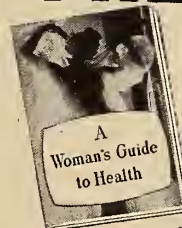
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wonderful, happy girl, a very happy girl, and I'm crazy about happy girls, all life and no phonies."

JULIAN, the publicist, made soft noises at this point that sounded like "keep it on the lot." Miss Reynolds is employed by another studio.

"Oh, sure," said Wagner. "Well, there's Charlotte Austin who works here at Fox, she's another sort of person I date and I'm always glad to see, and you know why? Because she's glad to see me. That's important. I don't mean for my ego or anything like that, but you can strictly tire of these girls who come up to you with this routine of 'Hello-Bob-sit-down-and-listen-to-what's-been-happening-to-me.' Charlotte's one of the warmest people I ever met, and I swear, she does care what I've been doing and what I feel like. Not that I'm the most fascinating conversationalist in the world or my biography's anything much, but it makes you feel real nice to be approached like that? Am I talking too much?"

Hardly. It's your interview.

"All right. Then there's—or pardon me, here she is." The boss's daughter had entered the commissary and sat down with the Russell-Mitchum retinue. There is a Darrlyn Zanuck and a, somewhat younger, Susan Zanuck. This was Susan, a lovely blonde girl. Wagner lowered his voice.

"You see what I mean. But that's not all. She's been a real help and a friend right from the start of this acting business, besides giving it to me in the short ribs when I need it. She's been close to the industry all her life, you know, and you can't fool her. I'd known Darrlyn before and that was how I got to know Susan. We met at a wedding. Well, she's completely honest. When I made my first test here, she took the trouble to come over to me one day and tell me she'd liked it. Then a few weeks ago I made another test, and we met on the lot. 'I saw your test the other day,' she said. 'I got ready to take a bow. 'It was no good,' she said. 'You'd better try again.' She was so right, too. Couldn't have been righter."

Parentetically, quite a few people below the implied eminence of Susan Zanuck are in Wagner's corner—and a few above it, such as Zanuck pere and the 20th Century-Fox Corporation as a whole. In fact, a sympathetic grip once begged a Wagner director to give Bob another shot at a scene he had not handled too well. The director, for some reason not yet explained, complied, with the result that Wagner showed amazing improvement.

Best wishes have also come from unexpected and rather dramatic quarters. Wagner's first conspicuous hit was as the delicate-fibred dreamer in *What Price Glory?*, and before the first day's shooting an extra detached himself from a group and gave Wagner a few unsolicited words of encouragement, explaining to him that the part could do a lot for him and expressing the hope that Wagner would then know what to do with success, if and when it came. The extra's feelings became clearer when he explained that his name was Barry Norton and that he had played the same role in the last previous version of the film, in support of Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe.

WAGNER was at once impressed and shaken by the incident. Later, when more and more stars of another decade shabbily turned up as members of background ensembles, he took grave note of the fragility of fame.

"There's no use fooling ourselves," he said over the second cup of coffee. "Today they seem to want me. Tomorrow—kaput. You were talking about marriage. I'd like maybe some day to have \$100,000.

With that much, I'd feel free to take the risk. But I haven't got anything like it now. Right this moment, the way I feel is, I won't marry at least until I'm 30. Probably you shouldn't put that down because I know the way these things work, and as soon as a player says he will or won't do this or that, and one of the magazines prints it, he right away does the opposite and the magazine's left holding the bag. For all I know, I'll go clean off the dock for some girl a month from now, and I don't want MODERN SCREEN packing a knife with my name on it. But that's the way I feel now, today. And my father's given me a lot of the same advice, too. My father—there's somebody you ought to know. He's quite a guy."

THE time had inevitably come to press Junior on what he sought mainly in a wife, and here a man-sized snag was reached. Wagner took a deep breath and made indecisive motions with his hands. Finally he said in an oddly measured way: "There's one thing I know: The girl I marry has to want to be loved." He exhaled deeply. "Man, that's complicated,

Recently Irene Dunne went to a pet shop at the Farmers' Market in search of a bird to be placed in the Beverly Hills Hotel, of which she is a part owner. Miss Dunne was fascinated by a talking parrot. She held a lengthy conversation with the bird. "This," she said to herself, "is just what is needed for the lobby of the hotel." Turning to the man behind the counter, who evidently owned the bird, Miss Dunne said that she'd like to buy the parrot.

"Sorry," said the man, "you see, he works in pictures. I'd have to check with his agent first."

H. W. Kellick

isn't it? Let's try it again for size. What I mean is, she has to want very much that I be in love with her, do you see?"

Not, to be truthful, exactly.

"Well, look. I don't know—I don't know yet—whether I want to love or be loved. Maybe I don't even know what I mean by that, but somehow it seems important. It seems very important. I'm young, like I already said. I don't have to tell you. And all my values may change. Probably will. So the way I dope it now, maybe when you're young, you're more selfish, you want to receive more than give, and as an attitude, a way to go into marriage, that's not exactly copesetic, and maybe someone gets hurt. But as you get older—" He let his hands settle down and leaned back. "I give up. Come back to the set with me, will you?"

Julian signed the check.

The Wagner entourage walked south toward the foundering Titanic, which could be dipped any old way at the whim of the movie-makers. Wagner greeted a number of denim and T-shirt-clad huskies by their first names and got the same back. He greeted the chairman of the board with a deferential, "How do you do, Mr. Schenck," and got a vague if pleasant nod. He talked some more, with a mild note of idolatry creeping into his voice. The stars of *Nearer My God To Thee* are Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb. They are two of the most proficient craftsmen in the business, and Wagner well knows it.

"You know, you get to thinking of your future wife, the girl you'll love some time, in terms of an older woman, the ones with that wonderful mature beauty, and I don't see how anyone could fail to settle for a person like Miss Stanwyck. She's kind, she thinks about you, she goes out of her way to help you, there seems to be nothing

she wouldn't do. And as an actress—I'd just like to know, how good can you get?"

"She told me the other day, 'As soon as you're complacent, as soon as you're satisfied with where you are and what you've done—at that moment, you start slipping backward.' At my age, you can't buy advice like that. Either it's got to be given to you or you don't get it."

"I have scenes with both of them that I guess they could take over if they really wanted to. But all the ones that seem to be written for the character I play, they give to me—and sometimes, I think, a little more besides. It makes you stop believing the crummy things you hear once in a while about big stars. These two are really something."

After a while, Wagner leaped to the sloping deck of the ship and was told to make his way down to the lifeboat, now dangling over the side, hand over hand down the ropes suspended from the davits. He listened to the instructions hanging from the rope, supporting himself with one arm. It definitely was not a double, it was Wagner.

ODDLY, there is in the meteoric young Mr. Wagner no pronounced physical or personality characteristic on which a profelist can readily put his finger. Off-hand, he is slender, rather unremarkable youth who could be described as remotely suggesting Dick Haymes, if you wanted to take the easy way. In the commissary this day, he was more staring than stared at, and he became at one point as briskly interested as a visiting fireman when Susan Hayward crossed the room and disappeared in what may have been, but likely wasn't, the kitchen. His comment was a restrained snort.

Like many youngsters of the near-campus genre, he combs his hair forward, either with a comb or an eggbeater, and his voice is soft to the point of being guarded. For a fairly slight man, he's well-muscled upstairs, from waist to shoulders, and conceivably could pole-vault if he ever put his mind to it.

No one close to him thinks he's kidding in the slightest in his disavowals of marital intentions. There is not even a suspicion of a romantic interest. All that is, for the moment and in the Hollywood patois, for the birds.

Wagner, who a fan magazine recently decided was the second hottest bet for future stardom in Hollywood (Dale Robertson edged him out), could in a sense be described as born with a silver spoon which he subsequently removed from his mouth only to dip into ice cream—but that, as indicated, would be unfair.

He has, on the other hand, enjoyed from birth the degree of economic security that has spared him the neuroses that drive other actors to communism, sulphurous romantic entanglements, drink and eccentric conduct. If Wagner does in fact wind up with the girl next door or her prototype, they will have no difficulty understanding each other.

Wagner's associates and peers consider him an actor with genuine talent who is getting better all the time. There seems no reasonable doubt that his professional humility and willingness to learn are genuine, and so long as that continues he is in no immediate danger of taking a dive.

The startling degree of feminine adulation that has come his way has not moved him to any special extent—or if it has, he certainly is not inclined to discuss his reaction one way or another. In truth, no other intelligent course is open to an actor.

Until three days before our meeting, Wagner had a penchant both for hot rods and midget sport cars. That may be over now. "I piled up my MG Saturday," he said while walking toward the set. "Those

babies skid a long way when they start to skid."

Water skiing, taught him by close friend Dan Dailey, is his preferred diversion, with riding, swimming and flying also rated by him worthwhile pastimes. Fox, however, is not renowned for encouraging its more expensive properties to pilot their own planes.

The muscles and athletic proclivities, incidentally, are not wholly gifts. Besides sharing the sportsmen's tastes of most young men brought up in Southern California, he's put in time in parental steel mills at Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Fort Wayne (Ind.) and South Lyon, Missouri. His father would have preferred he enter that business.

THAT was a preference evidently doomed from the start. Robert, by deposition of all who know him at all well, had both a mind of his own and a one-dimensional fix on motion pictures, going so far as to get a magazine subscription route in an area embracing the homes of many stars. He met only their maids and butlers but the pattern of the plan was forming.

His tour of caddy duty at the Bel-Air Country Club, an establishment occasionally frigid toward film colony memberships, didn't do him any harm, and did gain him the avuncular interest of Mr. Gable, who reminded him after he had signed with Fox:

"You know something? Anyone can be replaced."

Wagner's break, when it finally came, came like a great many others as a result of happenstance. He was singing informally, as vigorous young men will, in a small Beverly Hills restaurant. Agent Henry Wilson, also "scoffing" there, sent over his card and invited Wagner to stop in one of those days. Wagner did just that.

So here's the rundown on Bob:

He was something of a man-around-campus at Santa Monica High School, or enough so to be elected president of his senior class, and when he backed off stage there, he went quick like a bunny and enlisted in the Marine reserves.

The gyrenes may or may not have a place for him. He punctured an ear drum not long ago while water skiing, and not even the last persnickety army likes to buy those.

Wagner's idea of an extremely funny piece of business is to rehearse set dialogue with friends and then astound other friends by reciting it in unison without a break in timing. His idea of quiet fun is to build miniature trains, and his idea of serious food is steaks—but on paper plates, absolutely. Who wants to wash a dish?

He's a calisthenics man, particularly on arising, and a fair journeyman cook. He sleeps habitually in a crossdraft, which presumably will give him the croup sooner or later. And recently, when his father and mother moved to a new home in La Jolla, the scenic peninsula 100-plus miles south of Hollywood, he abandoned the old Beverly Hills home to set up light house-keeping in a bachelor apartment.

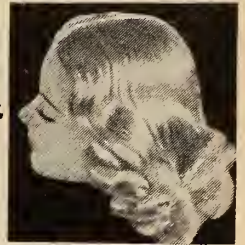
These days, Wagner is learning tap dancing—not as a lark, however, but back in the old fundamental attitude of what-you-do-know-can't-hurt-you. Miss Reynolds got him started, it's true, but it seems also there was going to be a part for a tap-dancer, or an actor who could tap dance, in an upcoming Fox picture titled *There's No Business Like Show Business*.

In short, our young man of many dates, no urge to marry, and spiralling prominence as a film player, is not a careless fellow. In the immemorial parting words of high school year books all over the land, including Santa Monica: "We are sure he will be a success."

END

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she came a long way

(Continued from page 53) Hollywood?" For a moment it appeared as though the girl was going to get back into the plane, but with a shrug of her shoulders, intimating that she'd try anything once, she shuffled down the steps and Rosemary Clooney set foot for the first time on California soil.

Historically, this arrival may not rank with the landing in these parts of Cortez, but in the journals of the motion picture industry, it might well stack up one day with the first setting down on Hollywood ground of the Swedish brogans of Garbo, or the first toe-tap on our acreage of the nimble Fred Astaire. For they will tell you in Hollywood today that Rosemary Clooney will be a star of the first magnitude, one of the greats of our celluloid entertainment era; and Hollywood fully expects that she will be one of the big influences in driving the television-madened masses of the nation back into the movie houses.

Although she is only 24 it has been a hard and a long road to fame for Rosemary Clooney. Long because, like the fellow said, she started young—and hard, because she had to do most of the climbing herself and the helping hands were as scarce as wishbones on a turkey. Those who know her best doubt if Rosemary ever aspired to riches or adulation. All they know is that she wanted to be as good a singer as anyone else and she had a desire for some of the creature comforts, with maybe a mink coat some day to top it off. She worked for a living at her trade—which was singing songs—and kept an eye

peeled for the next opportunity, which at times meant no more to her than a booking to pay the rent. She is where she is today because she had talent rather than avarice. That, the old-timers in Hollywood will tell you, is better than having an uncle who plays checkers with Louis B. Mayer.

ROSEMARY Clooney was born in Maysville, Kentucky, on May 3, 1928. She came from an ancestry that lived in Ireland until one of them put down his peat-spade, spat on his hands and started trudging toward a boat that could take him to America where a man could get something to eat besides a potato. Some prospered and some longed for a return to the peace of the bogs and cursed their adventurous grandfather. None captured renown, although Rosemary's grandfather did become Kentucky-famous as the long-time Mayor of Maysville. It was His Worship, by the way, who was probably responsible for Rosemary becoming a singer.

Because they were reared during the depression, Rosemary Clooney and her sister Bettie, and her infant brother, Dick, had a childhood that was a notch or so less lavish than the Rockefeller kids. Andy Clooney, their dad, was a house painter, and although a danged deft man with a brush and a bucket of lead and oil, not too canny about estimating a profit into a contract. Rosemary's girlhood was not crammed with candle-light suppers for her girl friends, frothy new frocks, or even real butter on the table. Andy was strictly a provider, as were most honest men of his time. Providing came hard, and often the cupboard was bitterly bare; but there was love in the family—and fun.

A good deal of the fun Rosemary and

Bettie Clooney enjoyed during their childhood came from campaigning for Grandad. It was their pleasure to provide the entertainment for his political rallies. They would step atop the wooden platforms before the old boy's speeches and hack away at the crowd's morale with renditions of such prideful tunes as "My Old Kentucky Home" and "She'll Be Comin' Round The Mountain." Like a pair of skinny captive pigeons, bug-eyed and nervous, they stumped Maysville incessantly, wailing their slender repertoire, and proving to the constituents that Hizzonor was the tool of no powerful special interests, else he'd have had the Andrews Sisters.

It was thus that Rosemary Clooney started to sing. Milk in those days was selling at the alarming price of nine cents a quart and Andy Clooney often got no more than four dollars for painting a kitchen, so vocal lessons for Rosey and Bettie were out of the question. They did, however, manage to study harmony. Grandad was a fan of negro spiritual music and would take the girls to the negro churches in Maysville to listen and worship. While the choir was at work, Rosemary and her sister would sit quietly with their heads together and softly croon the hymns in harmony.

When Rosemary was 13 years old, Andy Clooney moved the family to Cincinnati. By this time the sisters were sure they were ready to earn a dollar, so they brazenly presented themselves to the management of radio station WLW where, to their astonishment, they were employed at a very nominal fee. But they were on their way.

THE change-over years from little girlhood to shaky adolescence were spent in an atmosphere of perilous hope. Sometimes there was sufficient of everything to go around—and at others there was just hope. But they were young and they demanded little more of life than a fair swat at a chance, so it was a happy childhood for Rosemary and Bettie. You can see that today in the smiles they wear and you can hear it in their laughter. They had become pretty famous locally and very popular. WLW was their home and something of a permanent place of employment.

Rosemary was 18 and Bettie was 15 when Tony Pastor's orchestra came to Cincinnati and Pastor heard them on the radio. He had been looking for a vocalist, so he had his manager, a chap named Charles Trotta, go over and audition them. Trotta no doubt had in mind picking one of the girls, but he was so enchanted by their songs and antics as a team that he hired them both. Because they were minors, an uncle, George Gilfoyle, was pressed into service as a guardian—and the Clooney girls set out on the road to learn about the world beyond the fields of blue grass; and to charm the foreigners of the North and the East and the West just as they had Grandpa's voters.

You hear one story about a singer travelling with a band and you've heard them all. It's a staggering series of night bus rides, sleeping to the back-rap of the motors and the whip of wheels on pavement. It's an endless chain of dance halls with old dressing rooms and shaky ironing boards on which to press the uniform of the vocalist, the ever-wrinkled satin evening gown. It's boredom and hello and goodbye so fast you feel that life is moving faster than it has a right to. It's new towns that are all the same, new people who are always telling you to hurry up; and every night oceans of men and women bobbing about before you like lunatic puppets, not to music so much as to arrangements. And the band singer soon knows that she lives in a strange carousel world where the only pay-off is to stand in a spotlight and sing for her reward, the applause that fol-

lows her once in a while as she walks back to her chair to wait for her next turn to sing. It's rough—but if you want to be a singer or an actress there's no better school.

It was just about four years ago that Rosemary Clooney decided she ought to graduate. It was a big decision for her because no one had come forward and announced that he had "discovered" her. This meant that she would have to start cold as a single act. Bettie elected to stick with bands, so the team broke up. Rosie found a friend and advisor in Joe Shribman, Charlie Trotta's partner. Joe was even more enthusiastic about the move than Rosemary was. He said that he would personally get her launched in the big time and promised that she at least wouldn't starve to death in New York that winter.

There began a slow process of evolution. Shribman arranged for a small contract with Columbia Records. Rosemary made such platters as "The Kid's A Dreamer" and "I Only Saw Him Once," disks that soon became the talk of the record-collecting set but didn't make a dent in the security of the singing gals on top of the heap. She made kiddie records and became quite a smash with the young ones, but you can't get rich catering to buyers who have to shout out the old man out of half a buck to make a purchase.

You'd be bewitched, bemused and beamazed at: Mike Romanoff's cufflinks of gold, enormous imperial crowns . . . Mrs. Louis B. Mayer's six-foot-tall camellia bushes in tubs on her front porch, encrusted with unbelievable pink flowers, quite breath-taking . . . Hopalong Cassidy's car—a snowball-white Cadillac upholstered in black and white zebra skins . . . Betty Grable's fan mail. Still No. 1 star for eight straight years, she still gets letters reading: "What is the cubic content of your legs? . . . Will you please send me a plaster paris cast of your legs?" . . . The long two-headed pipe from Italy smoked by half-pint extrovert Mickey Rooney.

*Austine in
Washington Whirl*

Rosemary Clooney's first sizable contribution to modern music sales was with an oldie called "Beautiful Brown Eyes." Even today people ask for it at music counters, but it came hard on the heels of another release by the better established Patty Paige—a wail called "The Tennessee Waltz"—and failed to make Rosemary a star. The song did, however, attract the attention of Mitch Miller, the man who picks the records for Columbia, and he set about finding a tune that would put Rosemary up where she belonged. When he found it Clooney thought he had lost his balance. It was an idiotic chant written by a couple of Armenian amateurs, Ross Bagdasarian and his novel-writing cousin, William Saroyan.

ROSEMARY will frankly admit when anyone asks her, that she most certainly did not want to record "Come On-a My House." As far as she was concerned, it was something a Turk would shout down a well if he was drunk—and definitely nothing that a nice-looking young man with 79 cents would take home and cry himself to sleep with. And the music was all wrong. Instead of lots of fiddles and muted French horns, Miller had a plan to back her voice up with a harpsichord, played to sound like a piano, made from a packing case and baling wire. She said no; she said maybe; and then, possibly because the snow was beginning to fall and Manhattan looked frightfully cruel

to a Kentucky-bred gal so she said yes.

Well, it was a knee-slapper, a barn-burner! Normally sane people began humming it in subways. Debutantes requested string quartettes to try it at musicales. The nation began jabbering in dialect—and Rosemary Clooney was swept up on a wave of popularity the like of which the music world has seldom seen. Theaters that once offered her \$200 a week tried to book her at \$4,000. Television producers who just a short time before asked her to come to their shows for the experience and a case of shaving cream asked her to stop by and make out her own check. It was almost worth all that bus riding.

Even though she was a hit on records, and her subsequent platters began selling like candy-apples at a county fair, Rosemary Clooney never thought about motion pictures. Although she has a figure that would make a male tear his eyes away from a winning hand in a poker game, and a face that would win the heart of the King of the Leprechauns, she has always considered herself plain. When her friends told her differently and spoke of Hollywood, Rosemary would lift her upper lip and expose a single tooth that had gotten out of hand and pointed east instead of south. "That spoils my face," she would chortle. And then she'd chuckle, "But they can't see it on records!"

But Hollywood had to come. After a day or so of Columbia sales meetings on her first trip to Hollywood, she went to Las Vegas and played a date at the Thunderbird Hotel. On the opening night, a quiet bronzed little fellow came back stage and introduced himself as Milton Lewis, talent scout for Paramount Pictures. He asked if Rosemary was interested in the movies. Rosie tapped the tooth, but Lewis wouldn't go away. He made her promise that when she came to Hollywood again she would let him make a test. Still tapping the tooth as a warning, Rosemary promised.

This writer happened to be in the projection room when the test was shown to Rosemary and studio executives. The scene was a stock thing, dull and casually directed; and then there was a chorus of "Come On-a My House." When the lights went up there was a thrill of expectancy in the room. Movie-makers seldom give an opinion before asking one of somebody else, but this time everyone in the room wanted to be put down on the record as stating that Rosemary Clooney was going to be a star. You could sense that they all wanted to rush back to their offices and get a contract drawn up. Rosemary was the calmest. I guess she figured Hollywood was just another town on the circuit.

ALL you have to do is take a look at Rosemary Clooney in repose and you'll know she believes in Lady Luck. She would have done all right in pictures without a break, but when her second big break came, she knew it was Luck—and accepted it from the fickle wench. She had just finished making *The Stars Are Singing*, her first movie, when Betty Hutton tore up her contract and walked off the Paramount lot. Suddenly the studio heads looked around and discovered they didn't have a girl under contract who could sing and dance and get away with making make-believe love to a leading man. No one, that is, except Clooney. Well, sir, Damon was never half as considerate of Pythias as that front office became of Rosemary. She was not only talented and lovely—they needed her. She had to go out of town to do some club dates, and Paramount followed her with letters and telegrams telling of the wonderful plans they had for her. It's all part of the business, but they could have spared the expense. By this time Rosemary liked the work. And she'd had that tooth fixed.

Romantically, Rosemary Clooney is riding a tiger. Her romance with Jose Ferrer has been much publicized, although it hardly had time to do much more than kindle before they were separated by their work. It has been said, by both of them, that Ferrer was to divorce his wife and marry Rosemary, and those close to her expect that this will happen eventually. It might be true, because they respect one another both as artists and people.

SOcially, Rosemary Clooney has a small clique of friends to whom she is devoted. They include Joe Shribman, her manager, Jackie Sherman, her best friend, confidante and travelling companion and one or two others. Beyond this small group the world is made up of nice people—but there are so many of them and so little time to get to know them all well enough to

be able to call them by their first names. It's a far piece, as they say in Kentucky, from Maysville. But Rosemary remembers it—and Maysville remembers her. They named a street after her down there last year. Bettie Clooney is doing all right and Rosemary expects she'll be on top, too, one day soon. And Andy Clooney's the proudest painter (house, that is) in the South. And once in a while Rosemary puts down the book she's reading and stares off into space and thinks of Grandpa, and the elections, and the Negro churches, and the spirituals that taught her to sing, and WLW, and the back rap of the bus motors, and the oceans of bobbing heads, and the ironing boards, and cold, hungry New York and that crooked tooth. Then she goes upstairs and gets her mink out of the closet and blows on it to see if it's real. Sometimes she's almost sure it is. **END**

he ran away with her heart

(Continued from page 35) company in New York, in the days before it became the present MGM setup. His mother was in vaudeville, as were his aunt and uncle, and even today his family gets together to do their old acts. They are a well-educated, cultured group, a family that enriches its life with nostalgic memories of the old days in show business.

Fred has earned considerable respect from those in his profession. He is basically a pianist and composer, and will undoubtedly one day head an entire music department. Although he, too, was married before, he had been divorced almost six years at the time he and Jane fell in love. He lived in his own home with his mother and 11-year-old daughter, Terry.

IN his position at Columbia he presented a fair target for the distaff side of the industry's roster. Good-looking, intelligent and eligible, he was exposed to some of the most glamorous names in the business, but if any of the actresses evinced interest in Mr. Karger, he failed to return the compliment. Quiet, soft-spoken and even-tempered, he went about his job in an impersonal manner, pleasant with everyone and winning the respect of all his associates. Employees at the studio affectionately call him Freddie, and none of them can recall ever seeing him irritated or upset about anything. They'll tell you that the immediate impression he makes is one of quiet strength.

Jane Wyman reacted the same way that first day she walked into his office. She had seen him around town many times, chiefly in connection with his orchestra. Karger had organized the band some years ago for the purpose of playing at a few select parties. These were mostly society shindigs, many of them given by staid Pasadena citizens. The band was also on hand for the more elegant Hollywood parties, including Marian Davies' recent soiree, as well as gala evenings at the tennis club in Palm Springs. While Jane's recent movie roles have depicted her as dowdy, decrepit or a deaf-mute, she has not changed in her personal life. She is now, as always, a gay and amusing girl, and is famous for the fact that, at parties, she can't resist belting a ballad or two for the assembled guests. Because of this penchant for warbling whenever an occasion presents itself, she sang a few times with Fred's band. It was always a briefly casual sort of thing; when guests demanded she sing Jane would go up to the podium and say, "Hi, Freddie," and suggest a song—maybe

"My Man" or "Somebody Loves Me."

Jane reported for work at Columbia almost two months before the start of the movie, as is customary with musicals. The song and dance routines are mapped out far in advance of the actual shooting. It was then that she and Fred really came to know each other for the first time, and it's paradoxical that columnists had heard wedding bells every time Jane had so much as spoken with a man, yet now, with love in bloom, no one had an inkling. If they dated, Hollywood didn't know about it. They frequently dined together after work, but rather than one of the brighter spots in town they chose a small Italian restaurant across the street from the studio. Anyone seeing them there would suppose it a natural result of their work together in preparation for the movie.

After two months of such daily contact, Fred popped the question, but neither he nor Jane will tell the press the details of the proposal. As we said before, Jane kept the wedding a secret until the last minute, and even now is insisting on her privilege of keeping the more treasured moments for herself.

Director Richard Quine, one of Fred's closest friends, was one of the few people admitted to the secret circle, and it was he who made all the arrangements for the wedding. Both Jane and Fred were working 12 hours a day on the picture, and had literally not one minute free to attend to details.

Dick earned his position as the best man at the wedding. First he phoned the County Clerk up in Santa Barbara, which is one of the few towns that will hold a clerk after working hours, asking them to issue a license. He also engaged a minister to be prepared to marry a young couple on Saturday night, November 1st. Dick did not say *what* couple; for obvious reasons he gave fictitious names. He also ordered a wedding cake, to be taken to Santa Barbara on Saturday night.

MEANWHILE, Louella Parsons caught wind somehow of the impending wedding, and on Friday telephoned Jane to ask if it was true. After Jane admitted it was, Louella's Saturday morning column carried the news of the betrothal, omitting details. The wire services were hysterical that day. It is their job to be there when news happens, but although they called everyone they could think of, no one could tell them when or where Jane was to become Mrs. Karger. While the AP and UP were running up their telephone bills, Jane and Fred were working as usual, at Columbia. They left the studio a few minutes before six o'clock in the evening, and equipped with nothing except two

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wedding rings, joined Dick Quine and his wife, and the wedding cake for the drive to Santa Barbara. By this time the children had been told about the wedding plans, and also Betty Lou Fredericks, Jane's hairdresser and close friend. It was necessary for Betty Lou to know because she was to be Jane's attendant, and after she squeezed into the car they were off.

At Santa Barbara the amazed clerk recognized Jane and issued a marriage license. The minister was even more surprised. Not ten minutes before the wedding party showed up he had been telephoned by one of the wire services. "Was he planning to marry Jane Wyman to F. Karger?" "Indeed not," said the minister, and when minutes later he saw Miss Wyman walk in, the episcopal conscience began working overtime.

THEY were married in a brief and simple service after which the five of them celebrated at a sumptuous dinner, topped off with the wedding cake. And then, not a reporter nor a camera having showed up, they went to the San Ysidro Hotel for the night.

The next day, Sunday, they had breakfast and returned to Hollywood. At Jane's home they found the trio of children who

will live with them; Fred's daughter Terry and Jane's daughter Maureen, as well as her son Mike. The two girls are approximately the same age and became fast friends during the courtship of their respective parents. They had spent the morning gathering flowers and digging through the record repertoire until they came up with some appropriate wedding music. So when Fred and Jane walked arm-in-arm through the front door, they were greeted by Lohengrin and banks of flowers all over the house.

That night they gave a dinner party attended by Louella Parsons, songwriter Jimmy McHugh, and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Quine. The next morning when Jane reported for work the cast and crew sang "Here Comes The Bride," and at the end of the day they gave a party for the newlyweds. There was a second wedding cake, and as one wag put it, "wine, Wyman and song." The gang was so happy about the whole thing that one of them had sneaked off the lot during the day and with hastily gathered contributions had bought a wedding gift, a huge box filled with table linens.

FRED's mother continues to live in his house in the valley, and Jane and Fred

set up housekeeping in her own home. The house at the time was being redecorated with an eye to selling it, which Jane planned to do weeks before she and Fred knew each other. It was a handy happenstance, as now they can buy, together, the home they want. Until that time, they necessarily are living with a crew of painters who, as usual, seem to take their time about getting the job done.

They agree that their new home must be of the informal type, when their musical's finished, there will be time to hunt for a house. At this writing there is a problem of space, for not only will they house three children, but also three pianos. Jane already had one, and Fred two, and much as they both love music, they agree three pianos is a lot for one home.

Music is their one great love in common; their sense of humor the other. Three months is a brief time to become acquainted, at least for such a serious step as marriage. But neither Fred nor Jane take marriage lightly, and they already know the most important things—that they love and respect each other, and that their children get along like three peas in a pod. Other facts are relatively unimportant, and besides, they'll have fun finding out about them. END

make me honest

(Continued from page 40) thought of you and how I talked to you the other day about movie stars not telling everything to writers. And about how you said that you'd tell a writer anything he wanted to know—and didn't give a hang about what he printed as long as it was the truth. That's when you got me into a peak of trouble.

"How would you like," I said, "to have the real low-down on Jane Russell."

"What's the matter, is she getting a divorce?" the editor said eagerly.

"Certainly not!" I retorted indignantly.

"She going to have a baby?" he said.

"She sick? She quitting the movies? She in love with Farley Granger?"

"None of those things," I said, getting hot under the collar.

"Then what other kind of low-down is there?" he said narrowly.

"There is plenty more low-down than that run-of-the-mill stuff," I said. "The trouble with guys like you is that you have lost the common touch. It just so happens that I am very close to Jane Russell, and she is anxious to tell me all her thoughts and secrets and have me put them down on paper. Now do you want or not?"

"Well," he said, "maybe you got something there. You go on home and write me that sort of thing about Jane Russell and maybe we won't have to replace you around here this month."

Now do you see the fix I'm in? You've got to help me out. You've got to let me put down the truth about you, just what kind of a woman you really are. The things you like to do for fun—and the kind of work you want to do. I'll give you an idea here of what I have in mind, and you read it and answer this letter right away so I can go to work on it.

In the first place, I want to begin with the subject that always makes your lip curl. I want to state that you are a little weary of being known as the girl who did more for the sweater than Gary Cooper did for the horse. I once heard a fellow murmur as you passed, "Man, there goes a ball of yarn that made good!" And I'd like to tell how, if you had heard him, you'd have kicked him in the stomach. I

would just like to establish that you are sick of the whole chest bit—and then drop it. Maybe we can even get them to run a picture of you in an overcoat, which would be something of a novelty.

THEN I would like to take up the matter of your career. I want to say, Jane, that you descended on the movie industry like a comet, when Howard Hughes first startled everybody with *The Outlaw*. Now anybody who has seen an *Outlaw* billboard has the impression that it's a sex movie, in which a guy chases a girl over hill and dale and finally tags her in a hay barn. However, those who have seen the movie know this is not true. It has been considered by quite a number of top critics as a milestone in motion picture-making, and you, yourself, were credited with bringing a completely new characterization to the screen. When people in this country saw an *Outlaw* billboard they generally cried: "Woweeeee!" That was the only comment. And yet in England, where it made a lot of money, it was known as a children's picture, billed that way as a matter of fact.

I would like to quote you as saying that it has been great, that you are very grateful for the opportunity of being the "Woweeeee!" girl, but you'd like to have them knock it off. I would like to tell them that you're getting so sick of being the girl who looks at a man through slits of eyes and silently dares him to come and get it, that you might scream any day now. And tell them that you're sick of producers who keep doing switches on the hay barn by making it fancy boudoirs or mountain cabins, because all the time, they, you and the audience know it's really the hay barn.

When we talked, you seemed a little bitter about not getting to do a different kind of role. Let me say that. Let me tell them that you're tired of playing Jane Russell, that you'd like to have a chance to prove you can act. I know that might sound kind of stilted, because almost everybody in this town, when they are being interviewed, says they'd like to reaaaally act. But with you it's different. I'd like to point out that you've been an actress for more years than most of the stars in this town, and that you've learned your trade well. That you know your

business and want a chance to prove it.

I would like to point out, Jane, that you have a right to these things because right now, with salaries way down, you are one of the very highest paid stars in Hollywood. Studios pay \$200,000 a picture for your name and services. Maybe you don't get all that money, but the point is it is paid and there are lots of takers waiting in line to get you.

Another thing I'd like to point out is your loyalty. I don't want to get sticky about it, but loyalty to friends and the people who gave an actress her start is pretty rare in Hollywood. I read a quote from you in a column the other day and you said of Howard Hughes, to whom you've always been under contract, "I want to sign another contract with him, because when somebody puts you on the right track, you like him to be there when the train comes in." The way it generally happens is that a producer plucks a girl from behind a hat rack, makes her rich and famous, and then, when their original deal has expired, he can't even get her unlisted telephone number. And I'd like to point out that the loyalty is mutual, because when Hughes sold RKO the only thing he wanted to keep was your contract.

Another thing I'd like to straighten out is the religion thing. Every time any one mentions the chapel you and your friends built for your mother, somebody is sure to say: "You mean this kid goes to church?" Maybe it is because of the movie ads that always have you looking like a fallen woman. Maybe it's just that people can't get used to a sexy movie actress having a private life that includes a faith. Even Hollywood doesn't understand about you and religion. Recently I heard an actor say: "I don't know what kind of a religion that is, but I was near the chapel when they were all in there the other day and they were laughing and hollering like it was a weenie-bake." I'd like to try and explain that it *was* like a weenie-bake. That you and your friends worship with joy; that you don't feel sorrow is necessary to express love of God. And that during the services, which are conducted by your mother, those privileged to be present are encouraged to be themselves—and to consider the meeting as much pleasure as a party.

All sorts of stories are gotten around about you and that chapel. Some people say you are irrelevant. Some that it is a scandal the way you all talk back to your mother, who is sort of pastor. But in all the history of Hollywood no other star, to my knowledge, has ever built his own church. That speaks for itself. It is your church, your own private place of worship, and it is truly a house where love of God is ever present.

I THINK something ought to be said about your home life. Actually, maybe I ought to dramatize that a bit, because it is altogether too folksy around your shack. Nobody is going to believe, for instance, that you seldom have movie stars over or that you don't throw fancy wing-dings regularly like the other stars do. If I were to tell them that most of your friends are in other, unglamorous lines of work they might not believe me. Who would believe that some of your best friends drive trucks and run gas stations? And who would believe that your husband couldn't tell a camera boom from a whiffle-tree?

Maybe we ought to jazz up this part of the story and say that he is not particularly interested in football, but plans to go to Italy and make a series of pictures with you and Rossellini. That would be better than trying to make people believe that he's just a quiet quarterback with next Sunday's game on his mind most of the time—and he doesn't want any chattering around the house about the movies when he's thinking. And I'd better not mention that as far as he is concerned, he'd just as soon you were a housewife and didn't go trotting off in the mornings to have a lot of silly pictures taken.

There's one thing for sure. You've got to let me tell them that the picture you're making right now, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, is definitely going to be a turning point in your career for a number of reasons. One of them is that it will probably be the last movie you'll make on your original contract with Howard Hughes, and while you are willing to negotiate a new one with the man, things are going to have to be different. If anyone wants to see the old Jane Russell after this, they'll have to go to neighborhood theaters and see old pictures. Because from now on you're going to have a say in the story, the director and the way you play a role.

You know, I think this is a very good thing. I took a small poll of the people who know you personally and have seen your movies and not one of them said they had ever seen your true personality in a movie. Now that's a crock of cider! Please believe me that it is not idle flattery when I tell you that if you ever came across

A prominent actor just back from Las Vegas and broke says, "I won't say it hasn't been dice."

*Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat*

on film the way you do in a living room, Hughes could get \$400,000 for you. There is just that much difference. Instead of luring men on with a curled lip they ought to let you grin at a guy, and slip him a wink. I've seen you do it—and it's sexier than the snaky wenching they've got you doing now. If they want the sort of thing they've been paying you for, let them revive Theda Bara.

Let them stop making you play Jane Russell the Wanton and give you a chance to play Jane Russell the quarterback's old lady. The fans will go wild. Nobody in this town is more beautiful than you when you smile—and nobody has a better wit or a heartier laugh. Use these things, girl, the way the Lord intended you to. Don't

give up sweaters and low necklines and slit skirts entirely. I'd hate to be known as the guy who talked you into that. But give it a dash of some of the real you.

I suppose I'm pretty bold suggesting these things, but I gathered from your conversation the last time we talked that you're ready for it. I remember asking you that stock question: "How does it feel to be the reigning sex queen—working with a girl (Marilyn Monroe) who is challenging you?" And you laughed and said, "She can have it. She'll find out." I sort of felt that you were anxious for the kid to steal the crown while you were out to lunch.

You said something about not wanting to talk about kids, but I don't see how I am going to be able to give a well-rounded picture of you without mentioning them. I don't have to tell you that you are known in some circles as The Great Adopter. I suppose it is because of all that publicity you got in London last year when you adopted that Irish baby—and half the poor mothers in England who wanted to see their tots have a better chance at life than they could give them came to your door carrying babies for you to bring to America to raise as your own. You have your own reasons for not wanting to talk about this, but I think you should.

I believe, Jane, that it is a part of your character, this wanting to have a baby in the house all the time. You are a mother more than any woman I've ever known. I'll admit this is a little incongruous to some people, because you certainly don't look like somebody's ma. But it is true, so let's tell. When you go to court next month to legalize the adoption of your son, Thomas, I think you should pose for all the photographers willingly. It might inspire other people to follow your example and give homes to kids who might otherwise never have them.

Now what can we do about this *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*? You know this is actually something different for you. I mean with all this singing and dancing and such. I was over on the dance rehearsal stage the other day and saw you learning one of the numbers. I didn't think I was looking at Eleanor Powell, but I must say that you can kick up a heel with a lot of the best of them. And along with Niagara Falls, a sunset I once shared with a girl, and Hollywood at night from the air, I must include the picture of you and Marilyn Monroe dancing together in tights and long black stockings as one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen.

AND while we're on the subject of Monroe, I have to pay you another compliment. You are so good to this girl. Generally when a big star works with another who might get a bit more or better footage, it's like a duel without swords. Slick grins at 20 paces. But you have taken Marilyn under your wing like a mama gooney bird. And she is grateful. It is so unusual to see such a friendship grow on a movie set. However, these things pay off themselves. You don't need me to pat you on the head for it.

Now there are just one or two other things and I think we will have it all.

I would like to point out, for instance, that there has never been a breath of scandal in Hollywood about you or your husband, Bob Waterfield. And after about ten years of marriage, I think this is something of a record, particularly because you are Jane Russell. Even the worst of the gossippers don't expect to hear talk about somebody like Spring Byington, but about almost everybody else they do.

Bob is a handsome lad who travels about a good deal. It just stands to reason that somewhere along the line attractive

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dolls have tried to crash into his room and snatch his football helmet. But there has never been a whisper about him, either. I guess you are very much alike. The word was, last year, if I am permitted to mention Las Vegas, that you had a mild scuffle and he whacked you in the eye. I don't know whether he did or not, but if he did, I think that most men figured it's a man's privilege to stun his wife once in a while—and they have nothing but admiration for a good woman who will put a piece of steak on the mouse and go home like a good girl. Let's put that in the story. Kind of makes you like the rest of us.

Well, this letter has been longer than I thought it would be. If there is any-

thing else I should write about you I'll have to think of it later. What I've put down here seems to fill the bill.

As I mentioned at the beginning, I need your cooperation in this matter, because if you hadn't told me that you wanted to be pictured as you *really* are I would never have got into this fix.

Sometime later, maybe in about a year or so, I would like to talk to you again and see just how many of the things you have planned have taken place. I'd like to bet you right now that there will be a new Jane Russell in pictures—and you'll have given a better performance on the screen than you ever did on a billboard. I'd like to bet, too, that there will be an-

other baby in your home and another one being looked for. I have no advance information, I'm just sure that you'll build a big family to have around when the day comes that Russell hangs up her evening gowns.

Please answer me promptly. And please let me say all the things you've told me before. As the editor pointed out to me awhile ago, the graduating class of the Harvard School of Journalism is due here in a few weeks, their noodles grinding like crazy. I ask for no sympathy, but I would like to point out that I, too, am an orphan.

Your admirer
Jim Henaghan

it's a girl

(Continued from page 24) feeling of nausea swept over her. "I don't feel good," she thought. Geary was still sleeping. She called to him. "Honey! Wake up, dear! I feel sort of—well, you know. Not too good."

Geary jumped out of bed. "Do you want me to call the doctor? The hospital? Do you want me to get something for you?"

Janie laughed. "Stop it, darling. You're so funny. I'm not going to have the baby until the eighth of December. Don't you remember?"

"I know, but if you don't feel good, we'd still better call the doctor."

"All right, Geary. Call him. But let's wait a little while. I'll stay in bed a bit longer."

"That's a good idea, darling. You'll feel better. And I'll get ready to go to work." Geary headed for the shower.

Janie could hear her handsome husband moving about the bathroom quietly. She began to feel better. Wasn't she a lucky girl! She was thinking about her wonderful life. She breathed a silent prayer. "Dear God. Thank you for all the goodness you have shown me. Thank you for a devoted husband and a fine, beautiful baby boy and the promise of another baby soon." (Geary Steffen III is just 16 months old.)

Geary prepared breakfast. But Jane couldn't enjoy bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. "Thanks, dear, but I just don't feel like eating."

It was nine o'clock when Geary called Doctor Blake Watson. "Jane felt a bit under the weather when she awoke this morning."

"Drop by the hospital with her about 11 o'clock. Dr. Watson liked the Steffens. He considered that they were a mighty well-adjusted young couple. He always enjoyed seeing them. He would be looking forward to their appointment later in the morning."

Jane and Geary were on time. It wasn't quite 11 when they reached St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica.

Dr. Watson was pleased. "Well, you're both looking fine. We'll take you to the X-ray room, Jane. And, as for Geary, I'd say that he doesn't need any attention at all."

After the examination, Dr. Watson held a small conference with the Steffens. "Now, I want Jane to get a lot of rest. It's possible that the baby might be a little early. That being the case, we must be more careful from now on."

"I'm glad I'm going to have it early. As a matter of fact, the sooner it happens, the better I'll like it."

Dr. Watson smiled. "Have it as soon as you like—but there's one thing I want you to promise." His smile widened. "Don't have the baby on Saturday. I have two 96 tickets for the UCLA-USC game. And

they're right on the 50-yard, line too."

Jane and Geary laughed. Then Jane solemnly promised not to ruin the doctor's enjoyment of the big game.

They spent a little time with Sister John Marie, the obstetrical supervisor. Then they went home.

OVER Geary's remonstrances, Jane prepared lunch. "After all, Geary, you have a business appointment—and besides, you made breakfast this morning while I was being lazy."

After eating, Geary kissed his wife. "Darling, you're the most wonderful thing that could ever have happened to a man. Now, I'm going to run along, but I'll be back early. Don't work too hard with Earl this afternoon."

It was late in the afternoon before Jane had completed her work with song writer and coach, Earl Brent. They had spent several hours practicing songs Jane is preparing for her forthcoming appearance at Copa City in Florida sometime in February.

Earl was just getting ready to leave when Geary returned. He said, "Geary, I've never seen a girl like Jane before. I'm practically worn out, and she's still ready to sing another song. I tried to get her to take it easy, but she wants everything to be perfect for her engagement in Florida."

Janie explained, "Well, it's going to be my first big appearance in a long time, and I guess I'm just a bit excited."

Geary said, "Earl, why don't you join us for dinner this evening? We're taking my mother with us, and then afterwards, the Durneys are meeting us. We're going to see Jose Greco at the Wilshire-Ebell."

"Well, that sounds like a good idea. Then Jane and I can do a little more talking about Copa City."

Dinner was wonderful at Chasen's. Janie hadn't felt better in a long time. She ate a huge shrimp cocktail, caesar salad, large sirloin steak. "But this isn't enough for a big girl like me," she laughed. "Earl, let me have a little of your Chicken Tetrazzini."

Janie still wasn't satiated. "That was a pretty good sample. Geary, darling, I'll bet you won't be able to finish your roast beef. Do you want me to help you?"

Geary proposed a toast. "To Janie and the baby we'll soon have."

"And now, I'd like to have a little dessert," continued his wife.

The "little dessert" was a Snowball . . . huge ball of ice cream covered with coconut and chocolate syrup.

The happy group was still talking in hushed admiration of Janie's appetite, when Dorothy and Richard Durney walked in.

"Come on, we're all ready to go—and it's not much after eight," urged Geary.

Earl said, "I know you'll have a marvelous evening. Sorry I can't join you, but there's more work for me to do. You're

lucky, Janie. You can loaf now. Have fun."

Jane, Geary, Mrs. Steffen, Dorothy and Richard Durney took their seats at the Wilshire-Ebell just as the curtain began to rise. The pulsating music of Spain filled the air.

Janie sat forward in her seat. Her lips parted, and she lost herself in the electrifying excitement of the color and sound of Jose Greco's dynamic presentation. Her heart beat faster. She could almost see herself dancing with the group of talented performers. Music bubbled through her mind. Then she began to feel a rush of warmth—an uncomfortable warmth. She felt dizzy. The dancers swirled faster and faster. She sat back and closed her eyes.

Geary looked at her. "Is there something wrong?"

"Oh, no, dear. I feel just fine."

She smiled, but Geary thought it looked a little weak. He watched her as the curtain came down on the first act. She seemed to be all right again.

IN the middle of the second act, Janie touched Geary's arm. "Honey, I feel terribly warm. Maybe I'd better go out for a glass of water."

Geary was worried. "Come on, dear, I'll take you out."

In the lobby, Geary took a glass of water to her, and after a few minutes, Janie said, "I think I'd like to see the rest of the show."

The performance ended with tumultuous applause. As Jane rose, she felt a wave of dizziness again. "Geary, I don't feel well. Get in the car. Please hurry!"

Dorothy Durney spoke up. "Yes, Geary, hurry! I think we should go to the hospital immediately. Dick, you call the doctor and tell him to meet us at the hospital."

The car was two blocks away, but Geary ran every step. He was still breathless when he wheeled the car to a quick stop in front of the theatre. Two of their friends, Ricardo and Georgiana Montalban, had witnessed the flurry of activity. Ricky was excited. "Are you going to the hospital?"

Geary had just time to say, "You bet," before he pointed the car toward Santa Monica.

Geary drove very carefully. It was almost 11:30 P.M. By the time they reached St. John's Hospital, Janie was once again in high spirits.

"Gee, I'll bet I scared you—and without a good reason, either. Just imagine. Getting Dr. Watson to meet us this time of night," Janie giggled. "He'll probably laugh at me and tell me to drop back some time next month."

Just before midnight, Dr. Watson met a smiling, happy group at the hospital.

Janie explained what had happened. "But I don't think we should really have bothered you at all tonight."

"Well, as long as you're here, we might as well examine you."

About 20 minutes later, Dr. Watson returned to talk to Geary. "Janie's a little farther along than we had figured, but she's not ready for the big event. Why don't you all wait here, and I'll go back to her."

Dorothy Durney said, "Geary, I'll bet it won't be long at all."

Geary laughed. "Oh no, Dorothy, she won't have the baby for days."

A few minutes later—it was just about 1:15 AM—a nurse walked past, pushing an incubation cart with a new-born infant.

Dorothy pointed. "I'll bet that's your baby, Geary!"

Geary looked at the cart. "It can't be."

A minute or two later, he saw another nurse. He walked toward her. "Nurse! Nurse! What's happening?"

The nurse brushed past. She was in a hurry. And she didn't answer.

Just then, Geary saw Dr. Watson. He ran to him. "What's going on, doctor?"

It was dark in the hall. For a second, Dr. Watson didn't recognize Geary. Then he smiled. He put out his hand and clasped Geary's strongly. "Congratulations, my boy! You and Janie are parents of a beautiful, healthy baby girl! And Janie's just fine."

That was when the exulting male voice had shouted, "It's a girl. It's a Girl!"

"Yes, that's the way it has happened," he thought. He ran the rest of the way

French motion pictures are bedder than ever. Russians are redder.

*Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter*

down the hall. He hugged his mother, Dorothy and Dick, too.

Suddenly, a strange thought struck Geary. "Hey, look. This isn't the way it's supposed to happen. I didn't even have a chance to worry. What good is a father—if he can't spend hours pacing the floor and grinding out countless cigarettes. I should have undergone torture—rivulets of perspiration should have coursed down my face. I should have been almost out on my feet when the doctor told me the news. But no! I feel wonderful!" Then he burst out laughing. "Now I can tell a secret. Janie and I wanted a girl. But we didn't say a word about it. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Come on, we'll go to the nursery. I'm sure they'll let us see the baby."

Geary thought his heart would burst with happiness as the nurse showed his baby girl to the excited foursome. Even through the glass, Geary could tell that the baby had blue eyes. She was lively, too. First she yawned. Then she frowned. Then she cried. So loud were her cries that Geary could hear the sounds even through the thick glass. "Look at her. She even has golden hair!"

Geary asked if he could see his wife. The doctor said it would be a very good idea.

Geary walked quietly into his little wife's room. "Darling! Oh, darling, we have a beautiful baby girl."

Janie was still under the influence of the sedatives. "Oh, hello, Geary. Did you feed the cats? When can we go home? The doctor thinks the baby will be early. I'll bet it's next week for sure."

Geary tried to explain, but Janie was still chatting about other matters. He said, "Look, honey, you think about this for a while and I'll be back. We have a girl!"

GEARY hurried to the telephone. He had promised Janie that he would call as many of their friends as possible. And their many friends had insisted that he call regardless of the hour.

Sleepy-voiced Elizabeth Taylor answered the sharp ringing of her telephone. Geary shouted, "Liz, we have a baby girl!"

By now, Michael Wilding, Liz's husband, was wide awake. "Tell him we're on our way to the hospital."

Geary tried to tell the Wildings it was too late for them to drive all the way to Santa Monica, but they insisted.

It was close to 3:00 AM when Liz and Mike rushed into the hospital. Beautiful Liz Taylor was so happy, there were tears in her eyes as she embraced the happy father. "Geary, may we see the baby—and Janie?"

A quick meeting was held. Several staff nurses decided that it would be all right. After all, Liz Taylor had come all that way—and she herself would be having a baby in another month. So, it would be all right. Liz was still crying when she saw the lovely infant.

Jane was still a little incoherent when the Wildings walked into her room. "Hi, kids," she greeted them. She tried to collect her thoughts. "It's so sweet of you to have come here this time of night. It is night, isn't it?"

They all laughed at that, and then they left Janie to sleep and rest.

Mike, Liz and Geary went to the hospital chapel. There they bowed their heads in a prayer of thanks.

Like three over-grown children they bounced out to the Wildings' car. Even Liz had forgotten for a moment that she, too, would soon be a mother. They had gone no more than a few blocks, when, suddenly, the car sputtered and stopped dead in the middle of Santa Monica Boulevard.

The men waved handkerchiefs while Liz blinked her lights at oncoming cars. Cars would slow down and then speed rapidly away. Finally, Liz suggested, "You boys blink the lights. I'll do the handkerchief waving."

This proved to be eminently successful, for the first car stopped and gave them help.

Liz grinned. "You see, even in my condition, I can still stop a car."

After eating a snack, Geary finally reached home just after 5:00 AM. He tumbled into bed with a happy smile.

At 8:00 AM, he was wide awake. He telephoned Janie. "How are you, darling?"

Janie was just fine. She said, "I guess I must have been a little sleepy when you came into my room. But I know all about everything now. I'm so happy. And isn't it wonderful that we have a little girl. Now we can use the name, Suzanne Ileen Stefan. And we can call her 'Sis'—just as we hoped. By the way, dear, please call as many more people as you can. And hurry to see me. I miss you very much and want to see you."

WHEN Geary went back to St. John's, he took a present to Janie. Matching gold earrings and ring, made especially for her by Don Hoffman. When Janie saw them, she said, "Oh, Geary, they're so beautiful. I know, they'll be for Christmas."

Geary said, "No, dear, this is for the most exciting occasion in the world. There will be other presents for Christmas."

Your reporter left Geary and Janie then and walked down the hall to talk to Sister John Marie. Her blue eyes sparkled behind gold-rimmed glasses. "Aren't you proud to know such a nice young couple? They are so happy. Yesterday afternoon, when they were here, I showed them the nursery and, told them about everything. They told me they had prayed to God that he would give them a good, normal, healthy baby. And God has answered their prayer."

END

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the house I love

(Continued from page 60) It is not only like a religion, this house which I love but am not in; it is like my religion, my own church, which I love but am not in.

This is the way it has to be, and a man must be satisfied.

I wish I could say I was a good Catholic. My divorce, my second marriage, rules out any possibility of such a claim. But I am a believer. I will live and die a believer. I may never actually get any closer to my religion than the house I long for—but in my heart it is mine.

You know, kids get started out in ways long before they do any thinking of where they are going. It happened that I angled out early and sharp from the good life. I played hookey so often I never got to know the names of half the kids in my class. When I walked into the corner candy store it was not for candy but for cigarettes—and not to buy them if I could swipe them. I did this so often that eventually I looked on stealing cigarettes as a habit rather than a crime. If I ever said a prayer in those days, it never amounted to more than the hope that I wouldn't turn coward and run away from a fist fight. As I got older I did like to keep pretty neat, but that, you might say, was one of the effects girls had on me. If, at my parents' insistence, I went to church, I was a cinch bet to sneak out before the service was over. If I didn't go when my folks sent me, I'd lie that I did; on a Palm Sunday, for instance, I'd grab some palms somewhere, off another kid probably, and wear them home to make my mom feel good. For the short sessions I would be in church I can never recall listening to the priest; I think I would fall into some cataleptic state and not know what was going on for as long as I sat there. And long before I was 20 I showed a fine talent for card-dealing, working a crap table and running a roulette wheel. My Aunt Mary used to like to discuss my future. Her favorite prediction: "You'll end up in the electric chair."

It's not so funny. Of the kids I knew, more than I like to think about have done or are doing time in prison. When I look at them, when I see what has happened to them, a shiver works up my back sometimes. I could easily have gone that way all the way . . . what stopped me?

THE best answer I have is that my parents knew what they were doing when they kept me going to church . . . even though I balked, and ducked out, and was never attentive. Every Sunday was a new Sunday as far as they were concerned; every Sunday I was a good boy and had never been a bad boy. It was as if their hope for me never died, and as if they were doggedly certain the church would get through to me eventually.

It did. Quietly, and mostly just as a feeling, I began to realize there was something to it. It started with a discovery that I was enjoying going. I still didn't listen much to our pastor, Father Richter, but I liked being in church . . . the quiet, the peace. It was as if instinctively, I knew I needed this to combat all the crazy, restless ideas that were always running through my head. I wasn't the complete convert, but I was certain that my religion would always be part of my life now.

I remember when I was 15, I wanted to dress up for the Easter church services. My father had got me a new suit and shoes, but this wasn't enough. I figured that he and my mother were going to a later service than I was, so I went to his room and did some unauthorized borrowing. A little later Pop and Mom decided to go to the same service, and Pop had a

heck of a time wondering what happened to his stuff. When they got into their pews they saw me . . . wearing Pop's necktie, wristwatch, spats, silk handkerchief in my breast pocket, and with his hat on the bench alongside me. The priest was talking about two robbers . . . the two who died with Christ. I felt panicky.

I think what helped me a great deal as a boy was my father's youthfulness . . . he was almost like one of us kids when it came to games and he would join us every time he could get away from his barber shop . . . and sometimes when he should have stayed and attended to his business. In the rear of the main public library in Steubenville there was a large empty lot on which we boys used to play scrub football. The only trouble was that we were noisy, and the neighbors constantly complained to the police. I can still see all of us suddenly scrambling one afternoon when the police broke up a game . . . and running for all he was worth, right alongside of me, was Pop!

My trouble was that I didn't confine my games to football and baseball; I was still in high school when I started to take an interest in the games they played in back of the cigar store at that time. You can imagine how much interest I had in my homework when 20 minutes after I left the classroom I might be dealing cards over a poker table. I was one of the poor scholars in mathematics, but I had a sharp head for the odds in shooting craps and I could riffle through a stack of chips with my eyes closed and tell you how many there were. For that matter, all I had to do was look at the stack. It wasn't long before I was making as much as \$35 a night, counting my tips, and it seemed to me that that was to be my future . . . working on the house side of the gambling tables. I was 17 years old. In a year I made enough money to buy a home for my folks.

THIS was the beginning of an old 'teenhood. Soon, during school vacations, I was traveling with other dealers to places like Covington, Kentucky, Reno and Las Vegas in Nevada, and even down to Miami Beach. I wasn't a man yet but I had a chance to study men—at their worst, usually, with greed in their eyes but despair in their hearts. I handled thousands of dollars, and I learned how to detour some of them so they would find their way into my pocket. But I wasn't happy. The truth was I became troubled.

Try as I would, I couldn't very well hide the fact that the money which found its way to me was money somebody else had to lose. I tried to, but what would bring it home was the fact that many of the players were friends of mine . . . some of them good friends. I would get all twisted inside seeing someone I liked very much stand in front of me and lose money he couldn't afford. Many times I would throw such fellows the "sleepers" on the table . . . money that other fellows had won without realizing it.

I would keep telling myself that what I was doing wasn't wrong, but I never was able to convince myself completely about this. One night, on my way home, I stopped in at the church and put some money in the poor box, thinking that would help. But it didn't work. The thing was that I was beginning to visualize myself as a man, perhaps married, and I just couldn't take the picture of my children telling friends that their pop was a wheel-dealer.

All this time, of course, my school marks were making nobody happy and my mother pretty miserable. I will never forget her lecture to me one night when she saw my mark for algebra—something closer to zero than 100 per cent.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mom," I replied, "for what I want to do in life I won't need to

know anything about algebra."

"What do you want to do?" she asked. "I haven't got that figured out yet but I won't need algebra," I assured her.

Mom wanted both my brother, Bill, and me to go to college. But I chose that very same night to kill that idea, too. "I'm going to leave the education in this family to Bill," I said. "I won't go past high school."

"Do you think you'll be happier that way?" she asked.

"I'm sure of it," I answered.

Mom nodded. "All right," was her verdict. "You're old enough to know for yourself. Let neither of us hear any regrets about it."

It's funny, but once that was decided I was a better boy in school. It was much as if I wanted to make the best of my last days in it. I don't mean I was a better student—just in conduct. Before, I had 100 ways of making a nuisance of myself, most of them involving ways of diverting the teacher's attention or provoking arguments that would kill school time. I used to ask "loaded" questions, the kind that sound innocent enough but open up opportunities for argument that the whole class could join. For instance, one afternoon I asked our math instructor if a man had to know bookkeeping to be an executive.

"Of course," he answered, not thinking anyone was out to trap him.

"Then the president of the country has to keep its books?" I followed up.

"Oh, no," he had to reply. "There is a comptroller who does that, and accountants in the treasury and tax departments."

"Then an executive doesn't have to know all this stuff," I declared triumphantly.

He went into a long explanation, but every time he stopped I would pretend to be dumb and stubbornly insisted that, just the same, I was right. I was being a smart aleck, of course. I just wanted to make him lose his temper. It isn't any wonder that one day he went to my mother and asked her help to get me to stop disrupting his class.

I LEFT school, but my brother Bill kept on and eventually went to Boston University, where he graduated as a civil engineer. Me, I went into show business and started starving for a while. Not long, but long enough, if you understand.

I used to sing around town for fun, and a guy who does that and has any sort of voice is liable to find himself lined up with an orchestra the first thing he knows. The only reason I agreed to join one was that with my inner turmoil about my gambling I was willing to take a chance at getting away from it. I had no great urge to be a singer. I just wanted a little peace inside of me. I wanted to be able to sit in church and not feel so much like a pretender.

It was a bit of a sacrifice to leave the card and roulette tables; I didn't get the same kind of money singing. An example is what happened in Chicago. I had a room, one suit and enough money for the next couple of meals. That wasn't too bad . . . but that day the thermometer dropped to around zero. I sat down and wrote a letter to my father. He and Mom still kid me about it. I wrote, "Dear Pop, I wonder if you would get me an overcoat in Steubenville. I don't like the kind they sell in Chicago."

As you can see, I had pride. But I also had the chills.

Once I was singing in Columbus, Ohio, and my mother came to see me. From the kind of letters she had been sending I had an idea she was going to try and talk me into coming back home. I didn't want to do that because I felt I would fall into my old ways. To make her feel more secure about me I bought a religious medal and, when she came back to my dressing room, I made sure that she saw I was wearing it.

She made no comment, but her eyes told me how pleased she was, and not a word came about giving up my singing. After she had left I took off the medal, but while I still held it in my hand, I began to look at it. It had done a good little job, I realized—for both my mother and myself. That was its function. Thinking about this, there was only one thing left to do. I hung it back around my neck. It is still there to this day.

It may be that the church is responsible for the fact that I am less a worrier than I have ever been . . . certainly far less, apparently, than most people I meet. Everyone knows that my partner, Jerry Lewis, is a bundle of nerves.

Before we have to go on stage he is as nervous as a cat and I have tried many times to talk him into a calmer mood. "What are you afraid of?" I asked. "There is nobody out there with a gun, you know. And in a few minutes it's over and we are off again."

"Quiet!" he will yelp. "I'm still laying six to five you're going to end up in the hot seat."

In this Jerry agrees with my old Aunt Mary, as you can see. But if I ever were actually on my way to the electric chair, the warden of the prison where I was being held would have a tough time. Jerry would be all over his neck accusing him of break-

ing up the greatest act we'd ever had. Actually a man who worries about what's going to happen to him in this world is wasting brainpower and heart strength. Anything can happen. The other day while driving on a mountain road I hit an unmarked curve and barely made it around on two wheels. For a second there I hung right above a sheer drop of hundreds of feet. I might have gone either way and there was nothing I could do about it. The motors of a plane have stopped while I was a passenger, and, once, a good-sized section of a stone ledge fell off a roof and nearly made a grease spot out of me. About this, about what happens to the flesh, there is little a man can do. He is left with only one option about himself—to choose his spiritual future.

At least, this is how I boil it down, this is what's in my mind when I go out evenings to sit on the front steps. Across from me the pillars of my dream-mansion gleam white in the street light, the house sits back square and true . . . a place of hope and comfort, and talking to me somehow about God and His plans for me. No wonder I listen. And somehow, in the quiet of the night, I am able to hear Him with my eyes and my heart.

END

(Dean Martin will soon be seen in Hal Wallis' The Stooge.)

easy money!

Some say the sweetest music is the jingle, jangle, jingle of pennies in your purse. Here's a way to play a pretty tune. All you have to do is read all the stories in this February issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp, new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Cannolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Take My Ward Far It by Ava Gardner
- ☐ It's a Girl! (Jane Pawell)
- ☐ Cinderella's Tired (Rita Hayworth)
- ☐ It's Love, Love, Love (Arlene Dahl-Fernando Lamas)
- ☐ Bing Crosby's Future
- ☐ He Ran Away With Her Heart (Jane Wyman)
- ☐ Full House-Full Hearts (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans)
- ☐ Daily Double (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ Make Me Honest (Jane Russell)
- ☐ Love Story—Nine Years Young (Burt Lancaster)
- ☐ Modern Screen Party Of The Year
- ☐ What Lana Does Ta Men (Lana Turner)
- ☐ June Allyson Goes Country
- ☐ She Came A Lang Way (Rosemary Clooney)
- ☐ Real Gone and Straight Up (Bob Wagner)
- ☐ D Is For Daddy (Elizabeth Taylor-Michael Wilding)
- ☐ The House I Love (Dean Martin)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Jon Kilbaurn

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

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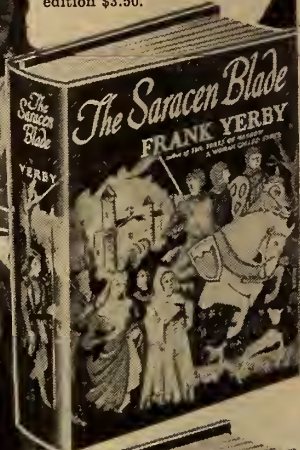
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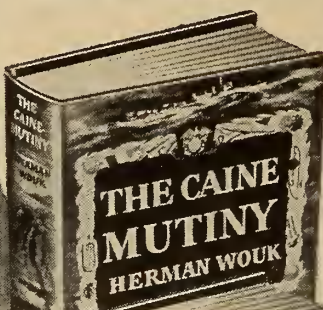
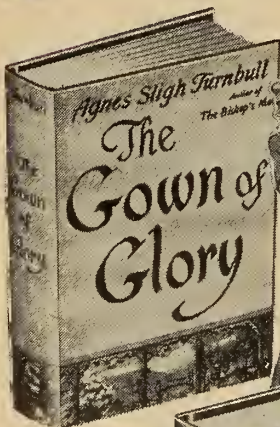
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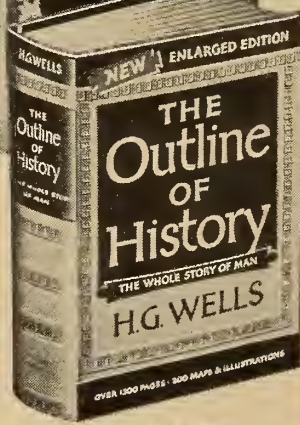
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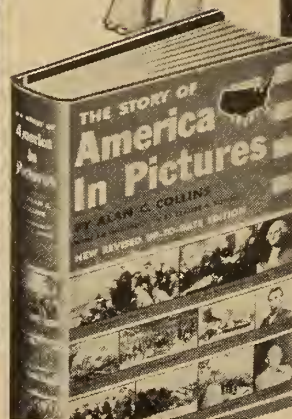


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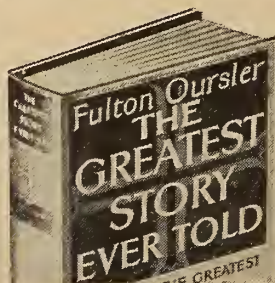
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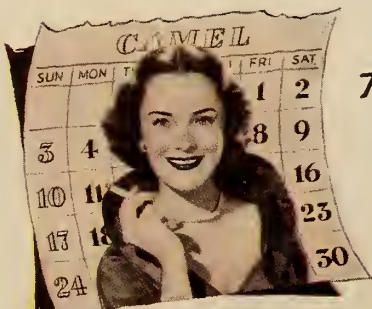
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modern screen

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the talk of hollywood

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rita hayworth



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yours for added loveliness... only in Camay!

*Fresh, Fragrant
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The new Camay fragrance is enchanting! And it's yours *only* in this one wonderful beauty soap! Change to Camay today. Enjoy its exquisite fragrance! Then see how quickly Camay care can bring new loveliness to your complexion, to every inch of you!

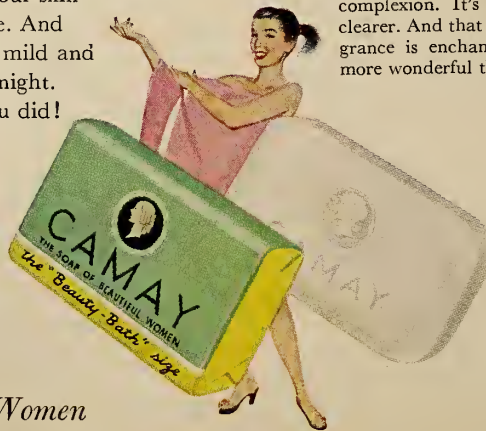
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is yours with your first cake of Camay!

There's never been a beauty soap like Camay—the soap that helps you win a more radiantly lovely complexion—the Camay Complexion. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. You'll find your skin clearer, fresher—far more radiant with your very first cake. And you'll love that new Camay fragrance—just as you'll love Camay's mild and gentle ways, its rich, creamy lather. So change to Camay tonight. Tonight, tomorrow, years from now, you'll be thankful that you did!

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THIS LOVELY CAMAY BRIDE, Mrs. Cyte Perkins, says, "The change to Camay and regular care made a world of difference in my complexion. It's far fresher and clearer. And that new Camay fragrance is enchanting! Camay is more wonderful than ever!"



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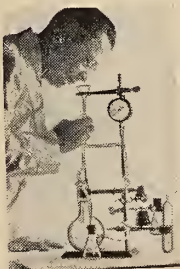
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Famous Ipana now gives you two new, scientific, cleansing agents.

Now get all the ingredients you need for effective mouth hygiene in a creamy-white, non-staining tooth paste... the *new* Ipana.

Ipana's two new, scientific, cleansing agents clean better than any single tooth-paste ingredient known. Its active, cleansing foam penetrates where even water cannot reach.

And new Ipana tastes better, too. It really refreshes your mouth.

New pleasanter way to take care of gums, reduce tooth decay

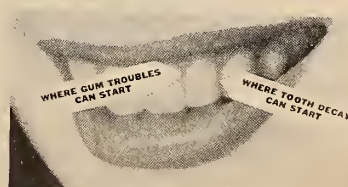
Dentists will tell you that a cleaner mouth is a healthier mouth. So use

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First, new Ipana removes more of the mouth acids that can bring on painful and costly cavities. It gives you and your family better protection from tooth decay.

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For teeth and gums—as well as breath—get new Ipana in the yellow-and-red carton.



New Ipana's cleansing foam penetrates to hard-to-reach trouble spots... helps keep your whole mouth healthier.

**Now better
than ever!**



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That's Putting
Him On Ice, Sis!



YOUR SISTER'S GIVING
ME A BAD TIME, KID—
BUT I DON'T WANT TO
TAKE IT SITTING DOWN!



BETTER SIT DOWN WITH
YOUR DENTIST THEN,
DAN! YOU CAN'T EXPECT
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BAD BREATH!

TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH
COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—
GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brush-
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best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay
for more people than ever before reported in
all dentifrice history!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



NOW THAT I USE COLGATE'S, AS I SHOULD,
THE CHILL HAS GONE, AS I HOPED IT WOULD!

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH and
STOPS DECAY!

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10
cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate
way of brushing teeth right after eating is the
best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

modern screen

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introducing an intimate new feature!

On the Cover: Color Picture of Rita Hayworth by Columbia
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WITH RICK JASON · NINA FOCH · KURT KASZNAR · WALTER HAMPDEN · THOMAS GOMEZ · JOSÉ GRECO

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the hits on the
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NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

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- **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New MUM®
CREAM DEODORANT

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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to **THE INSIDE STORY** Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Bill Lundigan's wife, Rena, is the daughter of the late singer, Helen Morgan?—B. S., JACKSON, MISS.

A. False.

Q. I've been told by people who were in Africa with him that as a big-game hunter Stewart Granger cannot hit the red side of a barn. Is this true?

—B. Y., BIRMINGHAM, ENG.

A. According to several professional guides in Nairobi, Granger is not a particularly good shot.

Q. Does Lana Turner plan to quit the movies and live in Europe?

—H. Y., HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.

A. Lana hopes to make movies in Europe after she finishes *Latin Lovers*.

Q. What was the real relationship between Johnny Hyde of the William Morris Agency and Marilyn Monroe?

—T. E., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Hyde was her agent and sponsor, Marilyn his client and protégée.

Q. What is the inside story of the feud between Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe in the filming of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*?

—T. I., TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

A. There was no feud.

Q. I've been advised by a Hollywood friend that Farley Granger who hates publicity has hired a press agent. Is this true?

—B. T., ELKINS, W. VA.

A. Yes.

Q. Now that Jane Russell is no longer under contract to RKO, can she pose for pictures with her two adopted children?

—G. T., SILVER CREEK, GA.

A. Jane is still under contract to Howard Hughes who does not condone such family portraits.

Q. Doesn't Ginger Rogers' third husband, Jack Briggs, work as a television announcer in California, and not as a liquor salesman?

—A. A., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. Yes. Briggs is one of the top an-

nouncers at KFMB-TV, San Diego.

Q. Why at the end of every program does Jimmy Durante say, "Goodnight, Mrs. Kalabash, wherever you may be"?

—J. F., FRACKVILLE, PA.

A. A remembrance to his departed wife whom he jokingly called that name.

Q. Is it true that Debbie Reynolds broke her engagement to Bob Wagner because she caught him in the back seat of his car with an older woman? If not what is the real reason?

—B. E., BURLINGTON, N. C.

A. Bob Wagner wants to play the field; he was never engaged to Debbie Reynolds.

Q. Can you tell me approximately how much money Elizabeth Taylor has earned during her motion picture career?

—C. G., BURLINGTON, IOWA

A. Approximately \$450,000.

Q. What is Sterling Hayden's real name? Didn't he have four children by actress Madeleine Carroll?

—A. S., MT. HOLLY, N. C.

A. Hayden's real name is John Hamilton. He had no children by Miss Carroll; four by his second wife, Betty De Noon.

Q. Has Shelley Winters been dating other men while her husband works in Italy?

—V. F., MONROE, LA.

A. No dating, just dining.

Q. Is it true that *Mogambo* with Ava Gardner and Clark Gable is a remake of *Red Dust* with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable? When did Gable star in the original, and who wrote the new version?

—H. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Mogambo* is a remake of *Red Dust* in which Gable starred in 1932. John Lee Mahin is the author of both old and new versions.

Q. Is it true that Charlton Heston recently had his nose re-modeled?

—O. F., URBANA, ILL.

A. Not Heston—his wife.

THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Rosemary Clooney's vivid personality seeped right through the microphone onto stacks of platters of "Come On-A My House" and "Botch-A-Me," records which swung her to the top of the list of singing artists and focussed the eyes of Hollywood upon her. Paramount invited her to come on to their lot for a screen try and almost in the next breath Rosemary romped off with a starring contract. After seeing "The Stars Are Singing," Rosemary's first picture, I can well understand why this bright newcomer to Hollywood is the talk of the town! She's a treat for your ears and she's very easy on the eyes!

Starring with Rosemary in this sprightly Technicolor picture are Anna Maria Alberghetti and Lauritz Melchior. Youthful Anna Maria, introduced by Bing in "Here Comes The Groom," won the immediate and enthusiastic acceptance of screen fans and critics. This golden-voiced youngster can act and she's gay, too. In "The Stars Are Singing," it's a kick when she joins Rosemary and her pals in a singing commercial. Lauritz Melchior? His role of "Papa Poldi," a former Metropolitan Opera great who has been licked by a swelled head, has overtones of gentleness but he gives it the Melchior vigor we've come to expect. And he's in lusty voice! Talking of voice, there's one character in this show that doesn't have much of a speaking part, but he'll slay you! His name is Red Dust, world's laziest and funniest—dog!

For good measure, there's a heart-warming story. Katri (Anna Maria) in seeking out Papa Poldi, lands in the Greenwich Village apartment where Terry (Rosemary) has gathered 'round her a merry group of young hopefuls who are struggling toward success in the entertainment world. Being a stowaway, Katri is to be deported. Terry and her gang, along with Papa Poldi, say "no can do"... then swing into action with the vigor of a detachment of Marines. Just leave your worries on the doorstep and direct your feet to the sunny side of screen entertainment when "The Stars Are Singing" comes your way!

* * *

Mention of Marines, which I did a few sentences ago, reminds me that I've another fun picture to report on—"Pleasure Island." Here we have 1500 Marines, not engaged in war on "Pleasure Island"—just a bit of skirmishing among themselves to capture the attentions of three lovely girls. What delightful odds! How come 1500 men and three girls? On a South Pacific Island lives Roger Halyard, British Copra grower, with his three pretty, young daughters and a housekeeper. Except for Halyard and his agent, the island is practically manless. Suddenly the Marines appear to construct a landing strip. It's a riot thereafter! Halyard, so VERY correct, almost loses his mind as well as his three darling daughters. The girls have a fine time! The picture is in Technicolor, which is special when a South Pacific Island is the locale. Leo Genn plays the father, Elsa Lanchester the housekeeper, Joan Elan, Audrey Dalton and Dorothy Bromiley, those three lovelies, are the darling daughters.

* * *

Next month I'll be ready to give you the details on "Pony Express," starring Charlton Heston, Rhonda Fleming, Jan Sterling and Forrest Tucker. It's a vivid picturization, in Technicolor, of the most colorful era in our nation's history—a tribute to those rugged men of vision, Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok! More anon.

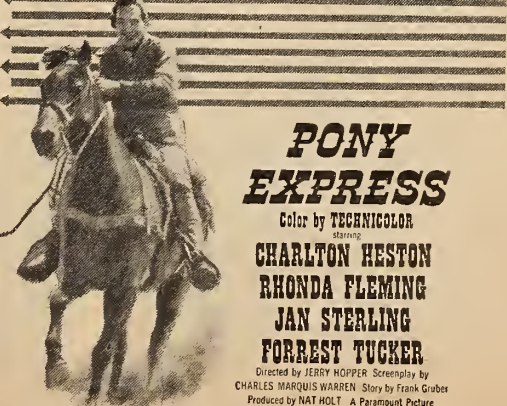


The STARS are SINGING
Color by **TECHNICOLOR**
starring
ROSEMARY CLOONEY
ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI
LAURITZ MELCHIOR

BOB WILLIAMS • TOM MORTON • FRED CLARK • JOHN ARCHER and
RED DUST. Produced by IRVING ASHER • Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Screenplay by LIAM O'BRIEN • Based on a story by Paul Hervey Fox
A Paramount Picture



Paramount Presents
PLEASURE ISLAND
Color by **TECHNICOLOR**
starring
LEO GENN • DON TAYLOR
with **GENE BARRY • ELSA LANCHESTER**
and introducing
DOROTHY BROMILEY • AUDREY DALTON • JOAN ELAN
Produced by PAUL JONES Directed by F. HUGH HERBERT
and ALVIN GANZER • Screenplay by F. HUGH HERBERT
Based on the novel by William Maier



PONY EXPRESS
Color by **TECHNICOLOR**
starring
CHARLTON HESTON
RHONDA FLEMING
JAN STERLING
FORREST TUCKER
Directed by JERRY HOPPER Screenplay by
CHARLES MARQUIS WARREN Story by Frank Gruber
Produced by NAT HOLT A Paramount Picture



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

ANN BLYTH'S MARRIAGE PLANS . . . PARTY-OF-THE-MONTH: ETHEL MERMAN'S FAREWELL FLING . . . THE

WHILE Ann Blyth has officially made no wedding plans to marry Dr. James McNulty, they'll marry after she finishes *Rose Marie*, her first picture at MGM on her new and wonderful contract.

I talked to Ann the day after she sent word to me of her coming marriage, and I've never heard a girl sound so radiantly happy.

I had suspected that she and Dr. Jim were in love, and said that nothing would surprise me less than if they got married.

We were together at the Screen Producers' Guild party, and I saw Dr. Jim surreptitiously take her hand and Ann blushed to the roots of her hair.

At that time I whispered to her, "Are you engaged?" She said, "He hasn't asked me yet." It was a month later that Dr. Jim slipped a diamond engagement ring on her finger, and Ann told me her happy news.

Ann has gone out on dates with boys, of course, as any young girl does, but she has never been silly or gaga. In fact, when Dr.

Jim put his arm over the back of her chair, and held her hand, I knew this was it. Ann, who has always had the reputation of being very standoffish, was beaming.

The marriage of these two young people is so wonderful, because both are of the same faith, and they start off in the right way, with a religious ceremony.

Dr. Jim, who is a successful young obstetrician, is the brother of Dennis Day.

THE many stars who turned out for the "farewell" party agent George Rosenberg gave honoring Ethel Merman at Romanoff's proved as much as anything just how popular zestful Ethel is with the movie crowd.

The Queen of Broadway musicals was a "doll" all during the making of *Call Me Madame* at 20th and had everybody singing her praises. That isn't always the case with these Broadway imports, either.

Zsa Zsa Gabor, ablaze with jools, plus George Sanders, sat at our table. When someone said he was surprised that Zsa Zsa would set foot in Romanoff's after his Imperial Highness, Mike, had called her a "phoney," she said:

"I don't care what Mike calls me—I'll still love him." Pretty nice for a girl who's supposed to be a firecracker.

Ethel, the one and only Merman, was done to the teeth in red (seems to be the favorite color this season). Of course, everyone insisted that she give with a few numbers and she did.

She asked Gordon MacRae to sing "You're Just In Love" with her—and poor Gordon was game; even though he didn't know the number, he tried. Van Johnson, who knows it backwards and forwards, was left sitting on the sidelines.

THIS party officially ended the long-lasting feud between sisters Joan Fontaine and Olivia deHavilland. Just as Joan arrived at the party, escorted by Collier Young, she met Olivia leaving the outside dining room at Romanoff's. The two girls clasped hands, and the next Sunday, Olivia took her son Benjy to Joan's house, and they had a nice talk.

While perhaps they'll never be as close as some sisters, at least they've started on the way to soothe the hurt that had been in each of their hearts for so long.

Getting back to Ethel's party—Joan Crawford attracted attention, as usual, for an unusual reason: Her hair was almost "crew-cut" short, uncurled, and slicked straight back from her face. Joan can get away with anything, of course, but I really do like her

with a more becoming and softer coiffure.

Another oddity: Richard Greene came "stag"—an awful waste of escort when there are so many dateless gals in this town.

AFTER everything had more or less calmed down with Mario Lanza, Mrs. Lanza got in a face-slapping incident with a parking lot boy. The boy came to me with a long tale of woe about how Mrs. Lanza slapped him and got him discharged.

As I suspected—there were two sides to the story. There always are.

Mario's wife admitted that she was highly nervous (it was just a few days before the birth of the Lanza son), but she said the boy was very rude and taunting and kept talking about "rich movie stars who drive Cadillacs."

The manager of the parking lot says that the incident with Mrs. Lanza was NOT responsible for the boy's losing his job. Says he had many complaints from others—and this was just the final straw.

Be that as it may, Mario, himself, is in a very fine humor. He is delighted over the birth of his first son, Mario, Jr. (they have two little girls).

He's still at odds with MGM as this is written—but I think it won't be too long before even that long-drawn-out hassle is settled and Mario is back making movies at the home studio.

THE worried look on young Carleton Carpenter's face had all of his friends wondering.

The reason back of the whole thing was that he had taken a suspension, and he feared that he might never get a good part on the MGM lot again. He also thought *Dobie Gillis* would go to some other actor, and he wanted it badly.

But young Carp reckoned without his popularity and the esteem in which he's held by his studio. He was taken off suspension as suddenly as he was put on, and given this job he wanted so much.

The teenage cuties are gnashing their teeth because Bob Wagner continues to date Barbara Stanwyck.

One movie starlet who would like very much to be dating Bob herself, said: "Whatever does he see in HER? She's been naturally gray-headed for years!!"

WHEN Ava Gardner was so ill with dysentery in a London hospital, after picking up a germ in Africa, she cabled Frank Sinatra, "HAVE LOST TEN POUNDS IN TEN DAYS. WHAT'S LEFT OF ME LOVES YOU."



Ann Blyth dreamily waltzes in the arms of her fiance, Dr. James McNulty. To learn how Ann met, and became engaged to Jim, see page 34.

NEWS

FONTAINE-D & HAVILLAND FEUD ENDS

I LIKE Liz Taylor, and I know she didn't mean it the way it sounded, but I wish she hadn't said when she went to court to pick up the \$45,000 saved out of her salary during the years she was a minor:

"The bonds have been ready to pick up for two years. But I've been so busy I haven't had time to come downtown to get them."

Oh, Liz—that's a lot of money to be TOO BUSY to collect.

RED SKELTON had been reading about Christine Jorgenson (the GI who had his sex changed from male to female via operation and hormones), just before he was wheeled in for his own "upside-down stomach" surgery at St. John's Hospital.

Cracked red-headed Red, "If I come out of this Arlene Dahl, tell Fernando Lamas first."

That Red could wisecrack at all is a wonder. He had just weathered the unhappiest week of his life. On the verge of a nervous breakdown from overwork, he had gone off the deep end, left home and Georgia and the children, and called newspapermen that he was divorcing Georgia.

Among a blast of statements I am sure he is sorry he ever made, Red said that Georgia locked him out of her room and the children's rooms and that she didn't want to be in love with him any longer.

"I am so in love it's pitiful," he wailed from the hotel room he had taken.

Georgia was deeply hurt—but she proved what a fine wife she is by being the first at his bedside when he was stricken ill on the set of *The Great Diamond Robbery* and rushed to the hospital.

I hope, and so do all Red's friends, that this enforced rest will be just what he needs to get his health back and to once again be the good father and devoted husband he always is—when he is himself.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: I know Shelley Winters is miserably unhappy, lonely, frequently ill and down in the dumps about being separated from Vittorio Gassman while awaiting the birth of her baby. But, honestly, Shell shouldn't go around in public wearing faded blue jeans (which she keeps fastened in front with a safety pin) and Hawaiian print blouses. On second thought, I feel awfully sorry for Shelley no matter what she wears. . . .

I doubt if Ava Gardner will ever stick out those necessary 18 months in Europe for tax reduction purposes. She's too homesick. . . .

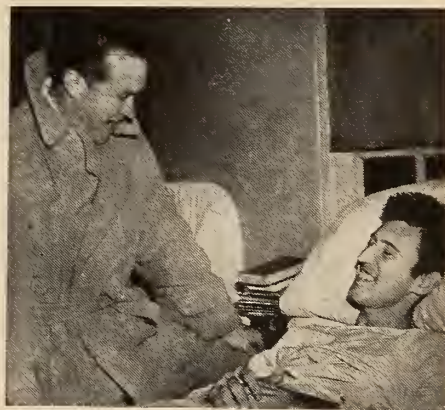
No one, not even the press agents, will convince me that Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell are palsy-walsy and dear chums

Thanks for the Memory

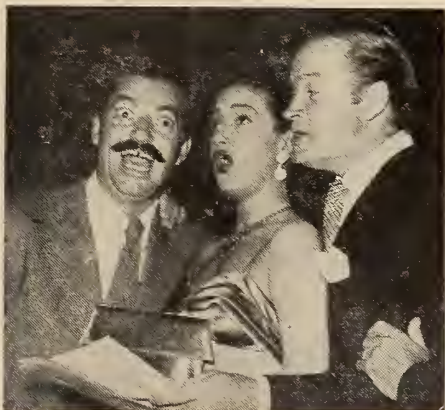
■ Next time you hear old ski-nose take a chorus of his theme song, try to remember the first time you heard it. It was introduced and sung by a new face on your screen. *The Big Broadcast Of 1938* marked Bob Hope's debut. In 15 years it has echoed all over the world, in Army camps, hospitals, on battlefronts—anywhere Bob's infectious good humor could make tired men and women laugh a little. Few entertainers have given so much of themselves to help others, few have become world-wide institutions in the process. In recognition of Bob Hope's 15 years of growing greatness, the Entertainment World has given over the week of February 22 as Bob Hope Week, to be topped on February 27 with a testimonial dinner for Bob at the Friars' Club. Celebrities everywhere join the little people to say, "Thanks, Bob—thanks for the memory!"



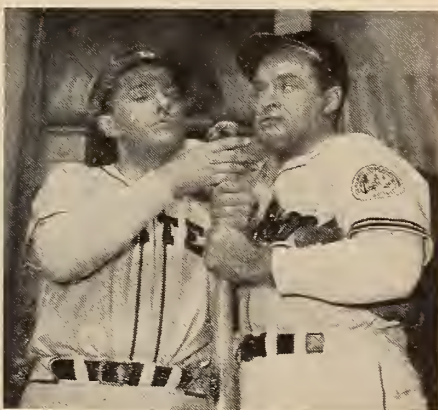
Bob's face, now a landmark, first appeared in Paramount's *Big Broadcast Of 1938*. He sang "Thanks for the Memory" with Shirley Ross.



During World War II, Bob was never too busy to tour army hospitals or entertain at the front. G.I.'s all over the world thank and love him.



In 15 years, Bob's never turned down a worthy cause, has played hundreds of benefits. Pals like Lomour and Colonna often join him.



Good-natured rivalry between Bing Crosby, Pittsburgh Pirate, and Cleveland Indian Bob is part of their deep and lasting friendship.



A crowning moment for Bob was returning to his native England for a Command Performance in 1947 and presentation to the Queen.



A broken arm can't stop Bob from signing autographs, or anything he can for the fans who, he maintains, have done so much for him.



The New Landmark in Motion Picture

WARNER BROS.
JUBILANT
PRODUCTION OF

THE JAZZ SINGER

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR



Entertainment!



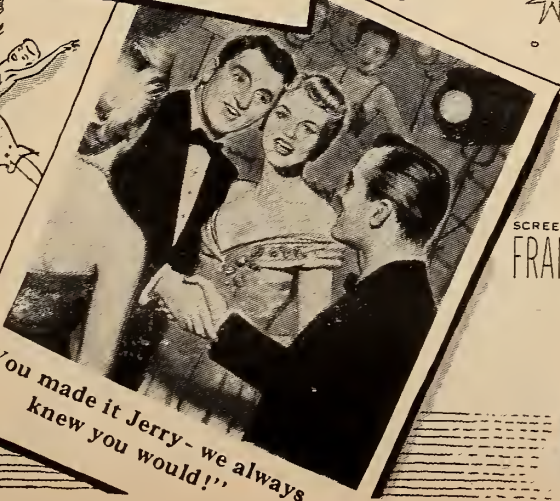
"This is a mother's best present
— you're home from Korea!"



"Next year I'll be up there, honey
and then I'll be back for you!"



"I can't be the same as you, Pop —
my singing is in my heart!"



"You made it Jerry — we always
knew you would!"

IT'S JOY
SET TO THE
MUSIC OF
LOVER

JUST ONE OF
THOSE THINGS

THIS IS A VERY
SPECIAL DAY

I'M LOOKING OVER
A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

I'LL STRING ALONG
WITH YOU

BREEZING ALONG
WITH THE BREEZE

IF I COULD BE
WITH YOU

BIRTH OF
THE BLUES

STARRING

DANNY THOMAS PEGGY LEE

WITH MILDRED DUNNOCK ★ EDUARD FRANZ

SCREEN PLAY BY FRANK DAVIS & LEONARD STERN AND LEWIS MELTZER

BASED ON THE PLAY BY SAMSON RAPHAELSON ★ PRODUCED BY LOUIS F. EDELMAN

MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED AND DIRECTED BY LE ROY PRINZ
MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF

DIRECTED BY

MICHAEL CURTIZ

"Soaping" dulls hair— HALO glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with
even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its
natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no
soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals
shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair
soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No
special rinsing needed. Halo *does not*
dry . . . does not irritate!

***Halo glorifies your hair
with your very first shampoo!***



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued



Presenting Miss Bridget Duff. Rev. Mueller christened Ido Lupino and Howard Duff's baby girl with water o' GI sent from the Holy Land.

making *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. At least, when I visited the set, I noticed that both girls retired to their portable dressing rooms between scenes. Most of their conversation is restricted to the lines they speak before the camera. . . .

I'll never understand WHY Anne Baxter consented to that smoking cigars in public publicity gag. She's heretofore always done things in the best of taste. . . .

Does it mean anything to you that Lana Turner registered under the name of Mrs. Crane Shaw when she slipped into Reno and got her divorce from Bob Topping on the q.t.? (She was once married to Steve Crane and before him to Artie Shaw.)

CLOSE-UP OF DEBRA PAGET: She bites her nails—but is striving to cure this bad, nervous habit.

Her pet aversions are long telephone conversations and beans—any style.

Her wardrobe is the most expensive and chic of any of the teen-age stars, including three mink wraps, specially designed lingerie and dozens of hats.

She drives a lavender Cadillac, just re-decorated her bedroom in startling black-and-white, and her pearls are real.

Her mother and constant companion believes that Debbie should live and look like a MOVIE STAR—after she puts a proper amount of her salary towards savings, of course.

Debbie has everything a movie star has—except a boy-friend. It makes her furious when her mother is accused of "shooing" away beaux. "Mother wants me to have dates and marry when the right man comes along," insists Debra.

Her favorite movie stars are Betty Grable, Vivien Leigh, Ava Gardner and Susan Hayward; and the men, Ray Milland, Richard Widmark, Gary Cooper and Ty Power.

She isn't superstitious.

She eats steaks cooked medium, turnips, avocados; and drinks Coca-colas.

Her TV set is turned on full blast—even before breakfast.

She doesn't like showers. Takes two baths daily.

She doesn't care whether anyone believes it or not—SHE'S NEVER BEEN KISSED OFF SCREEN!

GLORIA and Jimmy Stewart started out to give a small party at home honoring their friends from Fort Worth, Texas, the F. Kirk Johnsons.

But they kept inviting and inviting until the house was out of (Continued on page 12)

The Screen Achievement of 1953...



Columbia Pictures
PRESENTS

RITA
HAYWORTH
STEWART
GRANGER

IN
SALOME

CO-STARRING
CHARLES LAUGHTON

WITH
JUDITH ANDERSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BASIL SYDNEY • MAURICE SCHWARTZ
ARNOLD MOSS • ALAN BADEL

AND A CAST OF THOUSANDS

COLOR BY
Technicolor



Screen Play by HARRY KLEINER • Produced by BUDDY ADLER • Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • A BECKWORTH Corporation Production



Overworked Red Skelton split with wife Georgia, and left his children Valentina and Richard before his stomach operation. But all's mending now.

the question and they took over the Bel-Air Country Club lock, stock and bar!

WHAT a party!

The decorations throughout carried out the holiday spirit of red and green and I'm sure it was no accident that Gloria's beautiful gown was in vivid red. She looked so lovely and so healthy—and if she seemed unusually attentive to two doctors present, Dr. Mark Rabwin and Dr. Leon Krohn, it is because they saved her life when she was so desperately ill following the birth of the Stewart twins.

Jimmy was a wonderful host and danced with all the gals—even me!

Joan Crawford came with director Nick Ray who used to be married to Gloria Grahame. Gloria isn't Joan's favorite actress, and vice versa, I might add.

I dined with the William Goetzes and Jack and Mary Benny, people I like very, very much. What a darling that Jack is.

June Allyson, who never looks more than 18, looked even younger with what I am sure is the shortest haircut in town. She and Dick Powell came to our table and talked a long, long time.

Among other guests having a très gay time were Gracie Allen, Janet Gaynor, Adrian, and Loretta Young who wore sombre black lace.

WILL Robert Taylor EVER marry again? I think these quotes, direct from Bob, will be of great interest to Ursula Thiess and several other beauties he's been dating recently.

Says Bob, "Sure, I'd like to get married. I'd hate to think I was going to keep on NOT being married. That's a grim future to face. But take a look around at the available girls in town.

"Most of them I've known a number of years. Some are not my type. I know I'm not theirs. They seem to think I'm in training to become a permanent rolling stone!

"Besides, by and large, they are career girls. That comes first. So where do I find the girl?"

How about someone outside the industry, a non-professional?

"That's a good thought," he smiled, "but how do I meet one? As you know, any time I'm not in Hollywood, I like to hunt and fish—and there are very few girls around hunting and fishing."

Of his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck, for 11 years regarded as one of Hollywood's finest, he says, "It was one of those things. Who's to know who's to blame. I'm sorry it broke up. Barbara and I see each other occasionally, maybe dinner once a month or so.

"I have nothing against women, bless 'em.



When a girl changes schools, what's a good move?

- ☐ Try stalking the stags ☐ Pick yourself a pal

As "the new girl," you'll be noticed—but don't expect a brass band greeting. (Your new classmates may be shy, too!) Why not ask one gal to share a Slurp Special at the local fizz palace? Bimebye, you'll be buddies. Getting okayed by the ladies first—leads to meeting the boy-people. Same as the confidence you need, on certain days, begins with the *comfort* you get with Kotex. This napkin (so absorbent!) has softness that *holds its shape*. Made to stay soft for hours and hours!



Which "look" is best for lasses with glasses?

- ☐ Uncluttered ☐ Dramatic ☐ Coquette

If you've got specs before your eyes, choose headgear becoming to your face type. Dodge severe or frilly-filly effects. Keep your brow uncluttered. A soft, simple hairdo plus a small or medium brimmed chapeau should suit you. For a smooth look on calendar days, let Kotex keep you outline-free. You'll see—those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines!

Are you in the know?



What to do about the Spaniel Type?

- ☐ Rush away screaming ☐ Linger and learn

Adoring Egbert—always underfoot! A good kid, but you don't get his message: you're too busy torching for frost-hearted Ted. Should you ditch Eggie? Better linger. You'll learn how to charm other gents. And at trying times, learn about *poise* from Kotex and that *safety center*—(your extra protection). In all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

P.S.

Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue—now nicer than ever! Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding. It's luxuriously soft and absorbent—like Kleenex* tissues. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength.

"I prayed for rain... in a downpour!"

"Several scenes in 'I Confess' called for rain," Anne Baxter explained. "But the weather was so lovely, we had to make our own rain. After being drenched by the studio hose, I prayed for some 'gentle rain from heaven'!"



ANNE BAXTER,
co-starring in
"I CONFESS"

A Warner Bros. Production
Directed by Alfred Hitchcock

"When it finally rained, I worked outdoors in sopping wet clothes for days! My skin just couldn't take it without soothing Jergens Lotion. It kept my face and hands beautifully soft."



"Making these windy ferry-boat scenes chapped my skin raw, but Jergens Lotion rescued me again—and so quickly—'cause it's absorbed instantly! See why: Smooth one hand with Jergens..."



"Apply any lotion or cream to the other hand. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the 'Jergens hand' as it will over a lazy, oily skin care."



"For close-ups, my skin was always soft and properly romantic, thanks to Jergens Lotion!" No wonder Hollywood stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 1!



Use Jergens regularly on your skin. You'll see why more women buy Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Remember JERGENS LOTION... because you care for your hands!



Now Available
in Canada

Dial Soap
keeps complexions
clearer by keeping
skin cleaner!



Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap.

It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland beauty-cream lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more! Here's the important *difference*: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued



Rubbernecks Aly Khan and Gene Tierney tauristed over Europe together this fall, saw the film festival in Venice. Far news of Rita see page 28.

I just haven't found the right one for me."
Dost think the gentleman doth protest too much?????

AT THE end of their marriage Anne Baxter and John Hodiak released this statement to me: "Our decision to separate after six years is a painful one. We have tried very hard to avoid the finality of the word divorce. Above everything else we wanted our marriage to be a success. We have denied the many rumors in the past month, both to our friends and to the press, because we felt sincerely that keeping our difficulties to ourselves gave us a greater opportunity to work them out. We have no other interests and no career problems. We feel heartsick and defeated that in spite of all our hopes and efforts and understanding, basic incompatibilities have made our life together impossible."

THE Letter Box: T/Sgt. William M. Fuhmann, A-F 12250762, 3537th Maintenance Sqdn., Box 207, Mather Field, Calif., writes: "What's the matter, Louella? Don't you like Elizabeth Scott? You never mention her name." Oh, yes, I do, Bill—whenever Liz is newsworthy. It's obvious YOU like her, and I think it would be nice if she wrote to you.

Sonny Lou Milligan, Bethlehem, Pa., says, "Girls who pan Marilyn Monroe are just jealous of her—I know because I'm a girl. But I don't suppose Marilyn cares whether women like her or not." Oh, yes, she does. Marilyn very much wants to have women friends and fans.

Here are some boys in the service who would like to correspond with American girls:

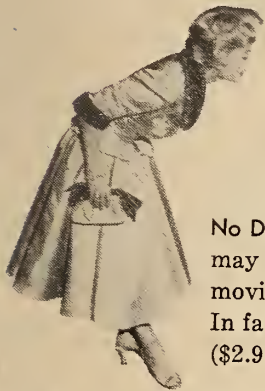
Cpl. John F. Wright, 12119106, Hq. "Co" 1st Btn. 224th Infantry Regiment, 40th Infantry Division, APO 6, % Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Some boys with the Forward Observers Team, who can be reached at the following address: HEM, 3rd Btn.—11th Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, % FPO, San Francisco, Calif.:

Sgt. John Larsen
Cpl. Edward P. Menchen
Sgt. Robert Luyck
Pfc. Willie Williams
Cpl. Thomas Percy Fitzgerald
Cpl. Richard Norton
Cpl. Charles Marcel
Cpl. Ken Wagner
Cpl. Herbert Tucker
Cpl. Cecil Ditsworth

Good luck, boys. I hope you all get some mail. And that's all for now. See you next month.

How You Can Lose Weight -and Eat All You Want!



"It happened to me," says
Zsa Zsa Gabor

No Drugs... No Diet... Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box (\$2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.

Slim the Way the Stars Slim

"If you are overweight,
Ayds can do wonderful things
for your figure."

Zsa Zsa Gabor



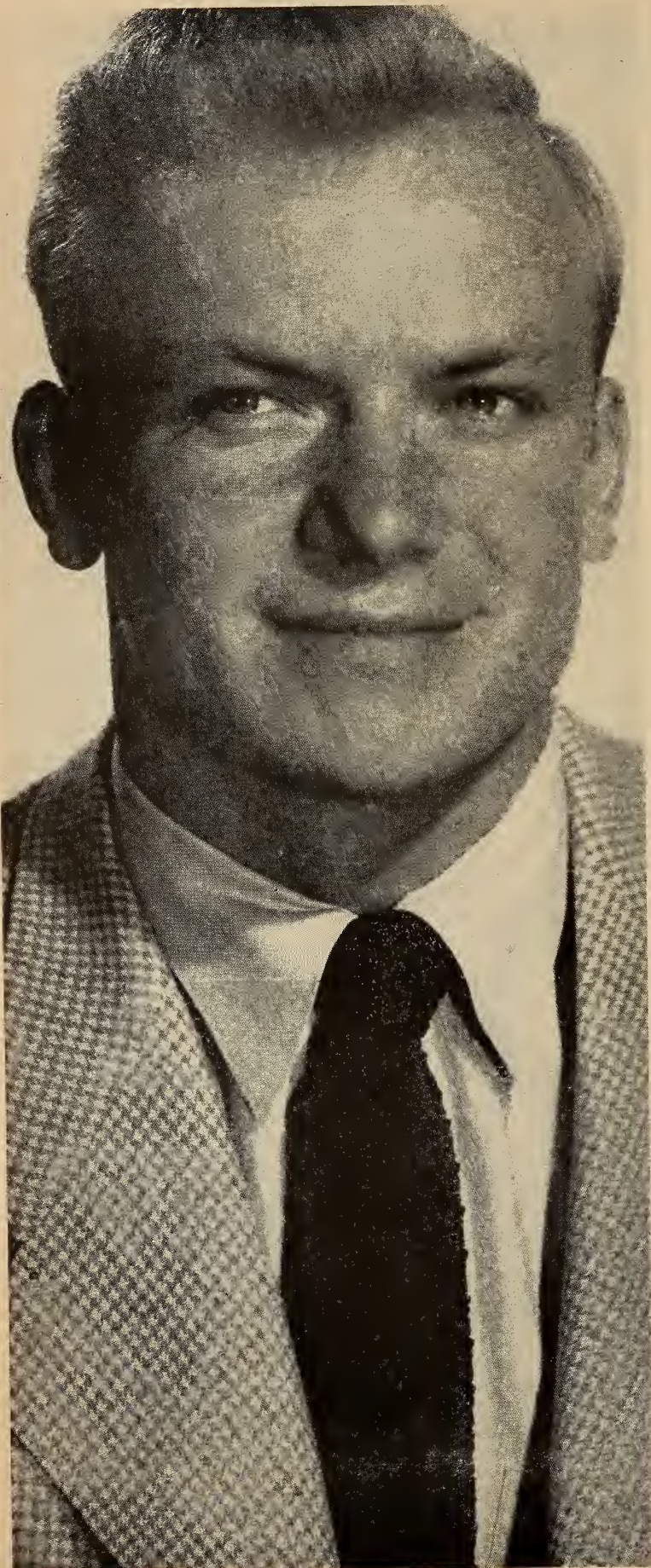
Ayds helps Zsa Zsa to keep that lovely figure. "Ayds helps you to reduce," says Zsa Zsa. "I know, it happened to me!"



Zsa Zsa with daughter Francesca "I recommend Ayds to any woman who wants to keep looking youthful," she says



Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you!



At last it can
be told—the story
of the Hollywood
“find” who lost
his love and now
quietly searches
for happiness.

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

ALDO'S DREAM

■Up in Crockett, California last November, a small, brown-haired girl looked up at the blond giant who stood before her.

“Hello, Aldo,” she said, and her voice was gentle. “Are you happy down there? Have you found what you’re looking for?”

He smiled down at her. “I’m still searching,” he said. Then he put a big hand on her shoulder and said, “You’re very sweet.”

It was a scene that would have answered a lot of questions that had been buzzing around Hollywood for a year—in fact, ever since Aldo Ray hit town. People knew he was divorced, or to be more explicit, sitting out the year’s interlocutory period which is necessary by California law before a divorce becomes final.

The average Hollywoodites who sue or are sued for divorce follow a well-worn pattern. They announce the divorce decision to the studio and the press on Monday, and on Tuesday night are seen around town with somebody new. This inevitably starts a chain reaction of dates, all of which are suspected of being serious romances, and none of which mean very much. There seems to be a compulsion to be a gay divorcée, and Hollywood has come to look upon such shenanigans as accepted behavior.

It also (*Continued on page 18*)

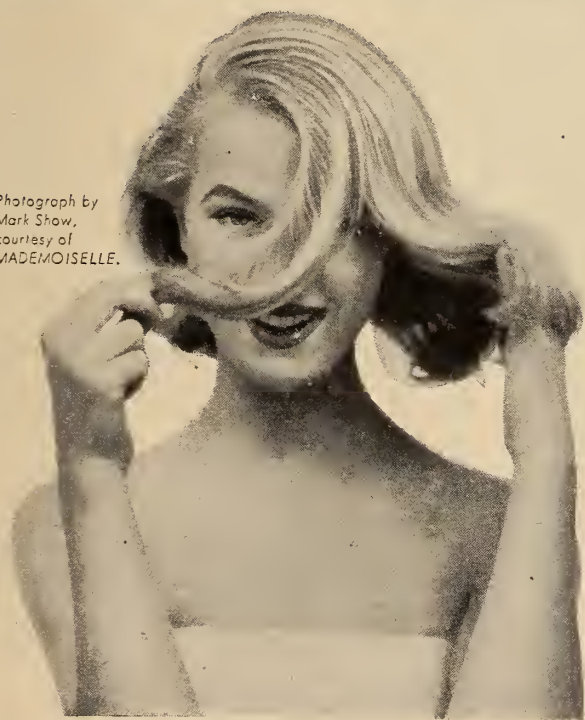


once I had blonde hair...



then I turned drab and mousey...

Photograph by
Mark Shaw,
courtesy of
MADEMOISELLE.



now - **Richard Hudnut**

Light and Bright has brought
back natural looking lightness

Nothing to mix or fix

**"It's simpler than
setting your hair!"**



Light and Bright

by RICHARD HUDNUT is the newest cosmetic gift to blondes, brunettes, redheads, with dull or lifeless looking hair. It's an entirely different kind of home hair lightener, a cosmetic really, that gives you natural-looking color that won't wash out because it brings out the lightness inherent in your hair. Not a dye, or rinse, it's a simple, single solution you apply directly to your hair to lighten and brighten a little or a lot depending on how many times you use it. And it's so easy to use. No mixing, timing or shampooing. So safe, too. Light and Bright contains no ammonia and the color change is gradual because you yourself decide how many applications to have. At all cosmetic counters, **1.50** plus tax.

RICHARD HUDNUT of Fifth Avenue

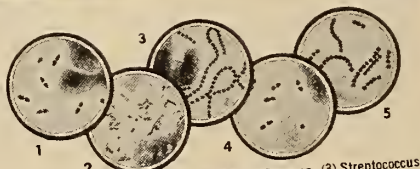
AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC Quick!



Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

These and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

It Can Help Head Off Trouble or Lessen Its Severity

YES, used thoroughly and often; Listerine Antiseptic can actually help head off a cold or sore throat due to a cold, or lessen their severity.

It fights infections as an infection should be fought . . . with quick, germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (see panel above). These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the

body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces before they attack you.

Remember that tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine had fewer colds and generally milder ones than non-users; and fewer sore throats.

So, at the first symptom of a cold—a sneeze, cough or throat tickle—gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It has helped thousands . . . why not you? Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

aldo's dream

(Continued from page 16) condones the practice of the separated couple talking about each other in carefully couched phrases. Things like, "I wouldn't want to say it was *her* fault," or, "Well, I tried, but he wouldn't cooperate."

Aldo Ray was different. He didn't talk to anyone about his marriage. He simply said that he had married a girl from his home town when they were both quite young, that they hadn't made a go of it, and that now it was all over. He refused to make further comment, and he also declined to mention her name. The simple fact of the matter is that Aldo was behaving like a gentleman. He felt that his estranged wife was entitled to live her own life and to be spared the fuss and bother of publicity that would have showered her had he divulged the story in more detail.

It took more than a little courage to do this, for in his position Aldo was wide open to the pat criticism of actors who hit the big time and are then divorced from their childhood sweethearts. It was natural for people to suppose that his head had grown in proportion to his income and that he no longer felt the marriage was a suitable one. These things were whispered as a matter of course. They were even taken for granted, as are many of the similar cases in Hollywood. This is unfortunate, for a great number of such divorces are the result of a schism that had come long before success. This was the case with Aldo Ray.

He wasn't seen very much at the bright spots. He rented a little house in Malibu, facing the ocean, and he hibernated there for more than six months, making the long drive every day into Columbia Studio. When he did stay in town for an evening he was either stag or with a group of friends. There wasn't much for the press to bite into, and they were puzzled. Aldo's actions are easily explainable. His divorce was not final until November 16th of last year, and he felt that until that time he had no right to be seen publicly with another girl.

This story will tell, for the first time, the things about which Hollywood has wondered for so long.

ALDO grew up in a big, boisterous, warm-hearted family. His parents, Silvio and Maria DaRe, were born in Italy but came to America before they started their family of six sons and one daughter. It was a good home for a boy to grow in, and despite the happiness of the elder DaRes and the love that poured from them over their children, Aldo was a typical boy in that he regarded females as creatures to be left simpering over their dolls while he went out and kicked a football.

He was 15 when he first kissed a girl, and still remembers the shock with which he realized that he *wanted* to kiss her. He gave her a hasty smack and then turned and fled down the street. It set off the chemical reaction which catapulted him into a string of average, schoolboy puppy loves. The school at Crockett was unified with that of Rodeo, a town four miles away. As it happened during Aldo's high school years, the Crockett school was predominantly male and the Rodeo school mostly female, with the result that the Crockett boys could be seen any afternoon after school driving their jalopies the four-mile stretch to Rodeo.

The girls of both Rodeo and Crockett were crestfallen when Aldo, after graduating from high school, joined the Navy and volunteered as a (Continued on page 52)

a Bright, New Outlook for Dull, Dry Skin

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

How often have you been depressed at the sight of rough flakes on your skin? Skin that holds make-up in grainy blotches...looks dull and adds years to your face!

Gloom won't chase dry skin away. But, here's *how you can* put a fresh glow on your face, no matter how dry your skin is now! For as little as twenty-five cents, you'll find the best dry skin care *money can buy*—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!



And, here's why I recommend Woodbury Dry Skin Cream: While most dry skin creams contain lanolin and other softening ingredients, some creams simply deposit them on the *surface* of your skin. But, Woodbury contains Penaten, a penetrating ingredient that carries the rich, softening oils deep into the corneum layer of your skin.

Penaten helps these oils penetrate so quickly, five minutes' care is all you need! But use it every day! You'll be rewarded with a fresh, youthful bloom you never dreamed possible.

Here's a simple routine to follow:



With fingertips, smooth the cream into your skin. Leave it on for five minutes...tissue off...and look in your mirror. I promise you the loveliest surprise you've seen in years. Try it tonight. Woodbury Dry Skin Cream comes in sizes from 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

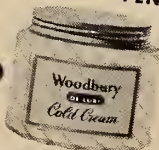


Rhonda
Fleming
writes
home!



Dear Louise,
Watch for my new picture, Paramount's
"Pony Express"—in Technicolor!
As to your other question, I do have a
favorite Cold Cream—Woodbury! It has
a wonderful ingredient called Penaten
that penetrates deep—loosens every trace
of make-up! My face has never felt
so clean, so smooth. I've used more
expensive creams, but none better than
Woodbury Cold Cream.
Do try it! Love,
Rhonda

penetrates deeper because
it contains PENATEN



25¢ to 97¢ plus tax

NOW...

SPECIAL TREATMENT FOR

4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"

Have you noticed lately that your face seems extra oily . . . shiny?

Are pore openings becoming larger . . . blackheads beginning to appear?

This is what is happening: In your teens, the oil glands often become over-active. At the same time, the skin gets *sluggish*—fails to throw off the everyday accumulations of dead skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up over the pore openings, enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Today—Pond's recommends a greaseless treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It's easy, quick . . . and it works.

1-Minute Mask
clears off...
"tones"...
brightens
young skin



Tonight—do this: Cover face, except eyes, with *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action *loosens* dead skin cells—*dissolves* them off! Frees tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. After 60 seconds—tissue off. See how *fresh* your skin feels! How much softer and *clearer* it looks!

FOR THE SKIN THAT REBELS against a heavy make-up: Before powder, smooth on a greaseless film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smoother, fresher looking make-up.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by florence epstein

picture of the month



Gambler Ty Power plays for high stakes as Piper Laurie, Julio Adams, look on.

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER

■ In New Orleans in the 1850's life was cheap and reckless. Gents dropped like flies on the field of honor and ladies eloped with anyone just to spite their lovers. Universal goes to town on these dime novel emotions. They've put Ty Power in Technicolor, given him all the nobler virtues and made him a gambler—the only honest gambler on the Mississippi. And they've cast two lovely blossoms at his feet, namely, Piper Laurie and Julia Adams. The plot gets thicker than the river bottom. Ty comes to New Orleans to build a fancy casino. One look and he's smitten with Piper, a southern belle who'd gladly run a letter opener through his heart. He gambles with Piper's brother (John Baer) who pays off with her diamond necklace. (When Ty tries to give back the necklace Piper rears like a thoroughbred.) He gambles with Julia Adams' brother who pays off with his company's funds and regretfully shoots himself. Meanwhile the romantic triangles pile up. Julia loves Ty, Ty loves Piper, Piper's brother loves Julia, etc. A couple of duels are arranged to straighten things out, but they only make things worse. Piper runs off to marry a banker who shortly runs off with the bank, and Ty's left with gentle Julia. A lot more happens before the final clinch, but see it for yourself. Cast: Tyrone Power, Piper Laurie, Julia Adams.—Universal.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

First thing to remember is, this is not the life of Hans Christian Andersen. It's the story of his faith in people and because, as the main character, he is a simple, humble teller of tales, the story itself is fragile. Hans (Danny Kaye) is a cobbler who doesn't work very hard. He likes to gather children around him and tell them fairy tales. The children forget to go to school and Hans becomes something of a nuisance. So he hikes to Copenhagen, the big city, with his apprentice (Joey Walsh). There he falls in love with a ballerina (Jeanmaire) who is married to the ballet director (Farley Granger). Hans writes a fairytale for her. It's really a love letter. She turns it into a ballet called, "The Little Mermaid," and soon Hans becomes famous. That's all. Except for the delicate colors, the beautiful scenery, the stories Hans tells and the ballets which have a wonderful dream-like quality about them.

Cast: Danny Kaye, Joey Walsh, Jeanmaire, Farley Granger, Roland Petit, Erik Bruhn.—Samuel Goldwyn.

THE LAWLESS BREED

Nobody ever shot more people dead than Rock Hudson. But he swears he did it all in self-defense. You see, he had an unhappy childhood. Dad used to beat him for playing with guns. Rock left home to make enough money to buy a ranch for Mary Castle. Too bad he has to get into a poker game and kill Gus Hanley. (Gus drew first.) That does it. Mary Castle gets it, too—from a posse that's hunting Rock down. Julia Adams, a girl he met in a saloon, helps him make a get-a-way in a buckboard. After many a year they settle down on an honest-to-goodness farm. Too bad the Texas Rangers are onto him at last, since he's made peace with himself and all. But they haul him away for 16 long years. That gives a person pause. Changes a person. He sure doesn't want his son to lead the life he led. So when Rock gets home first thing he does is stop Junior from shooting a man. Guess you can call that a happy ending.

Cast: Rock Hudson, Julia Adams, Mary Castle, John McIntyre, Race Gentry.—Universal.

(Continued on page 22)



IT
PAYS
TO BE
A

FAST WOMAN

"In my business you have to be fast. I'm not a movie star or a high-fashion camera model with a make-up man and an hour to fix my hair before every appearance. I'm a Seventh Avenue dress model, always changing clothes, always in a rush. But each time I appear, I must be as calm as a duchess, groomed to perfection.

"With my hair, that was a problem! It not only looked like straw, it acted like straw in the wind.

"Then, flash!—came news of Formula 9 and the 1 Minute Miracle! One minute is all I ever have, so I tried it. And the miracle happened! In 60 seconds my hair became soft, silky, instantly manageable with more natural curl than I had ever had in my life! Now after a fast change, a mere flick of the comb and it's as smooth as an ad in Harper's Bazaar.

"Do men notice the difference? Notice it? They love Formula 9—for the well-groomed look it gives them!"

Ladies, if you too have a hair problem—whether it's dry hair, cracked and splitting ends, hair breaking off, dandruff or dull looking unmanageable hair—you'll find there is only one thing that can make your hair healthier-looking, more beautiful and instantly manageable, and that is lanolin.

For unlike vegetable and mineral oils which merely cling to the hair surface and do no good at all, lanolin is actually absorbed by the hair and penetrates the scalp. Lanolin is a natural organic oil that comes from hair—the hair of a

sheep. It is nature's hair conditioner.

And only Charles Antell in famous Formula 9 has mastered the secret of refining and compounding lanolin so it is absorbed in sufficient quantity to make your hair lustrous, youthful looking, shimmering with highlights, instantly manageable—yet vanishes as you apply it. It's marvelous what it does!

That's why we say to you now, try Formula 9. Get it at any drug or cosmetic counter. We guarantee you'll have healthier-looking, more beautiful hair or it costs you nothing.

Charles Antell

Famous lanolin FORMULA 9 and SHAMPOO

Formula 9—89¢ and larger sizes, plus tax. Shampoo—59¢ and larger sizes. Supervalve combinations of Formula 9 and Shampoo —\$1.35, \$2 and \$3 plus tax. Formula 9 also in liquid cream form for those who prefer it—98¢ plus tax. (Slightly higher in Canada.)



Easy way to a naturally radiant skin

QUICK HOME FACIAL

WITH THIS 4-PURPOSE CREAM!



Now... follow Lady Esther's super-speed recipe for true loveliness!



1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream up your neck and face. Don't rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads... relieves dryness. Remove gently.



2. Splish face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don't need astringent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.



3. Smooth on a second "rinse" of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.



4. Ready now to put on your "face." Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You're *really pretty* always.

So easy. Just think... with one face cream alone you can give your skin

all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because *all by itself* Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *cleans, softens, tones and satinizes* your skin. And *all in one minute!* Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

Lady Esther

4-Purpose
FACE CREAM



AFTER YOUR FACIAL

Lady Esther Complete Creme Make-up

Generous Compact
50¢
Plus Tax
(Slightly Higher in Canada)



All you need for all-day loveliness! New Creme Make-up plus 4-Purpose Face Cream! Depend on this Terrific Twosome for flawless, radiant skin.

MEMBER OF THE WEDDING

This was a beautiful novel, a wonderful play and now—an excellent movie. It is the story of a 12-year-old girl who feels she doesn't belong. Everyone has someone else to love and to share life with, but not Frankie. Until now. Now her brother, a soldier, is going to be married and Frankie falls in love with the idea of the wedding. She decides that she will belong to the newlyweds who'll take her with them on their honeymoon and keep her ever after. Her two best (and only) friends—younger cousin John Henry, and a warm-hearted and wise Negro maid can't control Frankie's emotional carryings-on. But they try to; they try to understand her, and in the trying the whole turbulent world of this girl on the edge of growing up is revealed. All its wild, tender, sweet and frantic feelings rush out to grip and hold you entranced. The maid, Berenice, is played to perfection by Ethel Waters. Twenty-six-year-old Julie Harris is astonishingly convincing as 12-year-old Frankie. And Brandon De Wilde (as John Henry) holds his own in this movie which never strays far from the original conception of novelist Carson McCullers.

Cast: Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, Brandon De Wilde, James Edwards, Harry Bolden.—Columbia.

ROAD TO BALI

All the "Roads" Crosby and Hope ever take lead to a sarong filled with Lamour. Only this time it's in Technicolor. That's the picture—who needs a plot? Well, Bing and Bob are a couple of girl-crazy hoofers proposing marriage to everyone in Australia. When everyone accepts it's time to get out of town. They go by train—Bing inside, Bob on the rods. Pretty soon they jump off the train and roll into a herd of sheep. "We're poor little lambs who have lost our way," the boys sing. "Baa-baa-baa" sing the sheep. Next thing you know they have beards (the boys, not the sheep) and are signing up for a job with Murvyn Vye. He's evil, wants them to dive for buried treasure that doesn't even belong to him. Vye takes them to this island paradise where they meet the Princess (Dot Lamour) and a court of gorgeous girls. But the fun can't last. Hope has to dive for the treasure and there's a squid down there waiting to blot him out. There's more. There's a shipwreck, a headhunter's ball, a volcano (erupting), a love-happy gorilla. There's Humphrey Bogart coming out of the swamps with The African Queen. Crazy! Man!

Cast: Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Murvyn Vye.—Paramount.

THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL

For a long time John Shields' name was powerful in Hollywood. It was the name of a young genius of a producer (Kirk Douglas) who fought his way to the top over his father's dead body. (His father was a one-time great who died bankrupt and hated.) But Shields is on the way out now unless his friends help him. His friends think they have a lot of good reasons to let him rot. You see why in flashbacks. Barry Sullivan, a famous director, takes it from the beginning, when he and Kirk had nothing but ideas and energy, up to the time that partnership dissolved. Lana Turner picks up the thread. She's a big actress now, but when Kirk found her she was a dead movie idol's daughter heading straight for the alcoholic ward. He pushed her to the top, but he pushed her his own way.

And there's plenty Dick Powell can't forget. He's a Pulitzer Prize novelist. In a way Kirk was responsible, but he was also responsible for the one big tragedy in Dick's life. The three stories blend into a picture of a ruthless, magnetic man burning for glory. You see Hollywood from the inside, and much of the glamor and excitement of that town is in this picture.

Cast: Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Walter Pidgeon, Dick Powell, Barry Sullivan, Gloria Grahame.—MGM.

CONNIE

Even MGM's sorry for teachers. Teachers are not only unsung, they're underpaid. Van Johnson, poetry instructor in a small university town, lives on codfish balls. Connie (V.J.'s wife) doesn't care if he doesn't care, even though she's pregnant and craves lambchops. But V.J.'s father (Louis Calhern) is enraged. He's one of the richest men in Texas—made it on beef—and it kills him that his son won't come live on the ranch and be his heir. Teaching's for women who can't find husbands is his philosophy. Anyway, Van's up for a promotion. May get it, too, if he can feed the Dean (Gene Lockhart) better than his rival can. Only time the Dean gains weight is when a job's open. Poppa comes to town shortly before the crucial supper at Van's house and every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it (they're saving the food for later). Oh, Pop's got all kinds of plans to lure his son home, and a big enough bankroll to carry them out. By this time Connie (that's Janet Leigh, incidentally) is pretty hungry and falls in with her father-in-law. Despite its obsession with the digestive system this picture's pretty funny. Thanks to Louis Calhern who walks away with it. And Walter Slezak, a butcher, who helps him.

Cast: Van Johnson, Janet Leigh, Louis Calhern, Walter Slezak, Gene Lockhart.—MGM.

MY COUSIN RACHEL

The place is a lonely castle in Cornwall; the mood is ominous. Against a background of English storms and raging emotions a story of love, and possibly murder unfolds. All his life Richard Burton worshipped his cousin and foster-father (John Sutton) who is forced to go to Italy for his health. Burton never sees him again. Only letters tell what may have happened. Sutton had met "our cousin Rachel," married her and then accused her of poisoning him. Burton swears to avenge his cousin's death. Unaware of his suspicions, Rachel (Olivia de Havilland) pays a visit to Cornwall. Burton is startled by her beauty and quiet charm. He falls wildly in love with her, wants to give her the estate, the family jewels, money. His friends warn him to be more cautious—Rachel's past is shady, her actions contradictory. She leads him on, then abuses him, accepts everything he gives but never commits herself. Burton's health breaks under the strain, and once recovered he turns on her with all the fury of a tortured heart. Is she trying to poison him? Is she a murderess and a gold digger or does she really love him? Suspense mounts to a feverish pitch and ends in violence in this ambitious adaptation of Daphne Du Maurier's novel.

Cast: Olivia de Havilland, Richard Burton, George Dolenz, Audrey Dalton, Ronald Squire.—20th Century-Fox.



Outsells them all because it
Excels them all!
 lovely, long-wearing **CUTEX**

- **Spillpruf Cutex** wears much longer because it's the only polish with Enamelon — a "miracle" ingredient that gives *lasting non-chip wear!*
- **Original Spillpruf bottle** can't spill! Protects nice things; **15¢ plus tax.**
- **Stay Fast Indelible Lipstick** stays on till you take it off. Never smears!
- **"Moisturizing Action"** in creamy-rich Stay Fast keeps lips softer, smoother. **29¢ plus tax.** Both in a beautiful range of this season's loveliest colors!



IT'S THE BEST... YET COSTS LESS!



Tampax Sets You Free

from many monthly
annoyances

The first thing you notice about Tampax is its small size, for it is many times smaller than the external "pad" commonly used for monthly sanitary protection.

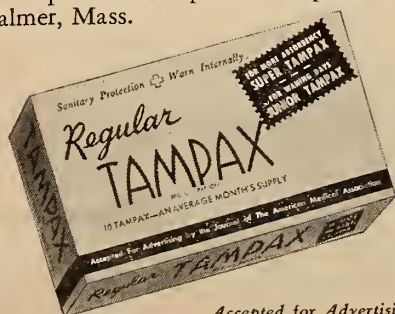
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Next you realize that Tampax needs no pins or belts—no supporting harness of any kind.... Tampax is worn *internally*, as designed by its doctor-inventor.

While wearing Tampax in this way (internally) you need have no fear of odor and of course there is no chafing either. Also, your mind is at rest concerning possible bulges and edge-lines, even with the smoothest dress or skirt.

Tampax is very simple to use.... Made of pure surgical cotton of great absorbency, it comes to you in dainty slender applicators to make insertion easy and convenient.... And disposal is just as easy.

Relax physically and mentally—with Tampax. You do not even feel it while wearing it.... Sold at drug and notion counters in three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply will go into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

Every year along about this time I stick my neck way out and try to forecast the top Academy Award contenders of the year. So here goes and may the best gal and guy win! . . . Rivals for the coveted femme Oscars, as I see 'em, will be Shirley Booth for *Come Back, Little Sheba*; Ethel Waters and Julie Harris, *Member Of The Wedding*; Olivia deHavilland, *My Cousin Rachel*; Bette Davis, *The Star*, and Joan Crawford, *Sudden Fear* . . . Male contenders would appear to be Richard Burton for *Rachel*; Kirk Douglas, *The Bad And The Beautiful*; Gregory Peck, *Snows Of Kilimanjaro*; Jose Ferrer, *Moulin Rouge*, and Danny Thomas, *The Jazz Singer*.

Real reason behind John Wayne's flitting about town is not his Chata, it's said—but a new, unrequited heartbeat! The gal says no soap on account of religious differences, and political ones too. She's only 25 and wants a guy, home and kids. So Duke seems to be moving fast to make believe it never happened at all! . . . Depends on who you are when you talk to Pier Angeli as to what you call her. Studio friends call her Pier; friends say Anna Marie.



Angeli

Women's Press Club: Rita Hayworth and Mario Lanza!

But her very own *amore tesoro* (that's genuine Italian for "Kirk Douglas"!) whispers softly, "Amarella!" . . . Mona Freeman is learning to speak Persian for a "Voice Of America" interview-broadcast with linguist Jamshed Sheybani . . . Wait'll you get an eye-ful and ear-ful of Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe singing and dancing "When The Wild, Wild Women Go Swimmin' In Bimini Bay" in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*—a songsational song-&-dance number! . . . Unhappiest-Hollywood-marriage-story: Anne Baxter and John Hodiak . . . Most-likely-actor-and-actress to be nominated most uncooperative *again* by the Hollywood



Booth

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Frank Sinatra bought a \$15,000 diamond bracelet for Ava Gardner that consists of 174 diamonds . . . Ava, some "know-it-all's" report, got a cash settlement of \$80,000 from Mickey Rooney in the not too long ago . . . But, as an added sidelight, the Mick's other two ex-wives must be holding their breath—because it's a cinch if he and his new bride welcome a child he'll ask for alimony reductions . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor's salary is up to \$3,000 a week, thanks to her work in *Moulin Rouge*. She started



Lamarr

a mere year and five pictures ago for \$200 a week . . . Hollywood is down to its last two yachts. Stars just can't afford them any more—with the exception of Errol Flynn, who still has the "Zaca" and Humphrey Bogart, who has the "Santana." But that's about all.

Hedy Lamarr bought the Yucca Street apartment building where she once hung her hat . . . Alan Ladd's deal for making a picture in Europe is \$200,000 cash, deposited in a bank in this country, against 10 percent of the gross—meaning that he is guaranteed \$200,000 and 10 percent of everything over that amount made at the boxoffice . . . And this is what Johnnie Ray claims he makes (figger it out for yourself!): "Dough Ray Me Star So Ah See Dough!" . . . Patricia Knight now averages \$75,000 a year from her share of ex-husband Cornel Wilde's Texas oil wells . . . There are two Annies in *Blue Gardenia*. One of them—Baxter—gets \$75,000 for her chore; the other—Sothorn—gets \$40,000 . . . In addition to doing movies, television and radio, Red Skelton was laying plans to act as a greeter in the nightclub of the hotel (Continued on page 76)



Gabor

You tour the World... the **BEAUTY WORLD**

in just a few steps around

WOOLWORTH'S

cosmetic counters... says **SUSAN SMART**



Woolworth's
Shopping Reporter

I hate to miss beauty aids that could help me look lovelier. That's why I shop Woolworth's. Just once around the counter and I've seen every type of beauty aid imaginable from . . . well, timely cosmetics that keep me glamorous whatever the weather to the newest in powder puffs. At Woolworth's I find the best-loved brands . . . in every size from small trial ones to big money-saving economy sizes. It's so complete . . . so varied . . . no wonder I call it my Beauty World! Come with me and see . . .

There's PACQUINS HAND CREAM on the counter to remind me I need Pacquins' soothing care. Purple label for normal skin . . . red for extra-dry. 25c, 49c, 98c*

Again, Helene Curtis SUAVE. When winds blow, where would I be without it! Just a touch of Suave gives hair a soft cared-for look all day. 50c, \$1*

Love the way Woolworth's groups hair aids. I want NOREEN SUPERCOLOR RINSE. Noreen blends glamour into hair! You brighten, darken, change at will. It shampoos out! 30c*

Speaking of shampoos, have you tried WHITE RAIN? It's like washing hair in softest rainwater. This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers hair. . . leaves it cloud-soft, sunshine bright! 30c, 60c, \$1

For a far better wave, New TONI TRIO gives a home permanent custom-made for you. Regular for normal, Super for hard-to-wave, Very Gentle for easy-to-wave hair. Refills \$1.50*

Thrills me to find toiletries worth up to 59c in Woolworth's closeout assortment. Lotions, toilet waters, creams, powders, many wonderful items from divisions of LANDER Co. all priced at 19c* each.

G. With HAZEL BISHOP No Smear Lipstick on your dressing table, you seldom need carry one. Once on, it stays lovely through dining, drinking, romance. \$1.10*

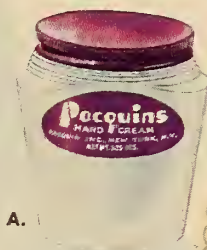
H. For a lastingly fresh mouth, here's PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE. . . White or the new Chlorophyll. Patented Oral Detergent brings a clean mouth taste for hours. White 10c, 27c, 47c, 63c, Chlorophyll 43c, 69c

J. Mustn't forget HEED DEODORANT to protect my warm clothes . . . and me. Heed's super-fine spray really covers . . . checks perspiration safely, surely, daintily, 25c, 39c, 59c*

K. While I'm on daintiness, I'll pick up FRESHIES MINTS. Protect against food, drink, smoking odors. Nature's deodorant, chlorophyll, sweetens my breath in seconds. 10c

L. Have you tried LADY ESTHER'S 1-minute home facial? Do! Buy 4-Purpose Cream at Woolworth's. It cleanses, softens, helps nature refine pores. Grand as a powder base. 29c, 55c, 83c*

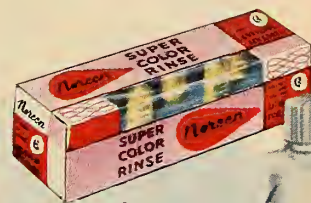
M. I keep my finger on fashion with Woolworth's HELEN NEUSHAFFER shades. Doubly pretty because exclusive Plasteen keeps nails jewel-clear, resists chipping. 10c*



A.



B.



C.



D.



E.



F.



G.

HAZEL BISHOP
No-Smear
LIPSTICK



M.



H.



J.



K.



L.

"Shop Woolworth's First
For Everything In Cosmetics"

*plus tax

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!



*Beautiful little girls have it...
so can you!*

Do you wish you had a complexion as flower-fresh as little Arlene's? Well, wishing won't help—but *acting* will! Why not borrow Arlene's beauty soap—pure, mild Ivory? More doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for your skin and baby's than all other brands of soap put together!



*Beautiful cover girls have it...
so can you!*

"I love to experiment with hats and hairdos," confesses magazine cover girl, Diane Whitton. "But I don't experiment with my complexion. I've found *no* soap suits my skin like pure, mild Ivory!" And remember—what Ivory does for Diane's dazzling complexion, it can do for yours!



*You can have That Ivory look
in just one week!*

Yes, a smoother, lovelier complexion can be yours as soon as that! And so *easily*! Here's all you have to do—just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. Yes, that's all! Then, in only seven days, your skin will look clearer, softer, younger. You'll have *That Ivory Look*!



99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure
...it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

■ As you read this article, Mario Lanza, if he has not already, is preparing to return to work and the unprecedented campaign of vilification aimed at him and his family is beginning to taper off.

Rarely has any one entertainer, no matter how heinous the crime—been the target of as much vicious calumny as this erratic, emotionally immature but undeniably great tenor.

One is prompted to ask this all-important question: was Mario Lanza a braggart, a neurotic, a selfish ham *before* he declined to make *The Student Prince* last year, or did all these character deficiencies suddenly spring up *after* he refused to star in the film?

While Mario was making *That Midnight Kiss*, *Toast Of New Orleans* and *The Great Caruso*, he was depicted as a fine, upstanding, righteous American blessed with a voice such as is bestowed only once in a generation. Stories of his generosity, his gratitude, his kindness were circulated with great frequency, and for the most part, these stories were true.

Mario *did* buy his parents a home in the Pacific Palisades, furnish it, and equip it with a swimming pool. Mario *did* fly an afflicted little girl to Hollywood from New Jersey and infuse her with the will to live. Mario *did* contribute to the financial support of an abandoned waif. He *did* insist upon jobs for such friends as George London, Nicky Brodsky, and Ray Sinatra. He *did* carry on his payroll a group of human leeches and hangers-on out of the simple compassion of his heart.

And yet, once Loew's, Inc., the holding company which owns Metro Goldwyn Mayer, filed a \$5,000,000 suit against him, all these examples (*Continued on page 70*)

Mario and Metro

have made up. It's not
moonlight and roses
yet . . . but Lanza's
promised to come out
singing, not swinging,
on his . . .

Return Engagement

by Arthur L. Charles



The Princess calls him "Pepe"; all Europe names him her new romance. But Pepe's ex-girl-friend calls him names that aren't so tender in this MODERN SCREEN scoop!

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS



RITA'S

EW

LOVE

■ When the Queen Elizabeth, pride of the British commercial fleet, sailed into New York harbor last December 13th, the reporters who covered the waterfront climbed into the Coast Guard cutter that heads down the Bay.

As the cutter drew alongside the Elizabeth, the liner's accommodation ladder was lowered, and the accredited pilot of New York harbor as well as the reporters and photographers, clambered aboard.

As soon as the newsmen hit the deck they asked one question: "Where is Rita Hayworth?" Their notebooks were wide open, but they were none too hopeful.

Ever since her marriage and subsequent breakup with Aly Khan, the voluptuous hair-dyed screen siren has been a difficult personage to interview, and on this occasion, after two and a half months in Europe, Rita ran true to form.

One reporter asked if Rita planned to apply for the Nevada divorce from Aly immediately after she reached the West Coast.

Rita raised her right shoulder protectively. "Immediately, no."

"Eventually?" the reporter asked.

Rita smiled. "Possibly."

"Depending on what?" the reporter continued.

"On myself."

"We understand," another newsman said, "that you and Aly Khan didn't get along too well during the last visit. Isn't that so?"

Margarita Cansino Hayworth Judson Welles Khan said no, (Continued on page 56)





↑ Ginger Rogers, 42, is in love with 24-year-old Jacques de Bergerac. But if she marries him, will she ever be sure it's *she* the dashing French lawyer loves, not her fame?

↓ Jane Wyman and Fred Karger are very happy in their new marriage. But how long can his love live in the spotlight of her great popularity and earning power?



Many Hollywood wives
fight a bitter battle the public
never knows about . . .
their implacable enemy is Time.

BY THELMA MCGILL

■ Two hundred years ago a wise old codger named Benjamin Franklin, advised young men to marry older women on the grounds that "an older woman is more experienced, industrious, and appreciative of a younger husband."

A few years before he married his fourth wife, Lady Sylvia Ashley, Clark Gable paraphrased Franklin by saying, "Give me a mature, fully-developed, worldly woman every time. The sweet young things have their place, of course, and every man to his taste, but when it comes to settling down, I prefer to do it with a sophisticated woman who's been around."

Gable, whose first two wives were, respectively, 17 and 11 years his senior, is not the only actor who believes in marrying an older wife. Desi Arnaz, Tyrone Power, Alan Ladd, Jerry Lewis, Buddy Rogers, Richard Ney, Gary Merrill, Robert Taylor, and many others have all tried the experiment at one time or another.

Similarly, Ginger Rogers, Norma Shearer,

IS A MARRIAGE ALWAYS DOOMED TO



When Bette Davis married Gary Merrill, his career got a big boost. This, plus the fact he's the boss at home, keeps them happy together.

OLDER WIVES- YOUNG HUSBANDS

Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis, Rosalind Russell, Lucille Ball, Annabella, Greer Garson, and Joan Crawford have all maintained that love knows no age differential, that what counts most in marriage is love, that a youthful husband keeps his wife youthful.

Recently, Ginger Rogers aged 42, fell in love with a young Frenchman, Jacques de Bergerac, aged 24. These two were seen all over Paris together, at the famous restaurants "Tour d'Argent" and "Coq Hardi," walking hand in hand on the Champs Elysées, sipping champagne at the world renowned "Cafe de la Paix."

When Ginger returned to Hollywood to star with Bill Holden in *Forever Female* over at Paramount, I ran into her on the lot one day and asked about the new love in her life. "He's just a dear friend," she insisted. "It looks like an entangling alliance to me," I pressed. Ginger smiled and would say no more.

So what happened? Jacques de Bergerac

flew into Hollywood in pursuit of his sweetheart, and Ginger not only confessed the existence of a full-fledged romance between them, but she took Jacques around to meet her agent, Paul Small.

"Paul," she said, "look at this man. Don't you think he can make a go of it here?"

Small is a brother-in-law to Dore Schary who runs MGM. He took Jacques over to Culver City, introduced him to Billy Grady, the Metro casting director, walked him around the Thalberg building, dropped in to see several influential executives, Eddie Mannix and Benny Thau, to name two of them. They took optical inventory of Monsieur de Bergerac—his 6-feet-2-inches, his 188 lbs., his handsome face, his brown hair. The next thing anyone knew, Bergerac was under contract to the studio; and Gertrude Fogler, the voice coach, had been assigned to teach him intelligible English.

When the news broke around Holly-

wood that Ginger's new sweetheart had been signed to a contract at Metro, a studio which had been releasing many of its younger players such as Peter Lawford, Ralph Meeker, Dawn Addams, Monica Lewis, and others, one of Ginger's non-admirers said cattily, "There was a time when Rogers could attract a man with her beauty. Now she has to wield her influence."

That isn't true at all. Despite the fact that she will never see 40 again, Ginger Rogers Culpepper Ayres Briggs is still a magnetic, curvaceous eyeful. There is no doubt, however, but that she went to bat for her young lover. That seems to be the fashion today. Look at Shelley Winters. She took Vittorio Gassman, a fine Italian actor virtually unheard of in this country, and within 90 days made him a celebrity. She not only introduced him to the Hollywood bigwigs as one of the world's great actors, but she hired the Circle Theatre in Hollywood (*Continued on page 64*)

END IN RENO WHEN THE WIFE IS OLDER THAN THE HUSBAND? NO! SAY THESE HAPPY COUPLES AND PROVE IT.



Six years older than her husband, Lucille Ball feels this difference saved their marriage! Her greater maturity stabilized his impetuousness!



Patti Lewis' age has helped her cope with Jerry's insecure, rather neurotic personality. A younger girl would not have had this wisdom.



Buddy Rogers and older Mary Pickford are a perfect example of how two show people of equal fame and fortune can be together.



HOLLYWOOD DIDN'T EVEN KNOW ROCK HUDSON WAS AROUND . . .

BIG NOISE FROM WINNETKA

by Louis Pollock



"A beautiful hunk of man" is how his many fans describe this six-foot-three newcomer. Rock's grateful for their adulation, and for their constructive criticism (like "cut your hair" and "stand up straight") also.



A small, sun-drenched house atop one of the Hollywood Hills is Rock's bachelor haven. He enjoys living alone, but admits that marriage is on his mind, sort of. He's considered one of Hollywood's best catches.



Time out for relaxing is a real luxury to Rock, who achieved some sort of distinction at Universal-International studio by working for five months straight without a single day off, right after he first signed his contract.



Rock's come a long way from the \$60-a-week truck driver he used to be but, despite his growing screen popularity, he's still not too sure of himself. Socially, he is more at ease with old friends than new acquaintances.

BUT WHEN FANS BEGAN TO WHOOP AND HOLLER, IT TOOK A LOOK—AND SAW WHAT THE SHOUTING WAS ABOUT!

■ Winnetka, Illinois is a picturesque, lake-front Chicago suburb with prosperous vistas of wooded estates on which a lot of important Chicago business men raise their families. But eight or nine years ago, as far as the high-school daughters of these tycoons were concerned, the town's most natural wonder was the son of a local automobile mechanic—six-feet-three of dark, shaggy-haired boy named Roy Fitzgerald. They

weren't, as the pithy saying goes, just flapping their lips. Roy has come through. He started out slowly enough when he left Winnetka, becoming, in time, no more than a \$55-a-month member of the U. S. Navy, specializing in shipboard laundering; and later just a \$60-a-week truck driver who whistled at girls while he worked. But today? Meet a 27-year-old shaggy-haired film star, renamed Rock Hudson, who gets \$1100

a week just for being what the girls of his birthplace were inspired by in the first place—himself.

For his first two years in Hollywood he was one of dozens of frustrated youngsters who are *of* pictures but rarely *in* them . . . all remarkably good looking kids who secretly pray for a break and outwardly smile cynically about their chances. For a time he was better (Continued on page 79)



Now, at last, the
story all Hollywood has
been waiting for!

The shy Irish Beauty who
searched so long
for romance has finally
found her man.

BY JIM NEWTON

It's Love for Ann Blyth!

■ Ever so long ago (as the young count time) Ann Blyth once said in an interview about love, "If it comes to that, and I marry, it would be nice if he were Irish, too." Well, wouldn't you know but that's just what she's ending up doing! He's Irish, is Dr. James V. McNulty who had the lucky good fortune to capture Ann's heart and hand; and who says about it all, "She's such a sweet girl . . . the sweetest I've met." He's as Irish as Dennis Day's brother, which he also is. And it was at a great get-together for the older folks, his and Ann's, held at her home some three years ago, that first they met.

He was just after leaving the Navy where, at first, he had been assigned to the Fifth Marines' medical unit and saw service at Iwo Jima, and, after the war, was stationed a long time at the Long Beach Naval Hospital in California. It was Dennis himself who made the introduction, leading his brother to Ann's side and practically telling the whole house, as well as her (that proud he was!), "This is the doctor I was telling you about!" Ann, who hadn't been asking about any doctor nevertheless felt better right away.

It's the doctor's privilege to make the diagnosis, but this doesn't stop a girl from trying her hand at it at a time like this. The straight facts Ann put together that moment were descriptive ones: Dr. McNulty was a man standing only an inch or so from tickling six feet, (Continued on page 55)



WHETHER IT'S A JOB OR A WOMAN YOU'RE AFTER, YOU'VE GOT TO COME OUT FIGHTING

The FIGHTING IRISHMAN

by Jack Wade

■ There may be better places for meeting single girls, such as church socials, school dances, and Community Chest drives, but in Hollywood and the surrounding environs, one of the most popular of the boy-meets-girl spots is the beach at Santa Monica.

One summer Sunday a few years ago, a refugee from Brooklyn, born Gerald Tierney—he has since taken the more euphonious name of Scott Brady—was lolling about the sands, flexing his well-proportioned muscles, surveying the beach for a little female companionship.

About 25 yards from where he sat, Brady suddenly spied one of the most fetching, tantalizing assortments of feminine curves ever collected in one body. The possessor of these physical charms was a tall, beautiful brunette who lay stretched languorously on the sand, resting easily on one elbow, looking up at the young man who sat beside her.

Brady, who has been slightly girl-crazy from the moment of his birth, rubbed his eyes and took another look. This was no mirage; this was a real flesh-and-blood female.

In a minute the young actor was on his feet. With a



Scott thinks Darathy's got a better figure than *anybody*! Four years ago he met her on the beach at Santa Monica. She was a bigger star than Scott, then, but he's catching up now.



"Marry me, marry me, marry me" Scott keeps asking Dattie, but she can't make up her mind. Scott dates countless other girls when Darathy's out of town, but swears he loves only her.

Friends are divided on the success of a Brady-Malane merger. Although they're both 27, both Catholic, and both very much in love, they don't have the same background or interests.

WHEN THE GONG RINGS, SAYS SCOTT BRADY!

careful carelessness he began edging closer and closer to the girl. Ten yards away, he noticed that her male companion was a friend of his, Joe Gray. In a minute he had succeeded in wangling himself an introduction.

"Do you live in Los Angeles?" the bathing beauty asked Scott, "or are you just visiting?"

Brady grinned. "I live here," he said. *Gosh! She was pretty.*

"What do you do?" the girl continued.

Scott decided to use the modesty approach. "Just work in a lumberyard," he said. *Baby! What a shape!*

Joe Gray interrupted just as Scott hoped he would. "He's just kidding," Joe told the girl. "He's a movie star."

The brunette's blue eyes widened with expectancy. "Are you really?" she demanded. "Really a movie star?"

"You could call me that," Scott admitted. "But I've only been in a couple of pictures." *Look at the legs on this babe!*

"Please," the dark-haired girl insisted. "Tell me. What were they?"

"Nothin' much," Scott said (Continued on page 85)



The charm of the
past is recaptured in
Loretta Young's
home. Precious heir-
looms and antiques
from many lands whis-
per of enchanted
times and places.

BY MARVA PETERSON

YESTERDAY'S MAGIC

Grey-green walls and blue-green carpets create a cool, placid retreat from the blazing sun that toasts the beachhouse all the year round.



HOUSE OF THE MONTH



The ocean's only half-o-minute away, but Loretta's beachhouse, true to Hollywood tradition, has its own swimming pool. The patio, sheltered from the wind, is used as an extra room for outdoor entertaining.



A connoisseur of antiques, Loretta believes in making her priceless possessions "earn their keep." She uses her Chinese tea caddies as lamp bases, and the armoire against the wall serves as a bar.



A modern, glass tiled table in the dining room is surrounded by traditionally styled chairs. The row of low candles was Loretta's own idea; it provides romantic lighting without interfering with conversation.



This modern pointing in the hallway started Loretta thinking. While still leaning towards antiques, she now admits old and new can mix.

■ Peek into one Hollywood basement and you'll find a vast moist bed of mushrooms. Prowl through another and you'll come across cages full of fat chinchillas. There are vaults full of oil stocks and acres covered with champion livestock. Hollywood stars and starlets alike are busy setting up sidelines to keep them off the breadlines in case they lose their figures or their fan mail. Or else looking forward to the day they can retire and "do something else."

Not Loretta Young. She's been a favorite star for years and years, and thanks be, looks as if she'll go as far into the future as in the past. She's never going to quit. She'll never do "something else." She's already doing something "besides."

There's many a happy householder in Hollywood and vicinity that can thank Loretta for their handsome hearth. Around movie-town the talented Mrs. Tom Lewis is looked upon as real-estate agent, interior decorator, and wholesale mover. Sometimes her friends tease her about it. As a matter of fact she got a real work-out at a dinner party at Rosalind Russell's not long ago.

In the course of the evening the conversational gears were shifted into the subject of real estate. "What are the best neighborhoods out here?" the George Ewings, old friends of Roz from Connecticut, asked. "How are the taxes? Which district has the best schools?" The questions came in fast flurries. Finally (Continued on next page)



In Hollywood, it's no secret that many movie stars like to visit Loretta Young so they can come home with one or two new decorating ideas. Her porch is a typical mixture of antique and contemporary things.



Loretta and her husband Tom Lewis have lived in five different homes during the last eight years. Soon they'll move into a duplex apartment on Sunset Blvd.



Loretta Young isn't looking forward to retiring and "doing something else." Her profitable hobby, interior decorating, keeps her busy when she's in between screen assignments.

Mrs. Ewing summed up her curiosity in one sentence.

"Roz," she asked her hostess, "if you had the entire county of Los Angeles to choose from, where would *you* live?"

"Don't ask me," Roz smiled. "Ask Loretta. She's lived on practically every street in town."

The visitors turned toward doe-eyed Loretta. Loretta Young smiled and looked at her husband, Tom, for a little support.

"Go ahead," Lewis said. "Tell them. You're certainly qualified."

"I admit we've moved around a bit since we were married," Loretta began. "But really, every street in town, that's . . ."

"Five times in eight years," Tom Lewis said.

"Then what do you think is the best location," the Ewings insisted, "for people with children?"

Loretta thought for a few moments. In the 20 years since she'd moved from her mother's boarding house on Green and Fourth, she'd lived in at least a dozen different homes.

"It depends on what your family likes to do," the actress said presently. "San Fernando and the valley are wonderful if you want to keep horses and live in a ranch-type house. Pasadena is a solid community and very accessible to downtown Los Angeles. The Pacific Palisades are dramatic and Beverly Hills has fine schools . . . so there you are."

"Where do *you* live?" Mrs. Ewing asked.

"Right now," Loretta (*Continued on page 84*)

I sing for St. Jude

by Danny Thomas



The Thomas family link hands in happiness—Danny, Rosemarie, Margaret, Theresa and Tony.

MY BEST SONG SOUNDS ONLY IN MY HEART. GOD ALONE HEARS, BUT ALL MEN JOIN THE CHORUS.

■ Sometimes when I am getting so I think I know all the answers, when arrogance sells me the idea I'm master of all I survey, and all this on the basis of material justification only—meaning I have got hold of a little money, maybe—I hit the bench in church with my knees and a great equalization takes place. Humbleness, which is the only truth we should live in, grips me, and I wince remembering what a peacock I tried to be. I know in my heart that I don't really want anything special. I was a poor boy born into a rich heritage of love and mercy and that is the core of my happiness . . . not anything I acquired later.

I realize today that it was my mother who first showed me what in life had meaning and what was secondary. She used to tell me stories about her home country of Lebanon

in which the characters were weighed by only one criterion—they either had hearts and souls or they didn't. She never wasted a word on whether they were rich, poor, powerful or weak. It became clear that this was unimportant, and it has remained clear to me except when ego temporarily clouds my vision. Hers were old fashioned stories and maybe not the kind modern child psychiatrists would approve. But judge for yourself. My favorite was about the murderer who knew that the safest place to hide from the mob was in the home and at the feet of the dead man's father.

"This is the way it is in Lebanon," she would say, "and never has the father failed in his duty to protect because this is the supreme test."

"What test?" I asked the first (Continued on page 67)

No thrush should dare
to sing; nor any rose
to bloom. A lover's kiss
is false—if Lana truly
means this bitter phrase.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

"THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LOVE!"

■ On the fringe of Hollywood—out where the Sunset Strip begins—there is a small cafe, not much bigger than the average living room, that is called by the odd name of My Own Place. It is the headquarters, office, and bandstand for an enterprising young disk jockey named Larry Finley who sits in the window of the little restaurant until four o'clock in the morning spinning records and commenting on the arrival and departure of the famous. A lot of celebrities patronize My Own Place, for it is the last place a stay-out-later can get into after the saloons and night clubs close at two a.m.

On this particular night the place was jumping as usual at three o'clock. A producer sat near the doorway telling a couple of newspapermen what a great picture he had just made. An actor and a director plotted a future scene on a calico table cloth. And over in a far corner a blonde girl in a mink coat sat and sipped coffee and chatted quietly with a young French actor new to Hollywood. A magazine writer watched them for a few minutes then walked over to their table. He said hello to the girl and then waited for an introduction to the man.

Nobody introduced him; the girl just smiled in amusement and the writer just smiled back at her. It was a game. The girl was (*Continued on page 53*)

Lana has a mighty warm smile
for Lex Barker; but since the Lamás
fiasco, this baby is cold inside.



horizon: He must report soon to the Coast Guard.

They're splitting up, say the papers.

"*Je t'adore*" whispers Leslie. It's a divorce says the radio. "*Boy, I love you, baby*" says her man!

BY SUSAN TRENT

the first or second edition?" Then her piquant little face really did sadden. "Geordie," she appealed, softening the name with a whisper of a French accent, "dear, why do they say these things? How do they dare print things that are untrue?" She moved around the table in her graceful way, to sit on his lap. "Geordie?"

He took her tousled little head in his hands. "I don't know, honey. Maybe they get their kicks that way. Maybe they gotta turn a fast buck. Maybe . . . Gee, baby, I don't know. It happens all the time. They don't pick just on us."

George Hormel is right in part. It is true that gossip writers have to make a dollar like anyone else. And they certainly don't confine their speculations only to the Hormels. But what George didn't point out is that whatever has to do with himself and Leslie Caron is news. Couple a gamin-like ballerina from Paris, with a 24-year-old hepcat musician whose grandfather happened to found a meat-packing company (Continued on page 75)



TWELVE HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIES JOIN THE WINNER'S CIRCLE AS MODERN SCREEN'S BOARD OF EXPERTS



MARILYN MONROE has traded her usual tousled look for this very sleek, carefully-waved new coiffure.



URSULA THIESS' short cut can be combed into many styles. Her favorites: upsweep and wind-blown bob.



ROSEMARY CLOONEY's simple blonde bob is a perennial favorite with college girls.



CYD CHARISSE chooses a casual middle-part. It doesn't get mussed while she practices dance steps.



JOYCE HOLDEN's naturally blonde hair isn't easily tamed. Lots of brushing helps to keep it in place.



DEBRA PAGET knows that many men find shoulder-length hair excitingly feminine.



PIPER LAURIE's hair is a color that would have delighted Tiffan. Constant shampooing highlights it.



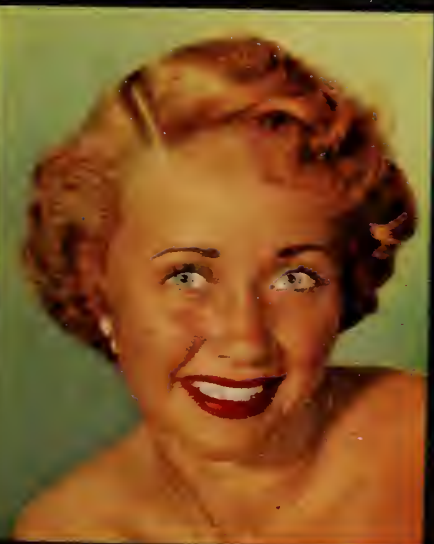
PIER ANGELI's wavy tresses are something new. Before she came to the U.S.A. she had straight hair!



ANN SHERIDAN's elaborate pampadour is just perfect for this sophisticated actress.



GENE TIERNEY likes this style. It complements any costume her extremely varied social life requires.



JANE POWELL's quick, easy style is kind to her triple role as a wife, a mother and a busy career girl.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT's worn the same bangs and short hairdo since her movie debut, looks lovely in them.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAIR IN THE WORLD

■ There's an old cliché that tells us that a woman is beautiful from "the top of her head to the tip of her toes." Now, MODERN SCREEN is a firm believer in starting at the top, so for the third year it has invited nine beauty experts to select 12 more Hollywood stars to join the royal 24 whose "crowning glories" have already been pronounced "The Most Beautiful Hair In The World."

This year's delectable dozen are: Gene Tierney, Ann Sheridan, Marilyn Monroe, Cyd Charisse, Claudette Colbert, Joyce Holden, Jane Powell, Piper Laurie, Debra Paget, Pier Angeli, Rosemary Clooney, and Ursula Thiess. Some of these top-notchers are old favorites, some brand new arrivals, but they all have one thing in common—a lovely head on their shoulders.

But it wasn't always necessarily so. Some of these shining examples weren't natural-born Goldilocks. They've worked hard to make head-lines. They care for their natural gifts, they experiment on improvements, and they never forget or neglect their hair.

Styling, actually, is the lesser problem. Often the cut is determined by an artist for a particular screen role. Sometimes, when an actress like Claudette Colbert, finds the perfect coiffure, she never allows it to be altered. Sometimes, as recently happened to Anne Baxter, a change for a particular movie creates a happy change of off-screen appearance, too. And many of the younger stars, Debra Paget and Piper Laurie among them, prefer to cut and curl their own.

As for up-keep—each girl has her own special theory: Marilyn Monroe uses brilliantine as protection against the sun; Pier Angeli is convinced that plenty of air keeps her hair healthy; Ursula Thiess never misses a scalp massage. But all of these stars, and those who have gone before, have two gospel rules. Beautiful hair must be clean, clean, clean . . . beautiful hair must be brushed, brushed, brushed. This is where true hair glamor starts for the most pampered star or the girl next door.

The judges who selected these stars were: Nellie Manley, Paramount; Helen Hunt, Columbia; Jean Reilly, Warners; Larry Germain, RKO; Irene Brooks, 20-Fox; Joan St. Oegger, Universal; Bill Tuttle, MGM; Perc Westmore, Westmore Salon; and Myron Nolt of the Beauty Salon, Beverly Wilshire Hotel.



Dale and Jackie's recent marital rift was caused by his inflated ego, said the columnists.

**Has Dale Robertson
"gone Hollywood"?
Have the dazzling smiles
of Fame and Fortune
blinded him into snub-
bing old friends, and
fighting with his wife?**

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

■ "Who's next," asked the Colonel of his aide.
"Sir, it's the Lieutenant with the shattered knee-cap. Dayle LyMoine Robertson, his name is," the Corporal spoke with some awe in his voice. "He's really had it rough, sir. The Lieutenant was with the 332nd Combat Engineers."

That was credential enough for the Colonel. For even safe at home at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, the European exploits of that bunch of heroes was well discussed.

"Knee-cap, hmmm. And with the 332nd. That calls for something special," and the Colonel began riffling through his mind for an assignment for Lt. Robertson that would keep him occupied—and happy—for the time he would linger in Fort Bragg before being discharged.

When Dale Robertson (as he spells his name now) was ushered in to the Commanding Officer's presence, the Colonel knew just how well he'd picked the task for the man. He saw a tall, ruggedly handsome soldier in front of him, and just knew that the guy had a way with the ladies.

That's what the Lieutenant needed for his mission. The choice and challenging assignment was to decorate the walls of the Officers' Club with a dozen or more life-size photographs of fetching females in assorted poses. The Colonel smiled as he gave the order; Dale grinned as he acknowledged it.

Ft. Bragg is located some 12 miles from the city of Fayetteville, and while that municipality boasts many beautiful women, there are precious few professional models within its environs who will pose in nature's garment even for so lofty a purpose (*Continued on page 60*)



"Sports are important to me," says Dale. "After working six days in a row, I like riding, golfing or hunting on Sunday." But Jackie, left alone with their baby, sometimes ponders which he likes better: sports, or his wife.



**BIG STAR,
BIG HEAD?**

(Continued from page 18) Frog Man. He came back on leave, more than a year later, and one afternoon an old schoolmate of his asked if he wanted to see the local basketball game that night.

"Sure," said Aldo. He'd been through a lot by then but he'd been away actually only a short time, and still knew all the kids on both teams.

"You want to bring a girl friend?" he said.

Aldo grinned. "Sure. And I know which one, if you can fix it for me."

He didn't know it then, but he was referring to his future wife. She was a senior in high school at the time, and he'd known her only casually before he went away. He'd seen her on the street that afternoon and she'd been so gay and friendly that he felt attracted to her right away.

They went to the game together and in the ensuing months he always phoned her for dates when he was home on liberty. He was discharged from the Navy the following spring, and before either of them realized it they were going steady. "She was so cute," says Aldo. "She was so much fun to be with. A real personality girl."

He worked all that summer as a warehouseman at the sugar refinery in Crockett and in the fall started at the University of California on a scholarship. He kept on working at night but found time for dates with his favorite girl. Then he switched to the junior college at Vallejo. It was nearer his home and they would let him play football there; they weren't so fussy about his trick knee. Just before he changed schools he had a blistering argument with his girl. "I can't remember what it was about," he says now. "I guess nobody ever can."

At any rate, Vallejo Junior College saw him going out with other girls and it also saw him as somewhat of a big wheel on the campus. He was a football hero, he got straight A's in all his studies, and he was president of the student body. Aldo Ray had never had it so good.

HE was feeling pretty smug when he went back to Crockett and saw his girl again. It had been a long time and he was flushed with success. "Hello," he said, and she replied with a brief and rather cool greeting. He must have shown his surprise, for a worried little look went across her face then. She said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound that way. But you see—I'm engaged."

The big wheel of Vallejo Junior College felt his spokes collapsing. Everything had been going so great. He couldn't believe this. At first he thought it was only his pride that was hurt, but in the next few days he realized that it was really his heart. He couldn't stand losing her.

On Christmas Eve he saw her in church at the midnight mass. It was that night that he reached in his coat pocket and showed her the biggest and best engagement ring he'd been able to afford. All is fair in love and war, the saying goes, and some people add politics to that. Aldo was a born politician, and the summation of his strategy was that she broke the engagement a week later and married Aldo the following June.

He was 21 and she was 19, and both of them suffered doubting-pains before the ceremony. His fiancée in particular felt shaky about the whole venture and confided to her friends and family, as well as Aldo, that she didn't feel at all sure. They replied that the uncertainty was universal, that every prospective bride feels

the same way. Besides, they pointed out, all the arrangements were made for a big wedding. She couldn't back out now. On Aldo's part, his old gang collectively was giving him the needle. "You're too young," they kept saying. But Aldo felt he knew what he was doing. He loved her and he wanted to be married, so he turned a deaf ear.

The wedding was wonderful. Fully 400 people were there, all people the bride and groom had known all their lives. It was old home week, and it was glamorous and exciting. They went to Del Mar on the California coast for their honeymoon and returned to Crockett to settle down to the business of being married. For a great many married couples this period comes as an anti-climax to the engagement and wedding. And it did with Mr. and Mrs. Ray.

They were both very busy. Aldo went to school during the day and worked at night as a stevedore for the refinery. His bride worked during the day, also at the refinery, and did her housewifely chores at night. They began to have small spats, none of which were serious, but with the disadvantage of youth both of them blew up every argument way out of proportion in their own minds. It never had anything to do with outsiders; the disagreements were always between themselves. They simply weren't adjusting.

Their apartment was small and dingy, and they thought it might help if they found a better place to live. It was the height of the housing shortage, but they did find a place that was more cheerful, another furnished apartment. Aldo began to think that things would work out better and then the night after their first anniversary he came home for "lunch," as the stevedores call their 9 P.M. meal, and found the house empty. No wife, no meal, no note. She came in shortly afterward and gave him her decision point blank. "Aldo, I think we had better not try any longer." She said she had wanted someone like her father, and that Aldo was not at all like him.

SHE left that night and went to live with her parents. For long months afterward Aldo pleaded with her to try again, to make a go of the marriage. It was during this time that Maria DaRe, Aldo's mother, gave birth to her seventh child, and the new baby was the pride of

Marilyn Monroe walked into the 20th Century-Fox cafeteria one day wearing only a skirt and a red sweater—that's all. A studio official took a good look and admonished her about her attire. Marilyn gave him a smile and said: "What's the matter—don't you like red?"

Erskine Johnson in
The World-Telegram

the household. Not long after, Aldo saw his wife walking along the main street of the town.

"Where are you headed for?" he asked. "I'm going to get a soda at the drug-store," she said.

"How about changing your mind and coming over to my house?" He took her hand and held it. "My mother would like to see you, and so would my new brother."

They talked more seriously about their marriage that night than they had ever done. Aldo admitted the mistakes he had made and promised to do better if she would only try again. Both of them felt badly about the idea of divorce, particularly in view of their Catholic faith. Five days later they were back together again, this time in a new apartment with their own furniture. They were trying

desperately, and hoped that the common bond of furnishing a home would help.

By this time Aldo, although still in his senior semester at school, was campaigning for the office of constable in Crockett. His wife told him he was too young, that he'd never be elected. Then, soon after their reconciliation, he was given the chance to play a bit part as a football player in Columbia's *Saturday's Hero*. The \$200-a-week salary was a god-send. During the picture's filming Aldo either went up to Crockett for weekends or his wife came to Hollywood. The election took place after the picture was finished, and Aldo won in a landslide. He forgot all about Hollywood and devoted himself to his new duties, but things weren't going well at home. They were both still trying, but it was beginning to be obvious that it wasn't going to work. They were like two puppies trying to pull a dogcart in different directions.

It was decided that a divorce was the only answer and then they discovered they were going to have a baby. It posed a new problem. They had both wanted children and would have been deliriously happy about it had they felt their marriage was on solid ground. As it was, they put up a front to the whole town during the next long months. They were living a sham existence and neither of them was happy about it. A daughter was born to them on July 13, 1951, a baby who came into the world in unfortunate circumstances, for while her parents loved her dearly, they did not love each other. They knew, at the hospital, when they looked at each other over this tiny bundle, that it was all over. If a child, born of both of them, could not bring them together, then nothing could.

THINGS happened fast after that. The very day after his wife and baby had come home Aldo got a phone call from Max Arnow, the casting director at Columbia Studios. Would Aldo be interested in a bit role in a new picture they were going to make? He would. All the bills were paid and he gave his wife a lump sum of money, and then on September 1st he took one last look at his infant daughter and turned away.

In Hollywood, he went on to be the Horatio Alger boy. His success in *The Marrying Kind* was followed by important roles with Hepburn and Tracy in *Pat and Mike* and then Ray Milland and Jane Wyman in *Let's Do It Again*. He kept his nose to the grindstone and was not seen at the bright spots. It is quite possible that he was given advice to be a good boy and stay at home until the divorce was finalized, but it is also possible that Aldo made up his own mind concerning his behavior. In his capacity as a rookie in the industry he has been doused with advice from all sides in both high and low places. But with that political turn of mind he had listened to all the advice and followed only what he considered worthwhile.

He has said that he stayed out of "twosome" mentions in the gossip columns because he felt it was the right thing to do under the circumstances. There was the added fact that he necessarily had to spend the better part of his free time in learning to use the tools of his trade. Aldo's explosive success in Hollywood has been nothing short of phenomenal. In his first year he appeared in strong roles with five Academy Award winners, and it has been no mean chore to turn out performances worthy of the company of these veterans.

Aldo now lives in a modest apartment in the San Fernando Valley. He takes care of the place himself, doing his own cooking, cleaning, and mending. As the eldest

of the DaDe family he long ago learned how to take care of a house, and while he considers it no hardship he admits that he does not like living alone. He feels that marriage is the way to live, and that a happy marriage is the epitome of good living.

He is frank to admit he would like to be married again, and feels that a wife is indispensable to a man's happiness and success. He likes to quote an old Chinese proverb that says in effect, "The reason women are never successful in business is because they don't have wives to help them."

He feels that the failure of his first marriage has taught him a great deal and that should he marry again he would know how to be a better husband. He has never claimed that he was the fair-haired partner where the marriage difficulties were concerned and on the contrary has realized his own mistakes. He feels quite strongly about the type of girl he will marry in the future. She must, above all, have faith in him and his ability. She must be his helpmate in his career as well as his home life, by the simple expedient of believing in him. He would like a girl who is positive, who can say "I believe this because—" and give a reason for it. He wants an intelligent girl who is not necessarily pretty. "I'd rather have her be cute," he says. "I don't like women in slacks, but neither do I like them all dolled up all the time. They strike me as being too haughty that way, and not earthy enough." What he means is that

he likes a girl who is natural and without affected manners. He notices first about a girl her manner of speaking. If her voice comes out shrill or nasal, or through a wad of chewing gum, he mentally turns his back on her. On the other hand, he can't feel attracted to the type who confine themselves to studied cultural tones in an effort to impress others. "Too much cul-chure I can't take," he says.

He wants a happy medium. "I hope the girl I marry will like to live on a ranch. There's so much security in owning land. You always have chickens and eggs and a couple of porkers, and I think the secure feeling you'd get from a life like that would make for a solid marriage. And I hope she'll like a house with a lot of fireplaces." He wants a second marriage to be a lasting one. "Nobody gets married with the idea of getting divorced later. I couldn't take a second divorce. I'd do my darndest. I'd hate having to leave her to go on tour. I think if I had to be away a long time from a girl I loved I'd just die."

This is Aldo Ray talking of dreams. There is no girl as yet in his life, and even after the divorce was final he didn't rush into a dating spree. He points out that the actresses with whom he has come in contact don't give him much choice. They fall into two separate classes; one group is well established in the business and happily married, and the other consists of the younger starlets who grow hysterically unhappy unless they're flying around town all the time. "I'm no play-

boy," says Aldo. "I like a girl who says, 'Let's go—let's have fun,' but I don't like the idea of having to see and be seen in the right places. That's their idea of living it up. Me, I don't care where I am as long as I'm having a good time with the girl I'm with."

He has entertained in his apartment—the Southern California football team of which his brother is a member. He has entertained in a restaurant—his brother's friends on the team. There hasn't yet been a romance for the gossip columns, but Aldo is the marrying kind, and in all probability there will be one before long.

LAST November, when he went up to Crockett to watch one of his kid brothers play in a football game, he also saw his ex-wife and baby daughter. It was the first time since he left in the fall of 1951, and by this time the baby was 16 months old. He lost his heart to her and told his friends back in Hollywood, "I wish that everybody in the world could have a baby just like her."

Sitting there talking with his ex-wife and playing with his daughter, it seemed to Aldo that he had never been away—but that was only for the nostalgic moment. Things have tumbled into and out of his life in rapid succession; his two lives, although so totally different, seem to overlap. It has been a deeply unsettling experience, and it will take time to clear his mind and heart of the confusion that lies there now. As Aldo told the girl who had shared three years of his life, "I'm still searching."

END

"there's no such thing as love"

(Continued from page 42) Lana Turner and she never introduced a new escort. Find out who he was if you cared, but she never tells.

"Well," said the writer after a pause, "tell me this much. Is it love?"

The smile left Lana's face. Her eyes chilled just a little and then she hid them with lowered lashes. "There's no such thing as love," she said.

"You're kidding," said the writer, for there was something in Lana Turner's tone that gave the simple statement a deep meaning.

Lana looked up, her eyes steady now, something almost like defiance in them. "I'm not kidding," she said.

The writer went back to his table to his own coffee and sat and looked into the cup for a long time. This was quite a thing. It was like Louella Parsons saying, "There is no Hollywood." Or Harry Truman saying, "There is no White House." After awhile Lana left. She stood up, wrapped her mink coat closely about her and walked ahead of her date to the door. Just about every eye in the room was on her; she was very beautiful. After she was gone the writer thought about her a good deal more, and finally came to the conclusion that maybe she was right. Maybe there is no such thing as love—for Lana Turner.

Everybody who has any interest in the movies at all knows all about Lana Turner and her loves. They've been publicized better than any other Hollywood commodity. Even her minor loves and the relationships that were just friendships that looked like love. As a matter of fact, it's hard to think about Lana and not think of love at the same time. That might be because Lana is probably the most glamorous of all the stars, the sexiest, the lustiest, the one who looks most like a

movie star off-screen; the one who looks most like a femme fatale. And she looks, with those liquid blue eyes and mouth ready for smiling or pouting, like the one who could feel the deepest emotion, particularly love.

Well, she is. And that's why it might be true that there is no such thing as love for Lana Turner anymore.

The past year for Lana Turner has been a bitter one. It has been filled with uncertainty, peeks at happiness and disillusionment, maybe despair. During the past 12 months Lana has lost one husband, sweated out a divorce in anticipation of another, and lost him, too. But it would take more than just these things to bring a gleam of bitterness to Lana Turner's eyes. It has been an accumulation of disappointments over a period of 15 years, starting with puppy loves and running through numerous stabs at something permanent and three marriages. She is now 31. If, as they say, youth is the time for love, it has passed Lana Turner by and she didn't get a prize.

THIS writer has been around during those 15 years of romance. All of them. He's seen Mickey Rooney chase her around the school house at MGM; and Lana, laughing and flushed of face out-running him. He's seen her stare coolly at a Texas millionaire across a crowded room and cut off his enthusiasm without saying a word or averting her eyes. I was in the crew of reporters who took notes at the announcement of her first Hollywood engagement, to her longtime friend Greg Bautzer. And when she was not yet 20 I stood a foot from her in an NBC studio as she told an astonished Artie Shaw that he was once again an educated bachelor. I saw her weep when she got an annulment of her marriage to Steve Crane; and laugh when she got her first public kiss from Bob Topping.

I saw Lana Turner when she was the gayest girl that ever hit a Hollywood night

club. The places didn't begin to perk until Lana arrived. And I saw her sitting alone and forlorn at Mocambo one night—the night she left Bob Topping—surrounded by chairs piled on tables, not a spark of fun or joy left in her. Once I got a punch in the nose from a star because he didn't like the way I wrote about a date they'd had at the same night club. I know about it all, and have seen most of it, but I'd say the last year has taken the greatest toll—and Fernando Lamas was the toughest guy to lose. And I could believe that Lana Turner will never again fall in love.

One night ten years ago Lana Turner sat at a ringside table at the Hollywood Palladium with an agent and looked out across the dance floor at a sea of bobbing heads undulating to the rhythm of a famous orchestra. As the dancers passed most of them stared at the stunning star and then moved on, making room for another batch of glancers. Most of the men envied the agent she was sitting with, and all of the girls envied Lana, for she was famous, rich and very beautiful. And Lana watched them in the artificial twilight of the room and noticed the way they held each other and clung together and shared a Saturday night.

"Lucky," she whispered to herself.

"What's that?" asked the agent.

"I said they're lucky," said Lana. "I wish I was in the middle out there with—a guy. Some nice guy of mine."

She hadn't long passed her twenty-first birthday but she was already sadly aware that she'd never have exactly what the rest of the girls of her age had. At least she thought she never could have. Being a movie star, Lana Turner thought that night, has its disadvantages, the main one being the fact that a movie star was the idol of too many men. It wasn't possible for a movie star to dance in the middle of that big floor with just one guy.

Today, you might be able to blame Lana Turner's opinion of love on her attitude that night. I chose to lay the blame

at the feet of the men in her life. They, not Hollywood, not fame, not vicious circumstance are to blame.

Take the first one, Mickey Rooney. The Mick, as he was called in those days, was no handsome knight on a white charger, but he thought he was. He raced after the girls like a shaggy toy poodle chasing a pack of great Danes. When Lana Turner came to MGM Mickey was just another pupil in her class room, but he was also the biggest box-office draw in the movies. A girl couldn't discount that, and so when Mickey began to pay her ardent court it was flattering. She will admit today that she liked him—and it can be safely estimated that the reason he didn't get anywhere is that he was over-eager. Maybe if he'd slowed down a bit and hadn't acted like a pyromaniac at a four-alarm fire they'd have gotten along.

DURING this early stage of Lana Turner's love life there were other men. Maybe a better word would be boys. Lana was just learning that life can be full and she was out on the town very nearly every night and used to show up at school with hangovers. The lads and immature men who took her out either sat and drooled or clung and panted, depending on their nerve. And pretty soon Lana wasn't able to figure out just exactly what love was—a state of being, or a sport without rules.

She was about 18 when she first thought she was really in love. The man was Greg Bautzer, her attorney, and, as she herself speaks of him today, the most elusive man in America. Greg was handsome, headed for success and sophisticated. His calm attitude made the other men she had known look like vacuum cleaner salesmen who had been told they were fired if they didn't sell a sweeper before nightfall. This very charm was the cause of the breakup between them a year or so later. Lana, like any woman in love, wanted the fellow of her choice to be ardent. Greg wasn't. She wanted him to talk of marriage once in a while. Greg wouldn't. As a matter of fact, he'd likely run if the word was said. Getting engaged was fine, but that was it.

Lana Turner was carrying around Greg Bautzer's engagement ring when she got married for the first time. Although she has spoken about it a good deal, Lana has never to this day been able to think of a good reason for this first marriage—to Artie Shaw. She says she was not in love with him—and this is believable, because she eloped with him the first night they went out together, right after dinner. It is a matter of record that she didn't kiss him until the justice in Las Vegas told her to.

Just how many of the men she dated she loved, only Lana Turner knows. And she won't tell. But it isn't hard to figure out. I'd say she was in love with Victor Mature. It certainly looked like it. But Mature was in love with Rita Hayworth. He dated Lana plenty, but he didn't want to marry her. Lana was not living only to marry again, but she felt there had to be some other fulfillment to steady dating besides a good time and a kiss goodnight on the door step. That's about all she got from Mature. The thing that made her cancel the whole arrangement was the strong suspicion that he was late-dating after he drove away from her front door. This is a tragic belief to any girl, let alone Lana Turner, movie star and 20-year-old divorcee.

I would say that Lana was in love with Tony Martin. But he was in love with Alice Faye. Tony was as handsome a lad as ever got into the movies. When he danced with a girl he sang the songs that were making him famous, but he sang them softly into her ear. Even if he wasn't

in love with the girl he sang to, she had every right to think he was. The man was a charmer who didn't know his own strength. What happened between them is, again, a secret that only Lana and Tony know, but they didn't last much longer than it took for the ink that made the headlines of their engagement to dry. They didn't speak for a long time after.

IT was eight years ago, maybe nine, that Lana Turner met and married the man she says today was the real love of her life. Steve Crane. And Crane was terribly in love with her. Who knows, they might still be married today, except for the blow that came to Lana a few days after her marriage. A young woman from the middle west named Carol Kurtz gave a story to the newspapers that she, and not Lana Turner, was Steve Crane's wife—and she had the documents to bear her claim out. Something serious happened to Lana Turner's belief in love the day she read that story in the papers. She got an annulment; Crane got a divorce; they married again (some say only because she was going to bear Crane's child) and they lived together for a year or more. But something happened when that story broke that couldn't be healed—and again Lana

QUIZZING THE STARS

What do you notice about a man when you first meet him? What attracts you? What is most important to you in a man's character?

AUDREY TOTTER: His smile. His sense of humor attracts me. The most important in his character is his good taste.

SHELLEY WINTERS: Whether he looks alert and intelligent. His personality attracts. Honorable-ness is most important.

Turner was a divorcee. A more bitter divorcee than she had been the first time.

If you'll take a look at the photographs of Lana Turner that have been made since that divorce you'll notice something in Lana's face that wasn't there before. Or possibly the lack of something that had been there before. The eagerness was gone from her eyes. And on her face was a mask of sophistication, a worldly expression that belonged to a woman who might say, "Nuts" if a man told her he loved her.

Lana Turner's marriage to Bob Topping was probably the only really adult romantic situation she had ever been in. It would be a little far-fetched to say it was a marriage of convenience, founded on such dull things as the desire for a home life and roots, but it wouldn't be ridiculous. Topping was a man of the world, a chap who had had his way with women for a long time and was ready to settle down to a respectable family existence. Lana certainly wanted that more than anything else. Yet they were in love, not madly, wildly, but with restraint. They had a love they could analyze and count upon, one that could be handled in time of stress. I don't believe either of them expected it would ever come to an end, mainly because they could inspect it and not ask the impossible of it.

But there came that night at Mocambo when Lana sat alone and knew she couldn't go on any longer, and so she instituted proceedings for a separation.

Fernando Lamas was the first actor (since Mickey Rooney) Lana worked with and liked. Lamas is a strange combination. He is a Latin, with all the charm the word implies, and he is as American as Steve Canyon. On-screen he is the classic South American lover. Off-screen he is a bundle of humor and casual grace. Which facet of this dual personality Lana

liked is hard to say, but it is more than likely his off-screen self. They met while they were rehearsing for *The Merry Widow*. Set workers say they didn't get along at the beginning. That could be because Lana was not in the mood to hold hands with any man—and Lamas looks like a genuine hand-holder. But after a while they enjoyed working together. Later on they liked to spend evenings together.

WHEN they fell in love they made no bones about it. They kept out of the limelight as much as possible at first, because Lana was not divorced and Fernando was in the same boat. It was all right, for they were both separated, but they didn't want too much publicity. Lana hasn't been a very demonstrative girl in public for years, so the reports that they had fallen in love had to be second hand, neither one of them denied it or made excuses, but they made no announcements.

However, those elusive people known as "intimates of both parties" say that they were in the clouds, and after a few months, not concerned with anything but getting divorces and marrying. Lana went to Nevada and established residence for a divorce. So did Fernando's wife, Mrs. Lamas got hers and the papers all carried stories that now Lana would pick up her decree and she and Fernando would tie the knot. But that didn't happen. There were a number of reasons given for Lana not getting her divorce. Most of them seemed to agree, though, that it had to do with a property settlement with Topping. Neither of them confirmed or denied this. But Lana didn't apply for that paper that would have made her eligible.

I saw Lana Turner on the last date she had with Fernando Lamas, and she certainly didn't look like a woman about to fling the ashes of a dead love in her boy friend's face. Nor did he look like a fellow searching for words to tell his doll to get lost. It was at the party Marion Davies gave for Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Ray. I sat at the next table and Lana and Fernando seemed quite happy with one another. Not delirious, but happy.

They have not spent an hour together since that night. Whatever it was that happened was serious, and it happened that night, after they left the party. Nobody seems to know exactly what the quarrel was, but it has put another scar on Lana Turner's heart and a different look in her eyes. That's so apparent that it is easy to say Fernando might have been her biggest love, and possibly her last.

LANA Turner will be a movie queen for a while yet. She has a beauty that will last, the same talent that made her an all-time movie great and an artist in her work these days that can keep her working on sound stages until she's too old to hold a script. See *The Bad And The Beautiful* and you'll know that. That's what's in store for Lana Turner the actress. What about Lana Turner the woman?

Well, the writer in the all-night cafe where the Sunset Strip begins thought a lot about it over that final cup of coffee. Maybe it will always be like it was that night. A reporter will ask her if it's love, pointing to her date, and she'll say, "There's no such thing as love." And she won't smile after awhile, because she's not kidding.

And then she'll get up and wrap her mink coat about her and go home. And her date, a faceless man who can drive and tell the time, will follow her, a step or two to the rear. And maybe Lana Turner will go home or cry on her pillow. Or sometimes ponder she might have been better off if she'd not been so fleet of foot and had let Mickey Rooney catch her.

END

(Continued from page 35) he had black hair, brown eyes (with a piece of the sun twinkling in them) and altogether made you think to yourself, "You'd know he was Dennis Day's brother for sure. There is such a strong family resemblance." Having thought it, Ann said it. They talked about it for a while and then they talked about themselves. The doctor (he didn't become "Jim" to her for quite a while, Ann being that formal and respectful!) said he was just getting his private practice under way and hoped to be a busy man. She wished him luck. He also said that just the same, busy or not, he hoped he would be able to see her again and she not only must have wished him luck again . . . but helped to make it true.

Not too often at first, because he soon became one of those doctors who are not in their office because they are wanted at the hospital, and not at the hospital because they are needed at the office. And, of course, no one needs be told that Ann has been one of the busiest girls in Hollywood. Not often at all for the first two years, if the truth be told. The doctor tried, and so did Ann, but when she wasn't working on a new picture the doctor was launching a new baby. This was the period during which Ann was seen one day with this boy and the other day with that one—"this boy" being a Roddy MacDowall or a Dick Contino, and "that one" a Lon McCallister or even Scott Brady. With the exception of Contino these boys were all fleeting dates, and her friendship with Contino was more than the romance it was played up to be by the columnists.

But last summer the tangle of time and duty, which was keeping Ann and her doctor apart, began to unwind a bit. At last, whenever he could catch an evening off there was Ann, ready and waiting. For his they could not only thank their celestial stars, but also a star of a different type, this one of flesh, blood and temperament—too much of all three, as a matter of fact, his studio has complained. You're right! Mario Lanza.

When Signor Lanza decided he'd rather get demerits than be *The Student Prince* or M-G-M, Ann, who was to be his leading lady, found herself without assignment. Her salary continued but she had nothing to do. While Lanza raved and studio heads cursed she sat quietly by and stuffed her fingers in her ears like a little lady. After some days of this she was told she could wait at home. The situation then became one in which her own studio at the time, Universal-International, didn't play any new role for Ann because she might be called back to MGM any moment if Lanza came back to work. U-I, having loaned Ann to MGM, planned to not pay for her availability even if *The Student Prince* was shelved—which it was. Ann had already been to Korea, no personal appearance tours were in the offing, or practically the first time in her career she was a lady of leisure . . . and that's when the doctor became "Jim" to her and she began thinking not only of being Ann, but *his* Ann!

Where did they go? Mostly to shows at night. And when they ran out of shows they lingered longer in dining places and then found an entertainment spot. Whenever there would be an industry thing it would be on Jim's arm that Ann lived and departed. And it was their manner, the way it bespoke the kind of understanding young people can have when they "discover" each other, that first inspired their friends to say they were in love.

When Ann and Jim dance they don't dance Hollywood fashion in which you look around the room to see who else is there and are apparently oblivious of your partner. Their faces are smile to smile, and the smiles are warm and lasting. When they eat out they are quite apt to talk about the art of eating at home, and Jim knows Ann has a working knowledge of the kitchen. She has told him. She has made it plain that she doesn't like the modern kind of kitchen that resembles a sterile operating room in a hospital; she thinks it ought to be one of the warmest rooms in the house where you feel like sitting down and eating what you've cooked there.

Not long ago something happened which indicated that their attachment for each other was nearing the "possessive" stage, which everyone knows comes just before possession is made official at the altar. It didn't seem like much when it happened, but when you started to thinking about it . . . it was quite significant.

JIM took Ann to the Screen Producer's Guild banquet at the Biltmore Bowl and when they entered the hotel a flock of kids waving autograph books surrounded them. Ann signed autograph after autograph, lingering so long that Jim became impatient and finally called a halt. "Come on! Come on!" he said. Ann jumped! She

Red Skelton to Debra Paget: "The girl who swears she's never been kissed has a right to swear."

flew to his side and down the stairs they went. The fans who were left behind looked at each other in amazement.

"Geel!" said one girl. "I've seen her with fellows a lot of times and they never dared talk like that if she wanted to go on signing."

"Maybe she wants him to," commented her friend with the air of a deep sage.

The two looked at each other and nodded. So that's the way it was, huh?

Is it that way? "It certainly is," reports Barney McDevitt who handles Dennis Day's public relations and is pretty well up on doings in the McNulty family. "The romance definitely looks serious."

Is it that way? Another McNulty brother (there are five altogether, plus a sister, and all married except Jim), is John, who manages Dennis' business affairs. He, with the caution of a figures-and-facts sort of fellow, is more guarded. "They've a warm friendship for each other and have had for some time," he says.

Well it's true that Jim is busy. He's so busy that he has never had time to get his own apartment since leaving the service, and he still lives in his parents' home. But he's not too busy for romance and he didn't sound at all flabbergasted when queried about Ann and himself the other day. The question appeared to do nothing to spoil the good humor he was in and his reply revealed no surprise at all that such a question should be put to him.

"Are you engaged?" he was asked. "Can you tell me about that?"

"I wouldn't say that," he came back. "Other people seem to know more than we do."

"Well, will you say that you and Ann will be married or engaged soon?" came the next question.

"I don't know," he said. Then he added, reflectively, "She's such a sweet girl."

WHEN he was told that a lot of people think he and Ann would make a fine couple he smiled gratefully. And when he was asked if he thought he could win her he thought it over.

"I don't know whether I'll be that lucky or not," he answered at last. "You

see, I'm an obstetrician and my work keeps me on the go. Then, she has her work, too, and opposing schedules like that don't permit us to see too much of each other. We don't get together too often—not as often as I'd like."

But this wasn't all. He had something else to add. Ann was still on his mind and he felt like talking about her. "She's a fine girl," he went on, "I've never heard anybody in Hollywood have a bad word to say about her . . . or even unkind."

Both Ann and Jim are Catholics. Jim's church was in Hollywood and Ann's in the valley near her home. But there is a change now, according to McDevitt. They're both going to Ann's now.

Jim was born in New York. He graduated from New York Medical College, going immediately into the Navy as a lieutenant (jg) and getting his internship while in the service. He is 34, ten years Ann's senior, which makes it perfect as far as her ideas about marriage ages are concerned.

It might not be in error to say that Ann has a partiality for doctors, especially if they are Irish. Shortly after she suffered a compound fracture of the back in a tobogganing accident in the mountains near San Bernadino four years ago she met and liked Dr. Robert Flynn, well known at the Queen of Angeles hospital in Los Angeles. She and Robert used to make up a dating foursome and the man of the other couple practiced medicine too—Dr. Robert Caldwell (he delivered Jane Powell's first baby). He is now married to Joan Leslie.

When the first column item broke about Ann and Jim some of the nurses at the Queen of Angeles hospital didn't get his name, and just understood that she was going with a "doctor." They were sure this could only mean Dr. Flynn. It was not until a "Queen" nurse met a "St. Vincent's" nurse and heard about Dr. Jim McNulty that they got that straight.

The staff at St Vincent's thinks Jim is the salt of the earth but they love to kid him about his romance. It generally comes in the form of congratulations, especially from the nurses, who are solid fans of his. "He's a honey!" said one. "Always the same—just smiles through any crisis," said another. "A jolly one," said a third.

ONE thing becomes certain when you see Ann these days—she is happier than she ever was before. You get no feeling of "Miss Lonely Heart," as she used to be called. If you ask her about the change, the reason she'll give is that now that she has been signed by MGM after having her option dropped at U-I, she is certain to get the kind of singing roles she has always wanted. She loved the opportunity for dramatic acting she got making *The World in His Arms* with Gregory Peck. But music comes first with Ann in her work. The announcement from her new studio about casting her in the musical, *Rose-Marie*, set her to dancing about the chances she'll have for singing.

A couple of months ago Ann was asked if she had given any thought to the type of man she liked best. "Yes, a man with quiet strength about him, if you know what I mean," she replied. "Probably one who is a success at whatever he does and liked by those who work with him. This last would mean a lot."

Did she know such a man already? Being Ann she smiled and took a bit of time before answering. "I know a man like that," she said, "but not necessarily the man."

But could he be? Ann looked at a distant corner of the room and nodded at it. And that was all she would do about that question. But it was apparent he could be. Everybody is pretty sure Jim is.

(Continued from page 28) it wasn't true. "We got along very well, naturally," was the way she put it.

"In view of that," a reporter asked, "is a reconciliation between you and the Prince a distinct possibility?"

Rita didn't have to think a second. "I doubt that very much."

"Isn't your lawyer, Bartley Crum, in Paris right now trying to work out some sort of financial settlement?"

The Princess Khan nodded and made it very plain that she would never seek a divorce from her Mohammedan Romeo until he first made some satisfactory financial arrangement regarding the welfare of their cute, black-eyed, 3-year-old daughter, Yasmin.

"You understand," Rita explained, and there was the slightest touch of a British accent in her intonation, "that I'm not asking anything for myself, absolutely nothing. I feel it's simply my duty as a mother to consider our daughter's future."

The photographers' flash bulbs started popping off. "How about this Spanish nobleman you went around with?" another newsman asked. "Count Villapadierna, something like that?"

The color rose in Rita Hayworth's face. She posed for a few more photographs but declined to answer a single question concerning this dashing new noble Spanish admirer.

AND yet all over Paris and Madrid where they were seen and photographed together, Rita Hayworth and the Count of Villapadierna—full name: Jose Maria Padriena de Villapadierna y Avilla, Erice y Aguado, the man known to cafe society in Paris as "Pepe" Villapadierna—, have been euphemistically termed "an item."

In many quarters, for example, gossip has it that when and if she secures her freedom, Rita will probably take the dashing 40-year-old count as her fourth mate.

One of the leading members of high aristocratic society in Paris told an employee of the French newspaper, *Samedi Sair*: "It was my impression that the Princess was scheduled to leave for New York late in November. The reason she did not leave Europe until some weeks later, I believe, is because she was very much taken with the companionship of 'Pepe.' He is a very charming man, a very magnetic personality, and very wealthy, too."

"I would never say the Princess and 'Pepe' are in love. They don't have to be. Aly Khan dines with other women, and after all, why shouldn't he? His wife is far away, they are estranged, and Gene Tierney is such a lovely person. I mean if he and the Princess cannot get along. If Rita leaves his flat and comes to the Rue Berri and takes a suite at the Lancaster Hotel, must she spend all her time with her secretary? Is she not entitled to a little masculine companionship? Of course, she is. And what a credit to her taste that she should pick out someone like 'Pepe' Villapadierna."

"He is a widower, you know, and very eligible. He had a most beautiful wife. I met her several times. She died in 1947. I don't want to be premature, but I think 'Pepe' and Rita would make a handsome couple. They both have Spanish blood, that hot, tempestuous Iberian temperament. But, of course, there are complications."

WHEN you talk to Count Villapadierna, you learn what some of these complications are.

To begin with, he is a very good friend of Aly Khan's. "Matter of fact," he says,

"I first met the Princess when she was traveling with Prince Aly through Spain about four years ago. I believe they were on their way to Estoril in Portugal. They'd been recently married and this was in the way of a vacation."

"Prince Aly and I are both very much interested in horses. I'm a member of the Sociedad Hipica. I guess you'd call it the Equestrian Club. And of course, you know about Prince Aly's interest in horse flesh. Both the Prince and Princess are good friends of mine. I'm extremely fond of them both."

"I don't want to get mixed up in any connection with the Princess. Yes, I've seen her. I've escorted her to a few places, but surely, you can understand my position. I don't want any publicity in the connection."

"Yes, I'm single. I'm a widower. My wife passed away five years ago, but that makes no difference. I don't want any unfounded implications concerning the Princess and myself. She's a very charming, a very beautiful, a very brilliant woman, and I don't particularly care to jeopardize our friendship."

"You ask if there's any chance of my

One actress about another: "But she doesn't LOOK 49! Unless you get real close—like 20 feet."

visiting her in the United States. I've never been to the United States, and while I may visit there in the future, in fact, should like to visit there, it would be for the purpose of seeing the entire country and not just one person, if I make myself clear."

"Would I like to see the Princess again in any country? Now, look here, I don't mind giving out information concerning myself, but you place me in a most embarrassing position by constantly referring to your 'Miss Hayworth.' I've already told you that I spent some time with her on her recent trip in France and Spain. I've told you that I spent five years in England, that I'm a land-owner in Spain, yes, that's my occupation, and I've also told you that Prince Aly is one of my dear friends. I've known him a long time, our association is a pleasant one, and it would be ridiculous for me under the circumstances, to say anything connecting me with the Princess except that she and Aly are both good friends, and I shall always be glad to see them."

"You ask how old I am? I'm 40 years old. That's all I'm going to say. I appreciate your courtesy in talking to me. Do I go to the cinema? I go occasionally. Have I ever seen Miss Hayworth in the movies? Look here, I must say goodbye."

If divorce from Aly Khan is an eventual certainty, and even Rita admits it, then it is not unprofitable to mull over the possible identity of the man who will become Rita Hayworth's fourth husband.

In Count Villapadierna, Rita has found a man of character, understanding, wealth, reputation, and stability. But the Count whose title goes back to 1746, would never in a million years dream of giving up his European homestead for an existence in Hollywood where he would be regarded as little more than Rita's consort.

As for Rita, the actress has shown in the past a willingness to abandon Hollywood, her career, her old U. S. friends in favor of the man she loves, but having witnessed life on the Continent with its traditional double standard, one doubts if she would willingly try it again, no matter how respected the Count is.

It is possible, of course, that one day Rita might marry her "Pepe" and settle down with her two daughters, Rebecca and Yasmin, in Paris. The Count has always liked the city on the Seine, has often stayed

away from Spain for long periods and conceivably could buy a chateau near Neuilly or Longchamps and commute from Madrid. All this is guess work, of course, because anyone who expects Rita to come out and say frankly, "I'm just wild about Count Villapadierna, I think he would make a wonderful husband. This guy is for me," just doesn't know Hayworth.

BOTH Rita and her Count are, and have been, consistently close-mouthed about their intriguing mutual love-life. That's why MODERN SCREEN, determined to get real facts, followed an old and proven formula: *Cherchez la femme!* They looked for and discovered a hitherto undisclosed character in this amorous drama—The Other Woman.

MODERN SCREEN found her happily ensconced in a suite in the St. Regis Hotel in New York, three blocks from the Plaza where Rita was staying upon her return from Europe.

French-born Fernanda Montel was the dashing Count's leading lady for four years until Rita entered the picture in Madrid. After calling it quits for good with Prince Aly Khan in Paris, the globe-trotting Rita sought comfort and companionship from Aly's close friend, the millionaire Spanish nobleman-sportsman.

Not willing to play a supporting role to any movie actress, Fernanda picked up her minks, her jewels and her singing career and stormed out of the blond, balding Count's life. She left Madrid where she has a home and flew to New York and a successful singing engagement at the swank Maisonette room. If the French chanteuse sang her torch songs with deeper sadness and more pathos and vibrancy than ever in her throaty voice, she had the Count to thank for inadvertently helping her in her work.

"He didn't leave me. I left him!" Fernanda's long-lashed blue eyes flashed fire as she unleashed her emotions about the no-ac-Count in her life now.

She certainly didn't look like a girl who had been jilted nor does she look like the kind of girl any discerning man would want to jilt. In her 30's, like Rita, she's tall, shapely and sophisticated. Flecks of silver were brushed into her upswept blond hair. Considered one of the best dressed women in Spain, she was exquisitely groomed and gowned in a sleek, chic black Paris frock.

"The Count likes his women well-dressed," she said. "I saw Rita on Fifth Avenue the other day and 'Pepe' wouldn't have liked the way she looked. She was hatless and wore mocassins."

Fernanda tsk-tsked at this. "A movie star should always look glamorous," she said.

LIKE any woman who has just written the end to a love affair, Fernanda wanted to talk about it and also her successor.

"It is funny," she said, "Pepe is Aly's close friend, and I met Pepe through a close friend of his four years ago. We were together ever since. I neglected my career for him because he likes his women to be with him all the time to go to the races, the resorts."

"I met Rita for the first time three years ago at a party the Aga Khan gave after the Grande Prix Race in Paris. The Count's horse won the Grande Prix this year," she said, "I was there with him." Then she added the feminine touch. "He hasn't won a race since I left him."

"Aly is a sweet person and fun to be with, but for me he would not be a good husband. He likes women too much."

"I think Rita gets satisfaction being with Aly's close friend. When she came to Madrid and the Count met her at the tra-

I left him. I was not sharing him. He and Rita went to Seville and Malaga where he has a home and I opened a singing engagement at the Rex Hotel in Madrid. The Count left Rita in Malaga and returned to Madrid. When I heard he was in the hotel and wanted to hear me sing, I told the manager, 'If that man comes inside, I will not sing.' They didn't let him in. I sang and he had to stand outside behind a curtain. I came to New York.

"I wouldn't marry him for a million dollars," she said, "and that is not, how you say, sour grapes. If he did it once, became interested in another woman, he would do it again. I'm through, finished, but he is not through with me.

"He called me up from Spain. I hang up on him. He cabled me. I did not answer. He had our friends write to explain."

To prove her words she went into her bedroom, and after much opening and closing of bureau drawers, returned with a fistful of papers. "See, here are the cables he sent me."

They were dated in November at the time Rita was in Spain.

"It's been a grey, grey, grey day since you left me," one said. "It is all a misunderstanding," said another. Still another wished her well on her opening at the Maisonette Room and the most wistful of all, saying, "We all miss you," was signed with the names of the dog and horse he had given her and his own added lastly, "your Count."

A long handwritten letter from their mutual friend, a Marquesa, pleaded in the count's behalf. "He asked me to write you," the latter read, "and tell you you are the only one that means anything to him. There were women before he met you, but none while he knew you. This 'thing' with Rita is just an adventure."

These words of protestation and affection were all balm to her wounds for no woman worthy of her sex likes to have the man she loves become interested in another. Four years of love cannot be forgotten in four days or even four months.

"I think Rita Hayworth would like to marry the Count. Why not? He's rich and attractive and Rita would be a Countess. She is not as big a star as she used to be. Then she wouldn't have to worry if she were married to the Count."

When asked if she thought the Count would marry Rita, Fernanda, whose command of English sometimes could not keep up with the rapidity of her thoughts, rushed to say, "Why wouldn't he marry her? He's a widower. She's famous and the Count likes publicity. That's his weakness. He has everything else. He's lost without a woman at his side. He likes to be seen with beautiful women."

THAT is the latest, most authentic word from the Continent! A strong conjecture that Rita will become the Countess Villapadierna within a few years.

In Hollywood, however, insiders are still betting on temple-gray Charley Feldman, chief of Famous Artists talent agency. Observers in the movie colony feel that only one factor prevents Rita from going more or less steadily or having some deep understanding concerning her marital future with Charley Feldman and that is her persistent feeling that Charley is still carrying a torch for his ex-wife, the former Jean Howard.

Rita does not want a husband who can't get other women out of his system. She is one in Aly Khan, and the chances are he will not duplicate the feat unless she is to.

What Rita is looking for is a husband who will provide a home and happiness for her and her children without making theappings of motion picture glamor a pre-requisite or an integral part of the mar-

riage. She wants to lead the simple life, a life she has never known, a life of bliss and domesticity, because by nature Rita is a simple, stable young woman and not a sophisticated Continental social butterfly.

Last Spring, she pretty well put the finger on her trouble with Aly when she said, "Various factors, including my husband's extensive social obligations and far-flung interests, unfortunately make it impossible to establish or maintain the kind of home I want and my children need."

A psychologist has suggested the possibility that in each of her previous marriages Rita Hayworth was pursuing a father-image rather than a mate of her own choice. Each of her husbands has been a combination father-teacher-lover, an order not exactly to her liking and from which she has always rebelled.

An intimate of Count Villapadierna says, "One of the reasons Rita likes Pepe so much is that he treats her as an equal. There is never any condescension in his manner. He treats her as if she were born to the purple, as if she always had a title. Unlike Aly he has never seen her in her native bailiwick, that is, working for a living in Hollywood. To him she's always the glamor girl, the fabulous voluptuary. Every girl at one time or an-

manages to keep a good share of it.

While she refuses to discuss her financial status, it is no secret that the screen siren was down to her last \$50,000 when she returned to Hollywood last year. *Affair In Trinidad* should net her after taxes, another \$250,000 which she can well use since none of her husbands pay her alimony, and she has a large household to support, including Domingo, her faithful housekeeper, Susanne, the French maid, two gardeners, a secretary, and her two daughters.

Rebecca, Rita's oldest daughter by her marriage to Orson Welles, hasn't seen her father in years and was a little broken up when her mother failed to return to Hollywood in time for her eighth birthday.

Rebecca's birthday was December 17th. Rita returned from Europe on December 13th. The little girl thought her mother would fly home and celebrate the occasion with her, but Rita phoned from the Plaza Hotel in New York and explained to her first-born that she had to remain in New York on business and would be home in time to spend Christmas vacation with her.

While in New York, Rita was seen in the company of Raymond Hakim and this gave rise to the rumor that she and the Egyptian-born movie producer had taken

HAS THE COUNT CHOSEN BETWEEN LOVELY RITA AND EXCITING FERNANDA?



Rita was Villapadierna's constant date all last summer, but neither will state future intentions.



For four years French singer Fernanda Montal was Count's amour. She says he wants her back.

other dreams of being treated like a real Princess. It's a projection of the Cinderella neurosis. With Aly, Rita never feels like a Princess. She's the movie star he happened to marry, a show piece for his subjects. With Pepe, however, I think she has the feeling that she is being admired for herself, as a woman, a person, not a screen star."

Before she can return to Europe and her count, Rita, according to her contract at Columbia, must star in a musical version of *Rain*, the Somerset Maugham classic concerning the South Sea adventures of the prostitute, Sadie Thompson. The musical version of *Rain* was staged on Broadway with June Havoc several years ago and failed miserably, but Columbia producer Jerry Wald is convinced that with Rita in the lead, the film will make money.

Affair In Trinidad, Rita's first film since her marriage to Aly, was panned by the critics but did very well at the box office. It is possible that her second film, *Salome* in which she stars opposite Stewart Granger, will do equally well.

Rita has her own producing company, Beckworth Productions, which releases through Columbia, and each time one of her company's films makes money, she

a liking to each other. The reason they dined in New York is that Hakim and his brother Andre own the motion picture rights to the life of Isadora Duncan, the great dancer, and the Hakims very much want Rita to star in the film version. Whether or not she will depends on whether the Hakims can get a script written that will meet with her approval.

CAREER-WISE, Rita at this moment, has probably reached her zenith, but the truth of the matter is that she would gladly sacrifice her career if she could only find a husband worthy of the sacrifice.

Her divorce from Aly not yet having been obtained, it is foolhardy to predict, but of all the men in her life, it is safe to say at this point that Count Pepe Villapadierna would probably make her the best husband. People who know him well say that faithfulness is his strong point.

Rita did not give him a month of her time because he happens to be an authority on horses. This relationship between the Princess and her "Pepe" bears close watching, for Volga Haworth Cansino's little girl has never been a female to lead a manless life, not since the tender age of 17, anyway.

he gets what he wants

(Continued from page 44) dandy—Farley will take all the credit. If not—well, okay, he made the mistakes himself and he's ready to shoulder all the blame.

This fetish and flair for independence is responsible for plunging the erstwhile King of the Bobbysoxers into one Yellowstone-geyser cauldron of hot water after another. Even back at the very beginning of things for Farley in 1944, when he was 19 years old and just starting his picture career, he had the knack for stirring up a rumpus.

The powers-that-be in Hollywood called him temperamental and uncooperative. They called him moody and intense, spoiled, selfish, they said he hated Hollywood, a town that had given him everything, and they said he didn't care what difficulties he caused. And you know what? They still say those things!

But there's one person in Hollywood who feels he truly understands the complex Granger mechanism—that person is Ted Loeff, his public relations counsel and friend of long standing.

Because of their intimate business association, Ted has had opportunity to watch and talk with Farley under a variety of circumstances—to study him at close range. As far as Ted is concerned, our boy knows how to live and let live, whether the riding is smooth or the bad-bump detours are many.

As Ted sees it, everyone is confused where Farley is concerned—except Farley himself. He says the boy knows what he wants and how to get it, and that his one-track mind is completely set on a successful career in movies and the legitimate theater. At the moment, Ted says, Farley regards his personal life as unimportant. He implicitly believes that when he reaches the pinnacle career-wise his personal life-pattern will straighten itself out. Then, and only then, will he take time for serious romance.

As he told Ted recently, "The world opened up for me one day not too long ago. I woke up to discover that a career is a job. You have to be like a businessman in the acting profession. You have to work at it, live it, breathe it. You can't do that and run around all night, as I used to do."

Which is indicative of the new Farley. He is determined to make good! Nothing else matters. To accomplish the success he wants above all else, Farley practises tremendous self-discipline. He believes that to keep himself at the peak of performance he must keep physically fit. He is careful of his diet, exercises at least an hour a day, and budgets his time closely, allowing few moments for night club and party tomfoolery.

INASMUCH as Farley admits his tastes are strongly influenced by those of his friends, it's interesting to note just who these friends are. Mostly they're directors, writers, actresses, musicians—sensitive, creative personalities. His own list of his closets friends include Millard Kaufman, the writer, and his wife, Laurie; actress Jo Carol Dennison; Kay Walsh, English actress brought here by MGM to play in *Young Bess*; actress Jorja Curtright Sheldon and her husband, Sidney, writer-director at MGM; director Vincente Minnelli; director Nick Ray; Norman Panama, writer-director-producer, and his wife, Marsha; Saul Chaplin, composer; Phil Gershe, Farley's agent, and Marvin Friedman, his business manager.

These people are a far cry from the bebop crowd Farley used to chase around with. Even Shelley Winters isn't on the

list—so apparently the frenetic days are gone and done with—a closed chapter.

I lunched with Farley in his hilltop home in Hollywood on the very day he was placed on suspension by his boss, Sam Goldwyn, for turning down the starring role opposite Piper Laurie in U-I's *Golden Blade*. This part had been offered Farley on loanout. It wasn't the first time he had been on studio suspension and, Farley admits, it probably won't be his last.

"After all," he said as Arzie—dear, sorely-missed Arzie!—poured coffee for us and I cast a pleading look at her, only to be spurned, "I'm no idiot. If I don't think a script is right I turn it down. As far as my judgment is concerned, *Golden Blade* isn't for me, and I'll bet anything you want it turns out I'm right, because they've given the part to Rock Hudson! I don't think Rock and I are the same type at all, do you?"

I said no.

"Then again, maybe I'll be proved wrong," Farley said. "Who knows? All I'm sure of is that I can't lean on the decisions of others. I have to cut my own pattern!"

Now, whether you know it or not, this is an admirable trait in a town where

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everybody follows advice and, failing to secure what they think is the right counsel, turns to an astrologer. Here's the Granger reasoning:

It's the very bobbysoxers who have made his star shine brightly, Farley feels, who are also responsible for his fanatical fussing over scripts!

He said, "The bobbysoxers are wonderful kids and I challenge anybody to say they're not. Of all people, I should certainly think this about them because they're the ones who put me where I am today.

"But it's these same kids I'm thinking about when I holler about scripts. The young fans were attracted to me because I was young too, and accordingly they identified themselves with me. I don't think they were particularly interested in whether I could act. So—let's face it!—how long can a guy go on being young? Time rolls on for a bobbysoxers' pet just like it does for everyone else, and every year there are new, good-looking fellows like Tab Hunter or gosh knows who—all entering the acting ranks and then my bobbysoxers are off on a new idolatry rampage. I've no fault to find with this scheme of things at all. It's just as it

should be. But gee whiz, a guy doesn't want to wind up being an old bobbysox idol!"

This, then, is the reason in back of Farley's intense desire to reach what he calls "the rest of my audience"—in other words, the older fans. He's convinced the only way to reach this adult element of your audiences is through good acting. And this means carefully chosen scripts.

FARLEY thinks it's only the bobbysoxers who are interested in the fact that his hair is dark and curly, his eyes a snapping brown, his smile an impish flicker that sends a gal into a livid, drooling tizzy!

"They don't care if I don't come through with a world-shaking performance," Farley sighs. "My acting ability is only secondary. But their older sisters and brothers and their mothers and dads? That's something else again. They are critical of a performance, period exclamation point!"

"Funny thing about it all is that I didn't start out in pictures consciously catering to the bobbysoxers. In fact, I'm still bewildered that they liked me even a little bit in the heavy, dramatic roles I was playing. There was certainly nothing romantic about my part in *North Star*, in which I was blinded; about *Purple Heart*, in which my tongue was cut out; about *Rope*, in which I was a murderer. Not a romance in the lot!"

This is pretty good analyzing on the part of such a young actor. But then Farley has given the matter of his career in movies plenty of thought this past year. And he has reached the conclusion that in the final analysis he alone must protect it and make it last as long as possible!

No one can do it for him. "I have to know my own self—my mind—and feel what is good for me and what isn't, what I should do and what I shouldn't. I can't take even the words of the producers of my pictures as gospel!"

"I'll tell you the only thing that's sure in this business," he continued, "and that is that nobody does his career a bit of good or adds a day to its life by making a wrong picture. An actor has to keep trying to have his name connected with good movies because most audiences never bother to take into consideration that a picture is bad because it was directed badly or because the script was poor. They simply say, 'I saw that Farley Granger movie and gee, he was lousy in it!' And that's when Farley Granger has to start checking over his accounts.

"So when you hear rumors about my 'temperament' it usually means only that I have rejected a script which, in my judgment, is bad for my career. As far as I'm concerned, I would much rather turn down a story I'm convinced is bad for me and accept the suspension and the loss of a tidy sum of money than refuse to be honest with myself and lose face eventually with my fans.

"One more point: I certainly don't believe in sitting around doing nothing else but waiting, waiting, waiting for that great part to come along. I'm not that unrealistic. I realize as well as the next actor that truly great roles are as scarce as Siamese twins. But my contention is that you have to keep trying not to bog down in mediocrity."

Most of Farley's Hollywood difficulties have stemmed from his passion for honesty and forthrightness, and in being honest and forthright with himself first. He says what he thinks and he tries to do what he thinks is right. Such convictions are not always conducive to the happiness of Hollywood's production heads and directors.

Yet despite all this talk of "temperament," a chat with Alfred Hitchcock, Vin-

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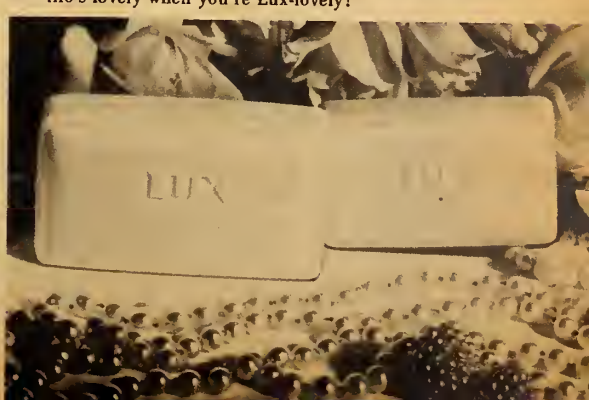
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cente Minnelli, Nick Ray and any of the other directors with whom Farley Granger has worked during his Hollywood stay brings to light the fact that our boy's professional attitude is exemplary. These directors all try to borrow him for succeeding pictures. Hitchcock, for instance, who directed *Rope*, liked Farley's work so much that he got him back again for *Strangers on A Train*.

If Farley is direct in his approach to business problems, he is equally so where romance is concerned. He admits that eventually he hopes to marry and settle down and live happily ever after. But when I asked him *when*—that all-important question to which you fans await an answer with bated breath!—Farley said:

"I can't give you an honest answer to that question. And I can't understand how other young actors can give interviews in which they say they'll marry when they're 31 years old, or 35, or 39, or whenever! How can they know? How can anyone say he'll definitely wait five years to marry when *whammo!* he might meet someone tomorrow, fall madly in love and be married within the week? Who can say about a thing like that?"

This doesn't mean Farley doesn't have some definite ideas about romance. He does. For example:

"Nothing irks me more than to have some well-meaning person advise me to beat a steady path to the doors of all the little starlets in Hollywood, to keep the nightclub chairs warm, to go to all the parties—in other words, to make a big point of being seen by producers and directors so that they can spot me and say, 'Oh, there's Farley Granger sitting over at that table—he's just the type we need for our new picture!'"

"I can't see it at all. Why should I have to put on an act to attract the attention of producers and directors? Why should any actor? After all, these men who make our movies are interested only in how I appear and act on film. As a result, it's my opinion that they can pass judgment

on me much better by looking at the pictures I have already made than by watching me be myself in a nightclub or at a party."

Farley means that when he goes nightclubbing or partying it's because he feels in the mood for that sort of thing, not because he expects to get anything out of it businesswise. There's that honesty streak again!

And nobody's going to tell him whom to take to the nightclubs or parties, either!

"I used to have a lot of fun with Shelley Winters," he recalled—and somewhat pensively, I thought. "At the time nobody would believe that Shelley and I were seeing each other because we enjoyed each other's company. They coldly chalked it up to a desire for publicity because of *Behave Yourself*, the picture we were making. But we had been going together for two years before we made that picture!"

"The columnists and the fan magazines said we were so different—that Shelley was the screaming-and-carrying-on type while I was calm and relaxed. They said we had nothing in common. But they were wrong. We really had a great deal in common, and we still do. And it's the same now as it was then: we're both serious about our careers in the same degree—and we go about furthering them in the same way."

"SHELLEY, in her own fashion, has great integrity as an actress. When she's not nervous and tense, she makes an uncommon amount of sense. I understand Shell and what makes her tick, and it never disturbed me during the filming of the picture when she would rant and rave at me. I knew it was simply because of anxiety about the picture and her tremendous desire to make her performance outstanding. I knew, too, that after gulping six doughnuts and four cups of coffee in the dressing room between takes Shell would calm down once again. Physical, that's Shell."

"Being Mrs. Vittorio Gassman has brought much happiness to Shell. She deserves it. We'll always be good friends."

Any current romantic interests? Our boy says:

"I haven't any, really. While making *Small Town Girl* I discovered what a lot of real fun Ann Miller is and I've been seeing her. You can't call it dating. If you write about it, just say I've been seeing her and enjoying every minute of it."

"It's almost ridiculous, the way columnists, reporters and press agents will ask, 'Who's your new romance, who's the someone special in your life now?'—and I reply, 'Nobody at the moment.' Because they get such a stricken look, almost as if I'd slapped them."

"I just don't happen to be in love at the moment. Which makes me a pretty normal human being, the way I look at it although it doesn't seem to be the way things work in Hollywood. Seems to me that only a neurotic could be madly in love every second, the way the columnists want us to be!"

Farley's plans for the future are jam-packed in his mind. He has many goals set for himself—an outline for a lifetime of self-improvement and self-realization.

First of all, he is determined to mature as an actor, to leap over the hurdle of being considered a bobbysoxers' passing fancy, an offbeat character, and to be accepted instead as a man with real dramatic talent—an actor who can play a variety of roles and create countless characterizations of merit. He hopes eventually to be permitted to work in the legitimate theater and to leave his mark there as well.

He wants to travel. His one European trip—tourist class!—whetted his appetite for more. He likes to learn about people outside the limited Hollywood sphere. Traveling, Farley feels, is good for one's perspective.

And, most of all, but only when he feels he's ready for it, he wants to get married. Does that sound temperamental?

She'll be some gal, too, the one Farley picks, because Farley gets what he goes after. Didn't he take Arzie away from me?

big star—big head?

(Continued from page 50) as raising the morale of the military.

It took several weeks of diligent exploration and research, weeks in which he exercised his charming, winning ways with the opposite sex, but eventually Lieut. Robertson accomplished his mission; and the walls of the Officers' Club were covered with some of the most fetching and provocative blow-ups of the female figure ever recorded by camera.

Two officers who were stationed with Robertson at Ft. Bragg, recently visited the West Coast and were discussing, over a couple of beers, Dale's accomplishments as an interior decorator.

"I wonder why," the first officer said, "Robertson was chosen to line up the girls for those photographs?"

"Are you kidding?" the second officer demanded. "Even back then he looked like a Hollywood character. They say he's gone Hollywood now, but for my money he looked like a matinee idol six years ago."

Whether any actor's "ham" was discernibly latent in Dale Robertson six years ago is beside the point, which is that in the past six months, more and more of the film colony's neutral and objective observers have accused the square-shouldered Oklahoman with the grey-green eyes of going Hollywood.

When Dale quarreled with his wife

Frederica (everyone calls her Jackie although she was christened in France as Frederica Jacqueline Wilson) and moved out of his little stucco palace in Reseda last October, one columnist opined, "Dale Robertson's gone the way of all flesh." "It figures," another said fatalistically. "The only thing about Robertson that success hasn't changed," added a third, "is his Oklahoma drawl."

Although Dale and Jackie have reconciled and are living in harmony, at least temporarily, there are relatively few people who now believe Dale's constant dictum: "I'm in Hollywood for only one reason. I want to get me enough money to buy a horse ranch. After that I'm clearin' out."

Observers refuse to believe that Dale is still the same simple single-purposed youngster who came out to Hollywood five years ago with a disdain of clothes, cars, night-life, and high-powered females.

"Of course he's changed," says an agent who knew Robertson in 1947. "A few weeks ago I saw him in Ciro's with his wife and mother, and I guess his uncle. I saw him three or four nights running. When I first knew him he wouldn't be caught dead in a night club. He spent his nights taking a course in motion picture production down at the University of Southern California. Also he didn't have very much money back then, just what his mother and aunts sent from Oklahoma. Now, 20th Century's just picked up his option. He's making a thousand bucks a week."

"I don't care what anyone says. It's im-

possible for a youngster to go from nothing a week to a thousand a week and still remain the same. This kid is feelin' his oats. He's bought a new car, some new clothes started living it up a little. Nothing wrong about that. What's wrong is that people thought Dale was a hick to begin with, a country bumpkin who didn't know the score."

"That's all wrong. This kid was pretty sharp even before he set one foot on sound stage. Maybe his accent and his manner fooled a lot of folks; but he never fooled me. I'll give you an example of how sharp this kid's been. Several years ago before he got his break he was reading *The Reader's Digest*. He came across one of those articles called 'The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met.' Was about a convict named Jim Duncan who'd instituted a lot of prison reforms. Dale said to himself that he'd love to play the part of Jim Duncan. He figured that if he bought the screen rights to the article he might be able to sell himself and the story as one package. That shows you how hep this kid was. He knew all about package deals even then."

"Well, he writes to *The Reader's Digest* and they tell him that the movie rights to the piece have been sold to a Canadian millionaire named Lee Brooks. You think he gives up? Heck, no. He traces this Brooks all over Canada and finally discovers that the guy is right here in Beverly Hills, preparing to make a movie about Jim Duncan."

"Hold on, and I'll show you how sma-

this kid is. He realizes that he's got to meet this Lee Brooks, only he doesn't know anyone who knows him. He finds out that Brooks has a tailor in Beverly Hills named Armand Brummel. Every single day for a month, Dale goes to this tailor hoping to run into Brooks. After a while it gets so embarrassing he has to order a suit. Finally he meets Brooks in the tailor shop one day and strikes up a conversation. Know what Brooks says to the kid? 'Young fella,' he says, 'I'm making a motion picture about a character named Jim Duncan, and I think you're right for the part.' 'Me?' says Dale. 'Yes,' says Brooks. 'I was thinking about getting Burt Lancaster, but he's tied up. I think you'll do.'

"Not many people know it, but Dale signed a contract with Brooks for \$450 a week, only the guy could never get any frozen funds out of Canada, and nothing ever came of the whole shebang. But that'll give you a small idea of what an operator Dale is, so don't you go believing all those stories about him being the yokel whose head was turned by success.

"Dale Robertson has always been as sharp as a razor blade, only in a nice, friendly, rural, horse-trading way."

That's one man's opinion about Dale Robertson. Listen to a young woman who writes personality pieces for many of the movie magazines.

"PUBLICITY-WISE," she says, "I think Dale is one of the most uncooperative young actors in Hollywood. I don't know if he's suffering from a swelled head or what, but he sure has some wrong ideas about this business. I got the impression after interviewing him that he thought he was doing me a very great favor.

"When he was relatively unknown he didn't mind sitting for interviews and answering questions, but now he's come to the peculiar conclusion that if the fans read too much about him they'll become tired of him. 'I've done my share of interviews for the year,' he told me. 'I'm just not gonna do any more. I went to New York and I can't tell you how many editors I saw. I saw everyone and his grandmother. I've talked myself out. I think you've got to be sensible about this publicity. People see you every time they open a magazine, and right away they're fed up with you.'

"As a result of this sort of thinking, Robertson is a very difficult young actor to contact. Ask anybody who works in the publicity department at his studio. They'll tell you he's a wonderful fellow, but just you try to make a date to see him. It's easier to see Eisenhower. I realize that being questioned day after day is no picnic, especially for someone with Robertson's laconic temperament. But Dale's a pig boy. He should realize that it's part of the game, and he should be happy. The time for him to worry is when we stop asking for interviews. Someone should wise him up to the fact that only one thing has made him a star, and let's face it, as an actor he's—well—no threat to Spencer Tracy. He's a star primarily because of the public demand for his pleasing personality. If he won't cater to the ticket-buying public, no matter how outrageous its demands, they'll drop him in favor of someone else. There's nothing as tickle as the public. A little thing can turn it sour in a second.

"Look at Farley Granger. He's a great ase in point. Farley was scooting along t swift pace until he got a little too big or his britches and decided to cut down n his interviews. Here's a kid who isn't married, who's got plenty of time, but he ist can't be bothered. What happened? 'he bobby soxers started to desert him.

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Janie King, of E. St. Louis, Ill. says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo gets my scalp pink-clean... washes away dirt and grime in a twinkling... gleams my hair without a special rinse."



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Elizabeth Jane Lewis, Denver, Col., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo makes my hair so soft... it's fun to use the same grown-up shampoo Mommy does."

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You don't see Tony Curtis making it difficult for magazine writers. He knows how much we helped him. He admits it frankly, and that's why we give him and Janet a break every chance we get.

"As for Dale, he's the kind of actor who draws the line. He'll go so far and no farther, wants to protect his privacy and all of that. Public figures don't have any privacy and the sooner he learns that the better off he'll be. I know I sound like a bitter, frustrated woman, but I'm not really.

"It's just that I'm so disillusioned in some of these young actors. They come to you for publicity when they're on the way up and when they're on the way down. When they're in between, when they've finally reached a certain level, when they've just had an option picked up, they're all so darn busy you'd think they were running General Motors."

IN ALL fairness to Robertson, it must be said that he has sat for more interviews and portraits in the past year than any other star on the 20th Century lot with the possible exception of Marilyn Monroe. He has made a dozen pictures in the past two years with practically no time off. He has participated in scads of benefits and charity functions. He has made shorts for the Red Feather community chest drives, organized ball games for charity, driven thousands of miles to exploit studio product. He has never turned down a script, argued with a director, or fought with the front office.

It so happens that at this moment he feels strongly that the press hasn't treated him too kindly, and in a way he's right.

"I got along with every single reporter," he says. "In every interview I did my level best. I posed for pictures, answered all their questions, cooperated in every way. Okay? What happened? A reporter calls up John Carroll one afternoon and finds out I'm staying there. He asks me what I'm doin' there, an' like a fool I tell him the truth. I tell him Jackie and I, we've had a quarrel. Next day it's blasted all over the papers. Next thing you know everyone's writin' that I've become big-headed, too good for my wife, all of that junk.

"Nobody writes that all married couples quarrel, that we'll probably be back together in a few days. Right away it's a big thing, and I'm the heavy. I was slaughtered. A few days later everything's okay. Jackie and I are back together, but by then the damage was done. I haven't changed. I'm workin' harder and earnin' more money, but this nonsense about my head gettin' bigger—well, that's what it is—nonsense. I've just had a few lucky breaks, and I know it."

Dale always had plenty of confidence. He was always certain that he could make a go of it in Hollywood, that one day he would become a full-fledged screen star. He was convinced from the very outset that "anyone can become a movie actor. It just takes effort." In his own success he's proven that point.

Dale never went to a drama school, never had any training in dramatics. He made the jump to Hollywood right from the Army.

When he succeeded in reaching the big time, he refused at first to alter his scale of living. He hired no press agent, moved into no large hotel, ran up no large clothing accounts, purchased no Cadillac convertible, organized no Santa Monica co-ed cult. Instead he continued to live in his G.I. house in Reseda (where he pays less than \$60 a month rent and utilities included), stay out of night clubs, adhere to a strict regimen of work and more work. Whereupon people began to say, "Isn't Dale wonderful. Here's a simple guy

from an Oklahoma farm with the hayseed still in his hair. He doesn't chase around after girls. He doesn't play the Peter Lawford circuit. He isn't a clothes horse. He hasn't changed one bit. Just wants to earn enough money to get back to the land. What a refreshing contrast!"

In short, Dale Robertson was assessed as a simple, honest, uncomplicated, rugged American—a young Gary Cooper from the backwoods, a chip off the old log cabin.

There were a few things wrong with that evaluation. First-off, Dale was never as a simple, honest, uncomplicated, rugged who didn't know him made out. Second, he wasn't a farm-boy at all. He was raised in Oklahoma City where he'd attended the Eugene Field Grade School, Roosevelt Junior High, and Classes High. He'd also been graduated from Oklahoma Military College at Claremore. Thirdly, insofar as women were concerned, he'd been unsuccessfully married at an early age. A divorce had followed; and he wasn't too anxious to try marriage again. Fourthly, his mother and two maiden aunts were staking him in Hollywood, sending him checks of \$250-\$350 each month, and his conservative expenditures were more of a necessity under the circumstances than his own personal predilection.

In short, the movie colony was completely wrong about Dale by the time he achieved success. Now, when you are

Tom Jenk defines Hollywood as a place where when the false tinsel is removed, you'll find the real tinsel.

*Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat*

wrong in this plaster Athens, when you have judged incorrectly, you assuage your misjudgment by one of two methods: you either perpetuate the legend you've created as in the fiction of Gary Cooper (he's supposed to be a shy, diffident, bumbling, trusting rural backwoodsman, where in reality he is a shrewd, razor-sharp socialite) or you say, "My! But that Dale Robertson has gone Hollywood." The implication being that he has changed far beyond your original and incorrect evaluation.

As Dale himself realizes, this "going Hollywood" accusation began as a result of his temporary separation from his wife. Dale and Jackie were married after a courtship which lasted less than a month. They met at a party given by Andre Hakim, a studio producer, and a few dates later, on May 19th, 1951 they were married.

Whenever an engagement is consummated in marriage that quickly, the man and wife have to spend a good deal of time in getting to know each other. Unfortunately, Dale was hard at work, there was no time for a honeymoon, not even too much time to get really acquainted, and yet these two were married and living under the same roof.

Had Jackie gone with Dale, say for a year before they were married, she might have learned many revealing aspects of his background and character. For example, Dale is the child of divorced parents. He was raised by his mother and two aunts. One boy raised by three women is almost certain to be a little overdemanding, a little hard on his wife.

Jackie might also have learned that most of Dale's youth was devoted to athletics. As he himself says, "I've been athletic all my life. Sports are important to me."

When a husband works six days a week as Dale does, his wife naturally expects

him to spend the seventh day at home. This is a normal expectation, only Jackie discovered after her marriage, that it was rarely fulfilled. Dale believes strongly that so long as he spends six nights a week at home, it's okay to devote Sundays to sports, with or without his mate.

He is also on record as saying that, "every husband should have one weekend off a month to go fishing or hunting."

Jackie Robertson has never complained about her marriage to Dale. But people who became aware of his great interest in athletics, his insistence upon devoting some time to himself started the rumor that Dale had gone Hollywood, that his poor little wife had become a golf widow, a baseball widow, a soft ball widow.

The basic truth, and Jackie has found it out, is that a man like Dale must be accepted on his own terms, that the essential fabric of his ways was already woven at the time of his marriage, that any attempt to change him must end in certain marital disaster, for Dale is one of those free souls who all his life has wanted to grow up to be the strong, silent man of the West, and now that he is in a position to actuate what was originally a dormant sublimation in his adolescence, there is no stopping him. He will buy his horses, train his dogs, go off on hunting trips, shoot his golf, hit his baseballs, and lead the healthy outdoor life. His spare time to him is his own and rarest possession.

Luckily for Jackie, she now has a little daughter, Rochelle, on whom to dote and spend her vast reservoir of energy; so that she no longer misses Dale so acutely, and the chances of a marital rupture over the question of time proportionment have become progressively slimmer.

Jackie, although she is only 20, is also realizing what her husband belatedly has come to accept—that the price of screen fame is responsibility, not only to the studio but to the public as well.

Dale Robertson's contract has another four years to run at which time he should be earning \$5,000 a week. He has a business manager, Morgan Maree, who keeps him on a strict allowance of less than \$20 a week spending money, but Dale still buys horses and has the bills sent to Morgan. He still insists that when his contract is finished, he'll retire to a horse ranch in Oklahoma. But somehow no one in Hollywood takes him seriously any more.

THE armor of his unsusceptibility to temptation has been pierced. He has not gone Hollywood in the sense that he has forgotten old friends, become a yes-man or a play-boy, or started to cultivate the social game. There is not a snobbish bone in his whole body; he is still as honest, forthright, and outspoken as they come; and he still detests people who attempt to climb the social ladder lie by lie.

Perhaps that's why his attitude is so frequently misunderstood. He himself is too honest to pretend he doesn't like fame, adoration, and the admiration of the world. He won't play down his belief in his talent, or check-rein his imagination. He won't feign indifference to his handsome salary, and the comforts, respect and power it can buy.

Dale's got it good, and he knows it. Maybe he shows it too much—and is fair game for the sharpshooters of Hollywood. Remember, though, it was only two years ago that Dale Robertson was jet-propelled into stardom. It takes time to regain one's balance after such a sky-rocketing experience. And many a kid who's got his growth too fast, has eventually grown up to his hands and feet, has filled out his shoulders, and in time faces the world a full-fledged man.

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older wives—young husbands

(Continued from page 31) to give her boy a chance to prove it. Moreover when she starred at Metro in *My Man And I*, she saw to it that Vittorio met the right people, only those who might do him the most good. In this case, too, her industry resulted in a contract for her sweetheart. Vittorio, as you all know, married Shelley. Will Ginger Rogers marry her Jacques, a man young enough to be her son? Certainly, the Frenchman is willing, but Ginger has some doubts. Her intimates in Hollywood have even more. Their attitude is negative on two counts: first that the marriage will never come off; secondly that if the wedding does take place a divorce will soon follow.

She went through very much this same routine during World War II when after six dates, she married Bonita Granville's former boyfriend, Jack Briggs. An RKO actor stationed with the Marines in San Diego, Briggs was 24 at the time Ginger decided she simply must have this handsome hunk of masculinity in marriage. She was almost ten years older than Jack, and many friends warned against the marriage, pointing out that once the physical passion subsided, these two might prove incompatible. But Ginger wouldn't listen. She and Jack were married in January, 1943. It lasted six years.

Briggs, who is 6 feet 1, weighs 190 lbs., has dark brown hair, brown eyes—Ginger goes in for the tall, dark, and handsome type—had little luck in his screen career once the war was over. He acted in *My Forbidden Past* with Ava Gardner and Robert Mitchum and was then released.

Despite Ginger's influence few other jobs were offered to him, and the marriage began coming apart at the seams. Following the divorce, Ginger started to date Greg Bautzer who knows how to avoid marriage as a fox avoids the hounds.

Today Jack Briggs lives in San Diego, works in radio and TV, and hasn't the slightest desire of returning to Hollywood or marrying an actress ten years his senior, no matter how great her wealth or influence. With Jacques de Bergerac, however, it's another story. The French have different ideas about wealth, marriage, influence, and the role of a woman.

How long such a marriage would survive few persons care to predict. When there is a differential in age of at least 15 years, the chances don't seem too good. Greer Garson is qualified to testify on that point. During the war she married Richard Ney who played her son in *Mrs. Miniver*. She was at least 15 years older than Ney at the time, but she was very much in love with him. He was in the Navy; there was her great fear that she might lose him forever; so the only recourse, she felt, was immediate marriage.

WHEN an actress who has arrived marries a young actor who hasn't, when the actress is in effect the family breadwinner and her husband the consort, such marriages have no staying power. The young husband resents the old wife for her success, for the loss of his own self-respect, and whatever love or mutual admiration there was in the beginning makes a quick exit.

Greer Garson was smart enough to see the folly of her marital ways; and for her third try she made it a point to take as a husband a successful rancher millionaire who is older than she is, Buddy Fogelson. Greer is officially listed as being 44. Fogelson is in his 50's.

One of the reasons Joan Crawford, who is also 44, is chary about another mar-

riage—it would be her fourth—is that there are few eligible men around Hollywood in the 45 to 55 age-bracket. Joan's third husband, Phil Terry, was three years younger than Joan and another case in point where the younger husband lacked the older wife's drive, ambition, and positive sense of achievement. When Joan married Phil he was a young actor trying to climb the rungs of the success ladder. A competent actor, he did extremely well opposite Ray Milland in *The Lost Weekend*, but after that, he found good parts progressively scarce.

Joan used her contacts in an effort to get him work, but Terry simply didn't have what it takes. Crawford, who is self-reliant, independent, and basically domineering, the result of her self-made success, is not a particularly easy woman to live with.

Terry felt it was unmanly to play second fiddle in the lavish Crawford household. There was only one answer, divorce.

Ann Sothorn and Robert Sterling found the same answer to their marital dilemma. Ann is 42. Sterling is around 37. In 1944 when they got married, Ann felt strongly that the age differential would make absolutely no difference in the success or failure of their marriage. The same old pattern went into effect. Ann was an established success. Her husband was not. She earned five times as much money as he did. Sterling tried to get a big break. No luck. When they went to previews, the fans recognized Ann, identified him as only her husband. Such slights hurt a man's vanity. He hates to be less successful than his wife. Such a set-up is essentially antagonistic to the male ego. Two years ago Sothorn and Sterling called it quits.

A HOLLYWOOD society matron who has been in the movie colony since Cecil B. DeMille first arrived almost 40 years ago, told me recently that there has never been a successful marriage between an established screen actress who was older than her unestablished husband.

"Let Ginger Rogers marry this de Bergerac fellow," the matron said, "it won't last very long. Unfortunately, I feel the same way about Jane Wyman's marriage to Fred Karger. I know Freddie fairly well. That is, I've seen him around various functions leading his little orchestra from time to time. I think he's a year or two younger than Jane, although I may be wrong. Compared to her he's relatively unknown. Here we have an actress at the

peak of her powers marrying a kind but average musician. The discrepancy in accomplishment is too great. Why Jane married Freddie so quickly I don't know. I've been told that it's a question of rebound from the Bautzer affair. Maybe it is and maybe it isn't, but I just don't think it is the last marriage for either of them.

"I have never seen marriages in Hollywood where the woman is a good deal older than the man. Take Norma Shearer as an example. She claims she was 38 when her husband, Marty Arrouge, was 29. I happen to know that Norma was born in Canada in 1904. This makes her 48 years old. Actually, she looks less than 40. I believe she looks so well because she has a young husband. Marty was a ski instructor when she married him. He had no acting aspirations whatever. He was content to marry Norma and share her millions. They travel all over the world together. They are very simpatico. I know nothing about their money arrangements, but there is no career rivalry to bedevil their relationship.

"That's where these older actresses make a big mistake. They marry young actors who want to reach the heights. They believe that these young men are more tractable than husbands of their own age or older. They feel that they can use these young boys. On the other hand the young boys feel they can use the older actress. There is no love in such a match, only utility.

"If women like Ginger Rogers and Joan Crawford and Ann Sothorn and others of that group want to preserve the illusion of youth by marrying young men, they should choose men who have no show business aspirations or who are finished with such aspirations.

"Look at Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford. Mary must be 60. Buddy is approaching 50. Why do these two get on so famously? There is no career rivalry. These two have had their share of fame. Mary looks wonderful because Buddy's youth stimulates her. She can't afford to get fat and frowzy.

"Rosalind Russell is older than her husband Freddie Brisson. But Freddie isn't any actor. He doesn't mind walking in the shadow of Rosalind's limelight. He acts as her producer, her general manager. She has the talent, and he oversees it. He doesn't mind occupying a subsidiary role in the setup. Most men do. They will put up with it only as long as they have to. Certainly that was true of Clark Gable and his first two wives. He married Josephine Dillon, the drama coach, when he was down on his luck. When things picked up he went over to Ria Langham. Ria occupied a position of prominence in Houston. It didn't matter to Clark that these women were older, much older than he was. As soon as success came his way, he pulled out of these marriages. Of course, Ria made him pay plenty. After all she'd given up an awful lot to become his wife; but when an older woman who has only money marries an ambitious young man who hasn't any, she must expect to be discarded when his ship comes in."

IN Hollywood there have occasionally been great passion-ridden, tempestuous love affairs in which the love element was so overpowering, so pervasive, so dominant that the relative ages of the partners were scarcely given a second thought at the time of marriage.

There have been four such affairs: Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Alan Ladd and Sue Carol, Jerry Lewis and Patti Palmer, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.

Barbara is five years older than Taylor, Sue is two years older than Allan, Patti

Absent Minded Rex

Rex Harrison plays tennis on a court that belongs to his friend Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Occasionally his wife is confronted by a bewildered husband who remarks that he seems to have lost a lot of trousers somewhere. She knows just where to look for them. Sighing, she drives to the Fairbanks home. After tennis, Rex, Doug, Jr., and their athletically inclined friends retire to a steam bath Fairbanks has built near his court, and when Harrison finishes parboiling himself, he is likely to climb absent-mindedly into a pair of flannels belonging to Fairbanks. His wife has fetched home whole armloads of his trousers, as well as shirts and sweaters.

PETE MARTIN—"HOLLYWOOD WITHOUT MAKEUP"

is two years older than Jerry, and Lucille is six years older than Desi; and in three of these four marriages, it is the wife's age advantage which has given the marriage a degree of stability, security, and understanding which otherwise might be lacking.

The one exception to this statement is the Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor marriage. I believe the failure of that marriage may be attributed directly to the age differential. Taylor was in his 20's when he began going steadily with Barbara. At the time she was still married although separated from her first husband, Frank Fay. Her life with Fay, she later testified in court, had been extremely miserable. She had tried to prevent him from seeing their adopted son, Dion. She had accused him of boozing it up and manhandling her from time to time, and the only ray of light in her existence had been with Taylor.

WHEN her divorce from Fay was granted, Barbara rode off with young Taylor and was married. It was an ideal love match. No one said anything about Barbara's age, but the truth of the matter was that Taylor had never had his fling. He was too young, too inexperienced for Barbara.

After the war and still a young man, he became an aviation enthusiast. Barbara refused to go flying with him. She preferred to remain in Hollywood and work. Although she has looked and continues to look much younger than her age, she adopted the philosophy of a middle-aged woman, the stay-at-home behavior pattern which Taylor rebelled against.

Each time the opportunity presented itself for him to make a film overseas he grabbed at it. He's made more films abroad for MGM than practically any other actor on the lot. While Taylor was in Rome, starring in *Quo Vadis*, I began hearing many stories about him and the Italian actress, Lia de Leo, who is currently threatening to sue Taylor for breach of promise. Barbara Stanwyck heard the same rumors. By then it was too late. Taylor had decided to have his fling before he grew too old, a fling denied him in his youth. He asked Barbara for his freedom, and being the kind of generous, understanding woman she is, she granted it readily. Taylor gave up his rights to their \$100,000 home which she quickly sold, and promised her 15% of his gross earnings until her death or remarriage. He then began playing the field which is what he is currently doing with Ursula Thiess, Pat Tiernan, Yvonne de Carlo, Ludmilla Tcherina, Jean MacDonald, and whatever female talent comes into his ken.

Had Bob Taylor played the field extensively before his marriage to Stanwyck, had he dated dozens of girls instead of concentrating on Barbara and his work, the chances are that he would never have had the desire for a freedom he now finds singularly unrewarding. In Barbara Stanwyck he married a woman whose rate of growth because of the age factor was much faster than his.

In some cases this is a good thing. Take the Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz marriage. Everyone predicted that this one would last a fast 90 days. Not only was Lucille six years older than her Latin lover, she was eminently successful, and he was not, at least in motion pictures. In order to make a living, Desi had to be out on the road most of the time. Conscious of her age, Lucille used to imagine what her lost wives imagine when their husbands are on the road. It wasn't long before Desi and Lucille separated. It was then



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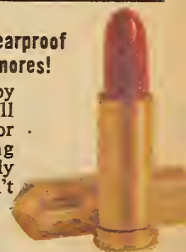
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that Lucille's maturity came into play.

"I knew," she has since confessed, "that if we both stopped being trigger-tempered and really worked at the marriage, we could make a go of it." Had Lucille been as young and impetuous as Desi, the marriage would have been ended right then and there. Instead, Lucille suggested that they try it again. Both soft-pedaled their tempers and then two years ago, rather than have their separate careers keep them apart, decided to pool what money they had on a series of TV films to be entitled *I LOVE LUCY*.

Many friends in show business told Lucille that she had rocks in her head, that she might be saving her marriage, but would be ruining her bank account. Lucille paid no heed. She and Desi went ahead with their plans. "We decided," she says, "that instead of divorce lawyers profiting from our mistakes, we'd profit from them." And they have, too. Lucy has coined money and brought new stability to the Arnaz household, and this newly secure union has been blessed with one child, and another is on the way.

Patti Palmer, Jerry Lewis' wife, is another girl who has used her edge in years in an attempt to stabilize her husband, an almost impossible task with Lewis. Jerry, for example, never would go to bed unless he had a loaded revolver under his pillow. This was an offshoot of the insecurity and loneliness he felt as an adolescent when his parents, vaudevillians, would leave him alone at night while they entertained in neighborhood clubs for a few dollars. One afternoon when he was in his teens, Jerry walked into a pawn shop in New Jersey and bought a revolver. He slept with it each night because it made him feel secure. It was only a few weeks ago that Patti convinced him to give it up.

As a matter of fact as recently as a year ago, Jerry was afraid of entering any of the well-known restaurants in Hollywood unless he knew someone inside. He refused to attend parties unless his sidekicks went along. He was fearful of any sort of social life not in line with his Borscht Circuit upbringing. Patti has changed all that without nullifying his wild, slapstick spontaneity. She knows very well how to act as a straight man for his various routines.

A few evenings before they left for the Texas State Fair last October, Jerry and Patti were strolling along Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles. Suddenly, as they approached a crowded intersection, the 26-year-old Lewis turned on his attractive little wife.

"Now you get away from me," he screamed. "I don't care how much you're asking. The answer is no."

"Please, Jerry," Patti protested, playing it straight. "People are looking."

"How dare you attack me?" Lewis demanded. "Get away from me before I call the police."

Pedestrians began gathering around the couple. "You should be ashamed of yourself," Jerry shouted, wagging his index finger at Patti's poodle cut. "A nice clean-living boy like me." He crossed his eyes and stuck out his tongue. Then indignantly he whirled upon the crowd. "Come on, now," he bellowed, brandishing an imaginary nightstick. "Beat it. Break it up. This dame stole my watch. I'll run her in." And with that he grabbed Patti under the arm and hustled her down the street as the crowd roared.

If Patti were younger than Jerry—they were married when he was 18—she would certainly be incapable of handling this mercurial, talented, zany neurotic.

She is as perfect for him as Sue Carol

is for Alan Ladd, and these two are the last word in perfect mating. When Sue first met Alan she told him quickly that she was two years older than he was. She'd been married twice before. She'd had a successful motion picture career, a child by a previous marriage, and she was running a talent agency because she knew the motion picture business from A to Z.

Ladd at the time was a monumental failure, but he had enough common sense to put both his head and his heart, figuratively speaking, in Sue's capable hands. She really went to work for her man. She started him in at Paramount on *This Gun For Hire* at \$150 a week. That was in 1942. A few weeks later she married him, loving the frightened young man from Arkansas, mothering him, protecting him, guiding his career, watching over his money, educating him to the ways of the big time.

Today, some ten years later, Alan Ladd receives \$100,000 and up per picture, plus a share of the profits. He owns the Alsupana Ranch, 25 acres worth \$150,000, a Holmby Hills mansion worth another \$200,000, and what is best, doesn't have to bother about taxes, contracts, details, or expenses. Sue sees to everything.

If Alan Ladd were older than his wife he might resent her pre-emption of the ordinarily masculine domain of the household, but under the present setup, he's only too happy to let Sue take over.

"Let's face it," he says. "She knows more about finances and money than I'll ever know."

It was Sue, for example, who saw the wisdom in their going over to Europe for a year and a half. If the Ladds remain abroad 18 months they will have to pay no tax on their income. In a year and a half abroad, Alan can earn more money and keep it than he could in the U. S. A. in ten years. In the Ladd setup, Alan is the breadwinner and Sue is the banker, and each loves the other for his virtues.

WHAT conclusions may be reached from this study of Hollywood wives who are older than their husbands?

One almost inescapable conclusion is that older actresses should not marry younger actors. Annabella lost Ty Power, Barbara Stanwyck lost Robert Taylor, Joan Crawford lost Phil Terry, Ann Southern lost Robert Sterling, Greer Garson lost Richard Ney, and so on down the line, one of the few exceptions being Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, and Desi wasn't really an actor when Lucille married him. Gary Merrill and Bette Davis constitute another exception. But in this one it's really too early to tell.

Actors, however, are wise in pursuing Benjamin Franklin's advice, just so long as the older girls they marry are not actresses. Somehow actresses are not particularly appreciative of younger husbands when they themselves have to pay most of the bills.

END

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6—J. B. Scott, 29—Cronenweth of Columbia Pictures, 32—Beerman-Parry, 33—Beerman-Parry, 34, 35—Beerman-Parry, 38, 39, 40—Beerman-Parry, 41—Herb Ball, 43—M.G.M., 44, 45—Beerman, 51—Parry.

I sing for st. jude

(Continued from page 41) time I heard it.

"God's test of love and mercy," she replied.

"What do you get if you pass?" I wanted to know.

"His love and mercy," she told me.

We lived in a part of Toledo, Ohio, that people in other parts stayed away from if they could. We were many families, of all religions, who filled those big, dilapidated houses on the edge of the downtown business district. You have seen houses like this in your city probably, cut up into small apartments, yet with rooms strangely large. In our dining room you could play basketball, and it was all right to play basketball because our folks could never afford to furnish it. Yet whenever there was an occasion for a holiday or a feast somehow something good would happen about it. Broke or not we could celebrate, because the mothers all saw to it. For instance they would all exchange dishes. There were holidays in which we ate Polish dishes, Italian or Irish. There were high Catholic Fridays when we had nothing to cook, yet a neighbor would see to it that we got our fish . . . gefulte fish. So much warmth we had, we whom the rest of the city thought were such a wretched group, that whenever I got a cold look from some rich kid I used to wonder whether it was because none was left for him and his kind.

ACTUALLY we never saw the really rich.

A rich man to us was anyone who had a steady job. We were so poor that none of us ever had the attention of a family doctor; mother, father, eight brothers and a sister, we got treatment only in the public clinic where you had to sit around so long you often forgot what ailed you. Clothes? By the time a pair of pants came down the line to me from my older brothers it was always short a very important part; I didn't dare turn my back to anyone. In fact, in winter time I learned to face the wind—like cattle do—to keep from getting "keel-froze." My brothers and I worked through our play ages. In order to earn as much as 30 cents selling newspapers, I had to take a chance of being mobbed and robbed by other kids—and I was mobbed and robbed.

One of my favorite memories of that period centers about a mackinaw coat which belonged to my brother, Bill. In the daytime he wore it to work. At night he stuffed it into a broken window pane to keep out the winter. One night it was so cold that when he put on his coat in the morning the part that had been exposed all night was frozen solid. We all laughed because Bill looked as if he had a hump on his back when he left for his job that morning.

Yet, when there wasn't much food in our house, there was always love and mercy. When there wasn't enough heat, there was love and mercy. When there wasn't anything to support us in goods of the world, there was always the strength of our faith which at first came to us from our mother, and then, when we got older and learned for ourselves, direct from where she got it—the church. To the church I have gone since that time. To the church I will go for the rest of my time . . . and beyond.

It should not be thought that we kids were not often tempted from the straight path. We were more than once. Standing in the corner grocery store waiting for the old proprietor to cut me ten cents worth of lard, I used to let my hands

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"BARRING A MIRACLE NO AMERICAN NOVEL WILL TOP IT"

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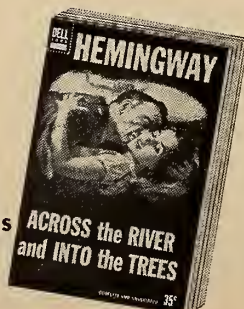
This is the tense, emotion-charged story of Colonel Richard Cantwell, a lonely, battle-scarred man . . . and of a beautiful, young Italian countess who offers him love, tender yet passionate. It is the poignant, powerful story of the few rich hours they share . . . of his fight against the enemy that threatens to separate them . . . of savage war, torment, and elemental courage. If you've enjoyed "The Old Man And The Sea", "To Have And Have Not", "The Killers", "The Snows Of Kilimanjaro" and other great Hemingway hits, then you can't afford to miss one of the greatest of them all . . . "Across The River And Into The Trees".

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stray. They would pick up an egg or two, cookies, maybe a can of soup. Then in order to bring these home I'd have to lie to my mother. I'd say I'd been junking, picking up pop bottles and the like, and selling them. Otherwise the food and I would go flying through the window.

One afternoon I was passing an alleyway when I heard my name called in a fierce whisper. I turned and there was a whole gang of kids in a huddle. They were listening to a cousin of mine proposing a great idea. All that he was putting over was a scheme to clean out the whole neighborhood of its valuables.

"We all know where our parents, and our uncles and aunts keep their rings and their watches and their earrings and all that stuff," he pointed out. "We know all the hideaways. It'll be a cinch. We'll cop it all, sell it, and be rich!"

Caught by the excitement of the planning and stirred by the daring deeds involved I agreed to get in on "The Big Haul." Everybody knew I was a favorite of my Uncle Tony, who ran a coffee house, and he and his wife, my Aunt Julia, were assigned as my victims. But when I began to think of Aunt Julia, who practically adopted me for a couple of years, and my uncle who was my greatest fan when I started out singing Syrian songs in his place, my enthusiasm melted. And when I looked ahead to the day I would be confessing my crime to the priest I knew it was no go.

Some of the other kids went through with it. One who was caught blabbed the whole story and there was a mass meeting of horrified parents. But what sticks to my mind is the tragedy which closed the affair. In the midst of all the furore my cousin, the ringleader, ran out from his house into the street to be killed instantly by a truck. The mass-meeting ended. No kids were punished. The sorrow that fell over everyone took care of that . . . took care of everything.

THE understanding I found in my own home and in my neighborhood I also found in the outer world. When my brother Ray was 12, and I was only 10 years old, we got a job selling pop and candy in the Empire theater in Toledo on Sunday afternoons. This meant getting out of Sunday School early and sometimes missing it altogether. This in turn meant showing up mornings in the office of our parochial school principal for fitting punishment. But invariably, as we stood in line with 10 or 15 other boys guilty of the same offense, our teacher, Sister Mary Elizabeth of the Ursuline Nuns, would sweep into the room looking for us. She would take us both by the ear and announce, "I'll take care of these boys myself."

The principal would nod assent and she would lead us from the room with such a severe look on her face that the other boys would all feel sorry for us. Downstairs we would march to the school kitchen where she would turn on us and demand to know what we had for breakfast. We'd tell her . . . generally it was coffee and a slice of bread. Shaking her head indignantly she would fill two big glasses with milk, get a plate of doughnut-sized cookies and plank them down on a table. "Now," she would order, "you boys sit down and meditate. And when you are through come right up to the class!"

Sister Mary Elizabeth knew what our home life was like and that we had to work whenever we got a chance. She also knew that the Empire theater was a burlesque house and, I think, regarded it as a source of possible evil influence on us which she must fight off by special means. This took the form not only of

milk and cookies, but of all sorts of efforts to get us to like our studies and our school relationships. She encouraged the dramatic instincts she knew Ray and I had and helped us to persevere in this direction. When I was chosen for a principal part in a city-wide Catholic schools play she was so delighted you'd think she herself had won the victory . . . and maybe she had. Years later it came to me that Ray and I were privileged pupils in St. Francis, but that this was no compliment to our personalities or anything like that. Sister Mary Elizabeth and all the others who helped us acted merely on precedent set by One whom they followed. We were privileged only because we had nothing. I say this realization came to me . . . I should add where. It came to me as I knelt in church, where all good thoughts have come to me.

THERE was a day in my life when, thus kneeling, in a Detroit church, I faced a vexing problem. My wife Rosemary was expecting our first baby (now our oldest daughter, Margaret). The doctor had said he would wait for his money but I knew the hospital would require \$70 in advance. In my pocket was exactly \$7.70—seven one-dollar bills and the change. I don't know what prompted me, but when the collection basket was handed around I put in a dollar and when I left my pew I handed over the other six as a contribution to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, then conducting a drive for its missionary work. Now I had 70 cents left. In front of the altar I said a prayer which in part went:

" . . . I have given my last seven dollars but I need it back ten times. . . ."

It was perfectly true that my wife could go to the county hospital and have her baby without charge. But if you'll forgive a young husband, I wanted her to have the cheer and uplift that might come in a nice room—even if it was to be not a fully private room but a four-bed one. And there was another reason. I was by now an entertainer in Detroit's beer-gardens and night spots. Many people knew me . . . yet they didn't know I had nothing. I was someone who told jokes, sang funny songs. The jokes might not sound so funny, nor the songs, if they heard that my wife was a charity case in a public ward. The effect might be disastrous on my work and on my income at a time when I needed it most.

That night I was in my dressing room at the club when I was called to the telephone. It was my agent. The Jam Handy Films, a commercial motion picture company, wanted me to play a short part in a commercial production. Rehearsal would be the next day, the scene would be shot the day following, and on the third day I would get my salary—\$75! Here it was—my money back tenfold, just as I had prayed! On the fourth day Margaret was born—her tiny basket-bed paid for, if not the hands which delivered her. That was taken care of later.

It was funny but after this I seemed to go on a "Ten Times Kick," as I called it. If I gave a quarter to a beggar I'd have \$2.50 thrown to me on the stage right after my first song (in those days it was not yet an insult to throw money to an entertainer in a night club, it was part of your pay). I think I used to go around looking for people who wanted money, supremely confident that it would come back to me 1,000 per cent.

I know this doesn't make sense but I had a special background for feeling this way . . . and again, it leads back to my upbringing, and to my mother. She, too, "planted" good deeds when there could seem to be no return, she too gave when

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2. Night cream

3. Make-up base

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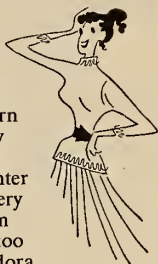
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Change your outlook with a new hair-do. Beat the season with a bunch of gay artificial flowers pinned to your coat, your belt, or worn perky on a dress.



One thing *sure* that always lifts the spirits is knowing you're just as lovely and desirable as you can be, because gentle Yodora is safely and surely protecting you from the slightest trace of perspiration odors. You feel so fresh and you stay that way all day through. (Yodora keeps your underarms lovelier, too, because it smoothes and softens your skin as it guards your daintiness.)

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sometimes she had not to give. When anyone came to our door—the gas man, even, the insurance man for his nickel and dime premiums—she would always have the same greeting: "Hello. Are you hungry?" This, as she told us, was the way of her people. For in Lebanon if a stranger came to your door he must have come from another village or town, and if so he must have walked and must naturally be hungry and tired.

And above all she was scrupulous in obeying the Lebanese "Three-day Hospitality Rule." If travelers who were of your people came to your door seeking relatives, you had but one duty, even though you yourself were not related to them. "Welcome and spread your bedding," you had to say, and for three days, by tradition, they were your guests. When they were ready to leave a parting lunch was to be made for them. In my boyhood there were five instances in which such people were welcomed, housed and fed by my mother . . . though we ourselves might not be fed.

I AM pretty sure that anyone brought up in this sort of home would feel about religion as I do, but it is apparent that not all people have had this sort of experience in their younger days. One night I was seated in a Chicago restaurant with a group of friends when one of them challenged the whole idea of church.

"What kind of God do they talk about?" he scoffed. "You and I know very well that there is no God; that when you are dead you are dead!"

There is no point in arguing with a fellow who talks like that and I made no attempt at it. But then he went on. "And all this comfort people talk about getting from their belief, are they kidding?"

About this I could say a few words, I felt. My exact words I don't remember, but in general they were as follows:

"Joe. Let us say that you are dying and I am the last man to talk to you before you go. I can tell you either of two stories, both of them phoney, mind you, but you can have your choice. I can say, 'Joe, old fellow, in a few minutes you will be dead and, as you say, really dead. What is left of you might make good soap,

lampshades, whatever can be done with the substances that were organized to make up a fellow like you but now are just a meaningless mass. So, so long Joe. It's no more for you, nothing, the end.' Or, I can speak as follows: 'Joe, you are what people term dying, but when this is over you will really begin living . . . for the first time since your birth. In a few minutes, Joe, just a few minutes, the mystery of eternal goodness will bathe you in a wonderful light and you will be taken up to be with the kind God who gave you thought and feeling that you might use these to help know Him. You remember how music could inspire you on earth, Joe, and how you wondered at its power? Now you'll know. You remember how love stirred in you and you wondered where it came from? Now you will find out. And Joe, only one thing more before you go to your happiness. My time will come too and then I'll join you. I'll be seeing you, Joe!' And then I stopped for a moment before I asked, "Well? Which story do you want?"

He jerked up straight as if from a trance. "Oh, well," he protested, "if you put it that way!"

"That's the way it is, Joe," I said.

It's funny. Some people want an affidavit from God that he really exists. They want the sunshine and the rain, the things which grow, the majesty of the earth, mountains and valleys, the beauty of a butterfly's wings and the love that kindles in a mother's eyes to appear before a notary public and swear that there is a purpose behind them.

Other people? Well, they know. I know. Even if I am just a singer, a happy singer. I sing for my people. And, oh, yes, I have picked me a little known saint for whom I sing special songs. His name is St. Jude, and in his name I have started a foundation to build a hospital in Memphis, Tennessee. No one will be asked who or what they are when they seek admission. That's another thing those who are supposed to know will know already. St. Jude will know. God will know. Who else's business will it be?

END

(Danny Thomas can be seen in Warner Brothers' The Jazz Singer.)

return engagement

(Continued from page 27) of the Lanza benevolence were relegated to the shadows and into the sun came the rumors, innuendo, and malicious gossip.

PERSONS who had once been employed by Lanza and paid handsomely for their work, began to curry favor by dropping tasty morsels such as, "You know this guy has always been half-cracked, don't you? For years he's had rocks in his head."

One circulating story was that Lanza had engaged in a fist fight with his psychiatrist. Another told that Lew Wassermann, Lanza's agent, came to the house one day bearing a \$50,000 check for Mario, only the tenor refused to see him and left orders for Wassermann to "leave the check with the butler." A parking lot attendant said he was slapped in the face by Mrs. Mario Lanza and unfairly fired because of her complaint. A day later it came out that the parking attendant had been dismissed "for an entirely different reason than being rude to Mrs. Lanza." By the time the truth negated the accusation, Betty Lanza was in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital giving

birth to Mario Lanza's eight-pound son. "The way they've been talking about us," Betty Lanza said only a few hours before the ambulance whizzed her into confinement, "you'd think we were a family of insane criminals. For months now we've done nothing but mind our own business. We've had enough to do moving into our new house and getting things settled. We haven't been anywhere. Mario has said absolutely nothing for public consumption, nothing about himself, *The Student Prince*, or the studio. The lawyers have handled everything and yet if you believe what you read in the papers, Mario has been fighting everyone."

A day later when I asked Mario to comment on the constant flow of disparagement his fight with the studio had engendered, all he would say was, "Have a cigar! Have two cigars! What do you think, a boy! My Betty has given me a boy! Isn't that sensational? We've got his second name picked out. Anthony. I don't know about his first name. Betty neither. He's a regular bruiser, weighed eight pounds. How do you like it? Mario Lanza is the father of one boy, two girls. A son. Right now, I'm the happiest man in the world. That's all I can say. The happiest man in the world."

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Just how long this state of ecstasy will last for Mario, no one at the moment of this writing can accurately prophesy; it is safe to assume, however, that this April will find him back at MGM, hard at work—in all probability on *The Student Prince*—earning his weekly stipend of \$1,500 a week.

MARTIN GANG, Lanza's lawyer, says, "I feel that 1953 will be a very good year for Mario. I hate litigations and long hassles in court and I think everything can and will be worked out to the mutual satisfaction of all parties involved in this damage suit. I have great hopes that Mario will return to work very shortly and on the best of terms with MGM. He is a very talented entertainer, one of the best money-makers the studio has ever had, and well, I'm sure things will work themselves out."

The legal firm of Loeb & Loeb, representing MGM, feels much the same.

"Many people don't seem to understand this," their spokesman, Harry Gershon, points out, "but Loew's has not cancelled its employment agreement with Mr. Lanza. Not at all. What the studio did was to cancel one production, *The Student Prince*, and to sue Lanza for the moneys spent in preparing that production and for the potential profits, \$5,198,888 altogether.

"Under the terms of his employment agreement with MGM, and these terms are still in effect, Lanza has to make another film for the studio in 1953—I think it's supposed to start by April—and another film in 1954.

"By cancelling *The Student Prince*, the studio contends that Lanza owes them three more pictures. I have no way of knowing whether MGM will start up *The Student Prince* again in April of 1953 or not. All I do know is that right now no one has ordered us to drop the damage suit against Mr. Lanza, and we are preparing to continue it. This in no way precludes Mr. Lanza from working at MGM. It is my feeling that he'll make several more pictures there, abiding by his employment contract."

I asked Mr. Gershon what would happen in the event Mario began work on *The Student Prince* in April. "How could the studio sue him for damages on the potential profits," I asked, "if he made the picture and it was released?"

The attorney conceded that a portion of the damage suit would of necessity have to be withdrawn, and that under those circumstances Loew's would probably sue only for the pre-production damages of \$695,888, the amount listed in the original

complaint as the cost of the film's preparation.

What will probably happen is that MGM will continue with the damage suit against Mario. In the event it wins the case and receives a judgment, it will probably not exercise the judgment—that is, attach Mario's salary and royalties—so long as he behaves himself and causes no further stoppage in production. Should Mario become intractable, however, the studio may get tough.

Significantly enough, under the regime of Louis B. Mayer, MGM handled its stars with silk gloves. Judy Garland, it is estimated, cost the studio a small fortune in delays, and yet no suit for damage was ever filed against her, this despite the fact that she was earning \$5,000 a week when she was giving studio executives their biggest headaches.

An executive who was asked to comment upon the difference in treatment accorded Judy and Mario, said, "Let's face it. Judy was a sick girl at the time. You'll put up with a lot of nonsense from a woman that you'll never take from a man. Besides, things were different then. Business wasn't so rough. A studio could afford to be liberal. Nowadays we've got to watch every cent."

WHAT caused Mario Lanza's disagreement with the studio in the first place? Why did he back away from *The Student Prince* when camera work was just about to begin?

To date three reasons have been offered: (1) Owing to a disagreement with his sponsor and personal manager, Sam Weiler, Mario found himself on the brink of nervous collapse (2) Mario was unhappy at MGM and wanted to get out of his contract, especially after *Because You're Mine*, a film he violently fought against making (3) Mario did not want to make *The Student Prince* with Curt Bernhardt directing.

Here for the first time is the essential truth about Mario, his relationship with Sam Weiler, his behavior at MGM, and his subsequent nervous upheaval.

IN the Fall of 1945, a mousey, moustached, dark-haired little businessman, named Sam Weiler, was paying a vocal instructor, Polly Robertson, Room 802, the Carnegie Hall Building, New York City, \$5 an hour to teach him how to sing.

Mr. Weiler was not a millionaire at the time or even a particularly wealthy individual. He worked for and with his brother, Jack D. Weiler, for many years vice-president of the Federation of Jewish 71



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Philanthropies of New York, and his annual earnings ranged from \$20,000 to \$40,000. He owned a profitable boys' camp in Pointelle, Pa., the Echo Lake Camp, and with his wife Selma, he lived a good and charitable and comfortable life. He rented an apartment on one of the streets in the east 90's; he worked hard as a realtor for his brother, and he spent the winters in Miami. "Taking singing lessons," he says, "was just a pleasant hobby with me."

One afternoon, after she'd finished giving him his instruction, Polly Robertson turned to Sam Weiler and said, "Some day I'm going to let you listen to a voice greater than Caruso's."

"Fine," Sam Weiler said.

Two days later, Mario Lanza walked into Polly Robertson's studio. "Here," said Miss Robertson, "is the voice greater than Caruso's." Weiler and Lanza shook hands. This was the first time they met.

Mario sang a song for Weiler. Sam was mesmerized. "As God is my witness," he recalls, "it floored me. I fell on my nose. I had never in my life heard anything so naturally brilliant. I went home and I raved all night long to my wife about Mario. 'This kid,' I told her, 'has the greatest voice in the world, barring none.'"

When Weiler met Lanza, Mario was neither broke nor starving. He was substituting for Jan Peerce on the Celanese radio program "Great Moments In Music" and earning \$500 a crack which was incredible in view of the fact that he had known little or no formal voice coaching.

In December of 1945, Lanza met Weiler in the lobby of the Carnegie Hall Building and invited him across the street for a friendly cup of coffee. A gallon of coffee later Weiler had agreed to dine with Mario and his bride, Betty, in their fourth-floor walkup at 8 West 49th Street.

That evening, Betty and Mario Lanza asked Sam Weiler if he would help them. Mario was smart enough to realize that his voice needed training, careful training, that if he sang on one program after another, "just to earn a buck," he would eventually abuse his voice.

"How much do you think you'd need to live on?" Weiler asked.

Betty and Mario talked it over. "If we could be sure of \$70 a week," Betty Lanza said, "I think Mario could do it."

Weiler thought for a moment. "Tell you what," he said, "I'm going down to Florida for my winter vacation. You let me think about it for a few weeks."

ON February 1st, 1946, Mario Lanza and Sam Weiler signed the original contract whereby Weiler agreed to pay for Lanza's vocal instruction and give him \$70 a week in return for 10% of Lanza's eventual gross earnings. Weiler was also to pay off any existing Lanza debts. These consisted of fairly sizable bills at D'Andrea Brothers, a clothing establishment where Mario had gone to outfit himself with day-time and formal clothes, and at the Park Central Hotel (now the Park Sheraton) where Betty and Mario had lived for a short while.

Lanza at this time was under contract to Columbia Concerts, so Weiler went down to see Peter Herman Adler, chief of that outfit, and together they decided that Mario should be taken off all work and put in the hands of Enrico Rosati, the great vocal teacher of Benjamino Gigli.

This was done. Weiler paid for the lessons and saw to it that the Lanzas got their \$70 a week. In September of 1946 when Columbia felt he was ready for some good concert experience, Lanza and two other singers were formed into the Bel Canto trio, booked at \$800 a performance, and sent on the road.

The trio did fairly well, and the Lanzas spent that winter with Sam Weiler in Florida. Between Weiler and Lanza there gradually developed an almost father-and-son relationship. Each had unlimited faith in the other and complete trust. Lanza who has no money sense whatever, relied upon Weiler for professional and financial guidance. While Weiler knew precious

A writer asked Frank Sinatra's okay to compile all the Sinatra gags in a joke book. Frankie came back with a grim NO.

little about the music or entertainment world, he was shrewd enough to know that Lanza was following the shortest and most direct path to fame.

In 1947 Mario Lanza hit the road again, and here for the first time, he actually began to make news. Following his appearance as soloist in Chicago's Grant Park on July 20th, 1947, Claudia Cassidy, the arts critic of the Chicago Tribune, wrote, among other things: "Mr. Lanza was something approaching a sensation. . . has a superb natural tenor which he uses by instinct . . . He needs work but he does amazingly well right now . . . His 'Celeste Aida' was beautifully done, and the crowd roared with delight."

WITH notices like that, the word soon spread throughout the entertainment world that Lanza was "a natural." A month later when he arrived in Hollywood and sang at the well-publicized Hollywood Bowl, the house was almost full. When the concert was over, a hive of talent scouts made a bee-line to his dressing room door.

Besieged by many studio offers, Mario didn't know what to do. He turned to Sam Weiler, who was still working for his brother in New York. "Sam," he said over the long distance phone, "they're making me one offer after another. What'll I do?" "Listen to all of them," Weiler said, "but sign nothing."

Lanza did exactly that until Weiler arrived in Hollywood. Once Sam checked in, a new agreement was drawn up between these two in which Mario agreed to pay Weiler 20 per cent of his gross earnings in return for Weiler's services as agent and personal manager. This agreement meant that Weiler had to abandon his business affiliations back East.

The basic employment agreement that Weiler negotiated with Metro on Mario's behalf shows how worthwhile this move was for everyone concerned. For signing with MGM, Lanza was given a flat \$10,000 as a bonus. His starting salary was to be \$750 a week for 20 weeks; he was to work only six months a year, make one picture a year, receive a rising bonus starting at \$15,000 for each picture, receive subsequent yearly raises of \$250 in salary.

When he finished making *That Midnight Kiss*, Mario was given a bonus of \$25,000 which was \$10,000 more than the studio had agreed to pay him. When he finished *Toast Of New Orleans*, he was given a bonus of \$50,000. This was \$25,000 more than the bonus the contract had called for. When he finished *The Great Caruso*, Mario was gifted with a \$100,000 bonus, twice what his agreement entitled him to. In a sentence, Metro more than compensated for Lanza's relatively low starting salary.

Moreover, Metro was extremely courageous in taking a chance on Lanza in the first place. Anyone who has seen the screen test he made will testify to that. He photographed so poorly that some of the technicians were certain something had gone wrong in the lighting. Eventually when he went before the cameras for his first film, his hair had to be tinted red

his swarthy Italian skin powdered pink.

Lanza's relationship with the studio, other than for a few minor peccadillos, was excellent for his first three pictures. Nicholas Schenck, chief of Loew's, was leery about making *The Great Caruso*, but L. B. Mayer insisted it would be a hit, and he was right. *The Great Caruso* has earned more money for Metro than any other film released within the past decade.

LANZA first began to disagree with MGM when the studio presented him with the script of *Because You're Mine*. When Mario finished reading the story, his first words were, "This is a piece of junk." Sam Weiler did not want Mario to make the picture, either. He, too, was certain it would turn out to be a lemon.

When Lanza is emotionally disturbed, he, like many other people, finds relief in food. He began to eat. The more the studio insisted upon his making *Because You're Mine* the more he ate. Week after week he grew fatter and fatter. He had once tipped the scales at 280 lbs., and it looked for a while as if he were determined to beat this record.

Before Lanza agreed to make *Because You're Mine*, there were many arguments at the studio, many heart-to-heart talks, a long, arduous dieting session and, worst of all, the development of bad blood between various factions.

Lanza was accused of being an ingrate, of biting the hand that had fed him so magnanimously; he, in turn, pointed out that he earned quite a few bucks for the studio, that there was no point in ruining a valuable property by placing him in a series of potboilers.

While relations with the studio deteriorated Lanza witnessed several gradual changes in his other relationships. Sam Weiler, for example, hired MCA to repre-

sent Mario and relinquished 10 of his 20 per cent. Weiler also formed a corporation, Marsam, Inc., in which he and Mario were the principal stockholders. Mario assigned to Weiler the power of attorney, and Weiler became the moneyman in the outfit, subsequently hiring a business manager, Noel Singer, to disburse money for Mario's constantly expanding expenses. Mario also signed a radio deal with Coca-Cola and a new recording deal with RCA. He became so busy he had very little time for his wife and two small daughters.

HE was happy at home, however, deeply in love with his wife, paternally proud of his little daughters, and while he had no idea of how much money he was worth, he felt certain that Sam Weiler was overseeing his financial interests in a shrewd and sagacious manner. His masseuse, while rubbing him down, had told him about a gold mine, and Mario had asked Sam to investigate, to see whether he should invest surplus funds in oil, tungsten, and light metals as well as gold.

He was particularly proud of the fact that he had earned a million dollars in 1951, and while his expenses had been tremendously high, he had paid his state income tax, a Federal income tax of \$425,000, all his commissions, and he owed no one a cent.

Two things did nettle him from time to time. He disliked intensely the house he was living in, a French chateau-type he and Betty had rented on Whittier Drive in Beverly Hills, and he also disliked the fact that so many people had come to rely upon him for a living.

With a shrewdness never attributed to him, Mario realized that if ever he should want to quit, just stop cold, gather his family, and go to Italy and study at La Scala for a year or two, the resultant hue

and cry from the army of people who had latched on to him would be so great that he would either have to go back to work or face violent censure.

That, of course, is what happened.

In March last year, Betty Lanza became pregnant for the third time. She was none too well at the outset, and this disturbed Mario. He was overworked and upset about the contract negotiations regarding a new recording deal with RCA. He had quarreled with Nicky Brodsky about some new songs for *The Student Prince*. The operetta was of such high standard Mario felt the score should not be tampered with. In the end, however, he gave in and agreed with Joe Pasternak that the new songs would help modernize the old musical score. When Curt Bernhardt was assigned to direct the picture, no objections were forthcoming from Lanza. Bernhardt had done a workmanlike job in re-making *Le Bleu Etoile*, a French motion picture classic, into *The Blue Veil* for Wald and Krasna; he had done a good job in re-making *The Merry Widow* for MGM with Lana Turner. Lanza had no complaints until he and Bernhardt were closeted together for a story conference. It was then that word leaked out of Lanza's refusal to do *The Student Prince*. He and Bernhardt had disagreed about several important story points, and Mario "wasn't buying another *Because You're Mine*."

SIMULTANEOUSLY, Mario asked Sam Weiler for a look at the books of the Marsam Corporation. When he saw how much money had gone out, how little remained to him after earning approximately \$1,500,000 in six years, he blew his top. He knew that Weiler had earned more than \$150,000 in commissions, and somehow, he could not reconcile himself to the figures in front of his eyes. There were words, harsh

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words, between Betty Lanza and Sam Weiler. "Listen, Sam, I don't see why you should have the key to our house without our having the key to yours." Recrimination, accusation, and counter-accusation.

Weiler resigned and turned the books of the Marsam Corporation over to Lanza's attorneys who are currently having them audited. According to his contract with Lanza, Weiler will continue to receive 5 per cent of the singer's earnings for 11 years.

Lanza also grew heartsick. He had broken with the man who had sponsored him, who had come to his help, who had taken a chance on him. At the same time, Kitty Rightsel, an old and faithful friend who had acted as his secretary, packed her bags and announced that she'd had enough of Hollywood. She was going back to New York. Metro said that if Lanza insisted upon his refusal to act in *The Student Prince*, the studio would pull him off the Coca-Cola program. It controlled his radio appearances. True to its word the studio yanked him off the show. Betty announced that she wasn't going to live in that house on Whittier Drive another minute. She began negotiating with Nancy Sinatra for purchase of the Sinatra mansion. The deal soured, however, when Nancy asked a price the Lanzas considered a little out of line. Another project gone wrong. The obstetrician also warned Betty to be careful or she might lose the baby. Betty's mother and sister came out from Chicago. Mario's parents went to see Dore Schary and asked him to be understanding. Schary said he would be as understanding as he could, but the picture had to get under way. The studio called MCA. Lew Lindsay and Lew Wassermann of that organization were asked to talk to their boy, to get him into line. Mario kept looking at the books of the Marsam Corporation and wondering how he could have spent so much money. For the first time in his life he tried to delve into what for him was the unfathomable maze of high level finances. All he could determine was that after six years of intensive work, he was worth a little more than \$100,000.

He was upset, and that's putting it mildly, but he knew he must take decisive steps. He abandoned *The Student Prince* temporarily, he closed his office; he hired the best lawyer he could get; he found a new house for himself in Bel-Air; he bought himself a new car to bolster his sagging spirits. Then he took his family and his belongings out of Beverly Hills.

ONCE in Bel-Air, he regained his composure. When Lew Wassermann suggested that a psychiatrist might help calm his nerves, Mario was most amenable to the suggestion. Immediately word was circulated throughout the movie colony that Mario was being psychoanalyzed. "He's going to one of those head-shrinkers," people were told. Lanza was never psychoanalyzed. Neither did he fight with his psychiatrist. That was just part of the slander directed at the tenor. After a few sessions he had no need of the doctor and let him go. It was all pleasant, and professional.

After his legal hassels with Sam Weiler and Metro are straightened out, he hopes to return to the studio and star in *The Student Prince*. Presently, he will make two or more films and then, circumstances permitting, take off for Europe and operatic study in Italy. After that he hopes to become the foremost tenor the Metropolitan Opera in New York has ever presented to the world.

All this lies within his ken and his capabilities, and as far as he's concerned Mario Lanza is on his way back . . . to the top. Of that you can be certain. **END**

french without tears

(Continued from page 47) in Austin, Minnesota, George A. Hormel & Co. with current assets of \$24,000,000—and you've got copy. Hot copy.

That's why you can read almost any day that Leslie and Geordie will obtain a divorce before he joins the Coast Guard in April. Or that Leslie is pregnant, which is why George won't divorce her, and why MGM is keeping her out of dancing parts and giving her dramatic roles as in *Lili* and *The Story Of Three Loves*. The story might be that there will be a separation but no divorce since Geordie doesn't want to give up half of the \$8,000,000 he supposedly has in his own name. Another might announce that language difficulties are causing all the trouble.

However, George has deduced the source of one story. He says, "I did it myself. Listen. Leslie likes to paint, you know. I don't know why, but she does. It relaxes her and let's face it—anything is better than ballet. At least for my dough."

"Well, Leslie has signed up with an art class out at the Palos Verdes College. Every now and again they take field trips. A few weeks ago her class went down to Ensenada in Mexico. I think to paint a fishing scene, something like that."

"The way Leslie looks with that hair-do of hers and her funny little face, you can't miss her. Somebody saw her in Mexico and told a radio commentator about it."

"This radio commentator specializes in Hollywood gossip."

"This guy phones me one afternoon and says, 'I understand your wife's in Mexico. What's she doing down there?'"

"I have a funny sense of humor and just for a gag I said, 'She's down there for the divorce, of course. Didn't you know?'"

"That's right," this commentator said. "I forgot all about that." A few hours later friends started phoning me, telling me they'd heard a news broadcast in which Leslie and I were getting a Mexican divorce. A day or two later the items started appearing in the gossip columns."

"It's so silly," Leslie explains in perfect English. She speaks the language extremely well. Her mother was an American chorus girl who married a Parisian pharmacist in France. "We really pay no attention to rumors. Only last week a friend of ours in San Francisco, she's married to the columnist, Dean Jennings, she said to me, 'Leslie, I've read so many items about your pregnancies—you must be some relative to a rabbit!'"

WHAT then is the truth about this sloe-eyed dancer and the man with whom she eloped to Las Vegas on September 23rd, 1951?

In marrying Geordie Hormel a month-and-a-half after she first met him, did Leslie Caron really marry a millionaire as so many envious Hollywood females jealously commented? Was it really love or just an infatuation that has burned itself out?

To begin with they are completely, madly, and tempestuously in love, as only young people can be in love, young people who realize that in a matter of weeks they will be separated, perhaps for years, and realizing this, live each day as if it were their last, with all the passion and ardor and stamina they can summon.

"In April," Leslie says, "Geordie must report to the Coast Guard. He will have to serve two years. I don't like to think of it, but when he's gone, I guess I'll go back into training again. Since our marriage I haven't been in real training. I mean when you (Continued on page 78).

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hollywood report continued

(Continued from page 24)
he owns in Culver City—which may account for his physical breakdown.

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Jeff Hunter, by all odds the most circumspect and well-behaved of Hollywood actors, gave away one of his two tickets for the London premiere of *Snows Of Kilimanjaro*, because he wanted to arrive at the theater unaccompanied (wifey Barbara Rush was in Hollywood at the time). Jeff explained to his British press agent that he didn't want to do anything that would make it seem he was "dating" while away from his family. No sooner had he arrived in the theater lobby than another press agent brought Coleen Gray over for a chat with Jeff. A dozen cameramen got busy. Next morning's papers showed Jeff and Coleen arriving together at the preem!... Which 20th-Fox's London reps found amusing—that is, save Jeff, because his carefully laid plan had gone awry!



Hunter & Rush

Marilyn Monroe's doctor told her she wouldn't have so many colds if she wouldn't run around her bedroom barefooted... During his first ten weeks back in Hollywood from Paris, John Barrymore, Jr.—a party-thrower—was asked to move from four apartments... Jackie Rohertson took off for Oklahoma to tell her troubles to Dale's closest kin, who apparently understand him better than his wife does! Maybe Jackie got some pointers... Betsy von Furstenberg long-distanced Hollywood from New York that she's definitely not going to marry Franchot Tone, if anybody cares... Silliest stunt of the year: co-starring Barbara Payton and Sonny Tufts in a quickie called *Run For The Hills*.

FUNNIES:

On the set of Paramount's *Here Come The Girls*, Tony Martin was kidding Arlene Dahl about her romance with Fernando Lamas. Then Tony was called on stage to sing one of the songs for *Girls* that he had pre-recorded. As he opened his mouth to sing Arlene gave the signal and out of Tony's mouth poured Fernando's voice singing "Villia" from *The Merry Widow*! Arlene had supplanted Tony's pre-recording with a record of Fernando borrowed from MGM... Time, says Danny Thomas, is the stuff between paydays... And women and money, says Steve Cochran, are the same—keep 'em both active or they lose interest!... Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Wagner were trying to think of a better title than *Nearer My God To Thee*, which is about the sinking of the Titanic. Barbara suggested *Bottoms Up*!



Lamas

Doris Day's son, Terry, is just beginning to realize his Mommy is a big star. He asked her to autograph a photo for the man next door. Doris was signing her name to a head photo when Terry jolted her with this: "But

how about a picture of all of you—'cause he likes to look at all of you, Mommy!"... Short Short Story with absolutely no moral, from the Paramount Studio Cluh News: "For Sale, platinum wedding ring with nine diamonds, \$150 value for \$60. Also semi-modern davenport, excellent condition"... Susie Hayward walked under the canvas of a set for *White Witch Doctor*, in which she's co-starring with Boh Mitchum, and said, "Seems funny to go into my tent and not find Greg Peck propped up on a cot in there, listening for a hyena!"... Jack Benny was getting a haircut at Jerry Rothschild's barbershop in Beverly Hills. The barber stopped him with this: "What do you want to do today, Mr. Benny, tell stories—or pay cash?"... And when Marie Wilson met dignified, dapper Frank Stanton, the president of CBS, she looked admiringly at his luxurious gray thatch and said, "You have lovely hair—who does it?"

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Vera-Ellen gave Dean Miller the sweater she knitted for him and said goodbye to him... Wanda Hendrix gifted Ralph Meeker with an expensive silver manuscript holder for Christmas... Walton Wickett, an electronics engineer from Palo Alto, Calif., was Olivia de Havilland's first date after her divorce from Marcus Goodrich. This was only a few days after Olivia accidentally ran into Joan Fontaine in front of Romanoff's and made up that long-standing feud right then and there!... Craig Hill rushed back from skiing to escort Susan Zanuck, his boss's daughter, to Ethel Merman's white-tie-&-tails farewell-to-Hollywood party... Only thing hotter than Rita Hayworth's romance with Count Villapadierna as we went to press was Aly Khan's amour with Gene Tierney... There was no honeymoon for Jane Wyman. She went right to work for Warners in *So Big*... Tah Hunter wrapped a rich-looking rock (a diamond to you!) around Judy Powell's finger—but not the finger! Remember Judy? Used to be Dan Dailey's Gal Friday.



de Havilland

Boh Taylor bought Ursula Thiess some luggage and right away everybody was prophesying they would elope... Soothsayers were also predicting that Lana Turner would divorce Boh Topping in California, as well as in Nevada, in order to protect her community property rights... Roberta Haynes, Gary Cooper's new leading lady, has been torching for Marlon Brando. But Marlon's 100 percent for Movita... I heard an interesting story about Bing Crosby. It's said he patterned himself after three people in his life: hot trumpeter Bix Beiderbecke, hot jazz singer Louie Armstrong, and Dixie Crosby! I had heard about Bix and Louie but never the angle about Dixie. It's news to me, and I'm sure it will be to you, that his unique delivery was inspired by her and patterned after her. Dixie, you know, was in the acting game long before Bing (she retired to become a devoted wife and mother), so this well-authenticated story rings true.

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

Rumors were flying thick and fast from Europe that Greg and Greta Peck were fini, kaput, busted up!... And ditto—Gene and

Betsy Kelly . . . What a month for that sort of thing—they were also saying it about Dick and Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes; about Keefe and Norma Brasselle; about Danny and Sylvia Kaye; and about Mary Castle and Sy Bartlett . . . To kill off that silly feud, Doris Day dedicated a song on her airshow to Peggy Lee (Peggy, you may remember, is supposed to have won the part that Doris wanted in *The Jazz Singer*!) . . . Audrey Totter is a Christian Scientist and her husband, Dr. Leo Fred, is an M.D. . . . Scott Brady and Diana Lynn thought they were all set to co-star in *The Moon Is Blue* until producer Otto Preminger changed his mind overnight and decided he wanted Bill Holden and Terry Moore. The roof fell in!



Day

Annie Sheridan carries a vial of bitters in her purse in case her host serves gin but no bitters . . . Phyllis Ferrer, José's estranged spouse, is practicing dancing. And so's Rosemary Clooney, who's supposed to be José's next spouse. But you can rest assured they're not practicing for the same part! . . . Jane Powell got so excited she had to leave the opening of José Greco's dance troupe here. And two hours later her new daughter arrived . . . Liz Dailey was with Bob Neal and Dan Dailey was with Beetsy Wynn. Keenan's estranged wife, at the Greco shindig. Talk about deep-freezers! . . . Craig Stevens wasn't a bit amused that Alexis Smith and Bill Bowers were dating while he was in New York.

SEX APPEAL:

Dennis Morgan reports he overheard his very young daughter in a conversation with her very young girl friend, saying, "Yeah, but all men are nice till you marry 'em!" . . . Annie Blyth wears a fur called, oddly, "naked mink" to parties . . . Debra Paget fixed up her new apartment this way: Black walls in the living room, against which is set a 12-foot white couch. And her bedroom walls are covered with white satin . . . One of the most beautiful things about the opening of the Palm Springs El Mirador: Penny Edwards in a sun suit . . . Virginia Mayo wore a fluffy something she described as "Mamie Eisenhower Pink" at the preem of *The Jazz Singer* . . . Wait'll you see Katie Grayson as a blonde in *The Grace Moore Story*. She's soooo easy to love! . . . Melinda Markey, Joan Bennett's daughter, shrank her 19-inch waist another inch, and don't ask me how.



Paget

Every time Betty Grable returns to 20th-Fox from suspension she looks younger than the time before! . . . Mitzi Gaynor went back on the payroll, same studio, pounds lighter thanks to something called the "Mayo diet" . . . And Ruth Roman slimmed down to a sleek 119 only two weeks after the birth of Richard Roman Hall . . . Farley Granger developed a tremendous set of muscles for *Golden Blade*, then turned down the picture. Now he's stuck with the muscles . . . Teresa Wright screamed when they made her a blonde for *The Steel Trap*. But most of the newspaper reviewers commented about her new sexiness!

ODDS BODKINS:

They have to paste on false eyelashes to make Peggy Lee's look longer—and powder down Rory Calhoun's natural long lashes because they look too artificial on a man . . . Tony Curtis has turned into a fine magician, thanks to his role in *Houdini*. The kid's good! . . . Jerry Lewis gifted Dean Martin with a child's scooter . . . And this was Pete Lawford's *bon voyage* gift to Cary Grant and Betsy Drake before they took off 'round-the-world: a traveling coffeepot monogrammed "Mr. and Mrs. Beartrap" . . . Faith Domergue swears she got that black eye not from her husband but from her child—insists she was tucking the kid in for the night and his fist shot out from under the covers and gouged her orb! . . . Marlene Dietrich was 50 years old last Dec. 27th . . . Joanne Dru, who handles children so well in *My Pal Gus*, sends her own to a psychoanalyst . . . And Donald and Gwen O'Connor, who got together again after a separation as we were writing this, split up in the first place, in the opinion of their friends, because they went to the same analyst!



Calhoun

Ronald Reagan, the distinguished Screen Actors Guild prexy, walked down the theater aisle at the *Bwana Devil* preem in a tuxedo and carrying a big bag of popcorn . . . Ruth Hussey gave up smoking after the fourth matchbox exploded in her hands . . . After 22 years in Hollywood, Groucho Marx broke down and bought a swimming pool . . . Jimmy Durante learned the hard way that Lily Pons eats garlic before every television performance . . . Van Johnson now wears red suede ankle-high slippers with his dinner clothes. He started the red Sox fad, remember? . . . Because of Piper Laurie's unnaturally red hair, Gene Evans, playing the villain who menaces Piper in *Golden Blade*, had to dye his natural red locks and beard a shiny black.

HOME FIRES BURNING:

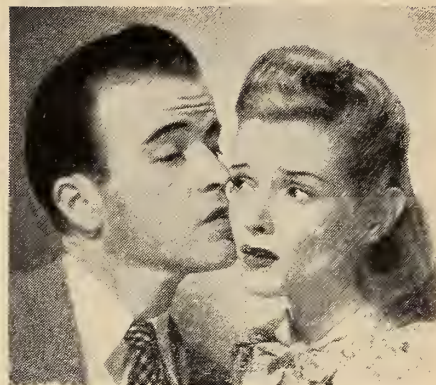
John Wayne's oldest son, Michael, celebrated his 18th birthday. Are you too young to remember when Loretta Young was Michael's Godmother? *I'm not!* . . . Elaine Mahnken Rooney, the Mick's new wife, wants a movie career terribly much, although she keeps insisting, and very coyly, that she doesn't . . . Most dramatic Hollywood story of the year: Joan Leslie's courageous battle to rid her medico mate of the dope habit . . . Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw put their Valley chalet up for sale . . . And, at British producer Jimmy Woolf's party, Tony Bartley, Deborah Kerr's husband, leaned over me to shout at Angela: "Angie, dahling, you look *divinely* pregnant!"



Lansbury & Shaw

Clifton Webb had the outside of his house painted lavender . . . Gordon and Sheila MacRae are practicing a new nightclub act together, for when, if and *ever* they decide to go out on the road together to turn a pretty penny or two! . . . Richard Todd's new son was christened Peter Grant Palethorpe Todd . . . Slat and Louis Calhern reconciled. There'll be no divorce . . . Mike Wilding's pet name for Liz Taylor—believe it or not—is "Drawers"!

Rationed Kisses?



maybe **YOU**
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(Continued from page 75) are in the ballet, you work all day, all night. You're always rehearsing. You're so tired at the end of a day, you have no time for love, no time for anything but to rest and then dance tomorrow. With Geordie here, all my time has gone for him, for us, for our marriage. But after he goes, I will have to throw myself into my work, dance, dance, dance.

"It's a great pity when our marriage is just getting started, but other young couples have to face the same thing. Maybe Geordie will be stationed around here for a while and maybe I can see him on weekends.

"It is a wonderful thing to have a career and act in movies, but Geordie is really the most important thing in my life. I love to dance, but I want a family, lots of children. Don't be surprised, ten, twelve, as many as that. French women like large families, and I am French, and in Geordie, I have a half-French husband."

THE object of this intense Gallic affection, Geordie Hormel, says, "There have been so many incorrect stories written about Leslie and me, I wish you'd get the record straight. Everytime I pick up a newspaper I read that I'm a millionaire. That isn't so.

"The plain, simple truth is that I'm about \$40,000 in debt. I was in debt when Leslie married me, and I told her all about it, so this stuff about her marrying big money is a lot of bunk. I have to pay interest on the money I borrowed, and right now, Leslie has more money in the bank, savings from her own salary, than I've ever had. My grandfather founded the company in Austin, and my father is chairman of the board, but that doesn't mean I'm a millionaire or will even inherit the company. I have two brothers, and besides there are more than 500,000 shares of stock outstanding. All it means is that I can work in a meatpacking company, and that's what I did for three years before I came out to the coast and started to experiment with my recordings."

What Geordie does with music is to record one instrument at a time on tape and then dub the individual tapes onto a master so that eventually 13 to 18 wind instruments are recorded on one tape.

Several of these unusual recordings have been released to the public and while they've sold fairly well, Geordie has yet to earn back much of the \$30,000 it has cost him to experiment. Two of his newest recordings, released by Coral, are "Twenty-Five Chickens" and "Sweet Georgia Brown." Recording engineers insist, however, that "This kid is liable to hit, and when he does, the dough will come rolling in. Like Les Paul, he's got some unique recording ideas and one of them is bound to click."

Oddly enough, while Leslie and Geordie care deeply for each other, they don't particularly care for each other's work. "Leslie is strictly a longhair when it comes to music," Geordie says, "Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven. And quite frankly, I don't enjoy the ballet. I think Leslie is a wonderful actress and will even be more so, which is why I'm glad her studio is putting her in dramatic roles. For years she's wanted to become the world's greatest ballerina, but in order to do that, a girl has to pretty much give up men. It's completely exhausting work, and I think I've talked her out of that. An actress, yes—but the world's greatest ballerina—that's out. As a matter of fact, I had no idea she was a dancer when I first saw her, or that Gene Kelly had discovered her in Paris or that Metro had signed her."

Leslie and Geordie took their first look at each other when Roland Petit, the impresario of the Ballet de Paris, came to

Hollywood with his troupe in 1951, was entertained by Howard Hughes, and tossed a swimming party. Geordie Hormel was invited and eventually asked his host to introduce him to the little French girl whose coiffure resembled a rag mop. She was also dressed in a bathing suit that left precious little to the imagination.

Geordie and Leslie said hello to each other, and that was that! No spark, no love at first sight. A little physical awakening, but that's all. Fade out!

Fade in a week or so later. Geordie Hormel has returned from San Francisco to Bel Air where his parents have a man-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While out walking my dog one day, I stopped to watch some ragged youngsters playing football in a vacant lot. The ball they were playing with rolled into the street, and a car, coming along right at that moment, ran over the ball, ruining it. A pretty girl saw what had happened, and going over to the young owner of the damaged ball, she gave him enough money to buy a new one. Who was the girl? Debbie Reynolds!



J. Schultz
Cleveland, Ohio

sion worthy of their position in American industry.

Here Geordie learns from his kid brother, Jimmy, that he and a friend are going out with three ballet dancers, Simon Mostov, Mireille Lefevre, and Leslie Caron. "Why don't you come along?" Jimmy asked. "We need another guy."

THE boys drove down to Beecher's, a barbecue restaurant on La Cienega and St. Monica Boulevards in Los Angeles where the girls were having dinner.

"Geordie and Jimmy were late," Leslie recalls, "and since they had tickets for Finian's Rainbow, we had to be downtown by 8:30. You know what Geordie does? When the waitress brings him his ham dinner, he empties the whole plate in his pocket and says, 'Okay, let's go.' Honestly, I thought he was crazy, crazy but cute. He didn't know I could speak any English, so we hardly spoke at all. He would look at me, and I would look at him, and we said very few words.

"After the show we went backstage to see Ella Logan, and she invited us to a party in Coldwater Canyon. Sometime during the night, she asked me for my phone number, to invite me to another party, I guess, and I said the number real loud so that Geordie would hear it. The next day I wasn't surprised at all when he called me."

According to Geordie's memory, "Leslie was living in a one-room apartment across from the studio at the time. I went down to see her the next day. We drove out to the beach, then to my folks' house, then around town. Then I asked her to marry me.

"Geordie, she said. You are crazy!" "No," I said, "I'm not crazy! I'm in love."

"I know it sounds foolish and impetuous to ask a girl to marry you on the second date, but I can honestly say that I've never had a wrong impulse that was important. Instinctively, I felt that Leslie was the right girl for me. I told her about my indebtedness, how I'd borrowed \$40,000 from a holding company, how I'd

started to build a house back in Austin and had given it up. I told her how much I'd put into my recordings, but she didn't seem to care at all about money. She'd had very little of it as a girl and she'd developed very well. She and her family were very happy. She knew that while money was important, it could never buy happiness.

"I told my mother and brothers about her. They took to her at once. My mother is French, you know. Daddy met her during World War I when he was a lieutenant stationed in France. Her maiden name was Germaine du Bois, and her father was in the wine business. Mother thought Daddy was a butcher when she married him."

Leslie says it was a strange and wonderful wedding she had. "Geordie's mother, his two brothers, and my brother all flew to Las Vegas. Geordie and I were married, and my father-in-law's chauffeur drove us back to San Francisco for the opening of *An American in Paris*. A week later we flew to Florida, then to the Virgin Islands to see my parents. My mother is teaching dancing down there, and my father is opening a little store in town. We also visited my grandmother on the island of St. Johns."

When Mr. and Mrs. George Hormel returned to Los Angeles they lived for a short period in the Hormel mansion, but not for long. Geordie began reading the newspaper advertisements while Leslie reported for work at Metro. "I must have answered over 200 ads," Geordie recalls, "before I found a place we could afford. It's located up in Laurel Canyon and it costs us \$125 a month."

LESLIE and her husband live in a modern house in which the living room and kitchen are divided by a serving counter.

They sleep in one bedroom and have two other rooms for guests. Leslie bakes extremely well and does most of the cooking. She has one girl, Boots Sirshing, whose sister works for the Hormel family back in Minnesota, to help her with the house work.

The Hormels work diligently at their respective professions and hardly ever attend social functions of any nature. "We've been to one party in a year," Leslie says. "That was Chuck Walter's cocktail party. Being with each other is really enough for us."

Leslie says that so far she's been able to mix her career and her marriage and enjoy life to the fullest. After he finishes his years with the Coast Guard, however, Geordie will probably return to the family business in Minnesota, in which event Leslie says, "I will go with him, of course, and without any regrets. I can adapt myself to anything Geordie wants and wherever he wants it, because he is a good man and a fair man and an honest man, and such a husband is very rare and very hard to find, and if a girl has one she should hold on to a good thing. I don't know what the future holds for me, but I have tasted a little fame and a little money, and I have lived with Geordie, and I know that for a girl like me, it is marriage and a family that is important. I will try to escape into my dancing and my work while Geordie is gone, but who can run away from her heart?"

As for Geordie Hormel, the brash young hepcat who proposed and was accepted on their second date, he was asked recently to describe his bride in one sentence. "I can tell you very honestly," he said, and his eyes sparkled as he said it, "that I've never been married before but my little Leslie Caron is the best wife I ever had."

END

big noise from winnetka

(Continued from page 32) known as the fellow practically engaged to Vera-Ellen (a romance now over but not forgotten, he tells you in torchy tones) than for any work he had done on the screen. Then, by reason of his physique, which is a spread of masculinity six feet, three inches, now swinging the weight indicator on the scale over to 205 pounds, he got the role of a prizefighter opposite Jeff Chandler in *Iron Man*. The fans had a chance to take a good look at him—that did the trick. In the mail bags delivered to the studio every morning and ordinarily containing hundreds of letters to such stars as Chandler, Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis and Shelley Winters, there now began appearing messages to Rock; first by twos and threes, then by dozens, and now at the rate of something like 3,000 a month. The statistically-minded producers didn't wait for the big figures, however; they could tell what was coming by the rate of increase. Rock was away—and running steady.

In the past two years he has been in nine pictures, winding up with *Lawless Breed*, *Seminole* and *Golden Blade*, all three due to be released this winter. He worked for five months on one picture without a day off. This sounds like the studio is rushing a good thing, and that is exactly what it is doing. But Rock doesn't mind. When he says, "It's better than driving a truck," he means just that. Driving for a down-town Los Angeles produce firm he heaved so many tons of lettuce and tomatoes about in his time that just the sight of a salad used to make his muscles ache. It wasn't

so much the difficulty of his work, as the boredom of it that made him look to the studios. "You want to know why truck drivers whistle at girls?" he asked the other day. "Well, sitting up there on the high seat, they are going crazy from nothing to do but steer that big crate on wheels. Why, every truck driver talks to himself, but I got so I was answering myself, and very stupidly, too. That's when I got scared into making a move."

DESPITE his growing popularity, which has given him a sense of security professionally, Rock has still not settled down to his new prominence socially. He does much better with a girl he knows than a girl he wants to know; is more easily a man among men than among women; is a great guy for sticking close to old friends like the Van Johnsons, Piper Laurie (and her whole family), Barbara Stanwyck, his old flame Vera-Ellen and his roommate Bob Preble. When strangers pay him too much adulation he can be at a loss.

Rock finds it difficult to take himself seriously. One day a studio executive overheard him singing in his dressing room. Going back to the talent rolls, the executive checked Rock's record and was surprised to find no mention of any musical ability. He dashed off some front-office memos to the effect that a Rock Hudson who could sing would greatly enhance their investment in him. The production heads all agreed and soon Rock was ordered to report to a vocal teacher. Weeks later a newspaper man lunching with Rock and a member of the publicity department wanted to know what kind of a voice he had. Rock looked puzzled and turned to the publicity man. "What would you say?" he asked. (Continued on page 83)

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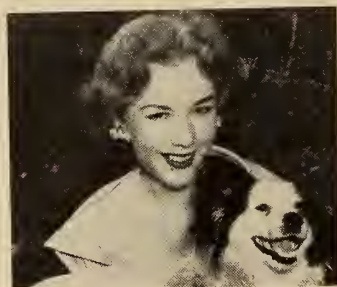
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"I can't make left turns properly," says Piper Laurie. "That's the side your heart is on, and in anything affecting the heart . . . who knows which way to turn?" This is the eleventh article in a series written by the stars for you, the readers of MODERN SCREEN

Take my word for it

by PIPER LAURIE, star columnist for March



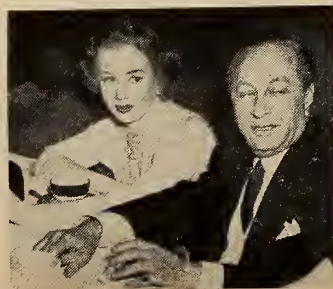
Large earrings are a pet passion.



I love poetry and music and roses



To me, a home is a way of living



A date is a date is really a date!

I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO WRITE. Then a chance like this one comes along, to fill up a column with something intelligent, and I'm stuck. I am reminded of a bit of verse by a newspaperman I know, and I feel I'm just the person he had in mind when he composed the following:

Hanging's the thing for the writer,

At the end of a rope let him caper,

Who spoils with thoughts mostly stale,

A batch of fresh, white paper.

Well . . . here goes anyway. But it should be plain that any resemblance between what I write and something new in ideas will not only be coincidental, but accidental as well. The only precaution I can take is to start off unpretentiously; to talk of small things . . . small things, like earrings, fluff and left turns in traffic. After that, if I feel I have gotten away with it, comes the deep stuff, the philosophy.

I don't like to speak over the telephone. Reason? I am always wearing earrings and they hit against the receiver (and hurt my head). Lots of women who wear earrings must have the same trouble. I suppose it would be asking too much to expect the telephone company to make their instruments out of soft rubber instead of the hard rubber or plastic they use? Yes . . . too much. Forgive me. I have hundreds of pairs of earrings, from dime store ones collected when I was a youngster, to good ones acquired in the last few years.

My ears aren't pierced, of course. I don't know of any girl of my generation with pierced ears. Yet men often ask about it. I think it indicates an indifference to what is going on in the feminine world. What if I should ask, "Do you wear a fob on your watch?"

TO GO WITH MY EARRINGED but unpierced ears I generally like tailored clothes and, even for formal evenings, simple gowns. I have a few fluffy things in my wardrobe but there will never be more than a few because I think they are effective only if worn sparingly . . . for special occasions. It's sort of a "making-your-entrance" gown, and if you want it to be effective you can't be dramatic every day in the week. Sometimes like my taste in flowers; I like roses and sweet peas equally, but I prefer the light fragrance of sweet peas most of the time and the scent of roses only on occasion. That way, when I do smell a rose, a rose is a rose is really a rose—which is what Gertrude Stein really meant maybe when she first wrote it that way!

For this reason I don't much care about spectacular dresses . . . or any clothes which overshadow the wearer. I like to have people

notice me before they notice my dress . . . or at least reasonably soon afterwards. You take the hat with the feather in it shooting skywards; it's provocative, all right, catches the eye immediately. But I am also certain that the more intelligent understand it for what it is actually—an artificial way of attracting attention which, in the long run, would be far more complimentary if caught and held by personality. Maybe I have put this too flatly. I'm not against feathers, or any gay eye-catching devices, as such. In a way these are the marks of femininity. But I'm against *just* these with nothing to back them up. You put a feather in your hat and catch a man. But if he's worth anything you won't be able to catch him with just a feather. I'm still not making myself clear, I suppose. Oh, well . . . a rose is a rose is a rose!



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SUPPOSING I'VE CAUGHT MY MAN and it is now time for us to get a home (with writers these things happen fast). What kind of home do I want? I have often thought that I'd like a neat but not glittery place, that there must be one spot I can muss, like a den. Size doesn't bother me much except that the more moderate the better, I am sure. I know I don't want it filled with a thousand things that must be fussed over and cleaned and walked past on tiptoes. There is such a thing as being a slave to one's home if it is filled with all the bric-a-brac and nonsense you can get today. A woman should be able to turn to better things, should have the time for it. A home to me is a way of living as much as it is a place to live in. Its material contents are not one tenth as important as the human contents.

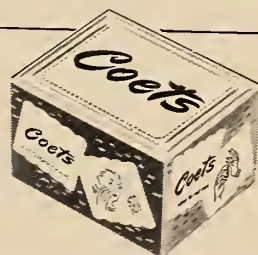
But I am outspeeding my column, as well as the imaginative life I am leading in it. I have given myself a husband without going through the trouble of selecting him. How is this done? The selecting, I mean. The way girls complicate their lives achieving this objective reminds me of another verse written by another friend (I hope you don't mind—I think there isn't enough poetry in the world anyway and it should be used whenever possible):

How the gods must laugh
At their puppets irked,
Who harder jump
Than the strings are jerked.

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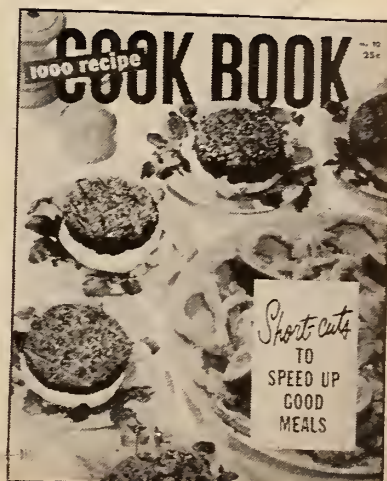
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Take my word for it

continued from page 81

IN OTHER WORDS, how we primp and fuss and rave trying to achieve a very simple goal—happiness. Just happiness. That's all. The blueprint is far from involved. A girl grows up, love is born, there is marriage, she keeps house, has children... and there it is. So why does life consist of passing from one problem to another? It starts when you are a child and I don't suppose it ever quits. Young boys don't worry too much, but young girls, I know, grab for their problems way ahead of time. Take my case.

Should I be a manicurist? (This was at ten.) Oh, I had to be a manicurist; how else could I be happy? Should I be a girl jockey? (This was at 14, I think, after riding a beautiful pony and feeling like the tallest girl in the world.) Oh, yes. I was certain that nothing else could give me that same, wonderful, exalted feeling. Should I be a lady gardener and grow beautiful roses and sweet peas and just live a gentle, peaceful life all by myself? (This at 15, when I decided I was through with boys.) On and on I went, going through different phases, being 20 kinds of person and never realizing I was wasting good time and energy just fencing with shadows. Because whether I am a lady gardener or a girl jockey has very little to do with my chances for happiness. I know this because the fact, for instance, that I finished up surprisingly as a movie actress doesn't in the least alter the main problem... the problem of setting one's mature life on a socially and emotionally rewarding level. Every angle of the problem remains... including a few special ones. I think. I mean I still have to find the man—or he find me—and in Hollywood this is not as easy as other places perhaps... not that it is easy anywhere. Hollywood is a place where there is a commercial value put on exactly the thing you first look for in a person... his personality. It takes a little longer here, when you meet a person, to decide whether they are for real or for sale. Inasmuch as I wouldn't necessarily want to marry the same man I wouldn't at all mind starring opposite, it becomes a bit of a problem to decide which he is.

I THINK I AM HONEST, yet I know I am not as honest as I could be... there are too many chances to hurt the feelings of people here. I have had to learn to fit into the general life of the film colony, just as everyone else has, and very likely a boy, who might otherwise like me, looks upon me with suspicion instead. I have often gone to gatherings where there were mostly non-professionals and noticed men I would like to meet. But it seemed to me they were wary of me. We might be introduced and we might talk, but rarely with any feeling of really getting to know each other.

ONCE THERE WAS A BOY I felt very much like encouraging. In fact, when time passed and I heard nothing from him I played around with the idea of calling him. And this, of course, brings up that old and unfair situation between the sexes. You can't phone such a fellow and say, "Remember me? I met you at Soandso's party. How would you like to do something Saturday night?" You can't do it. I'll break down and tell you that I have even tried it once about four years ago... you can't do it! If it didn't scare the guy it cer-

tainly puzzled him. I got plain nowhere.

"Who?" he asked.
"Rosetta Jaedos," I replied. "You know... I met you... (et cetera and et cetera)."
"Oh." (Long pause... followed by hemming and hawing followed by embarrassed and unsuccessful attempts on my part to end the conversation without exposing the fact that I felt like a fool.)

Ugh! That's what I thought about myself right then!

There is, besides the boy, the problem of whether you are definitely ready for marriage. For a career girl this becomes a very sharp problem. No, a career isn't everything. But it is something. You can pour a lot of yourself into it and you can get a lot of satisfaction out of it. It is something to think about... tossing it aside, or even shunting it to a less important place in your life.

I have a girl friend who thinks everyone is born with a romantic pill in them, and that when the pill breaks they know they are grown up and it is time to marry and settle down. I am partial to another theory, the buzzer theory, myself. I think we all have a buzzer inside of us that starts ringing the moment we are born, so faintly at first we are only partly affected by it (we play with dolls and like bright ribbons in our hair), and so steadily later that we have become used to it. But a day comes when something turns on the volume sharply and you are buzzing all over. I have been conscious of a buzzing for some time now... but is it as loud as it is going to get? Am I all buzzed up or just partially? That's what I want to know. Isn't this why a girl isn't sure that the boy she likes today will still be the boy she likes tomorrow?

The problem becomes even increasingly complicated. Girls are supposed to spend most of their time wondering about the boy they like, when and if they have picked one. If the truth were told I think they spend an equal amount of time, perhaps even more, wondering if they like him. To paraphrase the philosophers, the proper study of a girl in love is self. I don't want to go around putting words into the mouths of philosophers but I do have a feeling that if the question, "Do I love him?" were asked more often, the question, "Does he love me?" would be put a lot less. Of course there is a good reason why the second question is asked so many times more. If the answer to that is "yes, he loves you," it is quite a compliment. But the answer to the first question can't mean as much. If it is "no, I don't love him, you're no place. And if it is, "yes, I do love him," where does it leave you if you don't know how he feels about you?

Way at the beginning of this column I said something about left turns in traffic. I have finally decided this all is caused by the fact that the left side is the side your heart is on. And in anything affecting the heart... who knows which way to turn?

(Piper Laurie is currently starring with Tyrone Power in Universal's Mississippi Gambler.)

Piper Laurie

(Continued from page 79) "Why, you're a baritone!" came the reply. "Didn't you know?"

Rock shook his head. "I just do the 'La-La-Las,' and leave," he said. "I didn't know I was anything yet."

ANOTHER thing that puzzles him is the proprietary interest fans sometimes take in stars they like. The first time he ever made a personal appearance a girl in the audience yelled, "Stand up straight, Brown-Eyes!" and Rock reddened, thinking he was being jeered. Later he realized it was earnest, interested advice. He has since been fighting off the tall man's tendency to slouch. When he went to England for a picture the cry was, "Get a haircut!" He wishes there were some way of telling fans that this isn't wise, except for specific pictures. Right after his start in Hollywood he was advised to keep his hair long because, "... you can never tell when you might be wanted for a quick Western and no actor with a dude trim would have a chance for a role." Rock stayed away from the barber and sure enough every job that came along for a while required him wild and woolly. "I hate walking around with tassels hanging down the back of my neck but walking around without work is even worse."

None among Rock's forebearers, whom he can vaguely trace back to England, Ireland and Switzerland, were ever actors as far as he has learned. "I'm the first," he says. "or, at least, I will be as soon as I learn a little more about the business." Because he figures that everything that happened to him in his younger life contributed to the man he is today, he leaves no phase of his background unmentioned when questioned about it. He counts himself not only a graduate of New Trier High School in Winnetka but also of the pool room in back of Schmidt's tansorial parlor there, as well. He also knows that because his parents divorced when he was a child and his mother worked at a full time telephone job after a remarriage, leaving him a daytime orphan, a lot of parental supervision was missing in his adolescent and teen-age development. "There wasn't as much law and order as there should have been," he says, "and I guess my favorite hobby was staying away from home." He remembers he used to resort to technicalities about promises to behave. Given a licking once for being caught smoking behind a door he promised never again to smoke ... adding under his breath, "Behind a door."

To please his mother he joined the Boy Scouts as a lad but in three years failed to rise above the grade of tenderfoot much to her bewilderment. What she didn't know was that on scout nights Rock ran off to his street gang instead of going to meetings to pick up the lore of woodcraft and knot-tying. It was a sad day for him when his mother innocently bought him a complete scout uniform as a surprise present. Now he had to leave home on scout nights dressed in an outfit that practically made him unacceptable to his favorite cronies. "I had to wear it, of course," he recalls. "And there I was on scout nights, walking out of the house in an outfit that I was afraid the guys I ran around with would tear off my back."

Rock liked his fun as a kid. He had to work all the way through school to help out with the family income but he was also the kind of student who did his homework in study hall not only because he had jobs to attend to, but because he didn't like homework. Running around as he did he not only approached the borderline of trouble a few times but practically stepped over it. One night he went into Chicago with a bunch of kids who invaded

Marshall Fields, the city's biggest department store, and thoughtlessly dared each other to make free with the merchandise on the counter. Within minutes they were corralled and herded into the store manager's office. What they had taken were such knickknacks as bobby pins, greeting cards, shoe horns and a Rover Boys book. More annoyed than angry, the store people lectured them severely and sent word all the way to Winnetka for their parents to come and fetch them.

Rock's father had moved to Los Angeles after the divorce and during his junior year at high school Rock visited him, entering high school there to continue his studies. Rock, a good swimmer, and inspired by the successes of Johnny Weismuller, Jon Hall and Buster Crabbe, used to wonder idly about the movies during his California visit but just as easily would forget about it. He returned to Winnetka for his senior year and had to study an extra semester to graduate. He had been tripped up on one subject—history. Right after he got his diploma he set out to help make it; he joined the Navy. Following a preliminary period as a young hopeful in aviation around Glenview Naval Training Station in California he found himself in the South Pacific, mostly in a remote Philippine installation, helping to lick the Japs by stiffening the admiral's linens with the proper amount of starch.

Hollywood made a casual contact with Rock early in his Navy enlistment—just enough to give him a bit of a thrill. He was writing the morning flight schedule on a blackboard at Glenview one morning when someone tapped his shoulder. Turning around he saw, and recognized Robert Taylor, then a flying instructor, with the rank of Lieutenant, (j.g.).

"Hello," said Taylor. "I've just been assigned to this station. Can you show me around?"

"Sure," blurted Rock. Then remembering navy manual ... "Sorry ... I mean, yes sir!"

"That's okay," said Taylor. "I often have trouble with my lines, too."

AFTER the war Rock made his home with his father, who had opened an appliance store in Long Beach, while his mother came out to live in Pasadena and join the telephone company there. He tried to get into the University of Southern California under the GI bill, but the entrance requirements were too tough for a guy who had spent an awful lot of study nights not studying. This reduced him automatically to a full loafing membership in the popular 52-20 Club until he got the trucking job. All this time, for nearly two years after he got out of the Navy, people he met would often throw a very unoriginal remark at him which he would dismiss as just talk. It was, "You know ... you ought to be in the movies." One day he didn't dismiss it. Instead he asked himself, "I wonder?"

"I still think they were kidding," he says, "but, anyway, that's what triggered the idea."

He had no idea of how to go about it and for a starter tried hanging around the gates of the studios on his days off in the hope that some film men would stop and talk. Some did ... the gatekeepers. They would come out of their little shanties and invite him to take a walk away from there.

By a circuitous route, involving friends, acquaintances, and here and there a friendly stranger, he eventually found himself in front of a talent scout named Henry Wilson.

In the case of great talent discoveries there are always different stories about what was said and done. It is a fact, however, that Wilson did something about Hudson; he failed to interest David Selznick in

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**WALT DISNEY'S PETER
PAN COMICS**



84 **AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW!**

him, got only a mild reaction from Walter Wanger, but induced director Raoul Walsh to sign Rock for a picture bit.

"The main thing is . . . can you ride a horse?" asked Walsh.

"Yes," replied Rock, wondering how fast he could learn.

It was all right. By the time the picture was made it was called *Fighting Squadron* and had to do with flying. All Rock had to say his first day was one line of dialogue: "You better get a bigger blackboard." On his 28th attempt he got it right. Walking off the set he approached Wilson, who was visiting, and said, "I was terrible, wasn't I?"

"Awful," agreed Wilson, pleasantly.

Rock stared off disconsolately towards the sky which was appropriately full of smog. "I guess it's back to the truck for me," he murmured.

"It would be, except that Walsh is using that shot he took of you," commented Wilson. "And if he is using that one he'll need you in other scenes to tie up with the story. That means you're going to have a few more chances and you are going to improve."

"I am?" questioned Rock unbelievably.

"Naturally . . . you couldn't be that bad again."

Rock wasn't. Walsh thought he had a screen personality that would come through sharply as soon as he overcame problems of acting and poise. In addition to ordinary difficulties Rock had some which were peculiarly personal. He was so tall he had a tendency to lean over the other characters, and so generally huge he was practically a background all by himself. And then there's his left-handedness.

IN the movies characters are always right-handed—unless the story specifies a left-handed person for plot purposes. Rock has tried to conform with only partial success. You may see him pretend to write

with his right hand but he has difficulty even pretending to eat with it or do anything else requiring skill except, maybe, throwing a baseball. If it's a hard ball he throws it right-handed, but a softball he throws lefty. He has no idea why. In his efforts to correct himself he has had many an amusing experience.

But Walsh and Wilson persevered with Rock, keeping him on a \$125-a-week salary even when he wasn't working. When Walsh had to sail for England for a film, he sold Rock to Universal-International for \$9,500 representing his and Wilson's investment in him. Two executives of Rock's studio discussed him soon after this.

"Do you suppose we'll ever get our money out of this boy?" asked one. "And how will we go about it?"

The other man looked out of his office window to see Rock just passing. Some studio secretaries were on the studio street too. Their faces lit up as they approached Rock. They smiled as one when they drew even with him. And they kept turning around after they had gone by. The producer left the window with a satisfied chuckle.

"We'll let nature take its course," he said.

It has. Rock is helping out by studying diction and dramatic technique besides singing. He is also doing something about his social life. Right now he is "baching" it in a small, sun-drenched house atop one of the Hollywood Hills. He eats a lot, plays a lot, and sleeps deeper than any alarm clock can dig him out. But he feels the need of a better regulated existence. "I bet that's the way you feel when you are starting to think about getting married," he said the other day. For his first step in that direction he planned to turn in his red convertible for a more conservative model. "Maybe a cream-colored convertible," he said. Then, with a frown, "No, that's too flashy, I guess. Say, a dark green. That would be right." **END**

yesterday's magic

(Continued from page 40) Young Lewis said, "we're living in a beachhouse in Santa Monica."

The words were no sooner out of her mouth than Mrs. Tom Lewis realized she had pulled a boner. From the look on their faces it was obvious that she had shaken the Ewings' confidence in her judgment, for the Ewings had seen Santa Monica and while they had liked the community, it had left them cold, particularly the beachfront property which is traversed by a four-lane highway.

IT takes time to know about beachhouse living, and Loretta sensed that this particular understanding was outside the ken of Rosalind's visitors. As a matter of fact, few tourists who come out to Hollywood and visit the beach can understand why so many big-name movie stars insist upon having an all-year house on the shores of the Pacific. And yet in the past decade, Cary Grant, Randolph Scott, Ginger Rogers, Marion Davies, Robert Young, Darryl Zanuck, the Warner brothers, Norma Shearer, the Talmadge sisters, practically any movie star you can mention, has lived down at the beach.

It was therefore inevitable that sooner or later, Loretta Young would join the long list of waterfront residents. She says living at the beach "is only temporary for us." However living anywhere is "only temporary" for Loretta. Like her mother Mrs. Gladys Belzer, a crack interior decorator who buys homes, decorates them,

lives in them for a few months and then sells them at a handsome profit, Loretta seems incapable of occupying any one house for more than a few years.

Last year she and her husband began building two homes, one, an eight-room weekend house at Ojai, California, and the other, an apartment house on Sunset Boulevard in which they intend to occupy a duplex.

While construction of these two buildings was underway, Loretta signed a contract with Universal-International (Because of You and It Happens Every Thursday are her first two films under the deal) and her husband organized a television production company. Since they'd sold their large home in Beverly, they needed another.

"Tom realized," Loretta says, "that because of our heavy work schedule we wouldn't have time during the summer to take the children away on a vacation. He therefore suggested that we take a beachhouse, and I must say things have worked out so well that we're still living in it. After a workday of petty irritations coming home to the beach is like entering another world. On weekends I climb into sports clothes, and I'm telling you I feel so good, no one can induce me to dress up or drive 15 miles into town for a dinner or a fashion show. Actually, by giving the beach house as an excuse I find that I avoid a lot of senseless chasing around."

IN decorating her beachhouse Loretta did a job that most professional decorators would be happy to claim as their own. In every other house her mother has helped a good deal, but this time Mrs.

Belzer was away in Europe, and Loretta was anxious to prove that she could decorate a house by herself.

After studying the large empty rooms, she decided to maintain the color scheme of gray-green walls and blue-green carpets which lent a cool tone to the living room. She also took some of her expensive French provincial antique pieces and had them reupholstered in coarse, knobby fabrics that matched the pale walls and seemed suitable for beach living. She wanted to create the effect of walking out of the hot outdoor sun into a cool, informal living room.

Once the room was finished, Loretta wasn't particularly happy with the result. Her sisters and friends assured her it was beautiful, but still she wasn't convinced. Then one evening—it was after a dinner party—she received a gift of bright coral gladioli. The flowers looked so sensational that, "I knew immediately what the room lacked. It needed one large splash of color to give it character."

The next afternoon Loretta rushed to one of her mother's fabric wholesalers and with a gladiolus for a sample, bought a bolt of coral-colored upholstery material. With the help of 67-year-old Mrs. Mason who sews by the day for the family, Loretta covered two chairs and a stool, and only then did she feel "the room was right."

Despite the fact that she may not occupy one particular home for any great length of time, the actress always gives the impression of permanency to her environment. In the beachhouse, for example, she used as many of her priceless antiques as good taste would permit, and when Loretta Young uses antiques—she really uses them. She has no patience with collectors who consider their heirlooms too fragile or rare for practicality. She is one woman who believes in making the old pieces earn their keep. She took a French armoire and converted it to a bar. Her round game table is used for small luncheon servings. Her Chinese tea canisters are lamp bases, and her fabulous collection of white and green opaline boxes hold the cigarettes and candy.

One of her best decorating tricks, and this is worthy of emulation, concerns her three 18th Century English magazine racks which she employs to keep clutter away from her table tops. One magazine rack holds records, another holds magazines, and the third is used to store a varied assortment of portraits and photographs which most families paste in albums.

ESSENTIALLY Loretta Young is a traditionalist in her choice of furnishings, but a few seasons ago, down in Palm Springs, she met the Chicago architect, Sam Marx, and with him began an argument on the merits of modern versus traditional.

Marx is rather eloquent as architects go, and he kept baiting and chiding Loretta for her preference.

"I'll tell you what," he said, "I have some water colors down here. You look through them and pick out what you think is best."

Loretta selected a very modern composition. "You see," Marx scolded, "you really like modern design when you open your mind to it. Inherently you have very catholic tastes. Give those tastes free rein and you'll choose good modern just as you choose good antiques."

Months later, Sam sent the Lewises the painting that now hangs in their front hall. "Each time I look at it," Loretta says, "I remember to keep an open mind."

As an illustration of how genuinely broad-minded she's become, Loretta is currently mixing modern and traditional. A few years ago she would have considered this heresy. Now, the dining room table that will go into her new town house is completely contemporary. It's made of painted glass tiles and she plans to use Chippendale chairs around it. Currently she also uses a round black lacquer coffee table in her living room to match a modern black TV cabinet.

In Hollywood it is no secret that many movie stars like to visit Loretta Young in order to come home with a fresh decorating trick.

Loretta has developed many of these, but even more emulative than her decor gimmicks is her moving technique. Having had the experience of setting a large household half-a-dozen times in the past few years, she knows the value of foresight and planning, and she's reduced these to a little science all her own.

"I always work out the furniture arrangements on paper first," she explains. "I draw the room and furniture pieces to scale and do all the heavy moving with a pencil. On moving day I know just where things should go and, if need be, I give the diagrams to the moving men and let them follow my drawings."

She makes it a rule to settle the kitchen and dining rooms first, "because those are the two rooms that must function smoothly if the family's to be kept in good humor." After that comes her husband's study and then the living room and the bedrooms.

DURING the last move to the beach house, Loretta experimented with a little psychology on her husband. "You know, Tom," she said, "it takes a good two weeks at least before we can get everything settled in this house so that things are running smoothly."

Knowing what to expect, Tom didn't complain or gripe about the confusion.

When the house was running smoothly after one week (which is what Loretta expected originally) Tom came to her and said, "You know, honey, moving around isn't so bad after all."

"Wait until he sees what happens next time," Loretta cautions. "After the beach house, we're moving into two different places simultaneously."

END



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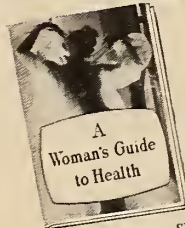
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the fighting irishman

(Continued from page 36) truthfully, "Two B's called Canon City and *They Walk By Night*." Then Scott embarked on a talking jag, and for the next two hours recounted his experiences in Hollywood. He told how it felt to go before the cameras, study lines, take direction, report to makeup, live the hectic life of the rising young star. He talked, talked, talked.

The beautiful young girl devoured each syllable as if it were Scott's last. She doted on his every word. She looked at

Scott so intensely that finally the actor stopped talking for a moment. He peered at the girl. "Haven't I seen your face somewhere before?" he asked.

The girl smiled.

"What'd you say your name was?"

"Dorothy Malone."

Brady took a deep breath. "You're not the actress, Dorothy Malone, the one under contract to Warners?" Before Dorothy could answer, Brady began laughing at himself. "Of course, you are," he roared. "Gosh! What a jerk I am. I've seen you in at least half-a-dozen pictures."

At the time of this incident, Dorothy Malone had starred in such films as *The*

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Big Sleep, Janie Gets Married, Night And Day, Two Guys From Texas, One Sunday Afternoon, and she was infinitely better known in the movie colony than Scott Brady, who was usually pointed out as the brother of Lawrence Tierney. But she handled the situation with such aplomb,

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While on vacation, we stopped to look around historic Hyde Park. In one of the rooms I noticed a tall man standing with his back to us, inspecting the late President Roosevelt's model ship collection. He was attired in spotless white flannels and a pink sport shirt, presenting a sharp contrast to the more conventionally dressed people milling around the beautiful house.

"Jeepers," said a teen-age girl standing nearby, "just look at the white pants over there. Who does he think he is—a movie star or something?"

The man turned around and grinned broadly at her. It was Zachary Scott.

Olive Drahos
Glastonbury, Connecticut



such good humor, such graciousness that Brady fell head over heels in love with her. And the simple truth is that although he's dated some 200 different girls since that afternoon, Dorothy Malone is still the great love of his life.

"I'd marry her tomorrow," he says, "if she'd have me. Only she has her doubts, not only about me, but about living in Hollywood. She's a Texas girl, and she's really crazy about Dallas.

"I go out with other girls, of course. But that's because Dorothy's in Texas so much of the time. I sure wish she'd make her mind up and marry me. I may look tough on the outside but underneath there beats a heart of gold."

Scott Brady and Dorothy Malone have been seeing each other on and off for more than four years now. At the beginning, Scott was in no position to get married. He'd loused himself up with a contract at Eagle-Lion. "It cost me \$25,000 to buy myself out. I've already paid them \$20,000 and have another \$5,000 to pay. Then I'm free and clear." He had no assurance that he could make a go of his screen career. He was only 23, and emotionally an impetuous and immature youngster. He's grown up a lot since then.

In the past four years, however, Lawrence Tierney's kid brother has come a long, long way up the success ladder. He's under contract to 20th Century-Fox for one picture a year at \$25,000 per. He's just walked out of a fat long-term contract at Universal-International. He's wanted for films at Warners, Paramount, and Metro. His agent, Johnny Darrow, the man who discovered Van Johnson, Gene Kelly, June Allyson, Gene Nelson, and Elaine Stewart, says, "It looks very much as if Scott'll soon be pulling down 40 grand a job. More important than the money is the kid himself. He's learning to control his temper. He's keeping his nose clean. He's developing into a man of character and stature. Four years ago he was a pretty wild kid. But even then he had talent. He's got temper and flash, all right, but that's the seat of his acting ability.

"No doubt a girl like Dorothy Malone

could settle him down. But he's only 27, and there's always time for marriage. One of the good things about marrying a girl like Dorothy would be that she'd have a good effect on his character. She'd keep him in line. She'd keep him working. There's a girl everyone likes. She's got a wonderful sense of values. The guy who gets her is getting a wonderful wife."

Why won't Dorothy Malone marry Scott Brady? Why hasn't she already? Admittedly she cares for the tall, good-looking Irishman or she wouldn't maintain their four-year relationship. Each time she flies into Hollywood from Texas, Scott is waiting at the airport, and they spend all their free time together. Both are 27. Both are Catholics. Both love each other. Why hasn't all of this been consummated in wedlock?

DOROTHY SAYS, "I just can't make my mind up." She lets it go at that, but a girl-friend who knows her very well and attended Highland Park High School with Dorothy is a bit more specific.

"Dorothy thinks Gerry is a very wonderful guy," this informant says. (Most girls refer to Scott by his popular nickname Gerry.) "But deep down she knows that there's a world of difference between them, a wide gap they may never bridge."

A friend of Brady's to whom I showed the above quotation says, "I agree with much of that, but I don't believe that such a marriage would be a mistake. Right now, Dorothy Malone is a little above Scott in . . . let's call it background. But this kid is nobody's fool. He is ambitious, industrious, and thrifty. No one ever sees him throwing his dough around. He lives in a small Hollywood house, pays maybe \$100 or \$125 a month rent, drives a Pontiac convertible, and is very good to his mother.

"He's seen what alcohol and dissipation have done to other potentially good guys. He knows that as soon as he steps out of line he's going to get his ears flattened.

"The kid knows all that, which is why he's become extra careful, extra cautious. I admit that he's been in trouble with dames a couple of times, but what young guy hasn't. They're making a big fuss right now about his leaving U-I. 'Who does this Scott Brady think he is?' they ask. 'A big shot?'

"It's a very simple story. U-I has been putting Brady in a lot of films in which he's played the heavy. Some of these films haven't been too good. They told him that eventually they'd give him hero parts. A picture like *The Golden Blade* comes up. Farley Granger is borrowed from Sam Goldwyn to play the lead. Farley reads it. 'Not for me,' he says. 'Not for me in a thousand years.' Okay, this is Brady's chance. He goes down to Bill Goetz who's in charge of production at the studio. 'Can I play the lead?' he asks Goetz. You know what happened? Goetz says, 'I'm sorry. The part goes to Rock-Hudson.' That's when Brady squawked. 'Okay,' Goetz says, 'if you don't like the way we're treating you here, we'll tear up your contract.' 'That's fine with me,' Brady says. And that's just what happened.

"They say the kid likes to fight, that he's got a chip on his shoulder. Nothing of the sort. He got out of his contract at Eagle-Lion because they were putting him in one lemon after another. He realizes that after he finished his contract there, he'd be finished for good. He got out even though it cost him dough. That's the way he felt about U-I. What's the sense of being typed as a heavy? It's a living, sure, but for how long?

"But back to this Dorothy Malone. I know this: If Dorothy has strong doubts,

she shouldn't marry the guy. But I honestly feel that once he got married he'd settle down. I know he dates a lot of girls. So what? It's a good idea for a young man to sow his wild oats.

"The trouble with a lot of these Hollywood guys is that they never sowed any wild oats. After they got married they began to regret their unspent youths. They felt they'd been cheated. What happens? They get divorces. Look at Kirk Douglas. Look at Robert Taylor. They date a lot of girls, too—only they're about ten years too late. If they'd played the field when they were young, they'd probably still be married today."

THERE you have both sides of the coin. Actually he is a mixture of virility, childishness, good humor, an urbane sharpness, unbridled ambition, and not too much formal education. He had no trade, no occupation to speak of when he went into the Navy, and when he came out, he had some \$700 in his pocket. Period.

I remember very well when Hal Wallis saw him in a restaurant after the war and had him tested. Scott photographed very well but he sounded like a Dead End Kid. He was quick to realize, however, that with his mental and physical equipment an acting job would pay off better than practically any other trade. He therefore enlisted in the Bliss-Hayden Dramatic School under the G.I. Bill. Ten months later he was under contract to Eagle-Lion.

Fortunately for Scott, he has one of the shrewdest agents in the business. Johnny Darrow has been around a long time, and

as long as Brady is tutored by him, his career will go places—that is if he can stay out of trouble; and in Hollywood most trouble begins with a woman.

Not too long ago, Scott was out with an attractive young girl who threatened to accuse him of criminal assault unless he turned over to her a fat wad of money.

Brady was absolutely guiltless. Ann Blyth, Lucille Bannister, Yvonne De Carlo, Shelley Winters, Mona Knox, Piper Laurie, Yvonne Rivero—any of the girls who have dated him can testify to his gentlemanly conduct. Some unknowing, inexperienced young actor might have succumbed in panic to this shakedown, but not the son of a former policeman, not a tall, good-looking kid who used to play end for the Roosevelt High football team up in the Bronx. He marched down to the District Attorney's office, told the city official what had happened, and today that girl and her accomplice are scheduled to stand trial—not on the attempt to blackmail Scott Brady, because Scott wouldn't press the charge, but on another and even more serious charge.

Hollywood and the road to success are beladen with many pitfalls. A man needs a wife to help avoid many of them. With Dorothy Malone at his side, it would be easier for Scott. But Dorothy or not, here is one young actor who will make the top rungs. He has a fighting heart. "Quit" is one word conspicuous by its absence in his vocabulary.

END

Scott Brady can be seen in Universal-International's Untamed Buccaneer.

easy money!

Right here in this little questionnaire is Modern Screen's own answer to that Income Tax report. A real free contribution to you. All you have to do is read all the stories in this March issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp, new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Piper Laurie
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Aldo's Dream (Aldo Ray)
- ☐ Rita's New Love (Rita Hayworth)
- ☐ Older Wives—Young Husbands
- ☐ Big Noise From Winnetka (Rock Hudson)
- ☐ It's Love For Ann Blyth
- ☐ The Fighting Irishman (Scott Brady)
- ☐ Yesterday's Magic (Loretta Young)
- ☐ I Sing For St. Jude (Danny Thomas)
- ☐ "There's No Such Thing As Love" (Lana Turner)
- ☐ He Gets What He Wants (Farley Granger)
- ☐ French Without Tears (Leslie Caron)
- ☐ The Most Beautiful Hair In The World
- ☐ Big Star—Big Head? (Dale Robertson)
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- ☐ TV Talk by Paul Denis

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

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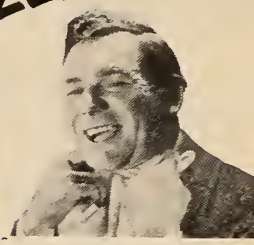
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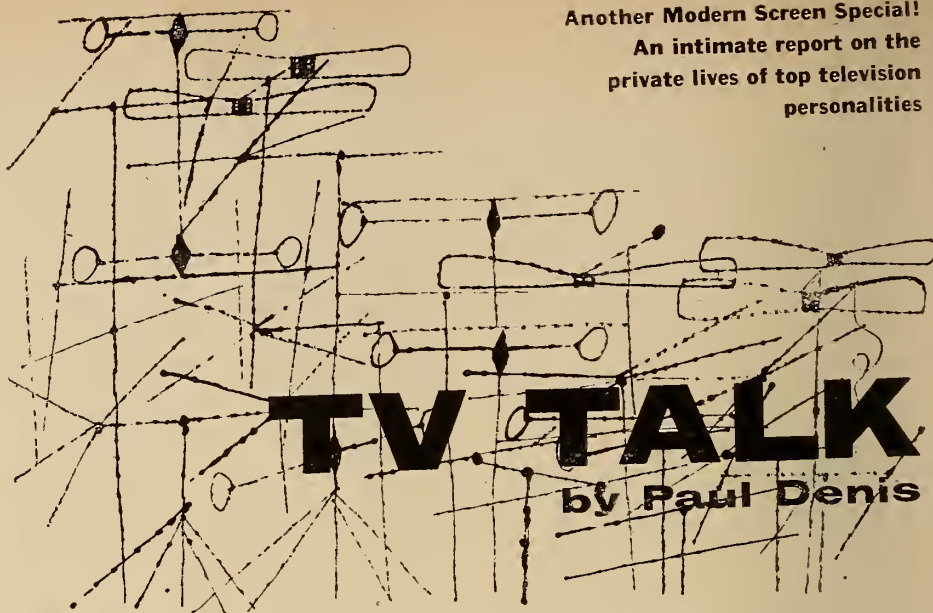
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personalities



THE WOMEN IN JACKIE'S LIFE: Jackie Gleason, CBS TV's new star comedian, has a wife and two daughters, and practically nobody knows it!

The columnists often noted that Jackie dated this glamor girl and that one, or that he spent his evenings around the bar at Toots Shor's Restaurant—but they forgot that Jackie is still married to his childhood sweetheart, Genevieve. The Gleasons' marriage has been an on-and-off affair for years, and Jackie traveled alone on most of his cafe and theater engagements and during his period at Warners' studios in Hollywood. In recent years, Jackie has tried earnestly to be a good father to his two daughters, Linda and Geraldine, and even had the eldest, Linda, on his TV show when it was on DuMont network. Mrs. Gleason used to come

around to rehearsals, too, whenever she had time.

But, despite attempts at reconciliation, the Gleasons are apart most of the time, and Jackie maintains a bachelor apartment in his swanky duplex penthouse office in the Park Sheraton Hotel. Because of their religion, divorce does not seem to be imminent. Jackie, too, is a steady churchgoer, a sincere practitioner of his faith.

In the big money for the first time and with a fabulous 3-year CBS contract in his pocket, Jackie is working hard at making his show a great one. He relaxes by hanging around Shor's and by throwing mad, lavish parties for his pals and gals. And he is down to a snappy 190 pounds, compared to the 240 he used to lug around a couple years ago.



DAGMAR SAGS: The big bust of the TV season is Jenny Lewis, better known as Dagmar. Her last TV show flopped and she has found it necessary for the first time to hire a press agent. Dagmar, who looked positively immense the last time she was on TV, will have to shed some weight if she expects to rejuvenate her career. She is living quietly in a big apartment off Central Park, with husband Danny Dayton—a far cry from the time she was earning \$3,500 a week! The trouble with Dagmar is that she just hasn't the talent to head a big show. She can't sing; she dances only fairly well; and she's not a trained comedienne.

ROBERT MERRILL IS BACK: Robert Merrill, the handsome young Metropolitan Opera baritone last seen in Paramount's *Aaron Slick From Punkin' Crick*, is making the rounds again. For years one of the nation's most eligible bachelors, Bob surprised his friends when he married singer Roberta Peters. It was a first marriage for both. Their quick break-up was another shock, and Bob disappeared when newspapers broke the story. Now he apparently is feeling okay, and is seeing old friends, but not dating any former girl friends. One thing he is adamant about—he won't discuss his marriage. (My guess: in-law trouble.)



JIMMY'S FAVORITE REDHEAD: Jimmy Durante may be 60, but there's still romance in his life! For a long time after his wife had passed on following a long illness, Jimmy was inconsolable. His marriage had been a rather unhappy one, due to the demands of his career and his wife's preference for staying at home when he had to go on the road.

When he was playing the Copacabana night club a few years ago, one of the checkroom girls, Margie Little, became his friend and, when Jimmy had to return to Hollywood, he invited Margie and her mother to come along. Margie, a former model who has a lovely figure, is the closest thing to a steady romance in Jimmy's life.

On TV, Jimmy may be cast as a comic lover to the Amazonian Helen Traubel or the heavyweight Sophie Tucker. But in real life he prefers them young and redheaded—which is exactly what Margie Little is.

GODFREY, FROM ALL ANGLES: The famous redhead, Arthur Godfrey, is seen by millions on CBS TV—his two evening programs being top-rated—but apparently he doesn't see enough of himself. So Arthur has had his New York hotel apartment fixed up with mirrors on the wall and ceilings. Now he can see himself from all angles! . . . Arthur, incidentally, may appear languorous and casual, but he is a demon for work. He is on the radio and TV more often than any other star, and has very little time for relaxing. In New York, he avoids the night clubs, benefit shows, and theatrical restaurants. Instead, he hides out at the Cub Room of the Stork, where he enjoys the company of his pal, Walter Winchell, and other celebrities.

HEART THROB FROM THE PAST: The next time you see Neil Hamilton on Hollywood Screen Test, ask your mom. She'll tell you about the silent movie days, when handsome Neil was the No. 1 Heart Throb. Neil was the original men's collar ad model, and went to Hollywood to become a big star. He did not do too well in the talkies, so when TV came along, Neil switched. He is now emcee of Hollywood Screen Test, the oldest continuously sponsored drama program on TV. Neil and his wife are now living quietly in an apartment in New Rochelle. Incidentally, Neil is a devout Catholic who attends church immediately after each Monday night telecast.

Warren Hull, Freddie Bartholomew, Conrad Nagel, Joe E. Brown, Lee Tracy, William Gar- gan, Roy Rogers are some of the other movie veterans who are concentrating on TV careers.

UNCLE MILTIE'S ROMANCE: Milton Berle, who made such a spectacular comeback in TV popularity this season, is still romancing the attractive RKO publicity girl, Ruth Cosgrove. But I predict there won't be wedding bells—for a while. Milton is still carrying the torch for the beautiful and blonde Joyce Matthews, whom he married twice and from whom he was twice divorced. Not only that, but Milton is utterly devoted to his mother, Sandra, and his little daughter, Vickie. What little time he has to spare, he gives to songwriting and to polishing a novel.

NANCY AND FRANK: A lot of Broadwayites are betting that Nancy Sinatra will not hurry to wed again. Is it because she hopes that, some day, Frankie will hurry back?

Frank, meanwhile, has been repairing the damage to his career by his last movie and by his tiffs with the press when he was courting Ava Gardner. He is more approachable now, more conscious of public relations, and has been picking up TV, theater and café work until he can set another movie deal. And, although his voice is holding up fairly well, he is eager to develop into a singing and dancing light comedian, like Gene Kelly, whom he worships. That's why Frank has been taking dancing lessons and working so hard in comedy scenes on TV.

JERRY LESTER AND TV: Another casualty of the TV season has been comedian Jerry Lester, a tremendously talented guy. Lester, under contract to NBC, has been getting more than \$3,500 a week when he's not working. It seems he and NBC just cannot agree on the right format for a new TV show. His summer show was a poor one, and Jerry is now playing cafés.

Jerry's marriage broke up, and being away from his three children no doubt made him more irascible than ever. During his peak

days, when the Open House show was so hot, Jerry alienated many of his friends by his supreme ego. He used to brag, "Next to Charlie Chaplin, I'm the greatest comedian in the world!"

Despite everything, his talent is so great, he will come back better than ever, I'm sure!

KITTY KALLEN AND BUDD: Kitty Kallen, the brunette singer touring with Martin and Lewis, manages to find time to be a good wife and mother. She is a Philadelphia girl whose career spiraled until she was starring at the Copacabana. Budd Granoff, young and handsome, was the press agent for the club and, following Kitty's engagement there, they had a date. This was the beginning of a blazing romance that culminated in quick marriage. They didn't plan having a baby right away, but Jonathan came along the first year, and Budd and Kitty have built themselves a charming house in Westwood, N. J., so Jonathan, now 3, can grow up in the suburbs.

MICKEY AND JANE: When Mickey Rooney married Elaine Mahnken, everybody was surprised, especially TV comedienne Jane Kean. Jane is a pretty, witty blonde, and she and Mickey had been romancing, on and off, for years. Mickey seemed to gravitate back to her between marriages, and he even proposed. But Jane wasn't ready for the Big Step, and stalled. So Mickey wandered off.

MARGARET TRUMAN'S FUTURE: Margaret Truman's TV career is a question mark. She has a contract with NBC, but everyone's wondering what will happen when the contract expires later this year. Meanwhile, she has made a lot of friends around Radio City. Jimmy Durante thinks she is a "swell guy" and found her easy to work with. The truth is that she has developed a flair for light comedy. So don't be surprised if she does less concert singing and more musical comedy stuff on TV.

DOMESTIC MARTHA RAYE: Although Martha Raye is pleased that her once-a-month NBC show is such a big hit, the most important thing in her life is her eight-year-old daughter, Melodye. Martha, who did such fine work opposite Charlie Chaplin in "Mons. Verdoux," has quieted down a lot. She is still the raucous hoyden when she works in her own night club, the "Five O'Clock" in Miami Beach. And, of course, she is a wonderful clown on TV. But, after each TV show, she hurries for the train back to Miami (she's afraid to fly), where she has established permanent residence. She devotes every afternoon to Melodye and takes her to Catholic church Sunday mornings—immediately after Martha finishes at the night club. She cooks and she sews, and even husband Nicky Condos dons an apron and presses Melodye's dresses!

BITS OF NEWS: The Fred Warings have drifted apart, after so many years . . . William Holden's new Paramount Pictures contract forbids TV appearances. Bill says it's okay with him; he never did think much of TV . . . Roy Rogers and Dale Evans have apparently quit making movies for theaters. Concentrating on their films for TV . . . Donald Buka has recovered from a broken nose, incurred when he was smacked hard during a fight scene on "Tales of Tomorrow" . . . Charlton Heston, who is in such great demand on TV, is sentimental about giving up his cold-water walk-up one-room apartment on West 45th Street near 10th Avenue in New York. Stays there when he's in town.

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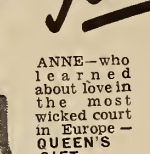
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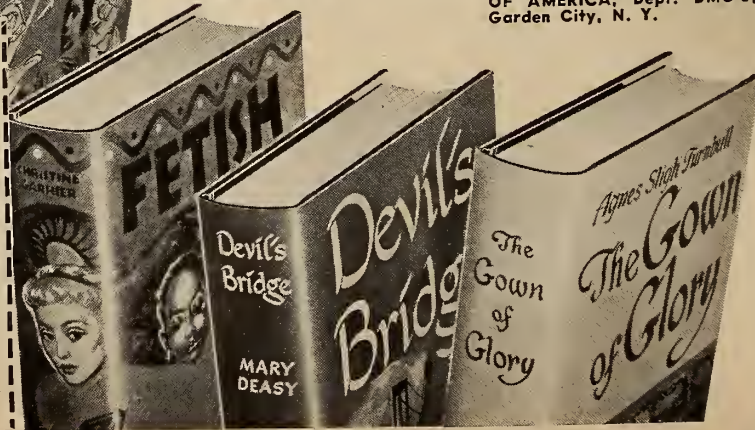
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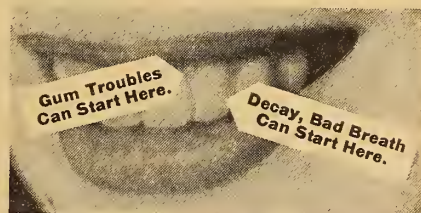
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On the Cover: Color Picture of Doris Day by John Engstead
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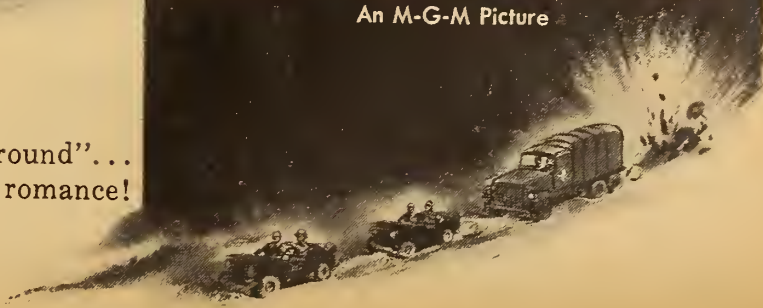
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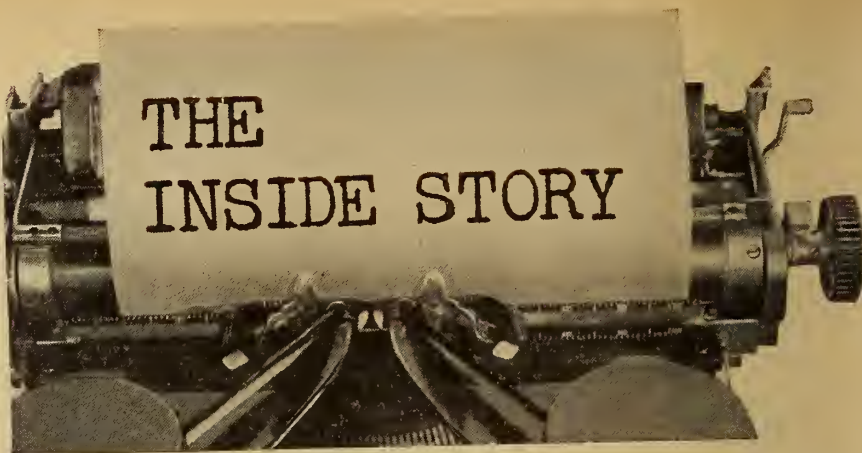
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Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to **THE INSIDE STORY** Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal.

Q. Can you tell the real names of Gary Cooper, Fred Astaire, and Cyd Charisse?
—T.T., OMAHA, NEB.

A. *Frank J. Cooper, Fred Austerlitz, Tula Ellice Finklea.*

Q. I was in school many years ago with a girl named Evelyn Lederer. She married Allan Keefer, then Nick Stuart and I'm wondering if she is the same woman currently married to Alan Ladd.
—H.H., URBANA, ILL.

A. *Yes; her screen name was Sue Carol.*

Q. What actor in Hollywood gets the most fan mail?—D.E., FT. WAYNE, IND.

A. *Right now it's a toss-up between Dale Robertson and Robert Wagner.*

Q. How old is John Wayne, what is his right name, how many times has he been married, is he in love with Maureen O'Hara?
—B.L., TIMMINS, ONT.

A. *He was born in 1907; christened Marion Mitchell Morrison; he's been married twice, is not in love with Maureen O'Hara.*

Q. Are Dean Martin and Perry Como brothers?
—W.J.T., NEWTOWN, PA.

A. *No.*

Q. Who are the most generous men in show business?
—K.Y., LINDEN, N. J.

A. *Jack Benny, Jimmy Durante, Fred Allen, George Jessel.*

Q. Whatever happened to the love affair between Kirk Douglas and Elizabeth Threatt?
—J.K., GLENVILLE, MINN.

A. *It turned out to be a summer romance.*

Q. Is there any possibility of Gene Tierney getting married to Aly Khan after his divorce from Rita?
—N.E., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *Yes, a good one.*

Q. Has Loretta Young ever been previously married? If so, what happened to her first husband?—L.S., BERLIN, PA.

A. *Miss Young's first marriage to Grant Withers was annulled. He is currently*

an actor and executive at Republic Studios.

Q. Who is generally considered the most handsome actor in the movies?
—H.Y., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

A. *John Derek according to several ace cameramen.*

Q. I've been told that Mario Lanza, Gene Kelly, Bing Crosby, and Charles Boyer all wear toupées. Is this on the level?
—D.H., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *True except for Lanza. He has his own hair.*

Q. Has Jeff Chandler gone high-hat and discharged the agent who discovered him? Why did 20th Century-Fox drop its option of Chandler?
—E.W., BECKLEY, W. VA.

A. *Chandler's agent is still Mayer Mishkin. 20th's refusal to exercise its option was an oversight that studio is currently seeking to correct. Chandler's basic studio contract is still with Universal-International.*

Q. A nurse who once worked for Joan Crawford tells me that Joan has trouble keeping domestic help. Is she hard to work for?
—F.F., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. *Not hard—particular. Miss Crawford pays her help top wages, insists upon perfection.*

Q. I understand Gary Crosby is a terrible student and may be flunked out of Stanford. Can't his father make him study?
—V.R., PALO ALTO, CAL.

A. *Bing has taken Gary's car away from him, has ordered the boy to concentrate on his studies.*

Q. Isn't Movita too old for Marlon Brando? She starred in *Mutiny On The Bounty* 18 years ago.
—P.H., LYNCHBURG, VA.

A. *She is older than he, but Marlon prefers mature companions.*

Q. What ever happened to Veronica Lake and why did her fame vanish?
—P.N., LOVELAND, TEX.

A. *Miss Lake is currently concentrating on stage work. (Continued on page 34)*



THE
ORCHIDS
...THE
FURS
...THE
DIAMONDS
THAT
WERE THE
STAR'S
WERE
ALL GONE
NOW...
AND NOTHING
REMAINED
...BUT
THE
WOMAN!

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triumph of the
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klieg-light star... be
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star fades...the
woman is born.

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co-starring

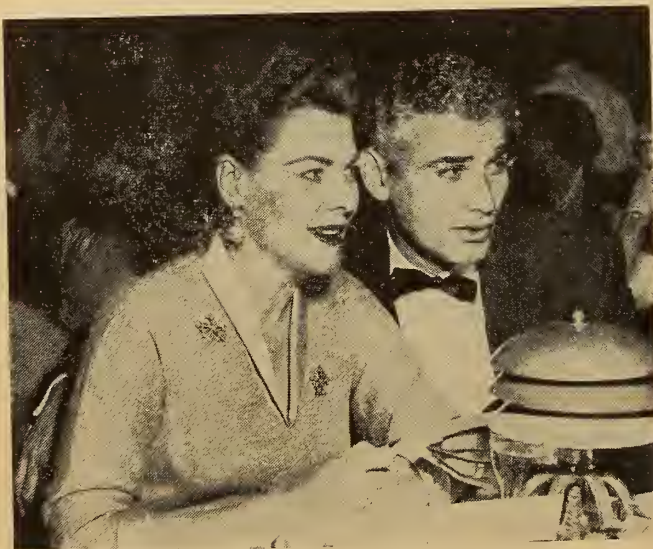
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Music composed and conducted by VICTOR YOUNG • A BERT E. FRIEDLOB Production • Released by 20th Century-Fox



His (TV) Highness, Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV, arrived right on schedule: January 19th. Mom, Pop, and Scriptwriters are doing fine.



"That's real show business, honey," says Jeff Chandler to his wife. They ring-sided at the *Cocoanut Grove* opening of Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, two headliners recently come out of retirement.



"Where're the Con-Can girls?" quizzes Bill Holden at the party after the *Moulin Rouge* opening . . . one of the season's dressiest functions. Brenda Morsholl Holden is interested in other things at the moment.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

LUCY'S BABY! . . . JUDY GARLAND'S MID NIGHT ANTICS . . . JUNE HAVER FACES A NEW LIFE . . .

WHEN Bing Crosby and Mona Freeman started playing golf and dining together quietly in Palm Springs, an irate voice telephoned and said:

"I thought you said Bing Crosby wouldn't marry again!"

I'll say it again, brother. But I didn't say he'd never again buy dinner for a pretty girl. All of a sudden, Mona is the most dated girl in town.

Nicky Hilton has flipped hard—as completely gone on Mona as he was on Liz Taylor in their courtship days—and just as jealous.

Mona and Nicky were sunning themselves at the pool at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. A long distance call came to Mona from her ex, Pat Nerney, asking her if she'd have dinner with him when she returned to town.

Wham! Bang! Nicky hit the ceiling so high he dashed out of the place and drove back to

Los Angeles fuming furiously into the night.

And the very next night, Mona dined with Bing as Nicky fumed and fumed in Hollywood—this time as HE was on the long distance 'phone paging Mona in the cocktail lounge!

ALL the time I-Love-Lucy's baby was being born, Lucille Ball was fully conscious. She was given only a spinal anaesthesia, as it was a Caesarean section delivery.

Lucille kept heckling the doctor with "What is it?? What is it? It's gotta be a boy."

And the doctor kept saying, "Wait a minute, honey—now take it easy."

"Where's Desi?" from Lucille. "If it ISN'T a boy give HIM an anaesthesia."

When his Royal (TV) Highness, Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV, put in his appearance, Desi burst into the corridor outside the operating room yelling loudly to relatives and script-writers:

"It's a boy! Hurray, we don't have to rewrite the script, fellows!"

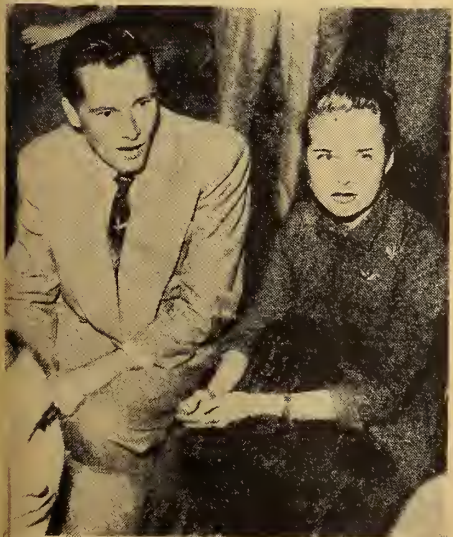
JUDY GARLAND and Sid Luft are starting something new socially that hostesses hope won't become a fad. The Lufts are arriving at dinner parties around midnight—or later.

At the Jules Steins' dinner dance, Judy, Sid and Peter Lawford arrived as at least half the guests were leaving—and they all returned just on the chance Judy was going to sing—and she did, until the wee small hours.

Judy is much thinner and using an eyebrow make-up—straight instead of arched—that gives her a piquant Oriental look.

I asked Judy why she and Sid were showing up so late for parties—this wasn't the only time they'd done it.

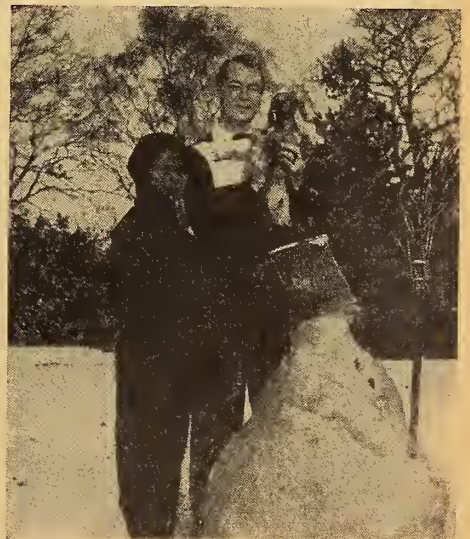
"Oh, by the time we get through looking at the baby," she laughed, "that takes hours



Nicky Hilton's all in a twit over Mona Freeman . . . lots of fellows are. Among her admirers is Bing Crosby, who golfs and dines with her.



Lamour and lace meet a fur-bearing Clooney at the gala celebration of Adolph Zukor's 80th birthday. Dottie's long been a Zukor star.



Dog-fancier Alan Ladd and sculptress Alana put the lid on their British snowman. The family is in England while Alan makes *The Big Jump*.

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

—and I take a short nap for my health, and the hairdresser does my hair and we get dressed—well, it's just midnight!"

Peter Lawford, who came with the Lufts as I said, didn't seem to mind at all that Rocky Cooper (whom he has sooooo long admired) was being obviously adored by another tall, dark, handsome and young admirer.

Another old flame of Pete's, Sharman Douglas, was also present—she, too, dancing every number with someone else.

THE few people who know June Haver best have realized for years that June has been squarely facing the question of whether she will continue her career—or put all material things behind her and enter a convent.

These friends now believe that little June quietly has made her decision.

Several weeks ago she put all of her personal possessions on the auction block.

Her contract with 20th Century-Fox is up this year.

She hasn't been seen around with a Hollywood beau in months.

How ironic it is that the gay, dancing, singing heroines June has played in so many movies have never come true for her in private life.

She suffered a nervous breakdown when her marriage to Jimmy Zito went on the rocks and almost suffered another several years later after the death of Dr. John Dusik whom she deeply loved. She has had many illnesses.

Always a deeply religious girl, June is turning deeper and deeper to her Catholic faith to sustain her.

I, for one, will not be surprised if she has decided to enter a convent.

Is poor Bob Stack's face red—and himself so good-looking, too.

At a recent public luncheon in Beverly Hills, he heaped sugar and cream into consomme—thinking it was the cup of coffee he had asked for. But Joan Fontaine and Anne Francis, sitting on either side of him, will never let him forget it!

AVA GARDNER wrote me a letter from Africa right after Frank Sinatra had to leave her again and return to Hollywood:

"I miss my guy," says the frank Ava, "but we were very happy while he was here. Maybe we needed to get away from civilization! I'm so glad he's coming home to a big movie job in *From Here To Eternity*. He'll show the world he's an actor as well as a singer.

"While he was here we slept on hard cots under mosquito netting and listened wide-eyed, and I'll admit a little frightened, while all sorts of wild animals roared outside our camp circle. We bathed in tiny canvas tubs and dined sitting on the ground.

"Africa, insofar as the natives are concerned, is certainly a man's land, Louella. I don't think any American housewife would ever again complain if she could see the way the native African woman lives.

"Most of the girls are married in their early teens after their fathers sell them to the highest bidder. From then on, she builds the house, she tends the fields and cattle, she prepares the meals, and she bears the children—usually eight to twelve in the family—and without taking time away from her reg-



This quartette is a shoe-maker's delight. Dancers Marge and Gower Chompton, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Nelson of *The Jazz Singer* premiere.



"Cross your fingers and hold your thumbs," breathes Peggy Lee. Her new husband, Brod Dexter, knows she's got nothing to fear.



Something for the family; and the fans; when the Crowfords appear. That's Christopher, Steven and Cynthia Show, Christina and Joan.



Virginia Mayo's all o'bloom at the premiere. Her funny-man husband Mike O'Shea claims that with a rose like that it's June in January.

M-M-M-M-M-MAYO



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of the
party
in

She's
Back on
Broadway

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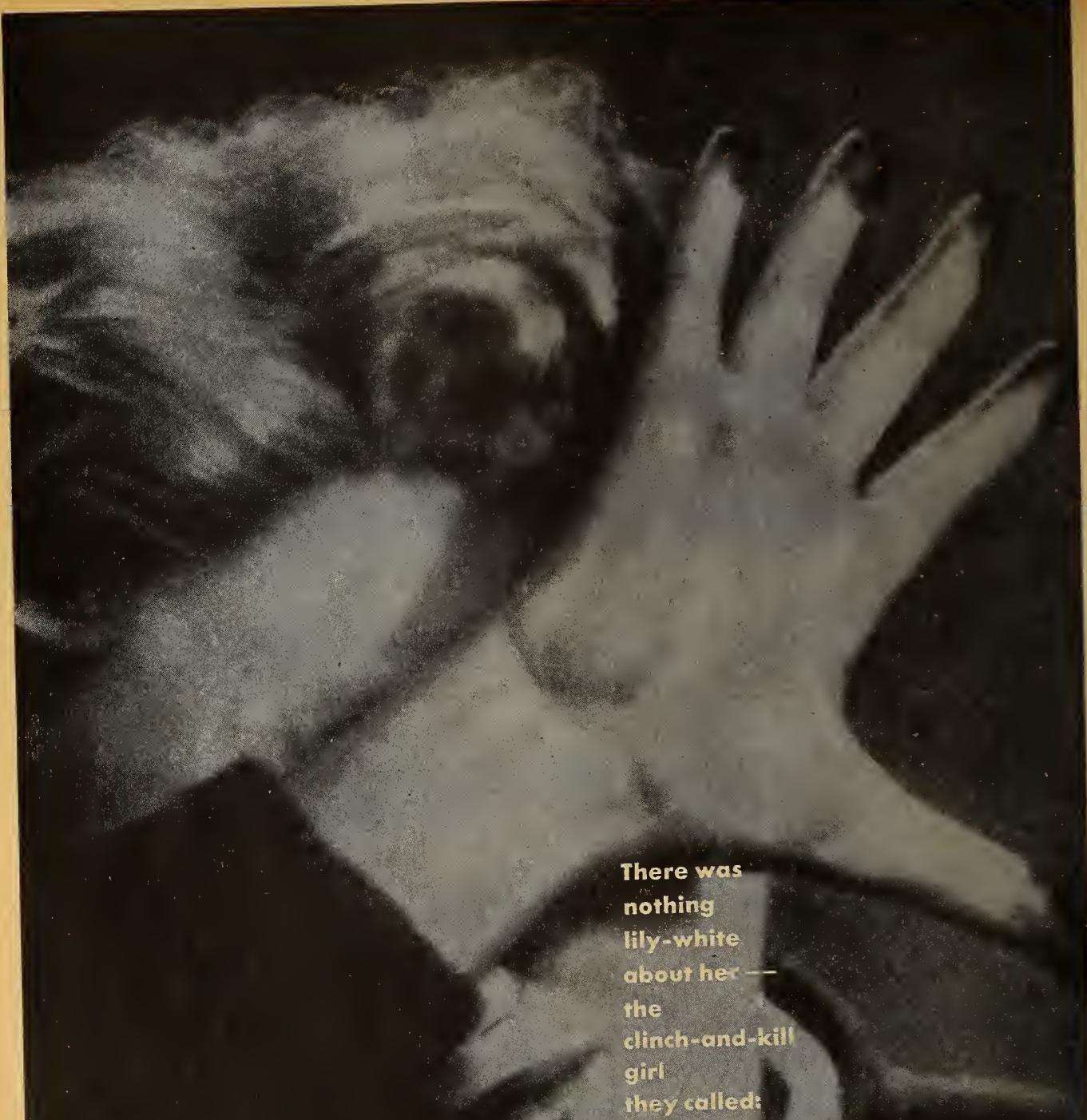
VIRGINIA MAYO

★ **GENE NELSON** ★ **FRANK LOVEJOY**

WITH **STEVE COCHRAN** • **PATRICE WYMORE** • WRITTEN BY **ORIN JANNINGS** • PRODUCED BY **HENRY BLANKE**

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nothing
lily-white
about her —
the
clinch-and-kill
girl
they called:

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WITH
RAYMOND BURR • JEFF DONNELL
RICHARD ERDMAN • GEORGE REEVES

AND
NAT 'KING' COLE
INTRODUCING
"BLUE GARDENIA"



SCREEN PLAY BY CHARLES HOFFMAN • PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB • DIRECTED BY FRITZ LANG • DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

ular duties in the fields and the house.

"Believe me when I say—and I think I've had my troubles being married!"

IF this isn't typical of Shelley Winters, I'll eat the item.

Constance Dowling was hostessing a baby shower for Shell and she asked her to make a list of her friends.

On the list Shelley turned in there were 20 men and two girls.

IHAD the time of my life on a short trip back to New York and to Washington, D. C., for the Inauguration.

Just like any fan, I could hardly wait to see Bette Davis in her musical, *Two's Company*. I can't tell you how wonderful our great dramatic star is kicking up her heels, imitating Tallulah Bankhead watching Bette Davis, doing a hill-billy crone and otherwise cavorting as La Davis has never cavorted in the movies.

We had been friends for a long time in Hollywood, but I never had such an enthusiastic reception as Bette gave me, arms around necks, kisses on the cheek, etc., when I visited her backstage.

I've always said that when you're away from Hollywood everyone you see from movie-town seems like a long lost brother—or sister.

I also saw Shirley Booth in *Time Of The Cuckoo* and my money still says she's 1953's Oscar winner. If she makes her new Broadway show on the screen, she'll probably be a



"I'm surrounded," cried Charlton Heston at the annual Modern Screen party in New York. But he didn't call for help signing his outograph.



"Great Scott!" cried Miss Patricio. "Good Knight," mmm'd Mr. Brody. It was a mutual admiration dote of Denise Dorcel's party.

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lovable and tubbable; Sanforized-
Shrunk, too. Costlier STARDUST 4 gore slip
cut won't twist or ride up. Choose from frosty
embroidered organdy or lavishly embroi-
dered eyelet styles.



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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

candidate again in '54—that's how good she is as an actress.

I went to the Drama Critics' Awards to Stanley Kramer and Fred Zinnemann as "best producer and director" of the year for *High Noon* ("best" movie winner).

I must say the award part was short and sweet. Give 'em the citations—then have fun.

WHEN I was in Washington for the Inaugural I heard on every side that Shirley Temple Black deeply resents some criticism from certain quarters because she took her child out of school just because the youngster was mentioned as appearing in a school play.

To her close friends, Shirley said, sticking out that firm little chin of hers, "I don't want my daughter to live my childhood—and I won't permit it."

If you ask me, this speaks volumes.

PURELY personal: Lana Turner never takes her eyes off her escort (currently Lex Barker) while dining. She doesn't need to watch her food because she just pushes it around the plate. Wonder if she eats **FIRST** at home. . . .

Isn't Terry Moore overdoing the "I'm a screwball, I'm completely gone" angle in her interviews? . . .

It's time Pier Angeli starts using lipstick particularly if she continues going to night-clubs where lights are dim anyway. . . .

There should be a law against comedians working themselves to death as witness Jerry Lewis, Red Skelton, Eddie Cantor. . . .

Mari Blanchard is the next Queen of Sex—if you can believe what you hear out at Universal-International. She's expected to be giving Marilyn Monroe a run for the title by this time next year. . . .

Rita Hayworth has plenty of money again—and little happiness. . . .

Betty Hutton wears the cutest cocktail hats—usually black and small, usually with tiny veils—but she manages to make them look so different. . . .

The all-time low in a public statement: Johnnie Ray's about his separation from Marilyn: "Don't blame her. This chick tried. She's the only girl who ever made me feel like a man. The chick tried to do everything to keep us together. But I'm on the verge of a breakdown trying to recapture that one hour of our honeymoon"—ad nauseam.

THE Letter Box: Betty Barker, Norfolk, Virginia, thinks Dean Martin is overly neglected in the team of Martin and Lewis. "Even the stories about both of them are mostly about Jerry," she complains, "and poor Dean, who is so handsome, so talented and so good natured, comes off second best." Don't believe I can go along with you on this, Betty. Dean is all you say, but he gets his share of adulation—and he'd be the first to say so.

Thank all of you who wrote such kind letters about my story on Bing Crosby. I deeply appreciate what you said.

Evelyn Weir, of Brooklyn, says that both *MODERN SCREEN* and I neglect Charlton Heston. "Not nearly enough news, gossip and interviews with him," complains Charlton's rabid fan.

Here are more addresses of boys in the service who would appreciate letters from Hollywood stars and/or fans:

C/O Pvt. Holland Browning, RA 13377349, Detachment No. 4, 352 Comm. Recon. Co., A.P.O. 301, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

1st Lt. John E. Hughes, 0995645, Btry A, 160 FA BN APO 86, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco.

And for a switch: Anne Brown, 10 Lulworth Drive, Pinner, Middlesex, England, will be delighted to write to service men who write her. She's 21, has brown hair, hazel eyes and is interested in music, the theater and movies.

That's all this month. See you next month.



Came June, it'll be "Mrs. Jim McNulty" that lovely Ann Blyth inscribes in an autograph book. Dr. Jim looks pretty smug at the thought. He squired her to *The Jazz Singer*, natch. His brother Dennis Day, who sent him through Medical School, introduced Jim to Annie three years ago.

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*With your hair Shasta-Soft
and sweet, you're every inch a
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Rub it into the palms of your hands!

*You can feel that Shasta Shampoo
is right for your hair!*



From the second you open the jar, you can *feel* that creamy-soft Shasta is going to do *wonderful* things for your hair.

Rich but not oily, creamy but not sticky, Shasta is the very softest of the cream shampoos...gives you billows of rich, lasting lather that cleanses your hair like no ordinary soap shampoo can do.

No other shampoo is so *femininely right* for your hair. So when it's important for you to look *and* feel your best, be Shasta-sure your hair is soft, sweet, feminine!

P.S. Just a little Shasta gives you a lot of lather. Don't waste it.

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Oil glands begin to work overtime. Your skin seems always oily, shiny. Powder cakes and darkens.

Flaky particles pile up, roughen your skin, for it has become too sluggish to throw them off as it should.

Pores begin to show so. Dirt and oil, trapped by dead skin cells, clog and stretch the pore openings.

Blackheads and bumps can—and very often do—start to develop in the clogged pore openings.

Now—Pond's has worked out a remarkably effective treatment for these four young skin problems. It's greaseless. It's quick. And it works.

**IN JUST
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See your
skin look
fresher,
brighter,
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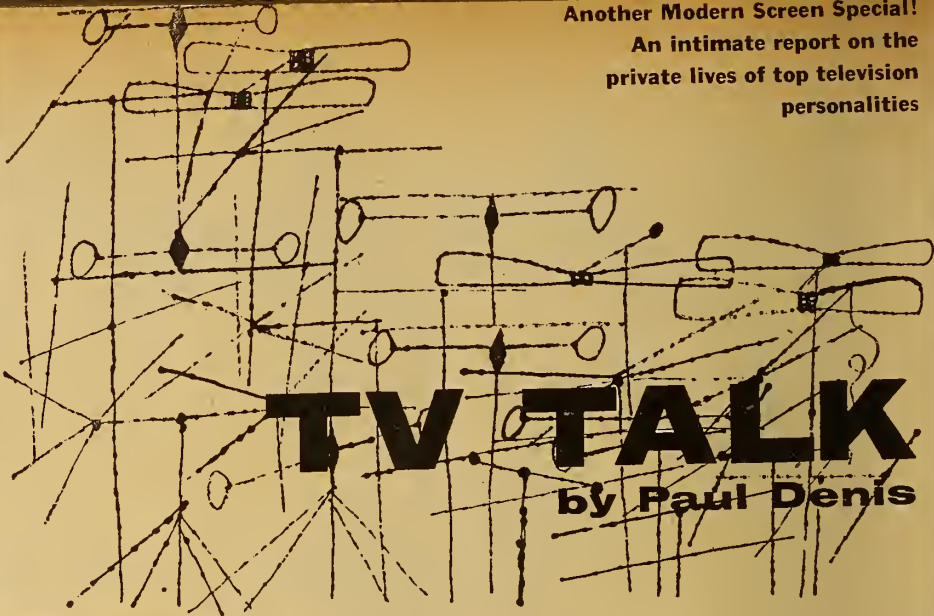


Several times a week give your skin this quick treatment. Cover face except eyes—with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens . . . dissolves away dead skin cells! After 1 minute—tissue off. Now—pore openings are cleared of dead skin cells. Tiny skin glands can function *normally*. Your skin looks fresher, clearer, smoother!

Greasy make-up "coarsens" young skin. For a *naturally* pretty look, use greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base.

Another Modern Screen Special!

An intimate report on the
private lives of top television
personalities



TV TALK by Paul Denis



PERRY COMO, WHO KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS! Perry Como, now 40, is a solid singer in more ways than one. He's not only been a top singing personality for the past ten years—having turned out eight records that sold more than a million copies—but he is also a solid citizen.

He does his three-times-a-week CBS TV show for Chesterfield, runs his own music publishing house, and earns about a million dollars a year. And does all this quietly, with dignity, and without hanging around night clubs or getting into headline-making squabbles.

The former barber from Canonsburg, Pa., knows what he wants: Enough money and time to enjoy home life with his childhood sweetheart, Roselle, and their children—Ronnie, 13, David, 7, and Terri, 5. They live

in a big, pleasant house in Sands Point, Long Island, and he's home for dinner on his "off days"—Tuesdays and Thursdays. He's informal, and likes old friends around. He loves colored shirts and slacks, and doesn't own a dinner jacket. Around the house, he fusses with cameras. Outside of the house, he golfs, shooting in the 70s. He is active in the local church, and does much for charity—but shuns personal publicity. In fact, he has a press agent, the famed Harry Sobol, but uses him as a buffer for avoiding publicity contacts. He is so afraid publicity will ruin the normal life of his three kids that he won't invite photographers or interviewers to his home.

Despite his shyness, he is so beloved by the hard-bitten songpluggers of Tin Pan Alley, they put aside one full day a year for their Perry Como Golf Tournament. It's their way of saying, "You're a swell guy!"



JACKIE GLEASON'S GETTING TRIMMED: Jackie Gleason's taking a trimming—in weight, that is. The CBS TV star comedian is having the biggest fight of his life—against extra fat. Once 286 pounds, Jackie is down to a mere 220, and is determined to work down to a svelte 185. At one time, he tried a diet of steaks and clams, eating once a day and laying off liquor. But it wasn't enough. So he tried some psychological warfare. He bought a lot of size 44 suits, and threw away his size 56 suits. That gave him a goal: to be able to wear those size 44 suits comfortably. Everywhere he went, his pals asked, "Do you diet by exercising?" And Jackie would answer, "Heck, no. When I'm dieting, I'm so tired, I can't even stand up to exercise!" Lately, Jackie has taken even more drastic measures. He spends most of his week at Doctor's Hospital, where he diets under strict medical supervision. He's restricted to 600 calories a day. Of course, he's turned his hospital suite into an office, and has bedside conferences with his writers and staff. He leaves the hospital only for important business and for actual rehearsals.

Like Gleason, Dagmar has to fight a tendency to get too heavy. She loves to eat and cook, and staying around her big apartment a lot helps add weight. So, about once a year, she gets desperate and takes appetite-reducing pills—under medical supervision—and loses about two pounds a day. She quits when she's shed about 20 pounds. During the dieting, she hates to go out, explaining, "I'm cross when I'm dieting, so I'd rather stay home." Incidentally, Dagmar's weight is a big secret. Her 160-pound husband, Danny Dayton, says, "Two things Dagmar will never talk about—her weight and her age!" And Dagmar, when asked how heavy she is, always answers, "I fluctuate." Period.



MELINDA'S CAREER: Joan Bennett's pretty daughter, Melinda Markey after some modeling and TV work around New York, is realizing her ambition, finally, to make good on the stage. She's been touring in *On Borrowed Time*. Tiny-waisted Melinda, who will have a gorgeous figure when her baby fat fades away, spent a couple of years in New York. She lived at the Rehearsal Club, where young girls pay \$17-a-week rent, and she shared a large (Continued on page 16)

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to all military
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**MARILYN
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Produced by HARRY TUGEND • Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL

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He's a riot as
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who thinks he's
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Leading universities proved: CLORETS banish bad breath odors due to ONIONS • SMOKING • ALCOHOL

You can prove this yourself by making this convincing KISS TEST:

Eat onions. Then chew CLORETS CHEWING GUM or eat CLORETS CANDY MINTS. Now exchange a kiss. You'll find your breath is "Kissing Sweet".

Remember, CLORETS contain true, water soluble chlorophyll*. It is not an imitation. Not synthetic. Insist on CLORETS. Chew them with complete confidence. CLORETS CHEWING GUM and CLORETS CANDY MINTS are delicious, refreshing, good.



*Water soluble Chlorophyll factors

(Continued from page 14) room with three other young actresses. She got a 35-cent-per-meal discount at the club, and she hung around the corner drug store, where she and other young actresses swapped tips on TV jobs. She had a lot of dates with young actors, and was proud of the fact that she was earning enough money to support herself. When her mother sent \$130 for her last birthday, Melinda went on a shopping spree and spent it all on new dresses. She's partial to blacks and grays.

MEET TOM MORTON: *Another product of TV is Tom Morton, who was tested by 20th Century-Fox after he had danced on the Chico Marx TV show. Morton, who is 25, five-foot-eleven, with black wavy hair and brown eyes, is carving out a movie career for himself. He's already made Wait Till The Sun Shines Nellie, The Stars Are Singing and Main Street To Broadway. Before Barbara Belle discovered him and became his manager, Tom was a chorus boy in Broadway shows and TV. He is a bachelor, and living with his mother in Hollywood. He spends virtually all his time improving his talents—toning up his dancing, his singing, and acting. Make a note of his name, girls. He's on the way up!*

THE TV STARS: Danny Thomas made himself look bad when he blurted out, "Television is for idiots. I don't like it. It's a medicine show!" The fact is that Danny was worried and feeling very insecure about TV, when he first went into it. When his show did not draw the audience rating he felt he deserved, he blew his top . . . Marguerite Piazza, the beautiful opera singer, was stunned when her handsome husband, J. Graves McDonald, died suddenly on New Year's Eve. He was her second husband, father of her second child, and her manager as well. . . . Buster Crabbe has settled in New York, doing a lot of TV and dashing up to the Concord Hotel to run the spectacular pool and water sports there. . . . Johnny Ray's career is being endangered by his personal problems: marital problems and escapades that wind up in the police courts and the front pages. He'll probably do more TV this year, but he is asking for \$12,500 per performance, and may not get too many offers. And, what is not generally known, is that he owns only 45% of his own gross income. The rest is controlled by managers.

THE MEN IN TV: Arthur Godfrey is still the top moneymaker in TV. His two TV shows and several radio shows for CBS bring him \$1,400,000 a year. . . . Charlton Heston, who first made good in TV, is unhappy about having to give up his cold-water walk-up flat on West 47th Street. That little apartment, in a slum area, was Chuck's home during lean and good years, and he's very sentimental about it. . . . Tony Martin, who owns a terrific record collection, says his favorite disk is Johnny Long's "In Old Shanty Town," recorded back in 1938. . . . Frankie Thomas, who won TV fame as Frank Corbett, Space Cadet, is a movie veteran whose last film was Ginger Rogers' Major And The Minor. Now 25, Frankie is living in a New York apartment with his parents, and keeping busy with radio and TV work. He's a bachelor, and gets a load of fan mail. Some of the letters are so ardent, I can't repeat them in this column. . . . Sam Levenson, the folk humorist, is once more a daily newspaper columnist. He is the family-type humorist, and has a real happy family life. He, his wife Esther, their son Conrad, and their baby daughter live in an unpretentious

private home in Brooklyn. Sam wanders in the neighborhood for bits of funny dialogue that he often uses in his monologues.

A NEW COMIC, FRANK FONTAINE: Tall, blond, handsome comedian on Scott Music Hall is Frank Fontaine. He's only 32, and he's been around for years, but it has been only lately that he has emerged as a highly talented funny man. He comes from a solidly show-business background. His father, Baron Fontaine, was a vaudeville singer; his grandfather was a circus strong man; and his wife, Alma, is a former acrobatic dancer. Unlike most other comedians, he believes in big families. He is already father of eight—count 'em—children. Six sons and two daughters, ranging from 1½ to 15. Already, his kids can do most of his comedy routines.

Frank had the whole family with him in Hollywood while he made seven movies, including the Martin and Lewis *Scared Stiff*, and brought them to home-town Boston when he had to come East for TV. Frank commutes from Boston to New York each week for his TV show, on which he co-stars with Patti Page, the recording star.

Another long-distance commuter is Martha Raye, who lives in Miami Beach and commutes by train (she's afraid to fly) to New York every fourth week for her NBC TV show.

BOB ALDA, PROUD DAD: *It's hard to believe that handsome Robert Alda is father of a 17-year-old son, but it's true. Alan is a freshman at Fordham University, and studying acting and radio-TV. The boy is talented and wrote a complete musical show produced at Stepanik High School, White Plains, last year. Alan's off to a flying start, which is in sharp contrast to Bob's rough beginnings. Bob started as a singing usher at Loew's Orpheum, New York about 20 years ago, when I first met him. He was getting \$3 extra a week for singing the band overture. Today, he has developed into a top actor and, in fact, did only acting on TV during 1952. Didn't sing a note. And, strangely enough, Bob quit the hit show, Guys And Dolls last September. He was the show's outstanding hit as singer-actor, but wants to become a producer. He will co-produce a Broadway show this Fall.*

ODDS AND ENDS: Milton Berle is a happy guy again, now that his NBC TV show is back among the top-rated shows. Thanks to Goodman Ace, whose writing staff refashioned Miltie into a less brash, more likeable comedian, Miltie is King again. He is still dating Ruth Cosgrove, and they took a Miami Beach vacation together. He gave her a car for a surprise gift, and everybody felt they would tie the knot—but nothing happened. . . . Imogene Coca, after recovering from an emergency appendectomy, is back with Max Liebman's wonderful Show Of Shows on NBC. . . . Sid Caesar, her co-star, has another reason for rushing home nights: his baby son. Sid and Florence Caesar do most of their entertaining at home, where the fun usually comes from showing kinescopes of Sid's TV shows, followed by a wisecracking analysis of each performance.

Ed Sullivan, first newspaper columnist to become a TV star (his CBS show is *Toast Of The Town*), has recovered from his latest bout with ulcers. Doing a daily column and handling a top-rated TV show is tiring Ed; but he has tremendous drive and the only thing that worries him is having less time for golf! . . . Guy Lombardo, who will do a TV series, broke his own rule for never indulging in politics when he campaigned publicly for Eisenhower.

Dry skin can be joy -or jinx!

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

Dry skin is *both* a blessing and a curse. Which it is in your case is up to you. Two women I discussed the problem with just the other day illustrate what I mean!



The first was grateful for her naturally dry complexion, the *delicacy* it gave her skin and the freedom from that "greasy" look. The second felt terribly about hers. It was drab and flaky, so her make-up looked harsh and little lines were threatening to become wrinkles.



The difference was in the *care* they gave their complexions. There's no substitute for the *regular* use of the

right care! But, cheer up, it needn't be expensive or time-consuming!

For as little as 25¢—you'll find the best dry skin care money can buy, and one that takes less than 5 minutes a day—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!

The thing that makes Woodbury remarkable is an ingredient called Penaten which carries the softening oils *deep* into the corneum layer of your skin. The average cream simply "greases" the surface, but Woodbury *really* penetrates!

Here's the simple routine that makes the difference:

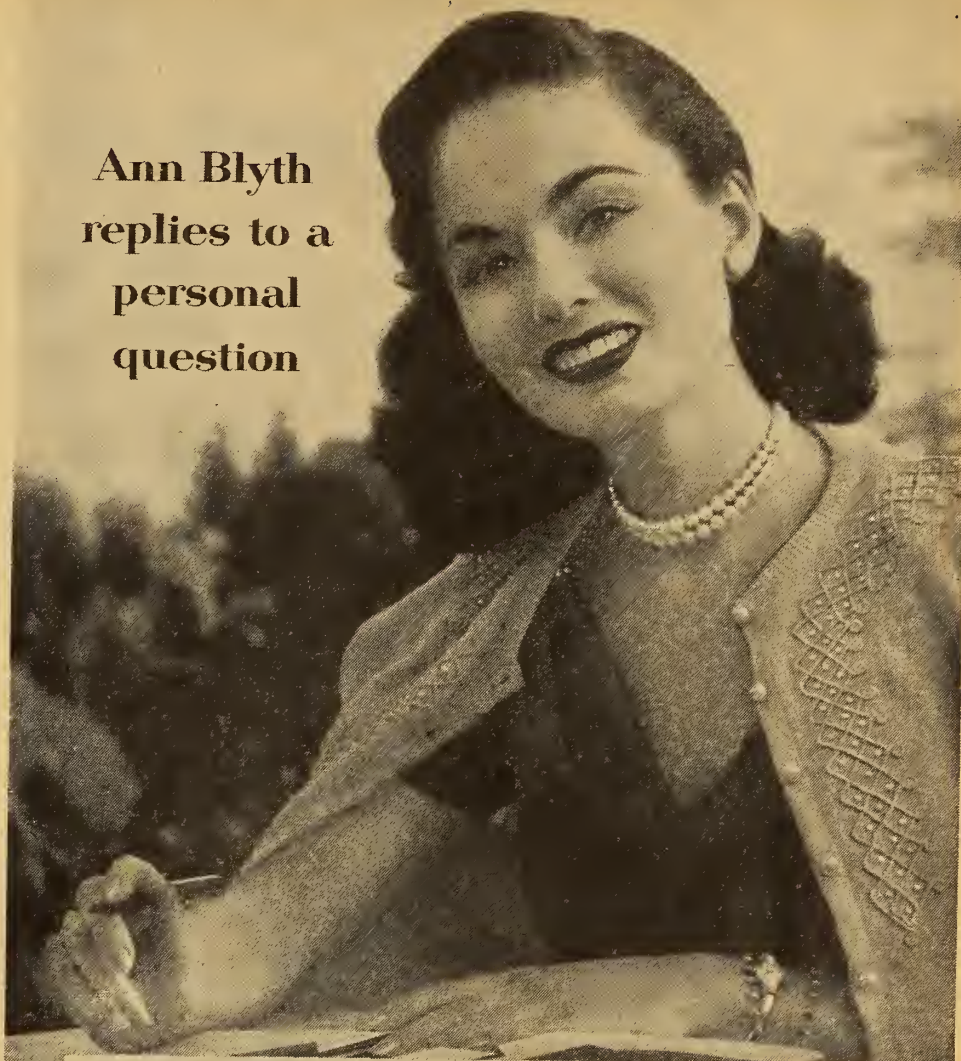
With your fingertips, cream this extra rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin. Leave it on for five minutes, then . . . tissue off.



Your skin will have a new freshness and youthful bloom. Try it and see! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream only costs 25¢ to 97¢ (plus tax).



Ann Blyth replies to a personal question



Dear Betty,

Wanted to answer sooner, but I've been so busy working on my new picture.

Course I've a "beauty secret"—it's Woodbury Cold Cream! The special thing about Woodbury is an ingredient called Penaten that makes it penetrate deeply into pore openings and loosens every bit of make-up. I've tried more expensive creams but never one that left my skin so clean, so fresh and soft as Woodbury Cold Cream... I'm sure you'll love it, too!

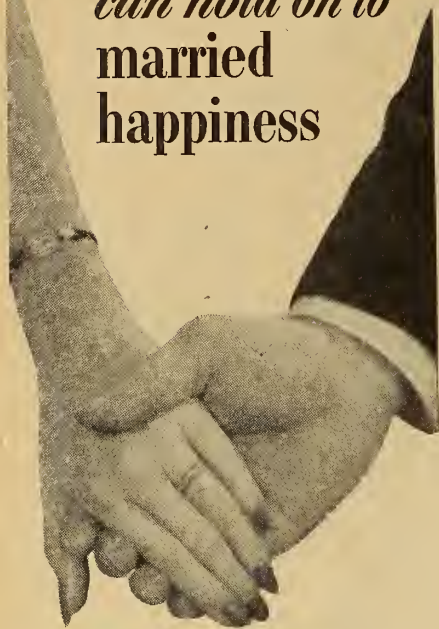
Sincerely, Ann Blyth

penetrates deeper because
it contains PENATEN



25¢ to 97¢ plus tax

*how a wife
can hold on to
married
happiness*



Be Sure—Don't Guess About These Intimate Facts!

How much happier and healthier is the wife who knows that intimate feminine cleanliness is vital to married happiness. And wise is the wife who uses ZONITE for a *cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche!*

Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested proved so *powerful yet absolutely safe* to body tissues as ZONITE. Now you can understand why ZONITE is so enthusiastically recommended.

ZONITE Completely Safe to Delicate Body Tissues

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and scientist. The first in the world to be *powerfully effective yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating*. In fact, ZONITE is a wondrously soothing, cleansing and healing agent. You can use ZONITE as needed without the slightest risk of injury. Its *completely safe* qualities on body tissues have been proved by thousands upon thousands of women for over 30 years. Use ZONITE with *confidence*.

Gives Both Internal and External Hygienic Protection

ZONITE eliminates *all* odor. It flushes away waste substances and deposits. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact every germ in the tract, but you can BE SURE ZONITE instantly kills *all* reachable germs. A ZONITE douche is so important after monthly periods. It leaves the vaginal tract so *clean and refreshed*. Worth a fortune to feminine charm and health. Always use as directed.

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THIS IDEAL 'ALL PURPOSE' ANTISEPTIC-GERM-ICIDE SHOULD BE IN EVERY MEDICINE CHEST

FREE! Mail coupon for FREE book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. MR-43, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.*

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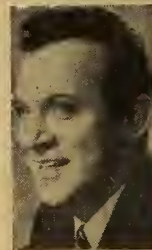
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SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

The grass is always greener in the next pasture, and ain't it the truth! When the Masquers Club of Hollywood threw a stag party to honor Jane Wyman as its First Lady, with Janie the only gal present, she said: "When I was dancing in the chorus I was always the third girl from the left in the second row. I kept trying to get into the first row but Alice Faye was always in my way!" . . . Their friends have pegged it as a Spring wedding for Pier Angeli and Kirk Douglas, who calls her "Amarella" . . . Ann Blyth tells me it'll be a June jaunt down the middle aisle for herself and Dr. Jim McNulty. 'Twas his brother, none other than singer Dennis Day, who put young Jim through medical school . . . MGM, incidentally, had better put Ann to work in the next Mario Lanza picture pronto because once she's Mrs. McNulty she wants a big family *right now!*

It's getting real cozy with Joan Crawford and Nick Ray. They each brought their own children when they dated at the preem of *The Jazz Singer* . . . We got a long-delayed letter (it



Gable

must've come by mule train!) from Africa telling how Ava Gardner celebrated her birthday and Christmas simultaneously in her tent on the location site of *Mogambo* near Nairobi. Clark Gable and Grace Kelly celebrated with her, as did John Ford—and, of course, her ever-lovin' Frankie! She wrote: "We even had a make-believe fireplace, and hung our stockings in front of it" . . . Bob Wagner dyed his hair black, and it's a good foil for Barbara Stanwyck's grey locks . . . Romantic bust-ups of the month: Coleen Gray and John Payne, Nora and Dick Haymes (one of those off-again things that'll probably be on-again before



Wyman



The Bogarts

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

Dick Jaeckel, the beefcake boy whose career is zooming because of *Come Back, Little Sheba*, rifted with his wife and two kids. It happens so often when an actor becomes successful in Hollywood, it makes you wonder if success is worth it . . . Lana Turner, Art Linkletter and others of Humphrey Bogart's neighbors are sore at him and his Baby because their two boxers bark all night . . . I hear that those spats between Jennifer Jones and her spouse, David Selznick, are over money—her money! In other words, he wants to tell her how to spend what she earns.



Lewis

You've never seen so much scurrying back and forth between law offices as Johnnie and Marilyn Ray are doing, in preparation for their separation and/or divorce. But Marilyn keeps telling everyone that if she has her way the settlement will be amicable . . . An airplane is mixed up in the community property wrangle between John and Esperanza Wayne. She claims it's hers and that John won't give it back . . . John Hodiak has been forgetting all about Anne Baxter with a little French model who lives at the Beverly Hills Hotel. John Payne introduced them . . . Paramount threatened to slap a new clause into Jerry Lewis' contract that will prevent the comic from ever again riding a motor scooter. I stumbled over Jerry in his wheelchair at NBC during one of his airshows and he said that all his fall did was (Continued on page 20)

★ **Hollywood Stars** AND FAMOUS DESIGNERS

CALL PLAYTEX THE PERFECT GIRDLE

ZSA ZSA GABOR,
starring in **MOULIN ROUGE,**

Color by Technicolor—
released thru United Artists, says:

"Fabulous is the word for the Playtex
Fabric Lined Girdle. You couldn't
choose a better way to be lithe, free,
and wonderfully comfortable!"



Vera Maxwell: "I create
clothes that are full of motion.
Playtex shows them best, slims
in complete freedom!" Playtex
hasn't a seam, stitch or bone; it
lives and breathes with you, in-
visible under sleekest clothes.



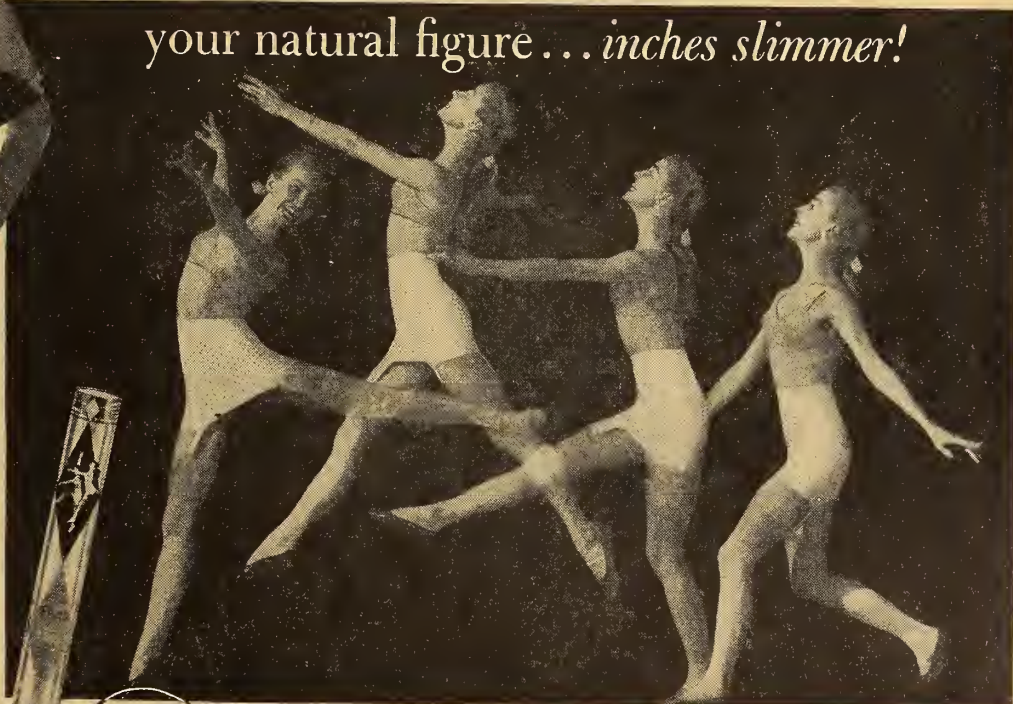
Paul Parnes: "Slenderness is
the key to my Spring Collection
... and Playtex slims your figure
beautifully from waist to thigh!"
Playtex has an *all-way* control,
for it's made of fabric lined la-
tex that spells power-control!



Claire McCardell: "Here's
a dress of real versatility. It leads
a double life... at work or play.
And it calls for the world's most
versatile girdle... Playtex!"
Only Playtex combines such con-
trol, comfort and freedom!

Only a **PLAYTEX®** Girdle streamlines

your natural figure... *inches slimmer!*



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Playtex *Girdles*

WITH NEW ADJUSTABLE GARTERS, from **\$6.95**

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Other Playtex Girdles start at **\$3.50**
(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)
At department stores and specialty
shops. Playtex known everywhere as
the girdle in the **SLIM** tube.

Edna's DISMAL



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Edna, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the “blues.”

FREE 24-page book, “What Women Want to Know,” explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dept. F-43, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

Edna's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol

hollywood report

continued

“open up an old tired wound in my leg.”

TIME TABLES:

You gals can relax. Bob Wagner isn't marrying till he's 30 . . . Susie Hayward tells me she wants to buy a home in the San Fernando Valley with a tree house in the back yard . . . Jane Russell says Bob Waterfield talks more in five minutes while doing a guest appearance on television than he does in five hours at home . . . When John Farrow gifted his wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, with a mink coat their 13-year-old Michael said, “Daddy, it would have been cheaper to make it out of \$20 bills.”

Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens, who broke up housekeeping a year ago, have been going to parties together but it doesn't mean a thing makeup-wise . . . Greer Garson decorated a new apartment in Dallas to surprise her Buddy . . . One of the reasons Red Skelton collapsed was because he wanted to lose weight in a hurry and ate nothing—absolutely *nothing*—for two-and-a-half days. He lost 12 pounds doing it but *we* almost lost our Red! . . . When Robert and Vera Newton moved into the Bogarts' old house they found a pair of old shoes that Bogie had left behind. So Bob planted them with ivy and set them proudly out on the front porch.



Skelton

FUNNIES:

Bob Hope said to Jean Peters on his airshow: “They tell me a woman is a rag, a bone and a hank of hair—so what's all the rest of that stuff you've got there?” . . . Joan Davis went into a reducing salon to try on a girdle designed to make you look thin and, having tried it on, exulted: “Wonderful, wonderful—but why is my face blue?” . . . Bob Mitchum complained that most of the paintings at an art exhibit on the Sunset Strip weren't well lit. “So what?” so-whatted the attendant. “Most of the customers *are*!” . . . Somebody phoned in a suggestion that 20th-Fox change the title of *The Robe* to *The Disrobe* and let Marilyn Monroe star in it . . . I'm told Errol Flynn is the only man in the world who carries a marriage license in his back pocket made out “To Whom It May Concern.”

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Farley Granger and Sam Goldwyn made up again, after Farl's long suspension. And Farl is making trips to the bank again . . . Anne Baxter's ma gets \$50 a week as her secretary and her dad gets 20 percent of Anne's pay as business manager . . . Nancy Sinatra refused \$150,000 from Mario Lanza for the mansion she and Frankie once lived in, against her attorney's advice. She's holding out for \$210,000, plus another \$25,000 for the carpets and drapes . . . Mitzi Gaynor and her ma took a two-year lease on a \$500-a-month penthouse at the Chateau Marmont.



Granger

LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

I've got it from inside the inside rail that the much-vaunted wedding of Beetsy Wynn, Keenan's ex-wife, and Dan Dailey will never take place . . . First word we had in Hollywood of a rift in the marriage of Greg and Greta Peck was when Greta sent word to Rosheen Marcus that Rosheen would have to vacate the Pecks' Pacific Palisades home. They had rented it to Rosheen, who is William Saroyan's mother-in-law, for 18 months before they took off for Europe. But they hadn't been gone nine months when Greta decided to come home. Greg stayed on in Paris, alone, and Mel Ferrer went over to try to patch up the rift . . . There were also reports busting out all over that Gene and Betsy Kelly weren't getting along in Paris.



The Pecks

Hedy Lamarr and Virginia Field will never like each other as much after their last encounter (witnessed by your ever-lovin' correspondent) on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Hedy, just back from New York, bumped into Virginia and screamed, “Dollink, why is your hair so *gray*?” Virginia fanged back: “I had it touched up that way for a part in a picture—why's *yours* that way?” And Hedy, stuck for an answer, turned on her heel and walked away! . . . Clark Gable bagged two white zebras in Africa. He'll cover the seats of his new Jaguar car with the skins . . . Another hot feud: Paulette Goddard and Richard Ney. They haven't spoken since they made a picture together in Spain and nobody's quite sure why!

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Donald O'Connor gave up the lease on his Hayworth Drive apartment in Hollywood and moved back into his home with his Gwen, after a long talk with his psychiatrist . . . First person to get a phone call through to Liz Taylor after Michael Howard Wilding's birth was Jean Simmons. 'Twas only a few hours after Junior arrived but Liz explained: “Well, the phone was sitting there on the hospital table and it rang and I picked it up and answered it. What's so unusual?” What, indeed? . . . Clifton Webb escorted Susie Zanuck to the Inauguration Ball . . . Seventy-one cases of imported champagne were consumed at the wedding of Peggy Lee and Brad Dexter, and Eugenie Clair Smith, the cigarette heiress, never once took off her floor-length white mink . . . Ann Sothern was baptized a Catholic . . . Jane Powell's waistline has bounced up to 22 inches since her baby came.



O'Connor

Burt Lancaster's six-year-old son suffered a concussion when he fell to the floor at home while Burt was tossing him playfully in the air. Doctors said the child will be okay but Burt will never bounce him again!

Coleen Gray's daughter told a schoolmate: “When Mommie marries John Payne, Kathy Payne will be my stepsister” . . . But you wouldn't have agreed with the child if you'd seen Payne (Coleen was in Europe making a picture) rushing Arleen Whelan at Betty Furness's party in the Champagne Room.

"My hobby is dangerous!"

"When I'm not making a film," Arlene Dahl explains, "I've plenty to keep me busy. And best of all I love to spend hours working in the garden. That may seem like a healthy, innocent pastime, but for me... it's dangerous!"



ARLENE DAHL,
co-starring in
"JAMAICA"
a Paramount Picture
Color by Technicolor

"An actress can't afford to let her hands get rough and dry! So — the moment I go indoors — I smooth my hands and sun-parched face with soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion!"



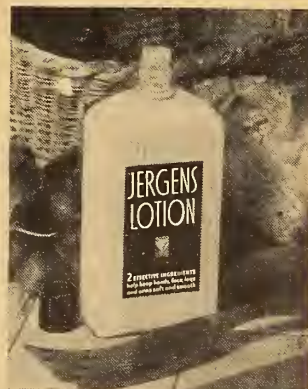
"My other hobby is writing, and when I've papers to handle I'm grateful that Jergens leaves no greasy film. Jergens works fast. See why: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . .



"Apply any lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the Jergens hand as it will over oily lotions or creams.



"Back at the studio, my hands are soft and smooth — always ready for screen close-ups." That's why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1.



Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep your hands lovely. More women use Jergens than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Remember **Jergens Lotion** . . . because you care for your hands!

"Soaping" dulls hair — HALO glorifies it!



**Yes, "soaping" your hair
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.**

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable!

No special rinsing needed. Halo
does not dry . . . does not irritate!

***Halo glorifies your hair
with your very first shampoo!***



hollywood report continued

. . . This is what was inscribed on the locket Bob Fallon gave Marie Wilson on their first anniversary: "One down, 49 to go" . . . Hardest star phone number to get: Kathryn Grayson's.

ODDS BODKINS:

Rock Hudson nosed out his old gal, Marilyn Maxwell, for the honorary post of Mayor of Universal City . . . When she's prowling a bargain in a Beverly Hills department store there's no more unmoviestarish a star anywhere than Ruth Roman . . . Rita Hayworth built a wire cage with sliding roof against one side of her house for her kids to play in in safety . . . Glenn Ford's temperament has been showing all over the place lately. He should have a talk with his pal Bill Holden on how to behave like a star . . . Judy Powell, Tab Hunter's latest girl friend, isn't jealous a bit. She gave him a framed photo of Linda Darnell! . . . Margaret O'Brien, who never took a lesson in her life, is going to a vocal coach to lower her voice . . . Loretta Young is living in a dressing room at U-I while *It Happens Every Thursday* is before the cameras.

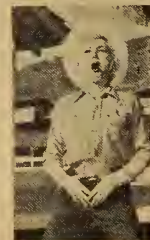


Roman

Eleanor Parker stopped in at the Four Star Theatre on Wilshire Boulevard to see Bette Davis in *The Star* and encountered some confusion engendered by the non-appearance of an usherette. So Eleanor took over and seated the startled customers for a jolt less than two hours. Which is some seating, you will admit! . . . Jimmy Stewart will open the Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey Circus here next spring in the same costume he wore as "Buttons" in *The Greatest Show On Earth* . . . Olivia deHavilland is back living in the same apartment in Mitch Leisen's *Shoreham* that she vacated when she married Marcus Goodrich . . . This is Sterling Hayden's third year on a psychiatrist's couch . . . The kids in Beverly Hills still order their favorite drink at the drug store counters there—a Shirley Temple Cocktail. It consists of "gingerale on the rocks" with a dash of maraschino cherry juice.

SEX APPEAL:

Jeanne Crain got a poodlecut and I'm not sure I like her that way . . . Betty Grable got a butch haircut . . . Has anyone ever seen a pair of female legs that didn't look good in black net stockings? . . . Mrs. James Mason called to tell me: "Some evil woman came up to me at a party to tell me that Marilyn Monroe and Marie Wilson wear pushups in their bras!" . . . Abdullah, the Warner masseur, says the freckles on Doris Day's shoulders are prettier than the ones on her nose . . . Mrs. Gary Cooper bought her friend Dolores Del Rio some net nylon nighties before taking off for Mexico to visit Dolores . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor tells us she wears long-playing lipstick. Which



Grable

is something like a long-playing phonograph needle! . . . Diana Lynn swears she'll never wear pink when she does a television show again. On her last show her gown looked like it was cut clear down to the Dagmar Department!

Una Merkel says: "These days an actress either has to have a bust or *BE* one!" . . . GI's in Korea are writing Jan Sterling for duplicates of her turtle-neck sweater . . . Terry Moore claims she developed her—uh—er—anyway, she did it all through exercise . . . Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer were so anxious to get away from it all and be alone after the *Moulin Rouge* preem, they walked out of the Mocambo before the star, Edith Piaf, sang her first song . . . Shelley Winters looked nice, for a change, at the same affair: a smooth makeup job, real gone mink coat, combed hairdo. But when that gal puts her mind to it she's the sloppiest in town . . . Dottie Lamour saluted Adolph Zukor this way at his 80th birthday party: "I've visited you in your office at least 112 times in the past 16 years, Papa Zukor, and you never once came around the desk and tried to—tried to—tell me, Papa Zukor, if I'm so unattractive, why did you ever put me in pictures in the first place?" . . . That Lana Turner still steals *ALL* the attention wherever she goes. I watched her sweep into LaRue one Sunday night on Lex Barker's arm, whereupon every neck at the bar craned to follow her every footstep into the main dining room. And every diner dropped his dinnerware and gawked and gawked and gawked! Cool, man!

QUICK QUOTES:

Virginia Mayo and Jeff Chandler were runners-up for the Golden Apple Awards from the Hollywood Women's Press Club for being the most cooperative filmites of the year and Virginia said at the awards party: "Stars who don't co-operate with the press must have rocks in their heads!" . . . Tony Curtis (he and his Janet were first prize winners) looked around the room and giggled: "Four years ago I couldn't afford to walk into this restaurant!" . . . Melinda Markey, Joan Bennett's daughter, says she hides her eyes behind dark glasses in the daytime "'cause I use them so much at night!"



Mayo

When he finished his co-starring stint with Deborah Kerr in *Dream Wife* Cary Grant said, "There are only two women I ever enjoyed working with—Ina Claire (remember her?) and Deborah Kerr" . . . Shirley Booth said this to tell me about how Terry Moore behaved during the shooting of *Little Sheba*: "That sweet child worried more about how her torso was being photographed than anything else!" . . . Arlene Francis' advice to Vanessa Brown about endorsing commercial products: "Honey, I would even pose with plumbing!" . . . Someone cracked that Marilyn Monroe wears falsies. Replied Marilyn to the canard: "People who know me better know better!" . . . It's gospel that Tab Hunter spends two hours a day answering his fan mail. He says: "When I was a kid I wrote to Liz Taylor and got back a form letter. I'm not going to do that to other kids!" . . . June Allyson showed off her new short haircut and giggled, "I'm not Hollywood's 'girl next door' any more—I'm the boy next door!"



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World's Best Seller!

- **Spillpruf Cutex** wears best . . . because it's the only nail polish made with chip-resistant Enamelon.
Protects nice things—thanks to the miracle Spillpruf bottle!
- **Matching Stay Fast Lipstick** never leaves a kissprint! Stays on and on! "*Moisturizing Action*" in creamy-rich Stay Fast keeps lips smooth and moist . . . much softer!
- **All the latest, loveliest colors!** Try Spillpruf Cutex 15¢ . . . and matching Stay Fast Lipstick 59¢ . . . today! *Plus tax.*



Spillpruf CUTEX
IT'S THE BEST...YET COSTS LESS 23

MOVIE REVIEWS

by florence epstein

picture of the month



*What kind
of woman
are you?*

Are you modern?

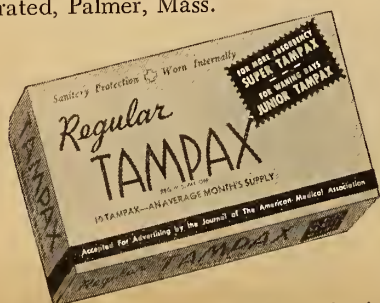
Are you always on the alert for new ideas? Are you interested in new fashions, new faces, new places? Then Tampax was made to fit your busy life. Doctor-invented Tampax is the *modern* method of monthly sanitary protection—based on the well-known principle of internal absorption.

Are you fastidious?

Your hands need never touch the Tampax. It's inserted quickly and easily with a dainty, throwaway applicator. There's nothing to betray you're going through one of "those days"—no belts, no pins, no ridge-lines, *no odor*. And the easy disposal of Tampax is a convenience millions of women appreciate.

Then Tampax is for you

Made of pure, white surgical cotton, Tampax is so small a month's supply fits in purse. Tampax comes in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Get it at drug and notion counters; save on the economy size that gives you an average 4 months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising

24 by the Journal of the American Medical Association



An accident as a child made aristocrat Toulouse-Lautrec a crippled dwarf. Thirsting for beauty, he found art a consolation.



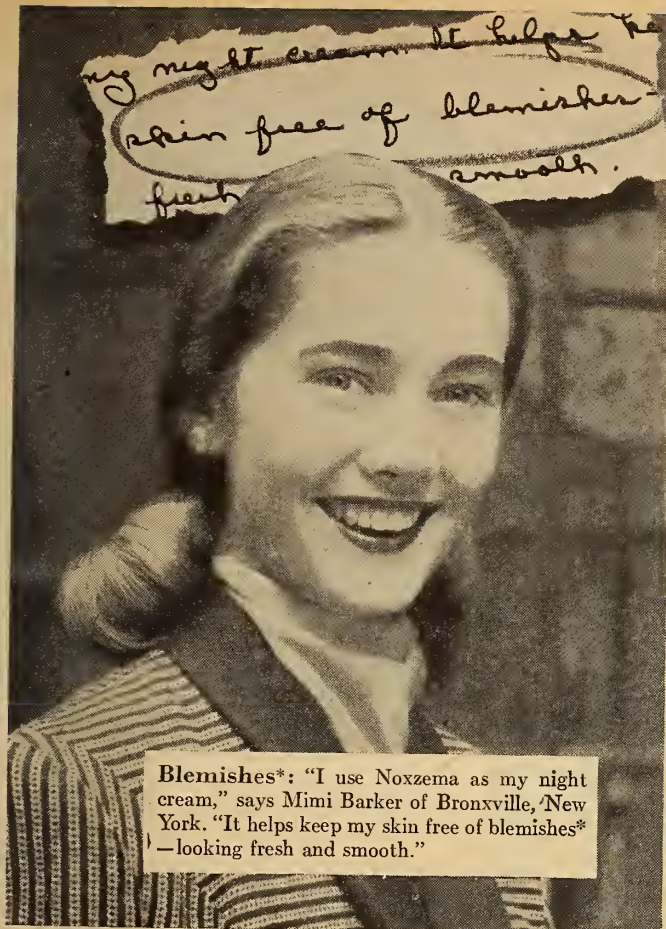
Love did not come to Lautrec . . . he had to buy it. He took a street-walker into his home. She bled him of money, broke his heart; but was a great model.



He lived at café tables . . . died of absinthe. But his paintings still hang in the Louvre.

MOULIN ROUGE

■ Toulouse-Lautrec was a deformed, lonely man, but when he painted his posters for the Moulin Rouge—a Paris café of the 1880's—he caught all the color, movement and excitement he thirsted after. In the hands of director John Huston, this picture captures those qualities, too. Here is Paris, city of gorgeous women and wild emotions, city of the Can-Can dancer whose loud, gay shouts echo in the streets of Montmartre. And here is Toulouse-Lautrec, a pitiful freak, sitting at a table in the Moulin, soaking himself in liquor, sketching those dancers. José Ferrer portrays Lautrec and, thanks to a bizarre but effective make-up trick, literally gets down on his knees to do it. (Lautrec was injured as a young boy and his legs stopped growing.) Rather than become a pampered invalid on his parents' estate, Lautrec rented a studio in Paris where he played out his life in passion and pain. There was a street-walker (Colette Marchand) who gave him a glimpse of love followed by a whole vista of despair. There was the dazzling café singer (Zsa-Zsa Gabor) whose friendship eased his dreadful loneliness. There was the model (Suzanne Flon) who could not bring herself to marry him. Lautrec's fame grew to the point where he became the only living artist to have a collection in the Louvre. But this had never been his goal. He had wanted love, and died for the lack of it. *Moulin Rouge* is a memorable visual experience. It drenches you with the brilliance of Paris.—United-Artists



Blemishes*: "I use Noxzema as my night cream," says Mimi Barker of Bronxville, New York. "It helps keep my skin free of blemishes*—looking fresh and smooth."



Dry Skin: "Noxzema does wonders for my dry skin," says Phoebe Murray of Lawrence, Mass. "'Cream-washing' soothes, refreshes—helps skin look much softer, smoother!"

How you, too, can Look lovelier in 10 days or your money back!

Famous doctor's new beauty care helps skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps you keep it that way!

You should see our mail! Thousands of letters from all over the country! You should read how thrilled women are with Noxzema's new, home beauty routine... how their fresher, lovelier-looking skin is winning them compliments... bringing new self-confidence!

It's big beauty news!

Mimi Barker of Bronxville, N. Y. and Phoebe Murray of Lawrence, Mass., are just two of thousands who report thrilling results. This new beauty care was developed by a noted doctor and owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema.

This famous *greaseless, medicated* beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. That's why it has helped so many women with discouraging skin problems: rough, dry skin; externally-caused blemishes; and that dull, lifeless, *half-clean* look of so many

so-called normal complexions. Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then tonight, try this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Smooth Noxzema over face and neck.

Then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how make-up and dirt disappear! How clean and fresh skin looks after you 'cream-wash' with Noxzema. No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so its softening, soothing ingredients can help skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. (Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast!)

The film of oil-and-moisture Noxzema provides is especially beneficial to rough, dry, sensitive skin. Even in extreme cases, where the dried-out, curled-up cells of dead skin give an unattractive grayish look, you will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*. No smeary face!



3. Make-up base. In the morning, 'cream-wash', apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base.

It works or money back!

In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Money back!

*externally-caused

Look lovelier offer!

4oz NOXZEMA only **29¢** plus tax

1. use this trial jar—see how much lovelier it helps skin look
2. then save money by getting big 10 oz. jar only 89¢ plus tax! At drug or cosmetics counters!

Easy way to a naturally radiant skin

QUICK HOME FACIAL

WITH THIS 4-PURPOSE CREAM!



Now... follow Lady Esther's super-speed recipe for true loveliness!



1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream up your neck and face. Don't rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads... relieves dryness. Remove gently.



2. Splash face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don't need astringent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.



3. Smooth on a second "rinse" of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.



4. Ready now to put on your "face." Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You're *really pretty* always.

So easy. Just think... with one face cream alone you can give your skin

all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because *all by itself* Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *cleans, softens, tones and satinizes* your skin. And *all in one minute!* Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

Lady Esther

4-Purpose

FACE CREAM



AFTER YOUR FACIAL

Generous Compact

50¢

Plus Tax
(Slightly Higher in Canada)



Lady Esther Complete Creme Make-up

All you need for all-day loveliness! New Creme Make-up plus 4-Purpose Face Cream! Depend on this Terrific Twosome for flawless, radiant skin.



THE STAR

The star (Bette Davis) is through in Hollywood, but you tell her. She thinks she can come back like Swanson—even if she is down to her last three bucks and her agent (Warner Anderson) won't advance another dime. At 40, the lines are beginning to show and kids like Barbara Lawrence are pushing her out of the picture. Nevermind. Bette has a 12-year-old daughter (Natalie Wood) who thinks she's tops, although Natalie lives with the star's ex-husband and can't do much cheering. One night Bette breaks down, drinks herself into jail. Sterling Hayden, who's always had a soft spot for her (Bette made him a lead in a big production, then he switched to the boating business) pays the fine. Maybe you're finished with being glamorous, he tells her, but you haven't even begun to be a woman. She takes this kindly, runs out to the May Company where they put her in lingerie (that is, she sells lingerie) for about ten minutes, or until a couple of catty dowagers recognize her. Finally, Bette's agent talks a nice producer into testing her for a minor role. Bette wants the major role, figures if she plays the test like a teen-ager they'll give it to her. Well, they don't, but that isn't important. The important thing is—will Bette realize that life can be beautiful, even if there'll never be another Oscar? I guess you'd call this a woman's picture. Women cry when they see it.

Cast: Bette Davis, Sterling Hayden, Natalie Wood, Warner Anderson, Minor Watson.—20th Century-Fox.

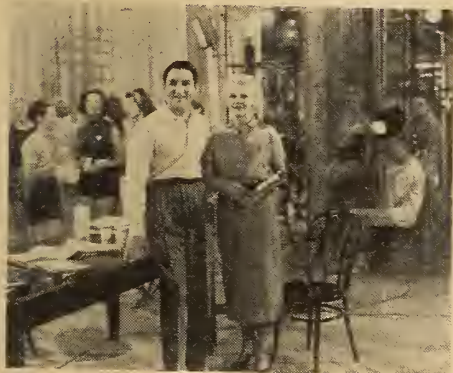


TAXI

This is a comedy, a very good one. Scratch the surface and you learn something about real people reminiscent of Damon Runyon's characters. Dan Dailey's a New York taxi driver. He lives with his mother (Blanche Yurka) and what with trying to evade the pathetic spinsters she's dying to have him marry, and paying off the Finance Company for his cab he's become a rather pessimistic, touchy guy. Dailey plays him beautifully. One day, the fare he

picks up at a Brooklyn pier is a young Irish girl (Constance Smith) aglow with faith. A footloose American married and left her in Dublin and she has 24 hours to find him (Immigration Dep't. rules). Constance doesn't think her husband's unfaithful; she thinks he's wonderful. Probably just too busy writing his novel to claim her and the baby. In the time it takes to locate that man (Mark Roberts) a change comes over Dailey. He loses a whole day's pay and doesn't care; he's gained something much more valuable. 20th Century-Fox makes New York the backdrop for this fast moving script. And the freshness of Constance Smith, the broad humor of Blanche Yurka—are a constant delight.

Cast: Dan Dailey, Constance Smith, Blanche Yurka, Neva Patterson—20th Century-Fox.



THE JAZZ SINGER

The original *Jazz Singer* made motion picture history. It was the first talkie and a personal triumph for Al Jolson whose classic comment at that time was, "You ain't heard nothin' yet!" Warner Brothers has dusted off the plot, spruced it up with Technicolor and trot it out now as a very handsome offering. This is the conflict of two worlds, of father and son who clash over the son's right to order his own life. Danny Thomas is given a lot of room to display his varied wares and he emerges as a genuinely warm personality. Eduard Franz (as Danny's father) plays a benevolent but stern elder who lives in the shadows of tradition. He is a cantor—as were six generations of Goldings before him—and he expects Danny to follow suit. Danny can't think of anything but show business. We move back and forth from the interior of Sinai Temple and its pure, Hebraic songs of prayer to the jazzy stages of New York (where Peggy Lee does her own kind of stylized chanting) as the conflict grows and resolves itself. Alex Gerry and Allyn Joslyn provide comic relief. Mildred Dunnock (Danny's mother) is a sweet, understanding soul. However, her talent is much superior to the part. The story deals with old-fashioned sentiments, but it is full of heart and the bright performances of Danny and Peggy keep it moving right along.

Cast: Danny Thomas, Peggy Lee, Mildred Dunnock, Eduard Franz, Tom Tully, Alex Gerry, Allyn Joslyn—Warners.

TONIGHT WE SING

The name of Sol Hurok is famous to concert audiences all over America, because in many cases, Hurok brought the concert to them. *Tonight We Sing* is the fictionalized biography of this impresario who had an intense desire to share his love for music with all the people who could never afford reserved seats. Hurok,

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HOME PERMANENT

WITH
One Application

Takes Beautifully ... Neutralizes Itself!



**A LASTING
WAVE GUARANTEED**

by Lever Brothers Co.
—or money back!

A soft, natural-looking wave the new easy way!

SIMPLE . . . because you need only one application

Just roll curls on any plastic curlers or Shadow Wave's new French style. Apply lotion, let dry and brush into a soft, lasting wave . . . that's all!



SAFE . . . because of unique



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Kinder to your hair, needs no repeated soakings. The only home permanent that neutralizes itself so completely.

SURE . . .



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Waving stops automatically, there's no timing problem. That's why it's guaranteed to take.



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HOME PERMANENT



One Alone? . . . Or One Of the Group?

When Mrs. F. first moved to the community, she was welcomed by a small neighborhood group. Unfortunately, Mrs. F. left them with a very bad impression of herself. And she might still be a stranger in her neighborhood if she hadn't discovered why they disliked her. Now she is a leader in the very group that snubbed her.*



LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than chlorophyll

DON'T let *halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light. And don't trust lesser methods to combat it.

Listerine Antiseptic instantly stops bad breath . . . usually for hours on end. Your entire mouth feels—and is—delightfully fresh and clean.

Kills odor-producing germs

You see, by far the most common cause of halitosis is germs. That's right, germs start the odor-producing fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth.

Listerine kills germs that cause this fermentation . . . kills them by the millions. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums don't

kill germs. Listerine does.

4 times better than tooth paste

That's why Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis instantly . . . and usually for hours! And that's why Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against halitosis . . . no matter what else you do . . . use an antiseptic—Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



played by David Wayne, was born in the Ukraine, matured in a hardware store in St. Petersburg where he met his wife Emma (Anne Bancroft). He came to New York alone at the turn of the century, got a job as a streetcar conductor and dreamed like a prince. How he made those dreams come true, how the greatest artists in the world came under his management, is a heartwarming tale. In the telling, 20th Century-Fox employs some rare talents. Ballet by Tamara Toumanova, operatic arias by Roberta Peters and the voice of Jan Peerce (the body belongs to handsome Byron Palmer), violin music by Isaac Stern add quality and depth to an essentially simple story. For once, Ezio Pinza has a movie role equal to his dignity. As Fedor Chaliapin, temperamental master of grand opera, he is magnetic and charming. This Technicolor production is a fine tribute to Hurok and a special treat for classical music lovers.

Cast: David Wayne, Ezio Pinza, Roberta Peters, Tamara Toumanova, Anne Bancroft, Isaac Stern, Byron Palmer, Oscar Karlweis, Mikhail Rasumny.—20th Century-Fox.



ROGUE'S MARCH

When a British officer and gentleman is nabbed with the goods (secret military documents) it doesn't matter who his pater is. Doesn't even matter if he's innocent, unless he can prove it, which Peter Lawford (the British O and G) can't. So the Royal Midland Fusiliers drum him out of the service (that's the Rogue's March) and he's handed over to the bobbies. But Peter gives them the slip to hunt down the bloke who framed him. Too bad that bloke (John Abbott) has been dumped into the Channel, or some body of water, by his gangster pals. Undaunted, Peter assumes an alias, joins another part of the British army. He's sent to India where his father (Leo G. Carroll) commands a battalion that's going to be awfully lost unless some heroic action takes place at the Khyber Pass. MGM went straight to the Pass to show Peter performing the action and turning up the one man who could prove his innocence. Well, Pater apologizes for ever

having doubted his son, and with Peter back Janice Rule doesn't have to marry Captain Richard Greene, although there are worse fates. It's a very pip-pip and carry-on sort of thing, if you like that sort of thing.

Cast: Peter Lawford, Richard Greene, Janice Rule, Leo G. Carroll, John Abbott.—MGM.



CITY BENEATH THE SEA

A couple of deep sea divers (Robert Ryan and Anthony Quinn) swagger into Jamaica one bright morning for the job of their lives. They're hired to recover a million dollars worth of gold bullion that sunk with a ship in the Caribbean. You can bet the deal is shady. Whenever their diving suits are drying, though, the boys hunt other kinds of treasure. Tony tears a café apart by way of getting an introduction to the singer (Suzan Ball), and Bob, who's sent by the outdoor type, gets sent forever by Mala Powers. When not being romantic, Mala is operating a small banana boat. That boat takes Ryan out to the sunken city of Port Royal where the camera moves in for some spooky underwater shots. As soon as the local natives hear that divers are poking around in their sacred city they stage a voodoo ceremony, predict disaster. It comes, too. While Bob Ryan is underwater there's an underwater earthquake. If you like action, here's plenty, and Tony Quinn's okay, too, as an unpolished Romeo.

Cast: Robert Ryan, Mala Powers, Anthony Quinn, Suzan Ball.—U.I.



THE STARS ARE SINGING

If Rosemary Clooney doesn't strike it rich, Hollywood's crazy. This is only her debut and she acts like Crosby, but younger and prettier. The plot thickens around 15-year-old Katri Walenska (Anna Maria Alberghetti) who's so anxious to enter America she jumps right off

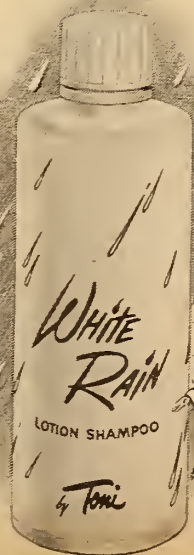
Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN



Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni

I dreamed I won the Academy Award in my maidenform[®] bra*

I'm the brightest star in cinema circles...
the leading figure among filmland's dream girls.
With Maidenform's Etude bra in the supporting role,
mine is the best-rounded performance of the year.

Shown: Maidenform's Etude* in white broadcloth
or nylon taffeta, from 2.00. For the small
bosomed figure Etude Minart†, the same dream
styling with built in podding... from 3.00.



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*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

†PAT. APPLIED FOR

COSTUME: CARRIE MUNN

a Polish freighter and swims up the East River into harbor. The Polish government (which liquidated her parents) doesn't take this lightly. Neither does the American government. But Rosemary takes it as a sign that her luck will change. She's been struggling along with dogfood commercials; now she spots a goldmine in Anna's coloratura. Only thing is she has to keep Anna in the country to cash in. With the help of several friends—an unemployed hooper, Tom Morton; just unemployed Bob Williams (he has an hilarious dog act); and Lauritz Melchior, a one-time opera great who is giving his all to alcohol—Rosemary hides Anna from the authorities. Oh, yes, Rosemary's boyfriend, a lawyer named John Archer, flies to Washington to plead their case. It's all very confused and funny, but nothing interferes with the singing that goes on almost constantly. In one cute bit, Rosemary does her agent a favor, runs through a song she knows will be a flop. Title: *Come On-A My House!*

Cast: Rosemary Clooney, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Lauritz Melchior, Bob Williams, Tom Morton, John Archer.—Paramount.



THE NAKED SPUR

When the Indians in this Technicolor Western get shot, their horses roll right over them. And the white men—they're so ornery you're ashamed to belong to the human race. It's a brutal affair, centering around a bitter fellow (James Stewart) who came back from the Civil War to find his sweetheart married and the farm he deeded to her sold. Now he wants money to buy back the land. It happens that a killer (Robert Ryan) has \$5,000 on his head, which will just about cover Stewart's losses, so he sets out to find him. Ryan's hiding in the Rockies with Janet Leigh who treats him more or less like a father. Stewart and a couple of fellows he's run into (Millard Mitchell, Ralph Meeker) overpower Ryan and the trip back to Kansas City, where the reward waits, begins. On that trip all the greed, cynicism and hatred of hopeless men come out. Ryan, fighting for his life, deliberately sets the trio against each other. "Five thousand dollars splits better two ways," he says, grinning. He knows who he's talking to. Meeker's the type who'd shoot his own grandmother, and Mitchell's one of those worn out gold prospectors who might have been different if he hadn't spent himself in the wide open spaces. Anyway, Janet Leigh plays a sort of roughneck ingenue and winds up with Jimmy Stewart, which is something—but not much, considering that every other male is freshly dead.

Cast: James Stewart, Janet Leigh, Robert Ryan, Ralph Meeker, Millard Mitchell.—MGM.

sweet and hot



** Highly
Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars:
Average

by leonard feather

FROM THE MOVIES

APRIL IN PARIS—album of selections by Doris Day* (Columbia)
Dodo does a delightful job with some of the songs from this gay musical. Outstanding sides, we thought, were *That's What Makes Paris Parce*, with Paul Weston's orchestra and the Norman Luboff choir helping out; and *I Know A Place*.

THE ASTAIRE STORY—Four LPs by Fred Astaire** (Mercury)

This Norman Gronz production is a unique venture. If you happen to have a rich relative, it's available in a de luxe edition with wonderful candid photographs and sketches of Fred making the album. For ordinary mortals, the music is available separately and you can buy one or more of these four LP discs; together they bring you 34 of the great songs with which he's been identified, as well as three dance numbers on which he taps very informally. Most of Astaire's movies (*Top Hat*, *Roberta*, *Swing Time*, *Blue Skies* and others) are represented by songs in this collection. After looking over the list you realize he's been mixed up with more hit songs than anybody, even Bing Crosby. *Lady Be Good*, *Night & Day*, *Dancing In The Dark*, *The Carioca*, *The Way You Look Tonight* are all here.

What makes the whole thing doubly successful is that he's accompanied, not by an elaborate and pretentious studio orchestra, but by six stars from Gronz' concert outfit: Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Flip Phillips, tenor sax; Oscar Peterson, the wonderful Canadian pianist; Barney Kessel, guitar; Alvin Stoller, drums; and Roy Brown, bass. This intimate, soft setting is perfect for Fred's voice, which has more charm than actual quality or quantity. At the end of the last side, Fred turns them all loose for a top-notch jam session.

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS and LILI—album from sound tracks* (MGM)

Here's an unusual package, combining music from two recent MGM Technicolor productions. *Everything I Have Is Yours*, the lovely title song, is well sung by Monica Lewis, who also does the *17,000 Telephone Poles* novelty. Marge and Gower Champion are represented with *Like Monday Follows Sunday* and *Derry Down Dilly*. Johnny Green conducts the studio orchestra in the attractive *Serenade For A New Baby*. Except for *Hi-Lili Hi-Lo* (done by Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer) the selections from *Lili* are instrumental, featuring the unusual music Bronislaw Kaper wrote for the ballet sequences.

POPULAR

TONY BENNETT—*Congratulations To Someone* (Columbia)

NAT COLE—*How** (Capitol)

BING CROSBY—*Open Up Your Heart** (Decca)

SUNNY GALE—*A Stolen Waltz** (Victor)

Too Fat?

here's
an easy
way to
reduce
—says Barbara Hale



Lovely Barbara Hale enjoying a fishing trip on Lake Mead. Says Barbara, "Ayds has really helped me to keep my figure trim."



Barbara relaxes in the pool of her Hollywood home. "Many of my friends have got the same wonderful results with Ayds," says Barbara.

No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box (\$2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

New Loveliness in a Few Weeks.

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.



SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

"now we have everything"

"Let's make it a boy,"

Lucy said, when they wrote a baby into the script. And, to the delight of 35 million viewers, and two relieved parents, a boy it was!

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES



This is how Lucy and Desi looked on TV the big night. Made up for a voodoo number, Desi begged Lucy to have the baby before he left for his night club date.

■ Returning from the doctor's office one memorable April afternoon, Lucille Ball ran into Desi Arnaz on the sound stage at General Service Studios where they shoot the *I Love Lucy* series. She took him aside and said, "Honey, you're going to be a father again. What'll we do?"

"What'll we do?" Desi repeated. "What'll we do about what?" He took the redhead in his arms and smothered her makeup with a wild assortment of kisses.

"What'll we do about the show?" Lucille persisted. "You can't hide a pregnancy very much after the fifth or sixth month."

"Who wants to hide anything?" Desi shouted. "I think we should tell everyone. This time I'm sure it's going to be a boy."

Excitable Latin that Desi is, it took Lucille a good hour to calm her husband. At home that night there was a sensible discussion. Lucille finally decided that, "I would work on the show as long as I possibly could. I've got a restless nature and just sitting around home waiting for this baby to come would have driven me nuts. Besides everyone knew I was pregnant—with Desi it's impossible to keep a thing like that quiet—so we decided since the show is based on a lot of our home-life incidents, to do a series of films dealing with the preparatory problems of parenthood."

As most TV fans realize, the *I Love Lucy* program is filmed six weeks before it's actually shown on a television set. It takes that long for the film to be developed, edited, and the commercials inserted. Six weeks before Lucille gave birth to her second baby, it wasn't possible to determine the sex of the child.

The film scheduled to be shown on January 19th, however, boldly declared that Lucy and Desi would have a son. By actually giving birth to a baby boy on the morning of the 19th, Lucille won the gamble on the child's sex.

Lucille was told rather early by her physician that the second child would be delivered via (Continued on page 84)

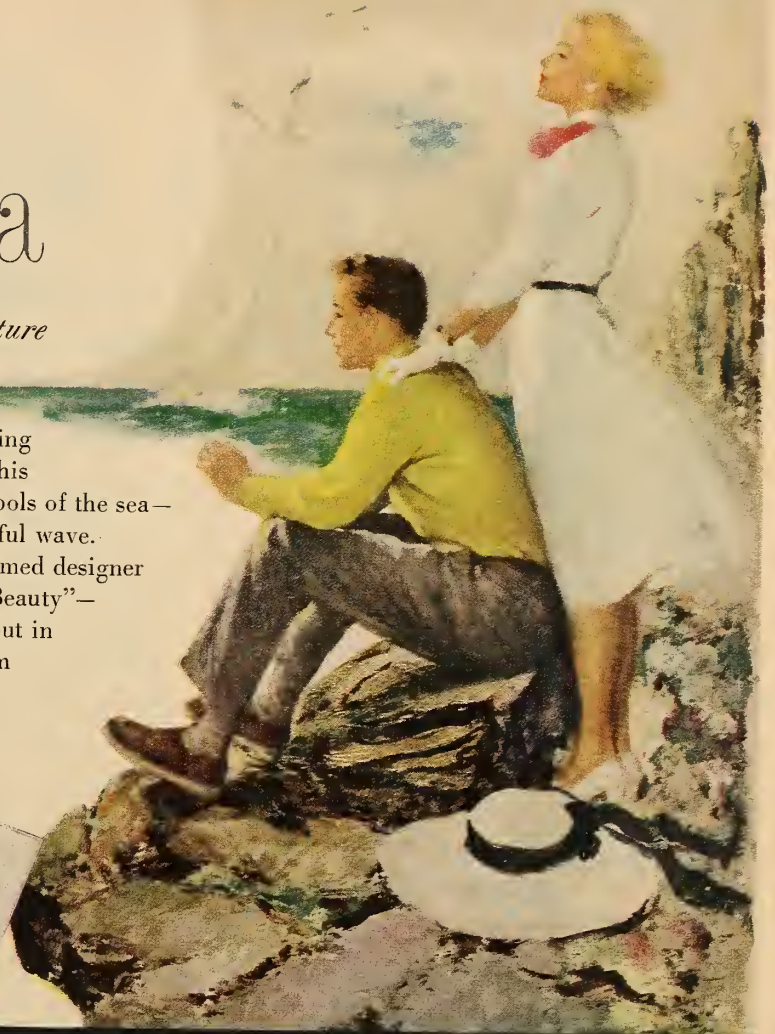
Romance of the Sea

sterling in the mood of adventure

Here is modern mastery of silver in a pattern as stirring as the sea which inspired it—Romance of the Sea! This pattern depicts in glowing sterling the dramatic symbols of the sea—the beautiful sea gardens, the lovely pearl, the graceful wave, delicate spray and majestic shell. It was created by famed designer William S. Warren in sculptured “Third Dimension Beauty”—the beauty of design fully-formed not only in front, but in profile and back—giving you sterling perfection from every possible view. This exclusive artistry in silver-crafting is found only in Wallace “Third Dimension Beauty” patterns.

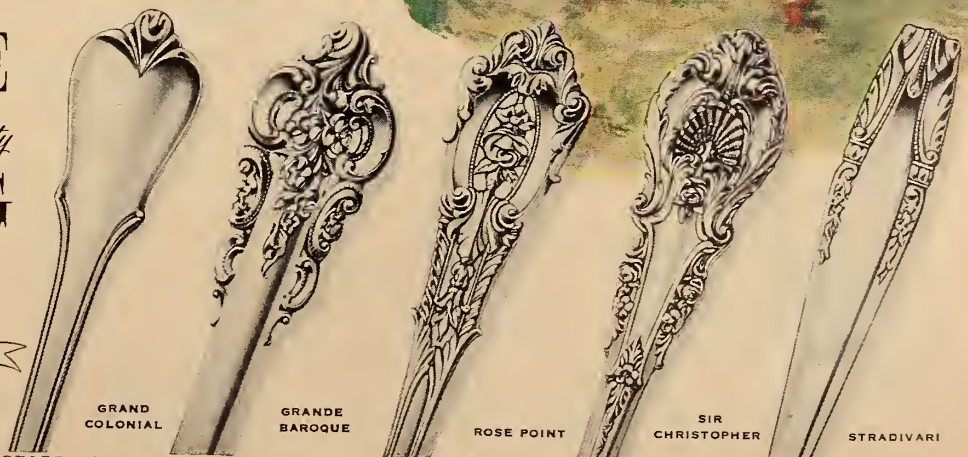
Six piece place setting, Romance of the Sea, \$47.75. Settings of other patterns from \$35.75 to \$43.75—all prices include Federal Tax. To learn where you can buy Wallace Sterling, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25. She will give you the names of the stores nearest you.

Send for romantic design stories of Wallace patterns in the 32-page book “Treasures in Sterling.” Contains many table-setting ideas. Write (send 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Dept. 933, Wallingford, Conn.



ROMANCE OF THE SEA

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Third Dimension Beauty
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BEAUTY is my business—

says lovely cover girl

VIRGINIA KAVANAGH



and SWEETHEART is my Beauty Soap

Virginia says: "I make good money as a model, so I have to be sure my complexion is flawless. That's why I always use pure, mild SweetHeart Soap. Twice a day I give myself SweetHeart Facials, because regular SweetHeart Care leaves my skin beautifully soft and smooth!"

9 out of 10 leading cover girls use SweetHeart Soap

Try it for your complexion! Just one week after you change to thorough care, with gentle SweetHeart, your skin looks softer, smoother, younger!



Try the SweetHeart Cover-Girl Facial

Virginia Kavanagh shows you how:

- 1 Night and morning, massage SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather into your skin.
- 2 Use an upward, outward motion, with special attention to the skin around nose and under lips.
- 3 Rinse with warm, then cool water. In 7 days, see the difference! Get SweetHeart Soap today!



The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



continued from page 4

Q. I understand Janet Leigh has been ill with a very mysterious malady and has already dropped 40 pounds. Is something seriously wrong with her?
—C. D., DENVER, COL.

A. She suffered from colitis; lost 14 pounds.

Q. Hasn't Claudette Colbert broken up with her husband? Isn't that why she's in France?
—B. E., CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.

A. No. Miss Colbert is in Europe to take advantage of the favorable tax setup.

Q. Did Jimmy Stewart start out in show business as a juggler?
—F. E., WINCHESTER, VA.

A. No, as an accordion player.

Q. Was the operation Clark Gable had to pull back his ears very expensive?
—A. W., GREER, S. C.

A. Yes.

Q. Is Artie Shaw related to the great musical composer, Jerome Kern?
—N. Y., GRAND ISLAND, NEB.

A. He was once his son-in-law.

Q. Don't Ann Blyth and Piper Laurie really hate each other? Why do they?
—C. H., SANFORD, FLA.

A..They don't.

Q. As a divorce settlement did Ava Gardner get \$80,000 or \$60,000 from Mickey Rooney?
—Q. D., KANE, PA.

A. Ava received \$25,000.

Q. Just for the record hasn't Jane Wyman been married to a dress manufacturer, an actor, and a musician? Please name these men. —L. G., YREKA, CAL.

A. Myron Futterman, Ronald Reagan, Fred Karger.

Q. I understand that Doris Day and Esther Williams keep their husbands on very strict allowances? How much do they give each of their husbands?
—G. T., LAUREL, MISS.

A. Nothing; both Marty Melcher and Ben Gage are completely self-supporting, and always have been.

Q. I've been told by good authority that Betty Grable does not do her own singing in pictures. True or false?
—S. H., SAN MATEO, CAL.

A. False.

Q. What does Doris Day use to hide her freckles?—Y. M., MAYFIELD, KY.

A. Nothing.

Q. When a movie star gets a bleach job on her hair don't the hair stylists first use several applications of hot oil?
—Y. T., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. Yes.

Q. Now that Turhan Bey is back in Hollywood, haven't he and Lana Turner secretly taken up where they left off years ago?
—J. R., EMERYVILLE, CAL.

A. No.

Q. In *Somebody Loves Me* did Ralph Meeker do his own singing?
—B. Y., QUINCY, ILL.

A. No.

Q. How many times did Milton Berle marry Joyce Matthews? How many children did they have?
—V. D., SAN JUAN, P. R.

A. They were married twice; adopted one girl.

Q. Why don't movie magazines carry pictures of actors on the covers?
—H. G., WONDERLAND, N. J.

A. Some do; generally, however, they don't sell too well.

Q. Does John Wayne have another wife picked out for himself? How old is he anyway?
—A. K., SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO

A. Wayne is 45; has no third wife picked out.

Q. Truthfully, was Bing Crosby's marriage to Dixie a happy one? I've heard so many conflicting stories. What is the truth?
—D. A., KNOXVILLE, TENN.

A. For the most part, the marriage was successful.

Q. If you want an autographed photo of a movie star do you have to send money to the star?
—A. H., ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

A. No.

Q. I've written several actresses asking them to sell me their old clothes. Why won't they?
—N. H., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A. Too complicated tax-wise; too troublesome in filling requests and delivering.

Q. How old is James Cagney, also Tallulah Bankhead, Humphrey Bogart, and Walter Pidgeon?
—J. W., CINCINNATI, OHIO

A. Cagney 48; Bankhead 50; Bogart 53; Pidgeon 55.

Q. Why is Bob Hope so terrible on television and so good in movies? Doesn't he use the same writers for both media?
S. W., EASTHAMPTON, MASS.

A. Hope has yet to accustom himself to TV. Paramount employs separate screenplay writers. Hope employs TV writers.

Q. Is it true that Dean Martin hero-worships Bing Crosby?
—F. F., ERIE, PA.

A. Yes.

Your Lips...now more exciting
...more inviting!



Cashmere Bouquet French Type Lipstick

This exciting new French-Type Lipstick has everything you want! It smooths on quickly . . . and easily, and the contours stay clean and even! No blurring . . . no dried-out "eaten-off" look! Your lips will stay creamy-soft and moist, lusciously bright! And . . . you have six wonderful shades to choose from—exciting shades—like Cherry Rose, Pink Plum, Autumn Wine—and others—all color-keyed to your costumes and you! At this low price you can buy them all . . . and—you should!



STAYS BRIGHT!

STAYS MOIST!

STAYS ON!

Look your loveliest with
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Hand Lotion
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Cream
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- 6 Exciting Shades!
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Just 39¢

That Ivory Look

*Young America has it...
You can have it in 7 days!*

*Dazzling models have it...
So can you!*

Even an apple blossom might envy the smooth, flawless beauty of Merry Tompkins' complexion! Is she just lucky? "Yes!" declares this popular model. "Lucky to have a beauty soap like baby-gentle Ivory! That wonderful Ivory mildness will do lovely things for *any* girl's complexion!"



*Darling babies have it...
so can you!*

If a soap is safe enough for baby Eileen's delicate skin, isn't it best for your skin, too? Of course! And, of course, Eileen's soap is pure, mild Ivory! More doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands of soap put together!




*You can have That Ivory Look
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Learn by your own experience why so many lovely girls love Ivory Soap! Just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory. Then, in only *seven days*, your complexion will look softer, smoother, younger! Like thousands of beauties, you'll have *That Ivory Look!*



99 44/100% pure...it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!



High on a remote
Hollywood hill-top sit
two people, holding hands
and gazing at the
most beautiful sight
in the world . . . their own.
their new-born son.

BY STEVE CRONIN

FIRST-BORN!

■ One secret shared only by Elizabeth Taylor, her beloved husband Mike, and her doctor was that she yearned to experience a completely normal birth for her baby. Not that she had criticism for her friends and hundreds of other women who daily give birth by appointment, so to speak, through means of the operation known as Caesarean section. Elizabeth only hoped for the deep emotional fulfillment that only could come with normal childbirth. It was unhappy news that her physician thought it best not to attempt it.

Aside from that, the last few days of her pregnancy were spent in the delightful anticipation of the time when she would attempt to regain her slim figure. Like many another first-time mother, she was so impatient that on the last week before the blessed event she had Mike drive her to Beverly Hills where she spent hours at Amelia Grey's shop, inspecting dresses for a new spring wardrobe.

Meanwhile, the close friends of the Wildings stood by, watching them dithering with anticipation as *(Continued on page 85)*



■ When John Wayne was a small boy—somewhere around ten—he was in love with a woman of about nine. She wasn't, by some standards, much to look at. She was pretty short. Her hair was never combed. A front tooth was missing. She had freckles. But John loved her. He loved her so much that he never had the nerve to tell her. As a matter of fact, he never even spoke to her. He'd just stand half a block away when school let out and fill his eyes with her, and feel his heart swell and his breath come short in his throat.

One day she went away. She just disappeared. Her desk at school was empty, and all the furniture was moved from her house. And John never saw her again. Well, that was a desolate day. And that night at the supper table, John didn't eat a bite. He just sat silently shoving food about on his plate, afraid to speak for fear he'd cry.

After supper young John went for a long walk, down to the house of an old friend who spent his evenings sitting on his porch observing the world and, when it was asked for, dispensing wisdom to those who wished to unburden themselves to him. (*Continued on page 107*)

Hollywood's getting
swivel-headed trying to
keep up with Actor,
Producer, Director,
Financier Wayne . . .
the guy who was so down
not too long ago.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

ON THE MOVE



Love can be a joy forever. Or a dirty shame. Love is hardly never ever the same. So Beware! says this distinguished Hollywood reporter who writes about that strange thing that makes the world go round.

by LOUELLA PARSONS

■ I've often thought that the Hollywood Highway of Love would not be strewn with half the wreckage it is if only the lovers would give as much attention to the danger signs along the way that they do to the traffic lights at the corner.

In too many cases in our town, lovers are not only blind, they won't even put on 'specs to glance sideways at the most obvious road marks:

LOVERS, BEWARE.

REDUCE SPEED. REBOUND ROAD ROCKY.



Amateurs shouldn't tangle with experts. How can 19-year-old Pier Angeli cope with love problems involving man-of-the-world Kirk Douglas?



Shying away from love is almost as disastrous as dashing into it. Robert Taylor's courtship Ursula Thiess is going too slowly. Is he afraid?

DETOUR. THIS ROAD IS CLOSED FOR REPAIRS.

DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD—SOMEBODY ELSE'S!

WOLVES AT WORK!

SLOW. DANGER. SLIDE AREA AROUND MATRIMONY.

The result of ignoring the signs too often are complete wreckage, broken hearts and crashes that might have been avoided with just average attention to the Stop, Look and Listen posts.

Sitting on the side of the roadway, some-

times as Love's traffic cop, sometimes as its ambulance chaser and (unfortunately) but frequently its undertaker, I would cite one of the biggest pitfalls as LOVE ON THE REBOUND.

As of this moment, Hollywood is breathlessly watching the spectacle of not one or two lovers on the rebound, but four.

I mean Lana Turner and Lex Barker and Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas.

Less than six months ago Lana was in Reno divorcing Bob Topping so she could marry Lamas. And Arlene Dahl had just

reconciled with her husband, Lex Barker.

Now it's love, love, love in a violently swift switch of drivers (I mean, partners) with Lana teamed with Lex, and Arlene with Lamas.

When I see a girl of whom I am as sincerely fond as I am of Lana Turner speeding toward the all-time title holder of Queen of Love On The Rebound I feel like saying, "Lana, Lana, how many times do you have to crack-up on the rebound to know that this is not the road to real love?"

I know that (Continued on page 66)



Jane Powell's idyllic marriage to Geary Steffens proves that Hollywood love doesn't *always* land in the ditch. You just have to obey all the rules.



But, warns Louella Parsons, one can take too much time about getting married. Is Marilyn Monroe dilly-dallying too long before marrying her Joe?



When two love as unselfishly as Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea, marriage lasts, even with career differences in their paths.



Debbie Paget keeps turning down dates with men who are eager to court her. Take care, Debbie. They may not want to wait till you're ready.



Only time will tell whether or not Joan Evans' hasty, surprise marriage to Kirk Weatherby, completely against her parents' wishes, will be successful.



Wrecked marriages can be repaired. But will Diana Lynn and John Lindsay be mature enough to mend their marriage?



Doris and Marty's two-year-old marriage
is a whopping big success . . . but
how come? The experts say they're doing everything all wrong!

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

They broke all the rules

■ Song and story, from time immemorial, have persisted that "All the world loves a lover." The sight of a boy and girl strolling together hand in hand draws a smile of approval from almost everyone who sees them. People flip into uncontrollable joy when an engagement is announced and, even if the couple are strangers, most folks shake them by the hand and offer the heartiest of congratulations. At weddings the guests laugh and cry without shame. Love is the greatest thing in the world. Until the couple gets married.

A fellow is a "lucky boy" until he gets the girl—then he is "hooked." The little woman is referred to as "the ball and chain." The poor dope is pictured in cartoons as a mouse, terrified of the lovely creature he married and a legitimate object of pity. His wife's sweet little mother, the doll who used to make him fudge and cook special things for him when he was invited to dinner, after the ceremony becomes a "mother-in-law," a slander that requires no further elaboration.

It would seem pretty safe, then, to say that marriage is not nearly as popular an institution as love—and that a couple who have stuck it out for a couple of years deserve some sort of recognition, if not a medal.

Now that the second wedding anniversary of Doris Day and Marty Melcher is coming 'round the bend, it might be a good time to take stock of this pair and see if marriage has harmed them in any way . . . if it has improved them . . . or (*Continued on page 77*)



No shop talk after business hours
is a rule Doris and her manager-
husband Marty insist on.

LOVE IN A PENTHOUSE

■ The first time Jerry and Patti Lewis knocked on the door of the new penthouse rented by Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, they got no answer. Quickly Jerry turned the door knob, and the Lewises rushed in.

As inhibited as a two-weeks-old puppy, Jerry went into his act. He put his fists to his eyes and simulated a pair of binoculars. He sighted across the 40-foot living room. No Janet or Tony. He raced onto the sundeck and swept Wilshire Boulevard with his mock field glasses. No Janet or Tony.

"Maybe they're out playing golf?" Patti suggested.

"Impossible," said detective Lewis. "I checked the garage on the way up. Both of their cars are inside."

Then suddenly and weirdly, from the far reaches of *(Continued on page 82)*



The Curtis penthouse, one of Hollywood's newest showplaces, boasts a fabulous living room, 30 feet wide, 40 feet long. Although Tony and Janet pay \$400 a month, they both agree it's easily worth the rental.



The master bedroom is so large Tony and Janet's king-size double bed looks like an ordinary size one, but it's actually nine-feet long! Both Curtis have their own private dressing rooms, right off the bedroom.



When the Curtises moved in, they dubbed one half of this room "Janet's Den." Behind the storage-wall partition is "Tony's Hobby Shop." The Den has a spinet piano and a tape recarder.



Tony's Hobby Shop, on the other side of the partition, is put to use almost every night, when Tony relaxes with his oil painting, his ship models, his clay masks, or any other creative hobbies. MS Awards hang in here, too.

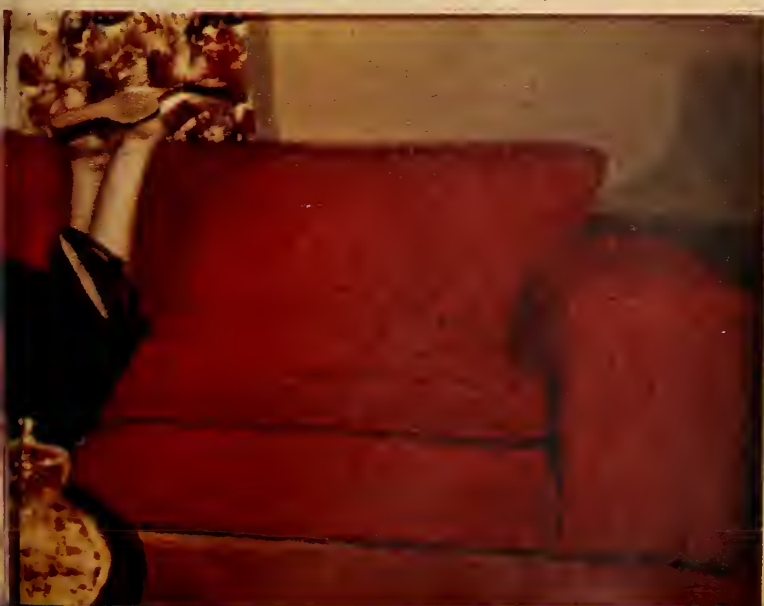


Instead of having one long custom-built sofa for the living room, Janet chose sectional pieces, which she arranges in conversational groups for parties. Both paintings are signed: T. Curtis.



Romantic hanging drapes separate the tiny dining room (the only small-scale thing in the whole apartment) from the living room. When Janet's in a particularly sentimental mood, she serves dinner by candlelight.

"They say we're unhappy," laugh the Curtises. "If this is misery, let's suffer!"



Tony and Janet have
been walking on air since
the day they married
... but now, in their new
penthouse home, they
can eat, sleep, and brush
their teeth in the clouds!

BY MARVA PETERSON

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

THIS INTIMATE STORY PROBES DEEPLY INTO DAN DAILEY'S HEART TO FIND THE SECRET OF HIS NEWLY

a Bachelor finds himself



Don's first love has always been horses, but when his career started to zoom, his marriage fell, he found less and less time for them. Now, he's gone b



His large collection of records, and song-writing, are two big hobbies.



Don gets acquainted with some of the hounds in the pack of the West Hills Hunt Club, which he helped organize.



Don is very proud of his Mr. Jozz, a seven-year-old thoroughbred gelding who's a magnificent jump

EDITOR'S NOTE: Beginning on these two pages is the truth about Dan's courageous fight to find himself, and his lost happiness, again. A vital part of his story is Dan's courtship, engagement to, and estrangement from, Beetsy Wynn, Keenan Wynn's divorced wife. To get the complete picture of Dan's current status, be sure to read *Now Ain't You Glad You're Single?* on page 69.



to riding, and to all the other things he really wants to do.



His horses have won almost a barrel-full of blue ribbons! Dan's newest steed, a big gray, is called Early Autumn.

Deep in a big chair, a tall tousled-looking man sprawled comfortably. He reached for a book lying on the coffee table and read for a few minutes, then he put the book down and gazed out the window at the Pacific Ocean. It seemed to lie there heavily and quietly in the clear air of the crisp November day, and turned red, then purple and then gray as the sun took its downward path. The man looked at it for a long time, and there was something in the peaceful orderliness of the scene that sent a warmth through his whole being. Then suddenly he slapped his leg and smiled a wide smile, and although there was no one else in the room he spoke out loud. "Daniel, this is the easiest you've ever lived!"

Dan Dailey still remembers this brief moment in his life even though it happened months ago, because it was at that point he realized consciously for the first time the achievement he had made. He had reached that elusive goal of human beings—peace of mind.

He told me this over luncheon in the 20th Century-Fox commissary. It was the first time I had met Dan, and about him I had known only that within the past two years he had been divorced, and he had spent a few months at the Menninger Clinic. Rumor had it that Dan was still groping for whatever it was he wanted from life, and that despite treatment at the clinic he was still confused. Yet that day I found him to be a sensitive, intelligent and articulate man, and in the hour we talked he put across to me a great many things, things that were deeply personal to him and difficult to explain.

He told me first about that moment in which he had suddenly realized that he had what he wanted. "Maybe I'd reached that point long before," he said, "but in the last year I've made five pictures and there wasn't much time to sit down and think about myself. Before that, as far as I'm concerned, I was floundering through life and grasping at straws."

Many people go through life grasping at straws and never know it, but Dan's trouble was his awareness of the fact that he wasn't happy, that he didn't know why, and that he did not know how to become happy. And his saving grace was the fact he had the wisdom to realize he was sufficiently mixed up to need medical attention. He (Continued on page 68)

SEX WITH A FRESH-SCRUBBED LOOK, THAT'S TERRY MOORE. DRESS HER IN A PLUNGING NECKLINE

HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST SEX QUEEN



A tomboy at heart, Terry has the curiosity of a kitten, the spunk of a terrier. She's had some pretty close scrapes because of this combination.



"You sure put the 'she' in *Sheba*," a fan wrote to Terry after her smash-hit performance in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. Terry's love scenes with Richard Joeckel rate as the year's hottest.



Divorced from Glenn Davis (after a whirlwind courtship, two months of marriage) Terry's plying the field now. Her date-book's crammed with some of movieland's most eligible men.

■ One day, around a dozen years ago, a joker named Victor Mature teased a pert 11-year-old miss named Helen Koford, who played his kid sister in a picture called *My Gal Sal*.

He handed her a nickel. "Here, Honey," said Vic. "Save this—and when you're 18, give me a ring."

When she was exactly 18, Helen played in another picture with her erstwhile tormentor, and by then she had another name for herself, Terry Moore. This time she handed Vic back his five-cent piece. "Here's your nickel," she told him. "I won't be needing it. By now gentlemen call me!"

If frisky Vic were footloose and fancy free today and dropped in the well worn coin to call Terry Moore (he'd need to double the ante, of course, with inflation and all) it would be probably just a waste of good money and time. The line's pretty busy. What's more, even if he connected, he'd find the competition mighty rough. Because, both privately and professionally, Terry's suddenly become just about the most popular girl in Hollywood.

Last Christmas holidays, for example, Terry buzzed around to a grand total of 22 parties—taking in five events on Christmas night alone. For two weeks her front room looked like a florist's shop with bowers of red and yellow roses from which dangled cards reading, "Greg Bautzer,"

"Kirk Douglas," "Craig Hill," "Lawrence Harvey"—but why start a list? No girl gets around Hollywood today like Terry does.

There's nothing very surprising about this. In person, Terry Moore's as cute as Christmas itself, with a dainty Venus-type body and a face fresh as a milkmaid's, which not too long ago made her the favorite cover girl of the nation and earned her the titles of "All-American Girl" and "Miss Complexion." She wears clothes like a model, which she once was; owns the pep and energy of a cheer leader, which she also was; flies a plane like a young Jackie Cochran; rides a horse like a Comanche; dances like a feather in the breeze; and talks a blue streak—but very enchantingly indeed. At 23, she's also a gay divorcée (married two brief months to a grid great, Glenn Davis)—all in all, quite an interesting girl.

But around the studios, Terry Moore currently is even more of a sensation. And this fact is much more curious—even amazing to the critics, prophets and sages of Hollywood. Because, until a few weeks ago, her rather juvenile sounding tag raised no show business blood pressure whatever. On the contrary, "Terry Moore" to most casting chiefs signified an unexciting kid-next-door type who rattled around now and then in B-pictures. She'd stirred a mild ripple back yonder with a (Continued on page 88)

■ Or, as they would say it here in Merrie Olde, the group is entirely present. That means us, the Ladds, and includes Alan and Laddie, Carol Lee and Lonnie, and David and myself. We are living in a perfectly lovely house out in the country, about 30 miles from London. Columbia Studio's production office picked it out for us before our arrival here, and they couldn't have chosen a more charming place. It's big and cheerful and comfortable, and includes a fireplace in every bedroom and a flock of bathrooms. It's in Surrey, and if you've ever been in Surrey you'll know what I mean when I say the scenery surrounding us is unbelievably beautiful. Our back door is a few yards away from the

eighteenth hole of the Wentworth Golf Course, but instead of making Alan happy, it is a completely frustrating circumstance for him.

Ever since we arrived he has been working day and/or night, with time left over only for sleep, with the result that every time he looks out of a window and sees that tempting expanse of green stretching away in the distance, he just sighs and shrugs his shoulders and looks at me like a whipped dog. "If only I had an hour . . ." he says.

The rest of us feel like pampered darlings, for while our breadwinner has been working we've had the time of our lives. We all love England, love it for a multitude

of reasons . . . its picturesque scenery, its ancient buildings and castles, its proud history, and perhaps most of all, its delightful people.

We've felt that way ever since the moment we stepped on English soil, despite the fact we made our landing at Plymouth in the wee hours of the morning. The boat trip on the Ile de France, incidentally, continued as wonderful as it was when I last wrote. The sea was smooth as glass all the way across, a happy fact for me, as it was the first crossing I ever made without turning green with the inevitable results. The food was wonderful—so wonderful, in fact, that Alan got up early one morning to have breakfast, a meal which he usually



**the
gang's
all
here!**

ignores completely. He came back to our cabin about a half hour later, looking a little sheepish.

"That was quick," I said. "I thought you were going to run the gamut of the whole menu."

"I haven't eaten yet," he said.

"What do you mean?"

He set his jaw slightly. "How do you say 'ham and eggs' in French? I've been trying for a half hour to make the waiter understand. Susie, you'll just have to go back with me."

Laddie is the only one of the children who isn't familiar with the rudiments of the French language, and he was quite confused by the (Continued on page 70)



Sue visits Alan on *Big Jump* set.

how the British took to Alan

by Brenda Helser

EDITOR'S NOTE: HOLLYWOOD STARS ARE FREQUENTLY SHOCKED WHEN THEY ARRIVE IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME—ONLY TO BE GREETED BY COOLNESS VERGING ON DOWNRIGHT HOSTILITY. IT'S HAPPENED TO MANY. IT HAPPENED TO THE LADDS. HERE'S A BRITISH ACCOUNT OF WHAT WAS BEHIND IT AND THE REASON WHY.

■ The handsome Ladd family stood close-pressed against the deck rail of the *Ile de France* which was bringing them into port at Plymouth one gray dawn in the early fall. Mrs. Ladd had a tight hold on little David; Carol Lee and Lannie were shining with excitement as 15-year-old Laddie instructed them on the art of docking an ocean liner; and Alan Ladd was taut with expectancy.

The six of them were ready, waiting and smiling when Columbia Studio's head publicity man in England burst into their quarters. Naturally they expected a friendly and warm welcome on such an occasion, but he told them bluntly that they were about to receive no such thing.

"In fact," he declared pulling no punches, "those waiting for you outside with cameras would just as soon you stayed aboard and sailed right back with the ship."

Alan Ladd's smile faded as he listened. Sue Carol took his hand and squeezed it. The children pressed close to them. The Ladds, the nicest people in Hollywood, had never had anything like that said to them before, and it hurt. All the head of the family would say was a tight, "Thanks for the information," as he walked outside to face the barrage.

He didn't know what had happened. Or why. He hadn't had a chance to read the bitter copy in the English press which had been printed day after day since the (Continued on page 70)





the Mouse takes the Lion

By RICHARD DEXTER

She's not timid. And she's sure not

■ The interview was almost over. We had been sitting for a couple of hours talking to Debbie Reynolds, getting up to date on everything in her life—work, romance and—the most important thing on her mind at the moment—her trip to Korea to entertain the troops. We had folded our notebook and put our pencil away.

"Oh, just one more thing," she said. "I'm not sure I like this movie business. I may not go on with it, you know."

"You're kidding," we said.

Debbie laughed. "No, not kidding," she said. "But don't worry. I'm not quitting."

IN A MOVIE DREAM SEQUENCE DEBBIE GOT GLAMOR. BUT SHE'S ANYBODY'S DREAM GIRL WIDE AWAKE.



Poodles and mink was a script writer's idea for Debbie's dream of Hollywood success in *I Love Melvin*. Our heroine took to them quite as successfully as she does to her blue-jeans and bandanna.



Fine feathers make a fine bird. And that's some chicken! But ask Debbie what she's doing in pictures, and you'll get the idea it's just a lark. MGM sees it as large golden eagles in box office returns.

shy. Ask the guys in Korea who swear that Debbie Reynolds is the cutest Hollywood mouse since Mickey.

right now. Its just that it's not everything in life to me. And my parents think I'm crazy to get up so early every morning and work so hard. They don't care if I'm a movie star or not."

"But you can be rich and famous," we protested.

"There are other things," said Debbie. She excused herself and left.

Well, we wrote that down and shuffled away to think it over. Trying to take stardom away from a movie star is about as hard as trying to snatch a roast bone away from a Great Dane that has been kept

foodless in the cellar for a week. A star suggesting that she might give it up voluntarily was incongruous. And then the final dialogue began to fit into the rest of the conversation and began to make sense. Debbie Reynolds was a movie star for only one reason. It pleased her to be at the moment. And everything she had told us before seemed to agree with that. It wasn't the fame or the money. It was the fun and the chance to do good that kept her happy. If it got dull and thankless by her standards, she might very well quit. We don't think she will, but she's thought

of it before though she hasn't said much.

We went through the notes again and we figured out that the trip to Korea had started her thinking this way again. The newspapers had been filled for days with stories of the hardships that had been encountered by the plane-load of stars who had been along on the jaunt. And there was none of that in Debbie's account. It was a lark, sad in some ways, but a joy to her. And then we decided that the best way maybe to bring everybody up to date on Debbie Reynolds was to tell about that trip. What she (Continued on page 100)

Anne Baxter weighed
honesty against heart-
break, and decided
that to admit defeat
was better than
to live with failure.

BY JACK WADE

Courageous heart

■ Late one Wednesday afternoon last December, right after she had finished *The Blue Gardenia*, Anne Baxter joined her husband, John Hodiak, before the fireplace of their attractively appointed living room to work out details of a grave but, to them both, a necessary decision.

While John lighted the fire, Anne touched a match to the row of candles on the modern Hawaiian-Chinese coffee table. The servants had been dismissed, and their 18-month-old daughter, Katrina, put to bed with a special tenderness. In their home, where they had lived as man and wife for six years, all was calm, but all was not bright—as Christmas carolers would have assured them at that moment had they switched on the radio across the room. Their mutual mood was one of empty defeat. They had decided they could not stand living together any longer and were talking over plans for their separation and divorce.

By the time the candles had guttered down to shapeless stumps, everything had been arranged and agreed to, sensibly, quietly and without emotional display, even to the day and date of John's departure—six o'clock, the next Sunday. Then they both signed a statement to be released—which it was—the minute John carried his bags away from the familiar front stoop that Sunday evening, four days before Christmas, promptly at six. It read:

"Our decision to separate after six years is a painful one. We have tried very hard to avoid the finality of the word—divorce.

"Above everything, we wanted our marriage to be a success. We denied the many rumors in past months both to our friends and to the press, because we felt sincerely that keeping our differences to ourselves gave us a greater opportunity to work them out. We feel they will understand.

"We have no other interests and no career problems. We feel heartsick and defeated that in spite of all our hopes and efforts at understanding, basic incompatibilities have made our life together impossible."

Now, only too often in Hollywood and elsewhere, such "statements" are meaningless, a mumbo-jumbo of double-talk, designed to gloss over more unpalatable and unpleasant facts. "Incompatibility" usually covers a multitude of matrimonial sins. But in this respect, Anne and John Hodiak's announcement—meticulously rewritten 26 times—was unique. It was the truth, and pretty much the whole truth.

There is not, and never has been, any other man or woman in Anne's or John's life.

There are no career flounderings on either side. On the contrary, professionally both Anne and John have just enjoyed one of their best years.

Anne Baxter's current sexy glamor campaign did not infuriate her husband. That has been strictly a professional maneuver to widen her acting range, and recognized as such by John. Actually, he first suggested that she blondine her hair and make herself more glamorous. But neither has ever controlled, influenced or criticized the other's screen life.

There have been no violent clashes of temper or temperament, no physical battles. No stormy walkouts, runouts, or "matrimonial holidays." There have been no arguments about money, or (Continued on page 95)



You belong to me

■ When executives of 20th Century-Fox told Jeff Hunter he was to leave for England and make a movie there last summer, he stood looking at them in disbelief.

"But—" he said.

"Our British company is making the picture," they said. "You're to leave about the middle of August."

"But—" said Jeff.

"It's called *Sailor Of The King*, and it will be shot both in England and Malta."

"But—"

"You'd better apply for your passport right away."

When he went home and told Barbara about it she managed to finish the sentence



Four months away from home is a long time, especially if it's the first four months of your son's life! Barbara spent hours bringing Jeff up to date

for him. "But what about the baby?"

Jeff gave a half-hearted shrug. What could he do about it? All his life he had wanted to see faraway places; during the war he had volunteered for the Navy in the hope he might be shipped out to the South Pacific, but he'd ended up with measles and attendant complications, and that was the end of his dream about joining the Navy and seeing the world. Now he'd been given his chance, given it on a silver platter with traveling expenses gratis, and to boot a good picture that was to be directed by one of England's finest, Roy Boulting, (*Seven Days To Noon*). Here it was, and he was to leave a full two weeks before

his first child was scheduled to be born.

Jeff was a completely normal expectant father in thinking his presence was necessary at the time Barbara gave birth. The doctor had said it might have to be a Caesarean operation, and Jeff was worried. Barbara was a normal expectant mother in wanting her husband to be with her when the great event happened. But there was only one answer. Jeff might be a Hollywood actor, but he is like every other working man—he must follow his boss's orders.

Gloomily, he packed a pile of suitcases, stashed them in fence fashion around the walls of the living room, and waited. From (*Continued on page 105*)



With Barbara helping, Jeff got packed in a jiffy . . . then spent days just sitting, surrounded by suitcases, waiting orders to sail!



But . . . but . . . he's grown so big!" exclaims Jeff, when he's re-introduced to san Chris.



Presents from France and England flooded Barbara and the baby. Home again, Jeff hears Barbara admire the gifts he sent.



Jeff's busy making up for the first four months of fatherhood. Barbara takes a well-deserved rest while Pap heats a bottle.

hollywood goes to a fashion party

STAR BOARD VOTES SPRING STYLE AWARDS

■ It's Spring again . . . and again time for one of the most outstanding events of the fashion year: MODERN SCREEN's Annual Fashion Party in Hollywood! More than 150 top screen personalities gathered recently at a fabulous, star-studded fashion showing, to view the styles *you'll* want to be wearing this Spring and Summer.

This year's showing took place on the magnificent estate of Pamela and James Mason. The Masons not only put out the welcome mat for their glamorous guests, but acted as host and hostess along with the editors of MODERN SCREEN.

By 12:30 on the gala afternoon, the Mason mansion was a-buzz with the excited arrivals of one big-name star after another. Fernando Lamas, who came without a date, was immediately surrounded by a bevy of beautiful girls. Lita

Baron and her husband Rory Calhoun were both full of talk about their night club act and their trip to Korea, as they greeted their hostess. Virginia Mayo and Ursula Thiess, one blonde and beautiful, the other brunette and ditto, were among the early arrivals, as were Anne Francis, Robert Ryan, June Haver, Jan Sterling, Michael O'Shea, Mona Freeman, Anne Baxter, Maureen O'Hara and Piper Laurie.

As the guests arrived, either Pamela or James conducted them through the house (the former residence, incidentally, of Buster Keaton) to the garden terrace, where a buffet luncheon was being served. Handsomely uniformed waiters in bright red coats dashed back and forth, offering punch and hors d'oeuvres, to the guests. Hot curried chicken and cold sliced turkey headed the menu. (Continued on page 88)

All nylon hosiery on Fashion Pages by Holeproof—details pg. 80.



Zsa Zsa Gabor next in U. A.'s *Moulin Rouge* and MGM's *Lili* (both in Technicolor) highlights her Spring clothes and accentuates her beautiful legs with nylon hosiery that matches her skintone—Holeproof's Nude Royal in 60 gauge Nude Foot. Zsa Zsa wears Accent's pump, Whistle, see it on page 62. Separates by McArthur. Under \$16—description on page 80.



Maureen O'Hara builds her costume around classic spectator sport shoes. Available in white mesh with red, tan or navy calf trim; also black mesh, black patent trim. Shoe named Jessica by Accent of St. Louis. About \$10. Bush Royal Holeproof nylon hosiery. Samsonite luggage. Lennox handbag. Lubar umbrella. Coat, Don Loper. Dress, Koret. Maureen is next in U-I's *The Redhead From Wyoming* (in Technicolor).



Most of MODERN SCREEN's star board who voted on Spring styles found seats at Pamela Mason's luncheon table. Left to right: Nison Tregor, Pamela Mason (MODERN SCREEN hostess), Dana Andrews, Shelley Winters, Deborah Kerr, June Allyson, Joan Evans, Fernando Lamas, Esther Williams, Michael Silver and, of course, the Easter Bunny.

Models, "Can-Can" fashion, display the beauty of Holeproof hosiery before MODERN SCREEN's party host James Mason.



Wearing Ledo Jewelry, the Easter Bunny presents Accent's Spring shoes to Esther Williams, M.S.'s fashion party commentator.



Dana Andrews, sporting a new bow-tie, reviews other gifts with Helene Stanley and Jan Sterling. (See story page 88.)



Anne Baxter, one of the MODERN SCREEN judges, wears a two piece dress—full bias cut plaid cotton skirt, open-sleeved broadcloth blouse with saddle-stitching trim, elastic cinch belt. Black, blue or brown with white. Sizes 7 to 15. Under \$18. By Minx Modes of St. Louis. Anne stars in Warner Brothers' I Confess, the new Alfred Hitchcock thriller.



**hollywood
goes to a
fashion party**



Rod Cameron and his lovely wife were among the early arrivals at M.S.'s fashion party held at the Masons.



Board member, Nison Tregor, chats with Denise Darcel about his plans to sculpture Queen Elizabeth of England.



Leslie Caron and Deborah Kerr are tempted by the buffet spread served by the Brown Derby.



Bonnets by Screen Vogue Millinery of Chicago. Anne Francis wears Devil's Cap—Swiss picapal straw, veiled and velvet edged. About \$7. Anne, 20th Star, is next in Warner's A Lion Is In The Streets.



Tailored style—a Balenciaga shape also in Swiss picapal straw. Veiled—with velvet contrast brim and a pearlized butterfly ornament. About \$9. Both hats available in leading Spring colors.

Here are the winners! Featured on pages 58 to 63 are the award winning styles the judges picked to be photographed for this special Modern Screen Fashion section.



Sheilah Graham (center) shows the Rory Calhouns the Easter gifts for the stars.



June Haver, Mona Freeman and Esther Williams each receive a Paper-Mate pen inscribed for the occasion.



Virginia Mayo and hubby Michael O'Shea, admire the grounds as they stroll around the Mason estate.



June Allyson, Dick Powell and Fernando Lamas debate his Latin views on fashion.



Elaine Stewart, next in MGM's Code 2 poses in separates of broadcloth and darker contrast denim. Blouse under \$5. Skirt under \$11. By McArthur. For details see page 80.



All-occasion sportswear worn by Phyllis Kirk. Reversible Raglan coat of poplin and white terry—poplin Calfskinners—matching poplin Sta-bra. All available in black, navy or red. Coat, about \$14; Calfskinners, about \$5.50; Sta-bra, about \$3. White Sailcloth crew hat, about \$2. The denim Ah-Footsie leisure Chuk-a-Booties have foam rubber soles, white terry linings and plastic tipped twisted white laces. About \$2.49. Phyllis is next in Warner's The City Is Dark.

Janet Leigh wears a halter-neck printed cotton broadcloth dress trimmed with upholstery binding—patent belt. Black print design on white, aqua, pink or grey. Sizes 10 to 18. Under \$15. By McArthur. Janet is in MGM's The Naked Spur.

hollywood goes to a fashion party



James and Pamela Mason pose in the garden of their home. Pamela wears a Don Loper suit with an Accent platform pump called Sireen. Available in all colors in calf or suede; also in all colors (or white for dyeing) in shantung or linen—see shoe in detail—bottom photo. Other shoe styles—top to bottom: Andora—high heel ankle strap pump. All colors in calf and suedes. Whistle—shell sling pump. Black patent; also all colors of calfskin, linen, shantung or suede. Kitty—high heel mesh pump with calf or patent trim. All black or navy. White mesh with contrast navy or toast calf or patent trim. All shoes by Accent of St. Louis—Kitty about \$10; others about \$11. Wear Holeproof's new Spring hosiery shades with Accent Shoes—details page 80. James Mason last in MGM's Prisoner Of Zenda (in Technicolor). His next film is 20th's The Desert Rats.

Bob Stack and Claudette Thornton agree on all their selections of shoe styles for 1953.



HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80.



Piper Laurie, co-starring with Rock Hudson in U-I's *The Golden Blade* (in Technicolor), poses in a perfect two-piece town dress of woven check cotton gingham accented with bands of solid color. The figure-flattering jacket (with deep cuffs) and full skirt are button trimmed. Black and white, brown and white, green and white. Sizes 7 to 15. Under \$18. By Minx Modes.



Joan Evans, Samuel Goldwyn star currently appearing in Universal-International's *Columns South*, wears a two-piece navy town frock of acetate and rayon faille. The short, fitted jacket is trimmed with crisp piqué (easily removable for tubbing). The pencil skirt has an inverted back kick-pleat. Navy and white, black and white, brown and white. Sizes 7 to 15. Under \$13. Also by Minx Modes of St. Louis.

Scott Brady fascinates Julie Adams with the man's viewpoint on fashion.



Anne Baxter forgets her diet as she is first in line at the Brown Derby buffet.



Piper Laurie voted for a checked cotton gingham—it won—Piper poses in it above left.



Charles Filtzsimmons, Lucy Knoch and her husband compare votes on Minx Modes.





Cary always liked his
ladies draped in silks and
satins . . . but fell for Betsy,
tweeds, horn-rimmed specs and all!
What keeps this unusual marriage so happy?

BY PAMELA MORGAN

hollywood's

■ Over the checkered, colorful half-century of its hectic existence, Hollywood has witnessed many strange, stormy and stirring marriages—Greer Garson and Richard Ney, Olivia deHavilland and Marcus Goodrich, Ty Power and Linda Christian, Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard—but never has there been one quite so strange as the marriage of Cary Grant and Betsy Drake.

I say strange because here are two motion picture stars who have achieved the quasi-impossibility of living the most un-Hollywoodlike life in Hollywood.

Ever since Howard Hughes flew them to Phoenix, Arizona, three Christmases ago and arranged for a quiet, out-of-the-way wedding ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Grant have never posed for the press photographers in their home. They have never sat for a joint fireside interview. They have been inside a night club once in 38 months. They have avoided the more prominent of film-land's social and charity functions as a fox avoids the hounds.

They are hardly ever seen at a preview or a stage opening. Their name is conspicuous by its absence in the gossip columns. They will drop a word or two about their professional work to reporters but never anything about their home-life so that practically nothing about them has appeared in the public print.

Few people know where or how they first met or the background of their romance that ended in marriage, and neither of them particularly cares to discuss the subject. Other than for a dozen old friends and a handful of important business acquaintances, no one knows where they live or how they live except that on their combined earnings (Betsy gets \$25,000 a picture and her husband ten times that amount plus a percentage of the picture's profits) they both live extremely well.

A press agent at Warner Brothers where the Grants starred in *Room For One More*, says, "It seems to me that they've drawn an iron curtain across their marriage. They're extremely cooperative when it comes to anything about their work, but just try and invade their privacy, and brother, you're up against a stone wall. I'm sure they're very happy, and why they should want to hide their happiness, I don't know. (Continued on page 74)



For Betsy's sake, Cary agreed to a husband-and-wife radio program. It laid an awful egg, but Betsy's still shooting for a full-fledged career, with his help.

strangest marriage

love at your own risk

(Continued from page 41) Lana is puzzled and hurt that she has never found real love. She is a kind, generous and beautiful girl who deserves happiness.

And, yet, her entire love-life history is one case after another of trying to kindle a new love in the embers of an old flame.

Starting with her earliest big romance, Lana fell out of love with Greg Bautzer into marriage with Artie Shaw; out of marriage with Shaw into love with Tony Martin; out of love with Martin, into love with Peter Lawford; out of love with Lawford, into love with Tyrone Power; off with Power on with Turhan Bey; Bey away, a marriage, and remarriage to Steve Crane; Crane was lost for new husband, Bob Topping; Topping was dissolved via Reno divorce for expected marriage to Fernando Lamas.

And before that event could take place, Lamas was lost (and acquired by Arlene)—and now it's Lex (lost by Arlene and acquired by Lana) in Lana's love-life.

Of course, it's mad and mixed up and a startling example of emotions shifting from high to low gear and back again too swiftly.

I believe the trouble is that Lana is still too emotionally immature and too beautiful (men swoon over her) to realize that real love arrives more slowly.

Even though she now believes she is in love with Lex, I hope she goes ahead with her plans to go to Europe this summer with just her little daughter, Cheryl, and gives herself a chance to discover whether this is real or just another mirage along the road.

THE recent ten-day "engagement" of Dan Dailey and Beetsy (the former Mrs. Keenan) Wynn reveals the folly of twice trying to drive down a One Way Street.

They had been traveling along happily at one time—soon after Beetsy and Keenan parted—and then, for reasons known only to Dan and Beetsy they reached—the end.

But, for some other reason, also best known to themselves, they revived their romance, Beetsy dashed for a Mexican divorce from Keenan, and for ten days she and Dan were back on the road headed for marriage.

Out of the blue and rather ungallantly, Dan announced that the marriage was off. Beetsy agreed. The short tour along the revival of an old love had once more reached the ROAD CLOSED sign.

Diana Lynn and John Lindsay are two others who recently discovered they couldn't stop and start, start and stop their marriage at will and still keep it on the road. I believe they sincerely tried to steer clear of rumors, of the difficulty of trying to blend their opposite careers (he is a successful architect), of the separations they were forced to make when her work kept her away from home so much.

But, in order to keep in a straight line when there are so many boulders in the way, the principals must be mature and wise perhaps beyond the years of Diana and John.

I'm not saying that wrecked marriages and romances cannot be repaired in Hollywood and the lovers drive on into permanent happiness. Look at the Ray Millands as happy as happy can be after a separation years ago which lasted ten months. It's wonderful to see the Millands spinning along so steadily and so happily after a patched-up break. And many others have "reconciled" happily, although you will find that they are usually mature and settled couples.

As long as I am playing traffic officer to Hollywood Lovers, I think I'll give a PARKING OVERTIME ticket to Marilyn Monroe and Joe Di Maggio.

Believe me, it is dangerous for lovers to wait too long to take their happiness—just as it is dangerous to speed too quickly into marriage.

There is a happy medium which involves knowing your heart, knowing you have found The One, and then making the jump with eyes wide open.

I think Marilyn and Joe are very much in love. I think they are good for each other. At one time I believed they would marry, particularly after they had been so careful in taking their time and realizing the hazards in their way, and there were many of them. Chiefly, Marilyn's studio and Marilyn, herself, realize she's a sexier attraction as a "Miss" than a "Mrs."

But, aren't they waiting too long? People who are really in love can sometimes be too cautious in remembering all the things *against* their happiness and ignoring all the fine things for it.

IN this category, I would certainly place Robert Taylor who just won't realize how smitten he is with Ursula Thiess and who should be signaled to the outside lane for DRIVING TOO SLOWLY.

Even the traffic directors realize that going too slowly can be as dangerous as speeding. (At least, in California, pokey

the frightening
truth of
Olivia deHavilland's
six wasted years
is revealed in
the may
modern screen
on sale april 7
with luscious
janet leigh
on the cover

drivers are shunted to the side of the road.)

The truth about Bob is, he has been in a wreck in the crack-up of his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck. But is this any reason why he should never again get behind the wheel of marriage and drive off with another partner? I don't think so. Apparently he does.

Doesn't he know that traffic authorities recommend starting driving soon after an accident lest one become timid and never drive again?

There's no one I know in Hollywood who can find more reasons for not falling in love again than handsome, likeable Bob who should stop to realize that there are many years of happiness ahead for him if he'll only take over the controls again.

On the other hand, if ever the brakes had slipped and a marriage seemed to be careening crazily down the road it's that of Betty and Mario Lanza. Just as he has done with his career, Mario seems to have taken his guiding hand off his family life.

In this case, the conduct is so unreasonable it cannot be considered typical. None the less it is an example in DANGER to other couples, particularly when success comes too swiftly and blindingly to one of the partners.

Mario is a case of temperament running wild. Some people say his actions are hinged on a condition perilously close to a

nervous breakdown—and these people should not be driving careers or marriages.

Frankly, I don't know what is the trouble with Mario. I do know that, as this is written, he is perilously close to the edge of driving over a precipice with the devoted girl, who loves him and his family, hanging on with heartsick insecurity.

FRANK Sinatra and Ava Gardner are not taking the curves as wildly as Mario, but they, too, should take time to get their happiness under better control.

They have taken and are taking (though not as conspicuously as in their first year) dangerous chances. The Sinatras take their eyes off the road to indulge in wild quarrels—even to the point of Frankie's calling officers to evict Ava from their home in Palm Springs last fall.

I don't care how much two people proclaim they are in love, bickering and fights and quarrels in constant repetitions are not conducive to "getting there" and "staying there" on the road to happy marriage. You have to say for the battlin' Sinatras that at least, they're trying in the face of danger.

And this is more than you can say for Debra Paget who refuses even to go to Driving School where Love is concerned.

Deborah is 19—and she's never been kissed off-screen. She says she isn't interested in romance and that she's much happier staying out of the "love traffic," safe at home with her mother whom she adores.

I'm all for young girls taking their time. But to refuse to date or say anything but a determined, "No," to the eligible boys and men who ask her to dine or dance, can be just as much a mistake as playing the field.

No one expects Debra to fall madly in love at her age. She should, however, have the companionship and company of young men before she gets so set as a "career girl" that she finds they aren't asking her.

She is about the same age as Debbie Reynolds and Debbie appears to be a smart girl in realizing that the golden days of youth are for normal good times and dating as well as for devotion and dedication to just "getting ahead" as an actress.

Jane Powell is another youngster who has luckily found happiness in both her career and her family life with Garry Steffen and their two children—proving that "young marriages" can be very steady indeed on the Hollywood highway.

I hope it's clear to Debra, and to other young girls late in dating who may be reading this, that I'm certainly not advocating dating "wolves" or being seen around the nightclub circuit just for publicity purposes. Nothing is farther from my intention.

For instance, I think Pier Angeli is too young to be dating, as she has been doing both here and abroad, Kirk Douglas—not that Kirk's a wolf, heaven forbid.

But he is a mature man, married and divorced with two children, and is frankly too old and experienced for a girl of Pier age. If she has a real crush on him, and believe she has, I wish she would take sideglance at the signal marked "FREE WAY. DANGEROUS FOR AMATEUR DRIVERS."

You may remind me that Elizabeth Taylor is a little young for Michael Wilding too, and they seem to have found happiness. And I'll say you are quite right. But Mike may well prove to be the exception to the age rules on the drivers' license if they keep on the steady route they're traveling now.

Let me repeat—the Hollywood Highway of Love has proved to be slippery and dangerous, but by no means non-travelable by smart drivers!

God lightens men's souls. Clowns
help men touch happiness. I thank Him
every day for bestowing on me the gift
of making people laugh.

PRAYER AND LAUGHTER

by Red Skelton



■ It's too late to do anything about it now, but I was born an awfully poor boy. I can remember as a child seeing a horribly skinny mouse drag himself out of a hole in our wall and hearing him squeak protestingly as if to say, "All right. I'll give up. Where's the cat?" That's how poor we were. I had to start earning money very early. I can remember sitting with my three brothers in open assembly at school and being the only one of the four of us not asleep in his seat; we had all been up since 4 o'clock trying to sell sandwiches to passengers on the early trains down at the station. That's how hard we had to scramble in our family. I got into lots of trouble. I can remember myself at 11 on a pitchman's platform desperately entertaining a crowd that was going to turn ugly as soon as it found out what I had already figured—my boss had run off with their money leaving me to face the music. That's the kind of scrapes I'd find myself in.

I can remember all these things but, you know, I don't much. They rarely come to mind when I think back. If I did, if they had made a strong impression on me, I probably would have grown up to be one of those grim, bitter boys you see around—and some people tell me I have the face for it, too. Instead, when I think back, I see myself as a kid to whom life was a shining promise because he had latched on to a magic power—the power to make people laugh. Now the point that becomes important here is that this kid got his magic power confused with the power of grown-up religion. (Continued on page 103)

Red's working on his pledge to his mom:
To make a million, give her a warm climate,
and be the world's greatest clown.

a bachelor finds himself

(Continued from page 47) has talked often and freely about his visit to the clinic, his only reservation being a reluctance to give specific examples for fear that others may try to apply his own personal experiences to themselves. "Everybody is as different from the next guy as are his fingerprints," he said, "and things like this are strictly individual cases." With this in mind he asked that some of our conversation be kept off the record, and so this story will not go into detail about his stay at the clinic, except for those things that started the pendulum swinging back for Dan.

HE used this expression himself. "I've thought about writing a story and calling it 'The Swing of the Pendulum.' It's hard to explain, but I believe that each individual has his own goal in life and his own natural interests. Many times you go off on tangents—I know I have in the last two years—but sooner or later you come back to the basic things you really like. Until you do, you're only floating, because you're entirely off your course and have no direction. That's what the clinic did for me—they gave me a direction. And so I swung back."

As an example he said that in his boyhood he had loved horses, that he was never happier than in those hours he spent on a horse's back or in a stable. Yet with his zooming career and its attendant pressures, he did less and less riding, he saw less of the people he had been happy with, and he took on new interests that were foreign to his nature. Now he is once more back with horses, and with the same people, and he is content.

Something like this is such a simple remedy, yet few people can see their own lives in an objective manner. The clinic helped here, for they led Dan into a variety of interests, some of which he rejected and some of which he found to his liking. Few of them allowed him time to think about himself. While there he took up basketball, he lectured on the theater, he took a course in political philosophy and one in writing. They steered him into woodworking and although at first Dan had no stomach for it he soon found that wood cannot only become beautiful, but that the work accomplished a deeper purpose. "When you are chiseling a block of walnut down to a thin line and are still working on it to create something beautiful, you can't possibly worry about yourself. I found that I liked to work with my hands. I tried painting and sketching, but except for a pencil sketch of two horses' heads that I've framed and hung in my apartment, I didn't really care for it. I liked clay better. I liked the feel of it in my hands. There's a three-dimensional thing about it."

"What else?" I asked. "What else are you doing?"

He gave me that affable grin and said, "Well, there's the hunt club, and the horse shows, and both skiing in snow and water skiing. And I've written a few songs. And of course I'm active in the local Menninger chapter. I play around at writing stories, too."

"Poetry?" I said.

He grinned again. "Sure, I wrote a lot of it when I was a kid." He said it with a happy lack of self-consciousness.

"Dan, do you do all these things—there are a great many of them—out of a sense of urgency? Or do you really want to do them?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I've watched other people fight to 'keep busy', and it's a futile fight. The only time hobbies do you any

good is when you really want to spend time at them. Not kill time."

We talked for a while about these varied interests of his. Since his return to Hollywood he has made a great many things of wood: bowls, candy dishes, even tables, and says he would do more if he didn't have to go over to George Montgomery's to borrow a lathe.

His connection with the local Menninger chapter consists mostly in promoting interests and funds so that a new center may be possible in Los Angeles. The clinic itself, which trains its own doctors, needs more money and a greater scope of operation.

Skiing is one of his newer interests. He had water skied since boyhood, but snow was a new experience. Otto Lang was preparing a film about skiing and wanted Dan to learn "just enough to look at home on them." Dan not only learned to ski in snow, but retaliated by teaching Lang to water-ski. He has recently become interested in baseball, too, for strangely enough, although Dan lived practically in the shadow of a big league ball park, he never cared for baseball as a boy. Then his role as Dizzy Dean in *The Pride Of St. Louis* turned him into an avid fan of the national sport.

The freedom to go barreling off to a ball game or Sun Valley, or a horse show or a hunt, means a great deal to Dan, and

One pal, "Have you ever read Stephen Crane's 'Red Badge Of Courage'?" Other pal, "No—I HATED him for what he did to Lana Turner."

The Hollywood Reporter

although he feels that marriage is a natural and happy way of living for a man, his recent solitude has been good for him. For some time he employed a manservant to keep his five-room apartment in order, but soon even Jess' presence bothered him. He let Jess go, not because the man wasn't capable, but because of the very fact that he was always there. Two other factors were involved: Dan was slated for several months without picture work and had every intention of utilizing his time away from home, and also he wanted to buy Early Autumn—and horses these days cost a small fortune to buy and board. "Having to keep house myself is worth it to me," Dan said. "I swing a mean dust mop anyway, and it's wonderful to be completely alone when I feel like it."

HE has lived in the apartment since his divorce and described it as, "early Dailey. It's an orderly cluttered sort of place, filled with things that have a particular meaning for me."

Books take up a lot of the space, and only recently Dan has found time to resume his reading. Years ago he had vowed to read the One Hundred Great Books of the World, as listed by literary authorities, and went through about 35 of them before he came to the period in his life when he harnessed himself with things he did not really want. Now once again there is a fat tome on the table by his favorite chair—Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason."

"Now I'm back to living just about the way I did before the war," Dan said. "All these things were part of my life and I let them go, but now that I'm alone they've come back, and I feel once more that I'm really home."

It wasn't easy for him to come back. When he first returned to Hollywood he startled everyone by boarding a dating merry-go-round and keeping it up night after night until friends felt he must surely give way. It was a frantic sort of existence and one completely unnatural to Dan. It

was the period in which he was searching for the road home. "I did things I didn't like to do. I went to Hollywood parties. I even wore a tuxedo. I suppose I thought I should try this kind of life. I'd never had time for it before—I'd always had more to do than stand around for four hours and make small talk. Well, I tried it and I didn't like it. Soon, out of it all, I came back to my old friends, my old hobbies and haunts. I feel I'm pretty lucky that I've been able to keep myself from bouncing into marriage."

"What about another marriage?" I said.

He spoke without hesitation. "When I marry again, it will be a girl with whom I can live my own life. I'm interested in too many things, really, and I need somebody who can keep up with me and not take it as an affront that I should find happiness in things and places that aren't necessarily in our home. Somebody once referred to it as 'the sea of marriage', and that's the way I think of it. Sort of being one within ourselves, yet able to seek opposite shores."

DAN toyed with his fork for a moment. "You know, if and when I marry again, I'll feel that I'm really married for the first time. It's because I've grown up. I'm through wearing pretty girls on my arm like a bracelet. I used to criticize myself and criticize others, but by now I've evolved an honest appraisal of myself. For the first time in my life I know what I can do and what I can't do, and I know, too, what I can expect from other people. I've grown up, and I feel I'm ready for marriage now—if I find a girl who is also grown up enough to understand that we must lead our own lives. I've always wanted a big family and I still want it. There's still time."

I asked him about travel. "I'd like to go to Europe mainly because I love old things," he said. "I like the feel of a piece of old oak, of old stones, of leather. There's a solidity in old things that gives me peace. I guess that's why I love horses so much. There's a security and honesty in them."

"I like the way people live their lives in Europe. They take time to live." He picked up the breadbasket on our table and flung it down again. "The waitress here—she threw that down just like that. It meant nothing to her. Yet I have some Rumanian friends and some Hungarian friends, and when I go to their homes for dinner and they pick up a piece of bread and hand it to me, they do it as though they loved it. And they can have a bottle of wine that cost no more than a dollar but to them when they serve it to a guest it's a great and beautiful part of life. I can't get that feeling from the generation today, particularly in California. Everything here seems as though it's ready to blow away."

He smiled at me. "I'm talking in circles but I hope you know what I mean. I'm living now with ease and freedom, and it's so much better than it was. I can feel it in my work—a lot of the strain has disappeared. I can honestly say I've never been happier in my life."

I did know what he had meant. Contentment, plus a sort of happy surprise that he had found it, was written over his face and sprinkled through his speech. Modern psychology might say that Dan in his worship of things steeped in the solid past, was like many of us still yearning for security. But I had a strong feeling that he was glimpsing the peace of mind for which he'd been striving, that he'd found what he wanted. I told myself as I left him that if Dan Dailey could be given time to settle himself in his new-found way of living, he would truly be a happy man. . . . Now read how Dan almost lost his happiness—on the opposite page.

... And they say, "Oh, ain't you glad you're single!"



Beetsy is a real party girl, say Howard Duff and ex-husband Keenan Wynn.

Following the MS policy of bringing you *all* the news—here's a supplement to the Dailey Story: His on-and-off romance with Beetsy Wynn.

The story on the opposite page was written from an interview with Dan Dailey which took place less than one week before he and Beetsy Wynn, estranged wife of Keenan Wynn, announced that they would soon be married.

It shows quite clearly, we think, that Dan's subsequent decision not to marry was an exceptionally wise one. We do not mean this detrimentally to Beetsy. She is a greatly admired girl and a genuinely good person, but the facts would indicate that she and Dan would not have been happy together. As is obvious to anyone who reads the story, Dan only recently had found himself and was happy for the first time in years. He said in that interview, "I'm glad I've been able to keep myself from bouncing into another marriage." At the time he meant this sincerely, yet a few days later he surrendered to his deep need for a partner in life, to his personal feeling that a man *should* be married, and decided to marry Beetsy Wynn.

On the surface, Beetsy might seem to be an ideal wife for Dan. He has said he is sufficiently matured that he does not require beauty in a woman. Beetsy is not beautiful in the accepted sense of the word. She is attractive rather, perhaps striking. Her hair is dead white and contrasts handsomely with her deeply tanned skin. She has been married before and although the marriage was not a success, she at least has some conception of the qualities necessary in a woman who is to be a good wife. She is young enough to have the children that

Dan would like to have, and she is exceptional in that she likes and knows horses as well as Dan does.

The objection is that Dan at this time needs an understanding girl who is completely settled, a girl who would be sensitive to Dan's thoughts and needs. According to his friends, Beetsy was not this type of girl. His friends, of whom he seems to have more than any actor in Hollywood, were genuinely worried when the announcement was made.

"Their main attraction for each other," said one, "seems to be that when they're together the repartée is like machine gun fire. They seem to be competing to see who can say the funniest things the fastest. Dan is naturally the life of the party, but Beetsy *has* to be the life of the party. She's a swell girl, but she's all party. She never lets up. If they married, I'm sure this would wear on Dan's nerves after a while."

Everyone says that Beetsy is a barrel of fun. On a dare she once rode a horse in a pelting rain, wearing a \$10,000 mink coat. She drives a white Jaguar automobile and has a white poodle named Heathcliff. Dan has always detested small dogs, according to his friends, but tolerated Heathcliff because, "Beetsy is one woman who knows what makes me tick."

This may have been true, but Dan's friends were deeply concerned. One man who has known him many years put it this way, "Dan's recently begun to like the quiet life, dinners at home, music, candlelight, that sort of thing. He doesn't like to

get dressed up and Beetsy does . . . she loves clothes. He's just redecorated his apartment, filled it with old silver and hunting prints, and he's refused publicity pictures of his home. I can't help but feel that Beetsy wouldn't fit into the picture. I've heard that one night she went to a party with Travis Kleefeld after he broke up with Jane Wyman. The party was way up on a hilltop, and according to the story, Beetsy and Trav had an argument. She took his car and left him stranded. When he beefed about it later she told friends, 'This guy has no sense of humor.' Maybe I'm off the beam, but I feel this couldn't be more wrong for Dan, and I know at least a dozen other people who feel the same way."

A lot of people like this were pulling for Dan. They had watched him date a long list of girls since the breakup of his marriage with Liz Hofert. There had been Ann Miller, Jane Nigh, Marie Allison, June Haver, the tennis dates with Barbara Whiting, the common interest in horses with Margo Loos, Pasadena socialite. They watched because they well knew that if Dan was to get back on his feet he needed time to find himself, and that unless he found the right girl, a new marriage would be much too premature. He gave them little cause for worry because, with the possible exception of Barbara Whiting, he did not seem serious about any of the girls he dated.

He met Beetsy for the first time at a horse show in San Fernando Valley a couple of years ago, but at that time he was married and so was she, and he concentrated solely on the horses. In the following months, they saw each other at various horse shows but it wasn't until last June (at which time Beetsy had long been separated from Keenan) that they met at Del Mar and began talking about things other than horses. They denied a romance for the remainder of the year, but during the Christmas holidays Dan and Beetsy announced they would be married.

CONTRARY to report, Keenan Wynn had been the first to know about it, and before he left for Korea to entertain troops, signed all the necessary papers in the event Beetsy should want a divorce while he was gone.

Said Beetsy, "Keenan was very nice about it and wished me happiness. I don't want to wait a year to marry Dan and I don't want to go to Nevada for six weeks, so I've decided to file in Mexico. The first possible date is January 2." She said that Dan might go with her to Mexico in which case they would be married there, but if not, that they would be married in Las Vegas.

Said Dan, in answer to the general surprise at the announcement, "We had met before but we kind of got together at Del Mar last June. We both are keen about horses. Beetsy has been riding some of my jumpers in shows and I've been driving her harness horses."

Beetsy flew to Mexico and obtained her divorce, but on January 8, less than two weeks later, announced, "I don't want to talk much about it. By mutual agreement, Dan and I decided last night that our proposed marriage would not work out. All plans are off and we will not be seeing each other any more."

At this writing there has been no reconciliation, and Dan's friends are extremely happy that he is still a free man. They feel it was a narrow escape, too close for comfort. Again, we say that this reaction is not meant in any sense as a lack of faith in Beetsy Wynn. She may possibly be the wife Dan needs, but, according to his own words, he is better off right now without a wife.

how the british took to alan

(Continued from page 51) announcement was made that he would star in *The Big Jump*.

With the news that Alan was scheduled to play the lead in this picture of the heroism of the great British parachute troops, the antagonistic press broke loose: "Why," they wanted to know, "can't an Englishman play the hero in an especially English story of heroism?" There had been no American in the original story at all. What would they do . . . teach Ladd a British accent?

"No," came the reply. "The hero's part has been rewritten and he is now a Canadian, with an accent so like an American no one, unless he is Canadian, will know the difference."

That did it. And the anti-Alan Ladd smear campaign was on in earnest. It began sarcastically. A Torquay paper wrote: "It is pleasantly refreshing to discover that one American film company has realized British fighting men figured to some extent in World War II, even if Alan Ladd has to become 'Canadian' for the occasion."

About this time Errol Flynn's picture *Objective Burma* was being re-released. Seven years earlier it had been whisked off the screens because of the tortuous criticism and complaints against, "Americans winning our wars for us." They didn't seem to like the reissue any better than the original, so poor Alan was sailing into a double lion's den and British lion's den at that. He didn't know all the fuss he was stirring up; if he had, he would never have come.

"Which," say his producers, "is precisely why he wasn't told."

From Manchester came remarks typically polished and unpleasant:

"We've nothing against Alan Ladd personally, but why not our own Richard Todd, who like Trevor Howard and Anthony Steele actually wore the Red Beret and parachuted for England's glory?" (These three British actors were to be mentioned constantly in the next weeks, but Todd more than the other two.)

While things like this were being written and said, Alan Ladd was innocently saying in Hollywood that he was delighted to be going over to play in the movie because . . . "it will cement friendship

and better understanding."

The next day Leonard Mosley wrote the nastiest blast of all for his paper:

"Why can't we make films about our war with our players just as America does with hers? Once upon a time there was a British war film in which the principal role was not played by an American star pretending to be a Canadian soldier, sailor, or, airman, nurse or WAAF. Alan Ladd is not proposing to play in an ordinary film but the story of one of Britain's greatest and most glorious efforts in World War II. I'm sick and tired of having Hollywood types lurking around every turret, cockpit, and machine gun post where the Union Jack waved during the war."

So spoke the press. The people, however, had something quite different to say. Readers wrote their editors "Entertainment is the aim. Who cares if Alan Ladd wins the war in a red beret or if Errol Flynn won it in Burma? If it is a documentary film you want, apply to the Minister of Information."

A theater owner in Birmingham said that he was delighted to have Alan Ladd play the part. "That way I know I'll be able to fill the house at every performance. With a British star that's rare."

The public was beginning to show its opinion, and in the face of it some writers began to pull in their literary horns a bit.

"It is a pity that a really nice chap like Alan Ladd had to get into all this hot water. He is a good type I understand, and for his own good ought to get out of the picture now and save feelings."

That's exactly what Alan would have done, had he been aware of the situation. However, standing on the very threshold of England, with thousands of fans, and newspaper readers waiting for him, he could only face the hostile press.

He listened carefully to the antagonistic British views, and said quietly, "Look, I didn't come over here to conquer anything or anybody. All I'm going to do is play the part of a guy who comes to England to learn to fight. Got that? I said *learn* to fight, not *teach*."

At the week's end, not many people cared where Alan came from. The Sunday Graphic came up with the fan side of the story. "Welcome, Mr. Ladd," they headlined, "And Shut Up To His Critics."

Looking back over the years Alan

remembered how as a kid he fought against the strong English accent that branded him "Limey" in school. His mother was English, his father a Scot, and the family suffered the ridicule of being "foreign." Alan joked about it. "I'd surely like to have that accent back now."

Gradually the press was won over. They were impressed by the star's willingness to submit himself to a gruelling three-week commando course in which he not only had to master 400 yards of 20 obstacles, but had to live like an ordinary recruit all day. The only favoritism he received was being allowed to go home to Sue Carol at night.

Then there were the rugged days of shooting on location in Wales; and the day the Ladds invited his entire fan club to tea at their house near London. One young lady had traveled all the way from Italy for it. Best of all the writers had never found a star nearly as cooperative with them as Alan Ladd. Criticism was nearly at an end . . . but not quite.

Although Ladd is the only American in the picture and is solely responsible for providing a good many actors with work, a few British players still felt he had somehow cheated them.

Ladd and his producers waited with no little worry, but the tide of ill-feeling passed with the help of many encouragingly intelligent remarks. Someone pointed out that there had been no loud outcries when British actor Godfrey Tearle played Franklin D. Roosevelt; nor had any come recently while Stewart Granger picks juicy picture plums in Hollywood.

An editor from Derby put the capper on the hassle. "Let's silence these petty outcries," he wrote. "Let's consider how amazed Alan Ladd must be at the bitterness and cold shoulder reception. Frankly we haven't a he-man star left in England to even offer as a replacement. May that settle that."

And so it seemed to do. For now the Ladds have settled down, and are enjoying what they came to do . . . work and see England. Mind their own business, and help one another with loving-kindness. All Britain has seen this family life and love in action. And the British are impressed. The Ladds have won themselves a secure place in the English hearts at last.

END

the gang's all here

(Continued from page 51) various French signs on board the ship. One of them, hanging over the entrance to the beauty salon, announces "Coiffeurs Dames." He spotted it the second day out and said, "What do the dames need with chauffeurs?"

The only thing that marred our trip was the bad news about Jezebel, our faithful old boxer dog. We had wanted to bring her and the dachshund Fritz along with us but there's a quarantine that forbids it, and so we had to leave them at home. I had news before we sailed that Jez had been poisoned and died, and I kept this sad news from Alan. He loved her so much. But Lonnie unwittingly let the cat out of the bag. She'd been told the dog was ill, and not knowing she shouldn't say anything, mentioned it one day. On Alan's birthday, in fact. He looked at me right away and asked point blank if the dog were dead. I couldn't back out of it then, of course, and had to tell him. It set him back quite a bit, and it wasn't until our landing in England that he began to snap out of it.

The landing itself snapped us all into a

state of excitement. David was the only one who slept at all that night, and we all climbed out of our bunks before dawn to make the landing in the British tender sent alongside. By the time we boarded the smaller boat the sun was beginning to come up and we could see the harbor. David, whose idea of any place other than the United States is that it should look like the Hawaiian Islands (the result of our Honolulu trip last year), let out a small gasp when he saw land for the first time.

We were really amazed, at that hour, to see so many of the press waiting for us when we reached Plymouth. The poor souls had made the eight-hour trip all the way from London in order to meet us, and we felt a kind of personal responsibility for the fact the boat had arrived at such an inconvenient hour. If we'd slept lightly, these people hadn't had any sleep at all.

We had our first sample of British courtesy when we went through customs at Plymouth. The inspectors were so polite (like English butlers in the movies, Laddie said) that we all felt like bowing to them. The boat train took us directly to London, where we were met at Paddington station by an immense crowd. There was a regular

barrage of flashbulbs and hundreds of people, and we were thrilled and proud at the wonderful reception they gave Alan.

By that time it was afternoon and we were all pretty tired, so we postponed seeing the sights in London and drove directly by car to our new home in the country. We saw enough of London that afternoon, however, to set the children howling with excitement. Lonnie was particularly upset that we were driving "on the wrong side of the street," and Carol Lee and Laddie kept pointing out the quaint old lamp posts, the cobblestones, the frequent and lovely little parks, the spots that had been bombed, and the many old buildings. "It doesn't look at all like Honolulu," observed David.

We drove through perfectly lovely countryside toward our home, and when we were almost there Alan mentioned he'd noticed a taxi had been trailing us for some distance. Eventually the cab pulled alongside, filled with fans who had followed our car all the way from Paddington station. All they wanted, they explained, was Alan's autograph. He was deeply touched, knowing that money is scarce in England today, and that the long ride had cost them



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a small fortune. He suggested they visit him at Shepperton Studios and needless to say, they later took him up on the invitation.

We hadn't finished exclaiming over our Surrey house before we were served tea, our first real English tea served in England. Since then a day hasn't gone by that we hadn't joined the British in their tea-time custom, and even David, whose cup is filled with more milk than tea, thinks the ritual is just about as good an idea as hot dogs at a baseball game.

Alan and I have been pleasantly surprised at the children's reaction. We had hoped they'd be pleased and interested, but their excitement and ability to absorb the many new things they see and hear has been most gratifying. Their interest is contagious, and both Alan and I are "seeing" more this time than we did three years ago when we came over for a Command Performance.

We were no sooner unpacked and had our things hung neatly in the closets than we were all whisked away to North Wales where Alan was to start work immediately on the picture *Red Beret*. We lived in a town that certainly lives up to the Welsh reputation for un-pronounceable names... Penrhynedeudraeth. We were there three weeks but already we've lost the knack of rolling the name around our tongues. The town, which I refuse to spell out again, not only obliged with a typical Welsh name, but it also afforded some of the most breathtaking scenery any of us had ever seen. Plus a castle. A rambling big place in Carnarvon that was the home of King Edward II in the 14th century. It was the first real castle the children had ever seen, and we couldn't have chosen a better one. They poked into every nook and cranny and I think were a little disappointed that we didn't see any ghosts, an omission which was all right with Carol Lee and me.

From there I went with Alan to Oxford, the nearest town to the Royal Air Force base called Abingdon where the company worked more than two weeks. The children stayed home in Surrey for that period, except for the few days they visited the base. Alan and I were so glad we had the children come up at the particular time they did, for they saw the many regiments of troops that were filmed for some of the master shots. The best of all were the several companies of Scottish troops, dressed in their traditional kilts and carrying their bagpipes.

WHILE the company was shooting at the R.A.F. base we stayed at a charming hotel in Oxford, and while Alan worked, I took our brood around the historic old college town. Oxford University is divided into many colleges and each has its own church or chapel, and its own enclosed campus. We thought Christ's Church the prettiest, and Lonnie at last saw the college she'd heard so much about—Magdalen, which has a miniature national park inside its walls.

From Oxford the five of us went to Warwick and saw the proud old castle there. We were mightily impressed by its turrets and towers and battlements, to say nothing of the exquisite furnishings in the living quarters. David was sure that he'd see a knight in full armor come clattering across the courtyard at any moment.

And then we went to Stratford-on-Avon. We saw Shakespeare's birthplace and the church where he is buried, and Anne Hathaway's house. I had seen all these things when I was much younger but didn't remember much about them, and can only hope that our own children will never forget. Although, as I told Alan later, they were so engrossed that I can't see how they possibly could forget.

Poor Alan went right on working while the rest of us were sight-seeing. He worked ten hours every day until the company began working at night instead, and then in late October the motion picture companies all over England went on strike in protest against working at nights or on Saturdays. That gave him a few days off and the hope that there'd be no more night work.

When shooting at Abingdon was finished I drove back to Surrey with Alan, and on the way we stopped for the night in a very small village. At the door of the town's only restaurant stood a small boy, dressed in clothes that were no more than tattered rags. His eyes lighted up when he saw us get out of the car, and he ran to Alan with a pencil stub and a scrap of paper. "Please, sir," he said in a thin little voice, "could I have your autograph? They said you'd be coming through here, and I've waited three days."

Well, even if we weren't the sentimental twosome that we are, I believe we'd have spilled tears right then and there. Alan was so upset he didn't know which way to turn. "Do you think we could get him some decent clothes?" he said.

That was all I needed. The next morning I took the boy to a store, intending to get him a new suit and shirt, but my intentions got tangled up with my heart. He

stuff, just kept gulping away at their tea.

When the party was over they began asking David for his autograph and the idea didn't go over so well with our youngest. He signed, all right, but he grumbled the whole time. Half of them got his autograph, and the other half probably took pity on him because he looked so utterly exhausted. A couple of the girls tried to stay behind when the buses were getting ready to take off, but we managed to get them herded back to their seats. Then, as Alan was waving goodbye, one of them thought to ask him for his handkerchief. Another requested his tie, a third his cigarette, and when I saw that this thing might get beyond control I signalled him to duck into the house and I'd take over with the waving department.

Soon after the party we bought a male dachshund puppy and named him "Beret" after Alan's picture. He will be a boy-friend for Fritz when we return to the States, and I do hope he will eventually take the place in our hearts left by poor old Jez. He's fast winning it right now, as he takes turns sleeping with different members of the family every night, and it's got to the point where Laddie and Carol Lee have an argument every evening as to which one gets Beret.

The Ladd clan felt a little out of place on Hallowe'en. It isn't celebrated here, so we dressed up the youngest kids and took them to the few American homes we knew of for the traditional bell ringing. They felt better about the whole thing when they were told about Guy Fawkes Day. It was on November 5th, 1605, that the rebel was caught trying to blow up Parliament, and ever since then the English children celebrate on November 5th by ringing doorbells and asking for "a penny for the Guy." David and Lonnie got in on that one full swing and decided it was even better than Hallowe'en, for after the doorbell business comes the burning of Guy Fawkes in effigy, then firecrackers.

Now that we're back in Surrey again, which really does seem like home after all the travelling, we're beginning to have an opportunity to have our London friends visit us here. The entertaining is done mostly at night, for in the daytime the children and I are often going to London.

It has been a wonderful aid to their education. We saw the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, and David spotted little Prince Charles at one of the windows. We went to Madame Tussaud's, where Lonnie was deeply impressed by the wax image of Sleeping Beauty, mostly I suppose because of the mechanism inside the figure which makes the chest rise and fall with a breathing motion. David was home with a cold that day and afterwards listened rather glumly to our glowing accounts of the wax museum. He brightened only when he learned we hadn't seen the Chamber of Horrors without him.

We fed the pigeons at Trafalgar Square and learned all about Admiral Nelson, and at the Tower of London we were escorted by one of the Beefeaters in his picturesque red and black uniform. We saw the crown jewels and the Imperial crown the Queen will accept at the Coronation in June. Carol Lee was most impressed, I think, by the Tower ravens and their story. The legend goes that if the ravens ever leave the tower, England will fall. I think all four of the children really worried about that one. I pointed out that the Tower has been graced by its ravens for hundreds of years, but despite my assurance I felt just the smallest twinge of anxiety. For all of us have come, in these last few months, to regard the English people as our staunch friends, and England itself as our second home.



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was such a beautiful, sad looking little thing, and by the time we finished shopping I'd bought him not only a suit and shirt, but socks and shoes and two pairs of trousers as well. He was delighted, of course, but I could see that he was worried. As I parted from him he hesitated a minute and then looked up at me with those big eyes. "Please, mum," he said, "are you certain you can afford all this?"

I went back to our room and told Alan about it, and while I was pretty choked up myself I noticed that he swallowed hard a couple of times.

THE location work over, Alan began working at Shepperton Studios in London, and the rest of us settled down in our home. The first Sunday we were back we gave a party for the members of one of Alan's oldest fan clubs here in England, and more than 400 fans arrived. They had come from all over England, some of them having traveled more than 30 hours to reach our house. We had arranged to have buses pick them up in London and bring them to our place in Surrey, and it was quite a sight to see those kids piling out of the buses and filing into the house. We had tea for them (naturally), and a great deal of food, but they were so excited they hardly made a dent in the solid

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GREYHOUND

(Continued from page 65) My own feeling is that this sort of withdrawal which they practice is Cary's reaction to his second marriage. He was married to Barbara Hutton, you know, and that's worse than being married to Liz Taylor. I mean you're on exhibition all the time. Grant's mentality is basically British. I think living in a fish bowl with Barbara Hutton outraged his sense of privacy, and that's why I think he and Betsy live as they do, up there on Cloud 49, far removed from the world."

Before the Grants sailed on a freighter to Hong Kong (this business of taking a vacation on a freighter is something Cary picked up from his good friends, the Laurence Oliviers) Betsy Drake evinced surprise that her marriage should have become a target for the curiosity-seekers.

"Cary and I," she explained, "live a very simple and quiet life because we happen to be that kind of people. Nightclub life just doesn't appeal to us. I was in a Hollywood nightclub once before I was married, that was with my agent. And I've gone to one club with Cary since."

"What have we been doing since our marriage? That's a funny question. We've been working, of course. After the wedding I had to return to Warners' where I was doing *Pretty Baby* with Dennis Morgan. And Cary works all the time, of course... You say what have we been doing outside our professional careers? Well, we went to New York on a trip. I guess you could call it a honeymoon."

"I mean who really cares about our personal lives? Who cares that we're taking a freighter to Hong Kong? I don't know how long we'll be gone, but does it really matter? We're just like other married couples. Perhaps it isn't exciting but we stay home at nights, and yes, I'll admit it—we watch television. We think the Lucille Ball show is wonderful and so are a lot of others. Cary is a fine judge of comedy, you know, and he thinks Lucille and Desi are superb."

"About our house? It's a small house. Cary bought it before we were married. Two bedrooms, that's all. He's in the process of doing some remodeling. No, I'm staying out of it. He knows what he wants and I'm well out of it. We have two in service, a man who looks after the cars and the heavy work, and a cook. I love to cook but I'm not a very good one. A few months ago, however, I took over the cooking job when the cook was out. I broiled some steaks. I guess I must have forgotten about them or something, because Cary came dashing into the kitchen. They'd caught on fire, and he threw water all over them, and well, I don't do the cooking any longer."

"How do I like living with Cary? I love it. He's a very neat and fastidious person. He's mature, intelligent. It's a great break for me to have a husband like him. He's an experienced man of the world. I couldn't possibly tell you how much he's taught me. He's really a very fine person, and I'm trying to be objective. A little while ago you mentioned about our rehearsing with the children in *Room For One More*.

"Cary always likes to rehearse before a picture gets under way. He's very thorough and very conscientious. His acting seems effortless but I've learned that an awful lot of hard work lies behind it."

"Do we hope to have any children? Yes, we'd adore a few. But right now we've got to get packed for that trip to Hong Kong. Cary worked very hard on *Dream Wife* with Deborah Kerr. She's a really wonderful actress. It's a very funny picture, too."

That is about the lengthiest interview Betsy Drake Grant has given since her marriage about her marriage. She claims she is ecstatically happy, and friends say that as regards her domestic life she certainly is, but that she wishes her acting career might progress at a faster rate.

As for Grant, it comes somewhat as a surprise to the movie colony that after so many glamor girls, he should find tranquility, domestic bliss, and peace of mind in marriage to a so young and girl-next-door type as Betsy Drake.

Grant is 15 years older than Betsy who is approaching 30, and in his two previous tries at matrimony he walked down the aisle with Virginia Cherrill in 1934, and Barbara Hutton in 1942. Both of these women were, and are, continental sophisticates. Virginia was the beautiful blonde actress who played the poor flower girl in Charlie Chaplin's great picture, *City Lights*. Eight months after he was married to Miss Cherrill, Grant found himself in a sanitarium, and the marriage was on the rocks. Following the divorce, the first Mrs. Cary Grant married the Earl of Jersey which will give you some small idea of the league in which she plays ball.

As for Barbara Hutton, everyone knows about her wealth, her background, her husbands. The reason she and Cary couldn't make a go of the marriage was that for years she had been accustomed to having her own way about practically everything, a condition which Grant as a man and a bread-winner in his own right, could not accept.

The point, however, is that no one ever expected Cary Grant to choose as a third wife the kind of naive, unworldly girl he might Pygmalionize. But that, figuratively speaking, is what he did.

While all of his friends were expecting that eventually he would marry someone like Phyllis Brooks or Ginger Rogers, with both of whom he carried on for a good while. Or, forsaking them, marry a sophisticate in the image of his first or second bride, Cary Grant was falling in love with a 25-year-old neophyte of an actress who dressed simply in tweeds, and seemed so bashful that her voice blushed when she used it.

I don't think the strange story of this Cinderella love affair has ever been told, and to understand the severe privacy, the inviolable quietude of their marriage, one must first be acquainted with the background.

FIVE years ago when Cary Grant was returning to New York aboard the *Queen Mary*—he had spent his vacation in England, the land of his birth—he happened to catch sight of a young girl who aroused his interest.

This young girl was Betsy Drake. She was coming home after four months of playing the female lead in the British production of *Deep Are The Roots*. She had never met Cary Grant in her life, and she had no idea that her looks, her figure, her attitude had awakened in Grant the desire to make her acquaintance.

Oddly enough, Grant, an experienced man of the world, didn't know exactly how to go about asking Miss Drake for a shipboard date. He couldn't put himself in the awkward position of trying to pick her up while she strolled around the deck; and he is too much the gentleman to essay the direct approach and face the direct rebuff.

Fortunately for Cary, a very good friend of his was aboard the *Queen Mary*. Cary went to Merle Oberon and explained his problem.

"Don't worry," Merle said. "I'll ask her if she'd like to take dinner with us at the captain's table." (Continued on next page)

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When Merle Oberon knocked on Betsy Drake's cabin, the young actress was surprised. When Merle said, "Mr. Cary Grant and myself should like to have you as a dinner guest tonight," the actress grew so nervous she began to stutter. "Th-th-that's very kind of you," she said. "B-b-b-but I don't think I can. You see, I don't have any formal clothes with me."

Merle Oberon smiled. "Who cares?" she said. "Come along."

That's how it began. Grant, who is as tactful and thoughtful as any Don Juan who ever lived, refused to wear dinner clothes during the rest of the trip. Sports jackets and grey flannels were his nightly garb just so Betsy wouldn't feel out of the social swim.

By the time the Queen Mary docked at the Cunard pier in New York, Grant was pretty well smitten. He'd fallen in love with a girl unlike any other he'd ever met. He was surprised, too, when he learned that Betsy had once been under contract to Hal Wallis at Paramount but despising Hollywood, had left of her own accord.

How did Betsy feel? Put yourself in the position of a poor girl who's been raised in the Greenwich Village section of New York; who has never had very much money; whose parents are separated, and who, because of this, has known very little happiness in her youth.

BETSY may have been poor in material gifts in childhood but she was rich in dreams. All her life she wanted to become a famous stage actress like Helen Hayes or Katharine Cornell. However, the chances seemed remote because, in addition to stuttering when she got nervous and being near-sighted, she had no contacts with show people.

Under these lowly circumstances, many girls would give up—but not Betsy. She started from the bottom. She went from one show producer's office to another looking for any sort of stage work. She'd had no experience, and they turned her down. Someone finally told her to go see an agent.

Eventually she landed one or two modeling jobs posing for illustrations in the large mail-order catalogues, but still her heart was set on the Broadway stage. A theatrical agent named Jane Broder agreed to represent her. Jane took a liking to Betsy and gave her an in-between job, running the telephone switchboard at her office.

One afternoon Betsy, after taking lunch at Walgreen's Drug Store, heard that Herman Shumlin was casting a play. She went around to see him. Shumlin is a kind man. He looked at the mousey little girl, heard her talk, and liked her manner.

"I tell you what," he said. "I don't have anything for you, but there's a Hollywood producer in town, fellow named Hal Wallis. He likes girls like you—the off-beat type."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Shumlin," Betsy Drake said, "but I don't want to go to Hollywood. I want to work here, on Broadway."

"Don't be foolish," Shumlin advised.

Betsy thought about it a little and trotted back to her agent who arranged for a test with Hal Wallis, then sent the child to a dramatic coach. The coach advised Betsy to appear before Wallis in high heels and a low-cut gown. "Don't be silly," Betsy said with great honesty. "I have less than a dollar to my name, and I don't intend to spend that on anything except food."

When Hal Wallis met the deep-throated young woman he asked her to play the role of a blind English girl in a scene from *I Walk Alone*.

The following day he phoned Betsy's agent. "How much do you want for the

that little Drake girl?" he queried.
"Five hundred a week," Jane Broder said.

"Be not foolish. She's a newcomer, has had no experience."

"All right, Hal, what do you consider a fair price?"

"Tell you what. I'll give her \$350 a week, and half of any dough we get on loanouts."

"It's a deal," Jane Broder agreed.

So Betsy trained out to Hollywood, only to find that Wallis had no part for her. She hung around, lonely and fearful, asking for any type of acting work. But each week all she got was her salary check. It was more money than she'd ever earned before, but she was unrequited, frustrated, disillusioned.

After six months Wallis offered to keep her on at her original salary. "I'd rather go back to New York," Betsy decided. Few people understood this girl. Why give up a good salary and go back to job-hunting?

But back to New York Betsy came. She landed a job in the English production of *Deep Are The Roots*. For four months she played up and down the British provinces. Then she caught the Queen Mary home. That's when Cary Grant came into the picture.

THIS falling in love with Grant, the chance meeting, the strange set of circumstances all seemed to have happened so quickly, Betsy couldn't quite keep her equilibrium.

Back in New York, Cary mentioned something about returning to Hollywood. Under the proper auspices he was sure she would like the place. And let's face it, what better sponsor could a girl have in Hollywood than Cary Grant? Here was one of the most talented light comedians of the day, an actor every studio was clamoring for, a star who could name his own vehicle, his own leading lady, his own director.

When Betsy Drake showed up in Hollywood, and Cary was asked about his relationship with the young actress, he said quite simply, "I first saw Betsy in England where she was appearing in *Deep Are The Roots*. I met her aboard ship on the way home. She hadn't made any pictures in Hollywood, but I thought she was com-

mitted to producer Hal Wallis. When she told me this association had been terminated, I introduced her to Don Hartman who was looking for a newcomer for *Every Girl Should Be Married*."

Grant also spoke to David Selznick who was then in production, and Selznick agreed to share Betsy's contract with RKO.

While Betsy was at RKO, she and Grant were virtually inseparable. He coached her, rehearsed her, taught her, encouraged her, while Hollywood cats kept saying to each other, "What does he see in her? Certainly she's no great beauty. She doesn't have money, and she doesn't have style, at least, not the style he's accustomed to."

In a way they were right—only the style in femininity that Grant had been accustomed to wasn't necessarily what he wanted to marry.

What he had been looking for all along, although no one would believe him; was a wife who would like the simple life, "quiet and relaxed." In 1932 when he had first been married to Virginia Cherrill, he had told reporters that he planned to live a retiring life. "You know," he said, "quiet and relaxing." They had laughed at him, because they knew Virginia, and they were right. But their estimation of Grant was incorrect. He actually meant what he said. He wanted a wife who would be content to stay away from the mad whirl.

IN Betsy Drake he has found such a wife.

Here is a girl of integrity, self-sufficiency, intellect and talent. While she desperately wants a full-fledged career of her own, she is wise enough to realize that her basic career is keeping her husband happy. She knows that without Grant's assistance she would not be where she is today. She knows that it was for her sake that he agreed to one of those husband-and-wife radio programs, *Mr. and Mrs. Blandings*, shortly after their marriage. The radio program didn't come off, and as a matter of fact, both Betsy and Cary are being sued for \$15,250 by their team of script writers.

Like his good friend Humphrey Bogart, Grant is a mature man deeply and almost

irrevocably set in his ways. He hates disruption of any sort and is a stickler for neatness. For years now his obsession with clothes has been a Hollywood joke, and it is said facetiously, albeit with a modicum of truth, that there is no tailor who wants Grant's business. He is so finicky when it comes to fit that hardly any tailor will undertake the job of clothing him. Leo McCarey, who knows Grant well—they used to rent adjoining houses down at Santa Monica beach—says jokingly that Cary is a frustrated haberdasher. As a matter of record, Grant at one time owned haberdashery outlets on both coasts.

Grant refuses to lead his private life in public and feels that after 20 years of hard work in the business, he is well enough established to do without stories of his home-life, his love-life, his hobbies and his habits.

Neither a joiner nor an organizer, he bothers no man, and wants no man to bother him. Like the good wife she is, Betsy has adopted his ways, which is why relatively nothing has been printed of their marriage.

"Just because we are happily married," Betsy says, "I don't think that's particularly newsworthy. I read about divorces and marital quarrels in the movie magazines, but all our friends seem very well adjusted, so that such news is very far removed from us. It's been my experience that there are more happy marriages in Hollywood than most people think."

Frank Vincent, Grant's agent, who died a few years ago, was once asked why Cary refused to discuss his marriages or home-life with the press or pose for extensive home layouts.

"His reticence may seem strange to you," Vincent pointed out, "but you must never lose sight of one fact. Even though Cary became an American citizen in 1942, he is essentially an Englishman, and to an Englishman his home is his castle. He looks upon it as the last refuge of his privacy. Cary has never cried the blues and never shouted his happiness. Marriage to him is a very private affair, and he simply refuses to give out progress reports on its welfare. He never has and as far as I can see he never will."

END

they broke all the rules

(Continued from page 43) if it has been managed according to Hoyle.

A few weeks ago a visitor was in Marty Melcher's office. The phone rang. Marty picked up the receiver, listened for a moment, then said, "Can't talk to you now. Somebody's here. Get to you later." As he hung up he said, "That was my wife."

The visitor pondered on this clipped conversation after he left the office, and finally came to the conclusion that it was all right. "After all," he shrugged, "they've been married almost two years."

It was this acceptance of the fact that there was no need for further cooing that inspired MODERN SCREEN to take stock of the marriage of Doris Day and Marty Melcher. But, of course, there were other reasons. One of them was that Doris and Marty, according to the opinions of most marriage counselors, were going about making a success of their union in entirely the wrong way. Another was in deference to that common Hollywood practice which has a good percentage of the guests present leaning toward a companion just after the ring has been slipped on the bride's finger and whispering, "It won't last six months." This survey is dedicated to these cynical beings.

According to the experts, Doris Day and Marty Melcher are breaking the cardinal rule of matrimony: She's working. The authorities, almost unanimously, agree this is dynamite. They say that the male, in order to maintain his masculinity at a proper level, must be the sole breadwinner. When a woman works a marriage is supposed to fall apart at the seams because it frustrates Dad.

Well, to this hour, Marty Melcher hasn't been frustrated, nor is he even mildly unhappy about Doris' working. He is delighted, possibly because he is proud of her achievements and possibly because he's been so busy being happy he hasn't had time to read the rules.

ANOTHER bad thing, according to the chaps who know, is a man and wife working in the same business—if she must be employed at all. This is also supposed to have an effect on Pop's pride. It's no doubt dates back to the emergency years when a husband and wife would often toil side-by-side in a factory of some sort—and Mom often wound up as her old man's foreman. Doris and Marty are in the same business, and in a sense she is his boss, because Marty acts as his wife's agent. That is not supposed to make for marital happiness. It could curb a man's tongue when he was on the edge of winning a family argument. His wife could not only have

the last word, but the last two words: "You're fired!"

But, then almost everything that has happened to Marty and Doris Melcher has been opposed to the book. Ordinarily a man first sees a girl across a crowded room, as the lyricists say. Not Marty. At the end of a hard day at the office, he was asked to give up his plans for the evening to take a client, one Doris Day, whom he had never seen, to a radio broadcast. It wasn't a date. Marty was told to see that she got there on time, didn't get run over, didn't sign anything, didn't forget her script, got the proper introduction on the air and a dozen other things an agent is supposed to look after when a client works. If he said he was delighted he was only being polite.

If you have ever seen an agent escorting a star to a public function, you have seen unadulterated, sophisticated boredom. It is a function only with these boys, no matter how beautiful and glamorous the doll is. Marty, on this first "date" with Doris, was no different from the others. As a matter of fact, he had personal problems at the time that kept him out of the mood for enjoying the company of any lady. He was separated from his wife, Patty Andrews, and it was beginning to look as though it would end in a divorce. Consequently, until the broadcast was over and Doris was escorted to her car to shove off for home, there was absolutely nothing personal in

his feelings for her. Doris, however, was hungry, so Marty took her to a café to get a late snack. It was over a bowl of chili that he realized for the first time that she was actually a woman.

Now the way it is suppose to happen, again according to the men who write the books about such things, is that he should have seen her picture in the office files, or seen her sitting in someone else's office, or at a party, and he should have turned to someone and stammered excitedly, "Who's that?"

EVEN the engagement was 'way off the accepted. There wasn't any. There was no formal discussion of marriage. There was no proposal. There was no recounting of qualities. By the great Lord Harry there wasn't even an engagement ring! It's enough to make a man like John J. Anthony sick to his stomach.

It just, as the happy pair lamely explain it, happened. No marriage can possibly be sound without the memories of how the boy carried the ring around in his watch pocket for a month before he had the nerve to show it to his intended, or how he got down on one knee, in the silliest position, and asked for the lady's hand in matrimony. All that took place with Marty and Doris is that a year or so after they'd been chumming around together somebody said something about something that would take place "after we're married," and the subject was dropped.

As for the wedding! No matter how little fuss a couple wants, the bride and groom have to go to some bother. If it is a quiet affair they might leap into a car with a few friends and drive madly off to some Greta Green, singing and laughing like demented. A little more formal manner is for the husband-to-be to phone a few intimate friends and ask them to drop by City Hall and cry a little while the ceremony takes place. In Hollywood, or in big city social circles, a gala wedding is generally considered only proper, with tents on the lawn and caterers and detectives guarding the presents and at least 500 guests.

But not Doris and Marty. There have been a number of different versions, but it is generally conceded that they were digging in Doris' garden or something and one of them asked the other how he or she would like to take a shower and go get married. They even had to pluck witnesses off the street they say. Many eminent counselors would give a couple starting out in this haphazard fashion less than the usual 60 days.

Another big mistake that Doris Day and Marty Melcher made was in choosing the home in which they would live. Marty, a man with a few dollars in the bank, able to finance a swanky home for his bride, should have had a stern talk with Doris after the ceremony. He should have told her that her money and possessions were hers—and he didn't want to have anything to do with them. He should have said they'd either sell her home or burn it to the ground—and they would live in a house of his choosing, one he had bought with his own money.

But it wasn't like that. Any good authority will tell you that they were just too doggone practical about the whole thing. They looked around Doris' home, Marty agreed he kind of liked the set-up, and he went to his place and got his stuff and moved in. Somebody should have warned them.

The experts usually look with considerable alarm on a marriage which unites a son or daughter as well as the happy couple. This is a hazard, for, they say, there is a tendency for the new father to become jealous of the child—and for the mother to side with her own flesh and blood in the event of a dispute. There are all sorts of

other dangers, including the kid resenting another disciplinarian. But the jealousy, and lack of control held by the foster parent is the main rub.

The Melchers don't know about this, either. Doris is not a demanding mother, but she is something of a tyrant about certain things, and her son, Terry, is not a pampered lad by any means. He has, however, an ally. Marty. If he is obliged to perform some chore a small boy figures he

Ava Norring went to Hollywood with the help of publicity about her many malapropisms. Her most celebrated remark concerned her husband who, she said, overheard her mistakes, "then went around my behind and told people."

Earl Wilson

can't make and still play third base on the sand lot ball team, he turns to Marty for assistance. And he gets it. Marty understands and helps out, and they both swear an oath that Doris will never find out. It's not supposed to be that way at all. But it is. As a matter of fact, Doris has been heard to complain that the guys gang up on her. Somehow the three of them get along as though they were always together and Marty really belonged.

NOW TAKE the matter of business. If you ask her, Doris will tell you that Marty handles all of the financial and contract matters exactly to her satisfaction. They never have a harsh word—and he discusses everything with her quietly and calmly. If that were true, they could get the records of their conversations in the Smithsonian Institute. No theatrical relationship has ever been a bed of roses, but the relationship between an artist and her manager is something like the Dempsey-Tunney fight at least once a week. Now a manager can get away with murder with a client to whom he is not bound emotionally. The worst that can happen is that she'll take her business elsewhere, and he'll be glad to see it happen.

But if he's married to the girl this can't happen. The fights, therefore, have to be to the finish. Somebody has got to win. It would seem, if we are to believe the authorities, that these differences of opinions would be carried on into the home, at dinner and far into the night. But not with the Melchers. Marty knows his business, and when his wife calls during office hours with some hare-brained scheme such as artists only can come up with, he listens, then says no. If she persists, he says the things he'd like to have said in the first place—and they might possibly hang up with little regard for one another. But the minute he steps in his front door at night, he's hubby coming back from the store—and he doesn't want to talk shop. If Doris ever has the urge to continue the discussion the most she ever does is quietly make plans to get him on the phone at the office again in the morning. Other than that they never let the artist-manager relationship in the house. They may not realize it but by doing this they are making jerks out of the learned lads who say such a situation is not possible.

One of the major contentions of the book writers is that it is not possible for a marriage to be truly happy if a woman has anything but making dinner, doing the dishes and keeping the home fires burning on her mind after they both come back from work. This is impossible in the case of Doris Day. She makes movies for a living and the studio demands that she devote her day to acting before the cameras, and a good part of her evenings to studying up on what she is supposed to do the next day. This means that during the shooting of a

movie, she sometimes has to walk about the house in deep thought, or she has to go to her room and pore over her script far into the night.

The danger in this sort of a situation is that the husband might like a little attention and soon develop a snarling dislike for his wife's profession. Marty isn't even wise to that. He has the utmost respect for his wife's profession—and does everything in his power to see that she isn't disturbed. The experts say that if he wants another cup of coffee, he will more than likely snap his fingers and signal for the missus to bring it to him. Not Marty. He installed a restaurant-size coffee urn in his house and when he feels the need of a second or third cup, he goes and gets it. And if Doris' closest pal comes calling while she is upstairs, Marty smilingly tells them Doris is asleep, out of town, run away or anything else he can think of to spare his little lady from disturbance. He's not supposed to do it, you know. Maybe it's just that he loves the girl he's married to.

RECENTLY Doris and Marty attended an unusual seminar. It was an impromptu affair, held at the home of a friend, and the conversation got around to marriages in Hollywood. Suddenly someone noted with surprise that he had never read in any of the columns that Doris and Marty were tiffing or headed for a divorce. With people who have been wed more than a few weeks in the film capital this is a very unusual state of affairs. Generally the columnists find something to predict disaster over during the honeymoon. The Melchers were asked to explain. They couldn't account for it.

Well, we'll do it for them.

During all the time they have been together, even before they married, Doris and Marty have conducted themselves in a sane, orderly manner. Even, as some of the Hollywood folk would contend, in a stuffy manner. They seldom go to night clubs or large parties. Because of this they are seldom seen sitting at the wrong table with a man or a woman, nor can they be accused of paying too much attention to a handsome young stranger at a laughing and drinking spree.

They love their home and their life together so much that they make it the center of their existence. All their pleasures are at their finger tips, and neither of them feels the need to go out and seek strange diversions alone. They have the same interests. They like motoring, seeing new places when they have vacations, so they are kept away from the thorny paths the average stars tread in Manhattan and Paris, places where the columnists lurk.

They have a profound respect for one another. Marty honestly thinks Doris Day has the greatest ballad-singing voice of our time, and is one of the real charmers of the screen. She thinks he is the brightest man in business she has ever met—not just because of a loyalty to a husband—but because he has been successful and respected in his work.

They have, in common, a deep devotion to ideals of living and religion. They try their best to live according to these ideals and help each other at it every day. And they have a united desire to see Terry grow up, go to college and become a fine man. These things, along with their love, may be the reasons they can go against most of the rules of the book and make their marriage work.

In conclusion, we have one word of advice for the experts. If you are ever in Burbank, California, don't stop by the Melcher home. It will frustrate the heck out of you. Except, of course, if you're in the mood to get a good look at a pair who broke the rules to break the record for marital happiness.

END

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Janet Leigh—page 61

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Elaine Stewart—page 61

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HOLEPROOF HOSIERY DESCRIPTIONS, pp. 58, 59, 61, 62, 63

Page 58: Zsa Zsa Gabor—Nude Royal, 60 gauge Nude hosiery. Maureen O'Hara—Blush Royal, 51 gauge, 15 denier hosiery with heel and toe reinforcement.

Page 59: Models posing with James Mason—Mist Royal and Beige Royal, 60 gauge Shad-o-bar heel and show-toe hosiery.

Page 61: Janet Leigh—Blonde Royal, 15 denier Nude Foot seamless hosiery.

Page 62: Pamela Mason—Blush Royal, 60 gauge, 15 denier reinforced heel and toe hosiery.

Hosiery to wear with other Accent shoes shown on page 62:

Andora—Blush Royal, 15 denier Nude Foot seamless.

Whistle—Blonde Royal, 15 denier Nude Foot seamless.

Kitty—Blonde Royal, 60 gauge, 15 denier reinforced heel and toe with contrasting dark seams.

Street—worn by Pamela Mason—described above.

Page 63: Joan Evans—Beige Royal, 60 gauge regular reinforced heel and toe with contrasting navy seams.

Plyer Laurie—Mist Royal, 60 gauge regular reinforced heel and toe with contrasting seams.

Elaine Stewart—photo pg. 61. Reversible blouse and skirt insets of matching broadcloth—body of skirt of contrast denim. Patent belt. Yellow blouse, grey skirt; turquoise blouse, brown skirt; white blouse, navy skirt. 10 to 18. Blouse, under \$5. Skirt, under \$11. By McArthur.



Zsa Zsa Gabor—photo pg. 58. Separates by McArthur, Ltd. The blouse is of broadcloth—the skirt of uncut ribbon polished cotton multi-stripe. Blouse: black, navy, white, pink or lime—under \$5. The skirt comes in color shown only—under \$11. Miss Gabor wears her own pins on the blouse.



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Dawn Addams seen in
 MGM's "PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE"

love in a penthouse

(Continued from page 44) the seven-room apartment, came the sound of Tony's voice. "Chlo-ee! Chlo-ee!"

Patti and Jerry exchanged a look.

"Chloe-ee! Chlo-ee!" Tony repeated.

A thin female voice answered from a distance. It was Janet's. "Here I am, darling," she called, "in the closet under the stairs."

"This is a new bit," Jerry muttered to his cute wife with the poodle cut. Both of them traced the sound of the voices and finally came upon Tony and Janet kissing in the closet.

"What's going on here?" Jerry demanded. "We're reorganizing the closets," Janet said.

"Some reorganizing," Mrs. Lewis cracked.

"What's with this Chloe routine?" Jerry asked.

Janet started to giggle. "We began yelling Chloe the first week we moved in here," she explained. "This place is so big we can get four people into the stall shower."

"Wanna try the shower?" Tony asked.

Lewis crossed his eyes, stuck out his tongue, raised his right foot. "You crazy, you! I took my shower last year."

Call it crazy, mad, foolish, gone. Call it what you will. But after living in a three-room apartment for almost two years, Tony and Janet are in heaven now that they've moved into their penthouse.

YOU'LL hear no more stories about the threat to their marriage or their alleged unhappiness, because in the opinion of Janet's mother, who should know, all these rumors stemmed directly from their old housing problem. The irritations caused by living in cramped quarters were magnified by friends and finally found their way into the gossip columns.

"Janet is an extremely orderly person," her mother explains. "She's worse than I am, and I'm a very fussy housekeeper. It actually disturbs her emotionally when things are thrown around."

"In their old place Tony and Janet had no room for books or his magic equipment or their cameras or anything. Janet used to keep her evening dresses at my house. That's a nuisance, you know, going over to your mother's house every time you want to put on a gown, and things like that got on Janet's nerves."

"Naturally enough, friends and newspaper people got wind of her occasional churlishness, and the next thing anyone knew they were writing stories about their incompatibility. Dad and I knew otherwise, but we decided the only way to stop all the gossip was to find the kids a larger home. We stumbled on this penthouse while the two of them were vacationing in New York. That was after they finished the *Houdini* picture."

Janet says her parents' industriousness really paid off. "Honestly," she points out, "when two people start living in real close quarters something can happen to their dispositions. Take Tony. He's got the sweetest disposition of any man I've ever known. Before we were married he was in the habit of puttering around with half-a-dozen different hobbies. He'd discovered that the one sure way for him to relax after work was to do something with his hands. He took up oil painting, building model planes, amateur photography."

"It's very hard to take a turn at each of these hobbies in a small apartment, and that's what we had after we were married. There just wasn't enough floor space, not even to set up his trains. Paints would drip from the easel onto the carpet. There wasn't even a private corner where

he could sit down with a ship model. After a while it got a little discouraging, and he would bemoan his fate. But now that Mother and Daddy got us this penthouse—well, everything's perfect. No one can possibly get on anyone else's nerves."

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison had a pretty good idea of what rental their kids could afford before they went apartment shopping. Janet's father is her business manager, and Mrs. Morrison knows exactly what her daughter needs in the way of a kitchen, closets, cupboards, and so forth.

Oddly enough the Morrisons found a penthouse for rent in an apartment building one block away from where Janet and Tony used to live. Mrs. Morrison made the first inspection of the vacancy. She checked on things like the extra bath and the size of the kitchen cupboards. She made certain that there were two complete dressing rooms. She noted that there were facilities for doing laundry at home, and she fell in love with a spacious roof deck, quickly realizing that the terrace with built-in barbecue, plant boxes, and outdoor furniture offered all the advantages of a backyard without the headache of backyard maintenance.

Mr. Morrison handled the business end of the deal. He told the landlord that his daughter and son-in-law might be able to pay \$400 a month but not a cent more, and he asked Mr. Haberman, the owner of the building, not to rent the penthouse until Tony and Janet returned from New York in a couple of days. An understanding man, Mr. Haberman said he'd hold it for a week.

THE morning the Santa Fé Chief pulled into Pasadena with Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Curtis aboard, both families were

Once upon a time, Marilyn Monroe was walking across a sound stage in the dark and an electrician yelled out, "Watch out for the equipment." So she zipped up her sweater.

Leo Shull

on the platform to meet them. The first words of greeting concerned the penthouse. Janet got so excited that she insisted upon seeing the place before dropping their luggage at the old address.

"Please don't count on it too much," Tony cautioned. "You're liable to be disappointed." Tony has lived through so many of Janet's high moments of anticipation that he knows when to apply the brakes to her unbridled enthusiasm. "I just can't stand to see the look of hurt on her face," he explains, "when she feels let down about something."

"Don't worry, Tony," Janet said, "I've got a feeling that this is our lucky day."

And it was.

Hand-in-hand they climbed the steep flight of stairs that was soon to become the private entrance to their private world. Just to be on the safe side, Janet kept her fingers crossed as they approached the threshold. In the manner of Cary Grant, whom he impersonates perfectly, Tony was acting very debonair, very nonchalant. Mr. Morrison fumbled with the keys for a moment. Then they all trooped in, Mama and Papa Schwartz, the Curtises, Tony's kid brother, the Morrisons.

"My first impression," Janet says, "when I walked into the living room was that this must be the whole apartment. I thought it was one of those chic, modern, one-room studio jobs with everything. My eyes swept over the fireplace grouping. They stopped for a minute on the baby grand piano and the two couches that are each eight feet long. I figured they must be beds. The card room or the game al-

cove—I mistook for the dinette.

"Tony was a lot sharper. He sensed that the place was exactly right from the start. And without even looking at any of the other rooms, he turned to Daddy and said, 'Okay, we'll take it.'"

In addition to a sensational living room, the penthouse boasts six other livable rooms that Tony and Janet have partly furnished.

The dining room is small but stylish. It is separated from the living room by a filmy drapery behind which Janet achieves the most unsuspected lighting effects. By candlelight the room becomes romantic. By using flush-lights Janet emphasizes the dramatic motif. By flooding the room with light from the ceiling's eggcrate fixture, she turns the room into a party setting.

TONY says the second largest room in the apartment—he's measured them all—is the master bedroom. Done in muted greens and rose, it's furnished with massive pieces of blonde furniture. In the comfortable expansiveness of the room, the scale and proportion of the furnishings is deceptive. Janet and Tony's king-size bed, for example, looks like an ordinary double bed, although it's much larger, and the normal-sized chaise longue gets lost in one corner.

Off the bedroom are the two dressing rooms lined with wardrobe closets. The closets are so beautifully organized that they delight Janet's orderly soul. A double-hung rod allows her to keep her blouses and skirts one above the other. Dresses and coats fit in two separate compartments. Handbags and hats are kept on deep shelves and her large collection of shoes hangs in shoe bags inside every closet door.

Tony's clothes are divided into groups. Sport shirts in one section, slacks and sport coats together in another, tailored suits in a third, and hobby clothes in a fourth. Tony's hobby clothes consist of everything imaginable from worn-out sneakers to old Navy tee-shirts.

The two most frequented places in the house are the den and the Tony Curtis Hobby Shop. They are really one large room divided by a partial partition which serves as shelf storage. The den side of the partition features a spinet piano, a wire-recorder, a soft couch, books, two chairs, and a telephone. Janet and Tony usually rehearse their lines in this room. It's also used for interviews and cozy little female conversations. On occasion it's been called the jive room, too. Let some of the hyper-talented friends gather, and quickly the room takes on the heated intimacy of a recording booth.

The far side of the partition is Tony's personal province, its decor and furnishings dependent upon his obsession at the moment. If he's casting clay masks, the room is cluttered with bags of plaster. If he's on the model plane kick, then balsa wood is strewn all about. No matter how her fingers itch to tidy up this room, Janet leaves it alone, but strictly. To date she has insisted upon only one wifely prerogative. Before Tony set up his paints and easel Janet made him tack down a piece of linoleum on the floor, so that he wouldn't ruin the carpet.

The apartment also boasts a house-size pantry and kitchen as well as a guest room and bath. "Technically we have a guest room," Tony explains, "but if we had to sleep a guest over, it'd be tough. The guest room is jammed with Janet's out-of-season clothes."

The Curtises supervise their menage very smoothly with the help of one housekeeper, Ida May. Idy, as she's fondly known, used to work for Janet's mother, but she's been with Janet ever since she and Tony tied the knot. She comes by the

Andrews and Helene Stanley
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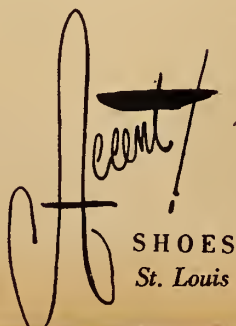


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day, five days a week, and works from noon until the dinner dishes are finished. "Tony and Janet," she says, "suit each other fine. Janet is a very meticulous person, and Tony is very nice. All Janet has to do is leave me a note telling me what Tony wants to eat if she has to work late at the studio. That boy is an understanding husband. Just feed him, and he's fine."

ON New Year's Day Janet and Tony gave their first penthouse party. They had 15 people in to brunch and to watch the Rose Bowl Game on television. Naturally the girls in the party were much more interested in inspecting the apartment than

watching football. Towards the shank of the afternoon one of the girls turned to Janet and said, "Why do you and Tony pay such a high rent for an apartment when you could get a house instead?"

Janet had some carefully thought-out answers. In the first place, she pointed out, if someone were to slice off the top floor of their building and put it on a lot, "You'd find that our apartment in size is the equivalent of a rather large house. This means we have space and privacy without the responsibility of owning property. When we start to raise a family, we don't want to be stuck with an old house. Also we're planning a trip

to Europe in a few months, and we want to be free to lock the door and take off. You can't do that when you own a house. Someone has to look after the garden, the property, pay the taxes, and all of that. We've also decided that when the first baby comes along we'll buy a house and let it grow with us."

"Do you expect a baby in the near future?" someone asked Janet.

"I'm not pregnant if that's what you mean," Mrs. Curtis answered, "but I'm sure looking forward to it." And with that Tony held up three books on child care. "Used to be a Boy Scout," he explained. "Always believe in being prepared." **END**

now we have everything

(Continued from page 32) Caesarean section. Many actresses such as Judy Garland and Elizabeth Taylor have had their babies in this fashion. One of the many advantages of the Caesarean is that the mother can pretty well fix her own date of confinement during the final month of her pregnancy.

Lucille told her obstetrician, Dr. Joe Harris, that she wanted her real-life baby to be born on the same day the baby in her TV script was supposed to come into the world.

"January 19th will be fine," Dr. Harris told her.

ONE day before, Desi drove Lucille down to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Lucille says, "He drove well, but he was quite nervous. Every 30 seconds he kept turning to me and saying, 'How do you feel? How do you feel?' I felt better than he did."

"Who was nervous?" Desi asks in retrospect. "Not me. I was just maybe a little excited."

Lucille was checked into the hospital at 4:30 P.M. on a Sunday. Desi began smoking frantically . . . furiously.

"No use of you hanging around here," the doctor told him. "Nothing is going to happen until tomorrow."

Desi made certain that Lucille was comfortable. He smoked two packs of cigarettes in the process, then left her with one final admonition. "If you can possibly do it, darling, make it a boy."

Desi spent the night at the home of his mother, Mrs. Dolores Lolita Arnaz. By 6:30 the next morning he was back at the hospital, pacing the floors.

At 7:00 A.M. Lucille was wheeled into the delivery room. Dr. Harris gave her a spinal.

During the course of the delivery, Lucille asked a nurse, "Is it a boy?"

"We don't know yet," the nurse said. Lucille beamed when she was told she had given birth to a boy; so, too, did the doctors; the nurses clapped their hands.

Desi, his face flattened against a glass partition, saw the doctors and nurses laughing, and according to him, "I knew right away it was a boy. Honestly! I could tell from the expression on everyone's face."

The child was immediately named Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV after his father, grandfather, and great grandfather, and weighed in at 8 lbs. 9 ounces.

Following the delivery, Lucille was wheeled down the hall and Desi was permitted in her private room for five minutes. "I don't know what I told her," he confesses. "I was so happy. I just kissed her and I know I said thank you and I love you and I know she said I love you and thank you, Desi, and something else. But who can remember at a time like that?"

After his five-minute visit with Lucy, 84 Desi raced down the hospital corridors

shouting, "It's a boy. It's a boy. Now we have everything. Now we have everything."

Mrs. Desiree Ball, Lucille's mother, and Desi's mother, were waiting in the anteroom, and they heard Desi before they saw him. Mrs. Arnaz came over and hugged Mrs. Ball, whose broken leg was in a cast, the result of having fallen out of an auto.

That afternoon the family saw the baby, and Lucille's mother said, "He has a pug-nose just like Lucy." Desi's mother said, "He looks just like Desi, even his black hair."

Desi says the baby will be shown on one television program when he gets a little older, and after that he'll be retired to the Arnaz nursery for the next two years.

Friends of Lucille say that she always wanted two children and now that she has both a son and daughter will probably have no more offspring. "Desi says we have everything," she claims, "and I guess he's right."

TO Lucille Ball, her children, her career, her money, her fame are all important but first and foremost in her book of values comes the success of her marriage to Desi.

Lucille once lost Desi—they both know what life is like without each other—and they don't particularly care to re-live the experience.

Ten years ago, Lucy and Desi had a dilly of a fight. It concerned a couple who were staying out at the Arnaz ranch. The fight reached the danger point, and Lucille insisted that she had had enough. She was going to file for a divorce.

In white heat, Desi said that was okay with him. He was going into the Army, and he'd just as soon not have a wife to worry about. He was inducted into the service, and Lucille went ahead with the divorce proceedings.

When his basic training was finished, Desi came back to Los Angeles on his first leave and immediately phoned Lucille. She asked him to come out to the ranch.

"It was wonderful," Desi recalls. "We looked at each other. We knew that we were still very much in love, and we decided to forget our quarrel and live in peace."

Legally and technically, Desi and Lucille were still man and wife, so Desi spent the night at the ranch.

When he awoke at nine the next morning, he was surprised to find Lucille fully and beautifully clothed. "Where you going this time of morning?" he asked groggily.

"To get our divorce," Lucille said. Desi shook the sleep out of his eyes. "Did you say divorce?" he asked.

"Yes, divorce." "But I thought you agreed everything was fine?" he insisted. "You said last night that we'd never again separate."

"Now, look," Lucille explained. "I filed for divorce two months ago. The case is set for ten o'clock this morning. The judge is going to be there. The lawyer is going to be there. The reporters are going to be there,

and I'm simply not going to disappoint that many people."

Oddly enough, Lucille drove down to court and asked the judge for a divorce on grounds of mental cruelty. It was granted very quickly, whereupon she thanked everyone and drove back to the ranch. Here she cooked breakfast for Desi and when he woke up for the second time, served it to him. Then they kissed—and, well, it was almost like a second honeymoon.

All divorce decrees in California are interlocutory decrees. It takes one year before they become final. In the case of Desi and Lucy, they were living together as man and wife even while the divorce was granted, so that it never really took effect.

Just to make sure that everything was legal and above board, the lovers were re-married a few years ago by a Catholic priest. Lucille is not Catholic but Desi is, so, of course, both of their children are being raised in the Catholic faith.

Ever since that incident, Desi and Lucille have never used the word "divorce."

Both of them are stubborn and highly-opinionated and argue a good deal, especially for a pair of love-birds, but the quarrel usually ends up with a long tempestuous kiss and as Desi says, "with Lucy being right."

BEFORE Desi dreamed up the fantastically successful TV program of *I Love Lucy*, he used to move out of the house "each time we had a hassel." He'd pack his clothes, throw the luggage into his car, drive 22 miles into town and check in at the Hollywood Athletic Club. A day later he'd phone Lucy and that night he'd be back.

"Finally," he says, "I said to myself, 'This is crazy, this moving out everytime you have a fight. It costs too much money.' So I got hold of a carpenter and together we built what I call our rumpus-house. It's right on our property and has everything, dining room, bath, study, kitchen. Now when Lucy and I have a quarrel, I don't have to drive into town. I just move into the rumpus-house. Only a funny thing, now that I have some place nearby to go, we don't seem to have so many serious quarrels. Just friendly little arguments. We're really too busy to fight."

I Love Lucy is not only the most successful television program in the country, but its by-products are becoming big business. There's an *I Love Lucy* comic strip, Lucy and Desi dolls, and undoubtedly a flock of Lucy fashions to come in pajamas, dresses, hats, and other clothes items.

Desi and Lucille have been married for 12 years, during the first ten of which the comedienne says, "We tried our darndest to have some children. Just when we were reconciled to a childless marriage, bingo—two in a row."

"That's show business for you," shrugs fatalistic Desi.

Lucille Ball tosses her mate an understanding grin. "Desi's so excited about being the father of a son," she explains, "that he sometimes gets nature mixed up with show business." **END**

(Continued from page 37) they both tried to carry out a studied pretense that they weren't at all the hysterical type.

At this point, Mike's sense of humor proved to be an excellent prenatal influence. It's doubtful whether his young wife, who was still a few weeks away from her 21st birthday, had ever enjoyed a more hearty laugh in her whole lifetime than over his straight-faced comment, slightly distorted now, but the same in essence, that still echoes in the conversation of friends. "We have a nerve!" one remembers he exclaimed. "Two unemployed actors undertaking parenthood."

Funny? Yes, but all humor is based on truth. Despite the fact that a new five-year contract had been negotiated for Liz, raising her salary from the neighborhood of \$1,500 to \$3,000 a week, she was on suspension. Not because studio bosses are cruelly oblivious to motherhood, it's just that, much as they would like to have made her a present of her regular salary until she was able to work again, Hollywood now operates under more stringent rules than in the past.

As for Mike Wilding, let it be recorded that he is no different from other expectant fathers. He did not relish being unemployed at the time of the baby's arrival. But if prenatal influence is not a lot of pure nonsense, young Michael Howard Wilding should be a lad of sturdy character, for his father had been heard to utter a firm "no" to an important part with Lana Turner in *Latin Lovers*, although he had recently signed a contract with Metro which nets him in the neighborhood of \$1,000 a week. "It's not that the role isn't good," he said, "it just isn't good for me."

No one, least of all Elizabeth or Mike Wilding, expects any sympathy.

Their combined income should make them better off than at least 95% of all other salaried employees in the nation. But they certainly are not rich and probably never will be. Their son wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but he did have a gold one by his bedside. It came as a gift from Danish silversmith Philip Paval. It matches exactly the one given by him to Queen Elizabeth at the birth of Prince Charles.

But whatever their financial rating, they maintained a fine average of parental behavior the last few hours before Michael H. Wilding, Jr.'s arrival. A last minute check of Elizabeth's condition convinced the doctor that she should have additional X-rays. These were made the day before the baby's birth and as gently as possible Liz was told that it would be best for the child if she went to the hospital the next day for a Caesarean delivery.

You have the word of friends that this was a disappointment Elizabeth found hard to take, but in a situation like this, events move too swiftly for any lingering regrets. They were at Santa Monica Hospital before she could think of much more to say about it to Mike, other than, "Well at least you won't have to pace the floor for hours, waiting."

That's what she thought! Mike followed her to their two-room suite, in a complete daze. They hardly had time for a couple of fervent "I love you's," when crisp, efficient nurses ordered him out of the room. To Mike it seemed like seconds later that she was wheeled out, a still form in white from head to foot, her hair completely done up in white cloth and knotted in bunny rabbit fashion. Only her eyes seemed alive as she stared up at him and whispered in as-

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surance, "They say it will take only 15 minutes."

Only 15 minutes! Mike returned to the room where her mother was sitting, quietly reading a religious science book. He sat down to wait for those only 15 minutes to pass, and by the time his watch showed an elapsed 30 minutes, he had very little sanity left. Amusing? Such situations never are to expectant fathers. At exactly 39 minutes and 30 seconds, Mike was certain that something must have gone wrong. He started for the door.

Mercifully, a young interne appeared on the scene to steady him.

"Congratulations, Mr. Wilding. You are the father of a fine baby boy!"

"Yes! Yes! But is my wife all right?"

The interne ignored the question. "Yes sir, a fine baby boy. Now, if you'll excuse me..." And the interne was gone.

Mike went back to his chair and took a long pull at the small bottle of scotch tucked into his topcoat by an understanding male who had been through things like this before.

If hospital attendants are correct, the first thing Mike said to Elizabeth when she had conquered her drowsiness long enough to comprehend, were the exultant words, "I saw him!"

To which they say she replied with a smile, "That's nothing. I saw him when he was five seconds old."

And indeed she had. It seems that drugs do not take a normal effect on Liz. People who know her best say that nothing less than a tap on the head with a baseball bat will put her completely under. Thus, she was more than ordinarily aware of what was going on, and watched as much of the proceedings as she possibly could under the circumstances. About one thing she was disappointed, however. Her ears were stuffed with cotton and she couldn't hear Michael's first baby cry of protest as he was patted on the po-po.

In the days that have followed, a great change seems to have come over Mrs. Mike Wilding, young mother, as compared to Elizabeth Taylor, the darling of MGM. Whereas in months and years past there has been some justified comment to the effect that a degree of selfishness was one of Liz's traits, that is all gone. Her two Michaels are her entire world, and beyond that she looks forward in two years, or perhaps less, to another child.

After this stout assertion of further ambitions in the career of motherhood, a friend told her, "That's all very well, but with only two bedrooms, the playroom and the maid's quarters, how will you manage in this house?"

"That's simple," Liz replied. "We have plenty of room to build on another wing."

Studio bosses may hope that Liz will temper her ambitions somewhat in this direction. By this time she should be working in the picture, *The Brothers Were Valiant*, her long-postponed film with Stewart Granger and Bob Taylor. Friends, however, are delighted.

"I have never seen such a change in any woman," declared one of her business managers. "She is not as conscious of herself as she was. She seems suddenly to have become completely adult. I think it will make her a much finer actress, but people won't be able to persuade her to do things as easily as they have in the past. In my opinion, she is the greatest personality we have on the screen today, but now it's the studio's responsibility to see that she has pictures that are worthy of her talents."

Commenting on Mike, this same astute agent, who insists on keeping his name a secret, says, "He is a sensitive actor who always claims he hates the acting profession. I don't think he has quite found him-

self, but I'm convinced that he will one day, very soon, perhaps as a writer-director."

In the midst of all this conjecture, the Wildings are intently occupied behind the closed and locked gates of their new home, so well hidden from the road that even with one of those movie stars homes maps that can be purchased along Sunset Boulevard, no one may peer inside. Mike has said, "With my memory I'd have a difficult time finding my own house, but the number 1771 reads the same forward and backwards, so I can't miss."

"Also," he added, "the sign reading 'Beware Of The Dog' means just exactly that." Aside from the "watch" variety, there is Gi-Gi, the poodle, a recent mother of two, and a dachshund who can hear a twig snap at two blocks away.

THIS near barbed-wire set-up is not motivated by snobbishness or anti-social feelings on the part of either Michael or Liz. It is a purely practical measure brought about in part by some pretty unpleasant experiences before and just after the birth of their son.

Liz, from childhood, has known how to work with the press. She understands the

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6—Lt. Bot. Ambassador Hotel Photo by Antler, Rt. Bot. Jay Scott, 7—Lt. Bot. Jay Scott, Cen. Bot. Jay Scott, 8—Warners, 11—Top Red Heppner, Bot. Bob Beerman, 12—Warners, 32—Globe Photos, 38—Roman Freulich, 40—Top, Wide World, Bot. Beerman-Parry, 41—Lt. Top, Bob Beerman, Rt. Top, Bob Beerman, Lt. Bot., Bob Beerman, Cen. Bot., Warner Brothers, Rt. Bot., Jay Scott, 42—John Engstead, 43—Jack Woods, Warner Bros., 44—Beerman-Parry, 45—Beerman-Parry, 46—Top, Beerman-Parry, Lt. Bot. 20th Century-Fox, Cen. & Rt. Bot. Beerman-Parry, 47—Bot. 20th Century-Fox, 48—Lt. 20th Century-Fox, Rt. Bot. Beerman-Parry, 50—Planet News, 52—Globe Photos, 53—MGM, I Love Melvin, 55—20th Century-Fox, 56, 57—Bert Parry, 58-63—Engstead, Beerman and Parry, 64—Warner Brothers, 65—NBC Photo by Elmer Holloway, 67—Bob Beerman, 69—Bob Beerman.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right.

importance of publicity, and has always cooperated beautifully with the people who get the news. It was sometimes a great strain... as in those frantic days when a horde of reporters haunted her to learn the truth about her pending divorce from Nicky Hilton... and the subsequent wild scramble for intimate news of her sudden marriage in England to personable Mike Wilding. But even publicity-wise Elizabeth Taylor could not conceive of the pitch the news-fever would rise to in the effort to be the first to break the story of Liz and her baby, complete with pictures. (The contest was more frenzied than usual because of resentment felt by other publications when MODERN SCREEN scooped the field to publish an exclusive set of pictures of Jane Powell's adorable Suzanne several months ago.)

So the fantastic story of Elizabeth's nightmare began. At this point no one could blame her if she believed that all members of the press are pathological in their pursuance of a "Scoop."

For instance, one reporter talked a friend of his into going up to the Summit Drive home of Liz and Mike, disguised as a gardener. The idea was that the young man would watch his chance, slip into the house and snap a picture. This sort of thing, as anyone can imagine, is liable to result in someone winding up in jail. Fortunately, the young man was unable to penetrate the

Wilding house, and had to report back a failure.

In the meantime, dozens of photographic news services, reporters and editors hammered away at the problem. They called Mike Wilding by long distance phone until Mike was ready to pull the offending instrument out by the roots. They contacted Elizabeth's friends, trying to convince them to steal a picture of the baby. They even covered all of the camera shops in Beverly Hills, trying to find the place at which Mike had taken his snapshots to be developed, just in case there might be a loose stray negative.

What has happened up until now, ridiculous as it may seem, has resulted in a heavy veil of censorship, behind which Elizabeth has been forced to retire, temporarily, in Garbo-like silence. And a wall has been built around the love of the Wildings, figuratively and literally.

INSIDE that wall of an evening Liz and Mike curl up together in the living room on a huge lavender couch. Liz, more than likely wearing her gift from Mike. After the baby was born he presented her with a beautiful strand of pearls, interwoven in a golden rope. Naturally, enough, it's her favorite and rarely leaves her lovely throat these days. The Scotch nurse, who may soon be leaving because Liz has expressed a desire to go it alone with little Michael when he's a trifle older, brings the baby in for big Mike to burp. He doesn't quite have the hang of it yet, and more often than not Liz has to take over.

Then silence falls over the house. Mr. and Mrs. Wilding may watch a favorite television program for a while, but when an English picture comes on with Mike in it, he gets up and switches it off in spite of her protests, for as he has put it on more than one occasion, "Ordinarily I'm a reasonable enough fellow, but I don't care for my acting."

If you could be there then in the early evening, with Liz and Mike as they look out over the city far out to the light of ships at sea, you would realize that is one time at least they should be left alone together, for they are just beginning to build the stuff of which precious memories are made.

You could chuckle with them as they recall the early visitor who looked at the baby and exclaimed, "How beautiful—what a perfectly shaped head—why he looks exactly like a human being."

Or you could hear Father Wilding say, "I don't know when I'll get used to it. Every time I call him Michael, I feel like I'm talking to myself!"

You probably have seen the newspaper pictures, if they have been released by this time, and noticed the same thing their friends have—that the baby has his mother's eyes and nose; his father's mouth and facial characteristics. He smiles the same way his dad does, as though secretly amused by something.

Perhaps that's because he knows, even at this early age, that his mother has a considerable sense of humor. For when Michael was only two weeks old, someone commented that his full head of hair closely resembled his dad's. Liz, her eyes twinkling, glanced at Mike's fast receding hairline as she exclaimed, "Oh a lot of babies have a good head of hair just after they are born. But don't worry, he'll lose it soon enough—just like his father!"

But Mike, Sr., didn't lose one hair over the traditional poser asked new fathers: "Whom do you think she loves more—you or the baby?" Mike had the answer in a second, and it should become a classic: "All I know is that Liz never lets me out of her sight and I will never let her out of mine!"

END

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hollywood fashion party

(Continued from page 58) followed by fruit salad, vegetable salad, coffee and a mouthwatering array of desserts. All specialties of Hollywood's famous Brown Derby.

Denise Darcel, who looked good enough to eat herself, in a dark suit with white accent and chapeau, had a constantly changing series of admiring male luncheon partners. Deborah Kerr, drifting back and forth in a wispy black and white dotted dress, looked lovely, as did Mala Powers. Other guests who gaily chatted with Denise and Deborah included Charlton Heston, Joan Caulfield, Marilyn Maxwell, Janet Leigh, Leslie Caron, Mr. and Mrs. Barry Sullivan, Phyllis Kirk and Elaine Stewart.

The judges' table looked like a page from MODERN SCREEN's popularity poll!

Seated at it were Fernando Lamas, June Allyson, Shelley Winters, Dick Powell, Dana Andrews, Pamela Mason, Deborah Kerr, Anne Baxter, Joan Evans, and special guests Radio Commentator Michael Silver and famous sculptor, Nison Tregor.

Esther Williams, who'd been chosen as this year's M. S. fashion commentator, started the showing after lunch. The celebrities and other guests settled down into their chairs, and the show was on!

Hollywood's top models paraded the newest Spring styles in gaily colored cotton dresses, cute little hats, and smart Spring shoes. They twirled adorable umbrellas, useful for both rain and shine, as they passed in review. Each member of the board of judges, pencil and paper in hand, jotted down his selections for the prize-winning styles. Afterwards, the decisions of the judges were announced. Then the stars donned the winning styles and were photographed for MODERN

SCREEN's star-studded fashion pages.

As the exciting afternoon drew to a close, the stars were led to a corner of the terrace, for the "grab-bag" contest. Lining up, each star selected a present from the pile of prettily wrapped Easter gifts. June Allyson was first up, and was the lucky winner of a piece of Samsonite luggage. Other gifts were Dana 20 Carats perfume and cologne, more Samsonite luggage, Encore cigarettes, Lubar's gay and smart umbrellas, Elgin compacts, Ledo's exquisite rhinestone jewelry, Lennox of St. Louis handbags, Brown Derby cakes, Paper-Mate pens stamped with "MODERN SCREEN Fashion Party," personalized Paper-Mate desk sets stamped with stars' names, men's bow-ties (see Dana Andrews, page 51), Hicproof nylon hosiery, Luxite nylon tricot petticoats, Ah-Footsie denim and terrycloth playshoes with lush foam rubber soles, and Rose Marie Reid dolls with gift certificates for bathing suits. **END**

MODERN SCREEN wants to thank these stars for taking time out from their busy lives: Nison Tregor, outstanding sculptor of the age. He has sculpted President Dwight D. Eisenhower and will fly to England soon to do Queen Elizabeth II and Winston Churchill. Pamela Mason (Mrs. James Mason): playwright and writer under the name Pamela Kellino, hostess of MODERN SCREEN's fashion party.

Dana Andrews: appearing in Para-

mount's *Elephant Walk*. Shelley Winters, Universal-International star last seen in MGM's *My Man And I*. Deborah Kerr, next in MGM's *Dream Wife*. June Allyson, next in MGM's *Battle Circus*. Joan Evans, star of Samuel Goldwyn pictures, currently appearing in Universal-International's *Columns South*. Fernando Lamas, next in MGM's *The Girl Who Had Everything*. Esther Williams, next in MGM's *Dangerous*

When Wet, a Technicolor production.

Michael Silver, Managing Director of the Commercial Radio Corporation of Southern Africa. Dick Powell, last in MGM's *The Bad And The Beautiful*, and recently directed the filming of RKO's *Split Second*, starring Jane Russell and Victor Mature. Anne Baxter, star of Warner's *I Confess* (Alfred Hitchcock's new thriller filmed in Canada).

hollywood's newest sex queen

(Continued from page 49) Peter-Pannish paddock girl job in *The Return Of October* with Glenn Ford and after that romped with a blown-up gorilla in *Mighty Joe Young* to become the Saturday morning heroine of the bikeland set. And that's how almost everyone around town still sized up Terry as an actress—just another juvenile.

But they don't any more. They sure don't. And the person who switched all this stymied thinking to more constructive channels—high time, too—is nobody but Terry Moore herself.

ABOUT a year ago, Terry added up her Hollywood prospects and the answer came dangerously close to zero. She had a contract at Columbia but it had dribbled along with only five pictures in five years and option time was approaching. Terry had a hunch her option wouldn't be lifted and she wasn't sure she wanted it lifted, either. So, getting an idea, she picked up her telephone and called Paul Nathan, producer Hal Wallis' casting director. "I'm Terry Moore," she told him. "I want to play Marie Buckholder in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. Please—will you see me?"

"Why not?" he came back. "I've seen about everyone else"—which was the truest of talk. Already, about every busty belle and curvaceous cutie in Hollywood had been considered for the part—including Marilyn Monroe. And they'd all been put back in the cheesecake box, including Marilyn.

Terry Moore slipped on her "lucky outfit"—a royal blue sweater and a royal blue skirt, and looking like what she was meant to be—a college co-ed—gunned her Chevy over to Paramount. Inside, she read a scene, and in a fast triple play from Nathan to Director Danny Mann to Wallis, she got the part.

If you've seen Terry Moore's sex-loaded scenes with Richard Jaeckel in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, you'll know what the shout-

ing's all about. But if you haven't or until you do, well—

One producer came out of the preview shaking his head unbelievably. "I thought Hollywood had done everything there was to do with sex," he marvelled, "but I was wrong. This is new—and the best yet. It's sex with a fresh scrubbed look!"

Another hungry critic who has seen them all come and go promptly offered to eat his typewriter. "If the scenes between Dick Jaeckel and Terry Moore aren't the sexiest since Garbo and Gilbert."

But a fan, maybe, said it with the most powerful prose. "Terry," he wrote, "you sure put the 'she' in 'Sheba'!"

But while all of this—not only the new deal in Hollywood sex appeal, but the fact that Terry Moore can act—is a surprise to everyone else, to Terry the only amazing thing is that it took so long. This is her third Hollywood "discovery" over a stretch of 13 years. Twice before she's watched great expectations fizzle out for one reason or another. This time, she's making sure they stick.

EVEN before the *Sheba* results got around Hollywood, Terry took typical Moore measures to keep her luck warmed up. One hot August day last summer she raced to the San Diego airport, grabbed the controls of a rented plane and pointed it north toward Hollywood. She was after another job.

Minutes before, her agent had called her at La Jolla, where she was playing summer stock. He told her that Director Elia Kazan would see her that day about a part in his next picture—that is, if she could make it by four o'clock. Could she? It was past noon then. She had a performance that night. Terry didn't think twice. "Sure," she said.

It was after three when she swooped down on Clover Field, yelled, "Keep it warm!" to the gasser and roared away with the waiting agent. She wore pedal pushers, a T-shirt and tennis sneakers.

Minutes later, she stood disheveled and breathless, before the man with whom

every star in Hollywood yearns to make a picture. Terry had never met Kazan before. On her way in she'd run a gauntlet of hopefully waiting starlets, gussied up to the eyebrows. The great director surveyed the touseled apparition, a little puzzled. He was hunting a sexy girl, too.

"Well," he finally observed, "who are you and what can you do?"

"I'm Terry Moore," she told "Gadge" Kazan. "I can fly a plane, and I can break wild horses. I can act, too and I can also be very mean."

"Wonderful!" Kazan grinned. "I'm sick of 'glamor' girls. Come right this way." A little later, Terry walked out with the prize part of *The Man On The Tightrope*, which she recently made in Germany. And in which, they say, she steams up an icy Alpine stream in a flesh-colored bathing-suit love scene with Cameron Mitchell, the like of which has never been seen.

After that, Kazan called Terry "a female Marlon Brando" (his highest praise) and Twentieth Century-Fox signed her to a long term contract—but only after some pretty spirited bidding. Five other studios wanted Terry, too. Everyone agrees that it couldn't happen to a nicer girl. Only it's not entirely correct to say it happened. Terry Moore made it happen, which is the way she's been operating ever since she was born Helen Luella Koford at the Methodist Hospital in Los Angeles, Jan. 7, 1930.

WHILE Terry herself is a typically California product, her dad, Lamar Koford, is half Swede and half Dane, and her mother, the former Luella Bickmore, is half Danish and half Scotch. That makes Terry three-fourths Scandinavian by blood, which you can spot right away in her slightly tilted eyes that are the green-blue of a glacial lake and in her skin, as smooth and soft as a snowbank. The Scotch in Terry comes out with thick coal black eyebrows that still have to be plucked daily and equally ebon lashes. Both Viking boldness and canny Highlander persistence have cropped out in Terry all her life.

Once, when she was four, in suburban

Glendale where she grew up, her mother took her to the doctor's for a whooping cough shot. She turned to talk to the nurse and when she looked around her daughter was outside the window teetering on a ledge ten stories above the pavement. "Wait," hissed the nurse, "we can't scare her." She sidled over to the window and asked, "Is there anything interesting down there?" Then, as the intrepid toddler peered to see if there was, she grabbed her.

Another time, on a family visit to the Griffith Park Zoo, they paused before the lion cage just as the attendant came along with the afternoon horsemeat. When he opened the gates, Helen shot in after him, enchanted with the roars. He snatched her away from the beasts, but when he turned to go back Helen was on his heels again. This time they hustled her out of the zoo.

The trouble was that Terry was endowed with the natural curiosity of a kitten, the spunk of a terrier and the legs of a jack-rabbit—a dangerous combination for any kid. On top of that, she was an unreconstructed tomboy, who scorned sissy diversions until, in fact, just recently. Now she's collecting dolls, "Making up," as Terry grins, "for my misspent childhood."

But what Helen Koford liked back then was action. The boys' gangs she raced with on the block called her "Cottontail" and "Doe" because she could scoot so fast. "I was the best dirt clod fighter for my weight and age on our block," Terry boasts. "I could bean a kid and then get the heck out of there." Speed, in fact, became a fetish which Terry still thrills to as she streaks through the air at the controls of a plane.

Up in Downey, Idaho, where Helen spent summer vacations with her aunts and uncles, a neighboring ranch trained racehorses and, naturally, that's where she sneaked whenever she could, climbing over the fence and breezing the thoroughbreds

at full gallop up and down the track until she got caught. Her own relatives' farm raised minks and silver foxes and it was there that Helen acquired a fierce love for all kinds of critters. She still picks up dead birds and buries them in her backyard with little crosses, loves everything that flies, hops, gallops or pads and had a wonderful time making *Mighty Joe Young* even though a frenzied horse almost trampled her. The same goes for her recent circus picture, *The Man On The Tightrope* where a jumbo elephant pussyfooted up behind Terry and almost squashed her to grease before the German lion tamer snatched her to safety. As a matter of fact, Terry loves animals so much that until recently she kept a pet constrictor named "Midnight," which she picked up in Florida. She missed him so much when she flew to Germany last year that she had him flown over—but, conditioned to sea-level, the snake coiled up and died.

IN the face of all the above, it is not only remarkable that Helen Koford grew up to be the leading exponent of a new sex appeal in Hollywood. As her mother says it's remarkable enough that she ever grew up. But as any parent knows such kids lead a charmed life. They also know that often the most hopeless tomboy turns into the most luscious lovely.

There was another factor which served to keep Miss Helen Koford from growing up and joining the Marines. She loved to perform. Blessed with a native imagination of a Scheherezade, and the mimicry of a chimpanzee, Helen Luella was lured into frocks and frills with the promise that she could recite. It's true that at first her subjects ran to cop-car sirens, machine guns, etc., and once at three her mother caught her taping potholders on her shoulders after a look at the U.S.C. football squad in

the newspaper. But gradually she was channeled into a more ladylike repertoire and at four she made her first hit.

That was on a Mother's Day program at the Mormon Church when she recited "Somebody's Mother" and—even though it was church—the congregation rose up and clapped. From then on Helen was reading and memorizing everything she could find (she could read before she went to kindergarten) even writing her own skits.

Neighbors used to call her mother up. "Can I borrow Helen this afternoon?" they'd ask. "We're having company," Helen was always pleased to oblige. At school teachers trotted into her room whispered to her teacher and crooked a finger. Some emergency had arisen but Helen would keep the kids quiet. She filled in at assemblies, at about every kind of Glendale clambake. "There used to be a saying among the kids at school," recalls Terry, "in case of fire, call Koford!"

But it was all good experience, just how good is attested by the fact that—even though some say she's ripe for an Academy Award today—Terry Moore has yet to have a drama lesson.

By the time she was ten and in fifth grade, Mrs. Koford's tilt-nosed, blonde daughter was as well known as the mayor of Glendale and twice as popular. And, as invariably happens with fireball kiddies so close to Hollywood, what her mother got was, "That girl ought to be in the movies." Thrilling words to most girls, but Helen didn't seem at all impressed.

It took an interested neighbor to sic Helen on a Hollywood career, or rather to sic it on Helen. What this lady, Ann Jensen, did was to have a photograph taken of Helen and then, unknown to the Kofords, pay \$10 to have it printed in a Hollywood casting directory along with Helen's name and phone number. The results were quick,

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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW!

surprising, but also mighty embarrassing.

The week the book was published, Twentieth Century-Fox called Mrs. K. "Do you have a little blonde girl named Helen Koford—and can she ride a horse?" they asked. That did it for Helen—the horse. She didn't take any chances on missing the fun. "I was wearing braces on my teeth then," she remembers, "and I knew that would ruin everything. I went to the orthodontist and had them taken off. Well, the very first thing they said was, 'This girl wears braces on her teeth.' So I had to have them all cemented on again. I spent my paycheck before I even got it." But her screen debut was even sadder.

The picture was *Maryland*, a race horse epic. Helen rode her horse, all right, and loved it, for four days at \$25 a day. At school she spread the exciting news of her impending triumph. Finally along with her girl friends she saw *Maryland*. She wasn't in it. Instead she was in disgrace. "What a liar!" scoffed one girl. "I'll bet you made it all up. You never were in the movies."

"Maybe you were," said another. "But you were so punk they had to cut you out."

The sting of that smack-down, however, was soothed somewhat by child parts in three fine movies which rescued Helen's reputation: *Gaslight*, *The Howards Of Virginia*, and *My Gal Sal*. Other exciting things also happened to Helen Luella Koford, including two careers she hadn't even thought about: One, in Hollywood radio, and another as America's magazine cover queen. In fact, about seven years ago, unless you were deaf or blind, it was hard to miss Helen Koford over the air or on the newsstands.

SHE started radio right at the bottom—acting in commercials. But when Helen did commercials the audience applauded. Soon she was one of the three girls who carried almost the entire child acting load at the Hollywood ether studios—a fixture on coast-to-coast shows like *Mayor Of The Town*, the *Bob Burns Show*, *Big Town*, *A Date With Judy* to name a few. Then one day Tom Kelley, a commercial photographer, took a couple of pictures. He sent them East tucked in a package of others. What he got back from his agent was an excited wire: "This Koford kid is loaded with personality. Sold the two for covers. Can sell all you send." But Kelley was busy and didn't follow through. He told Helen about it though. She's not a gal to let anything cool down.

Driving through Hollywood next day on her way to a radio show she spotted a sign, "John Randolph, Commercial Photographer." Helen walked right in and kept walking in every week for the next two years. During that time Randolph photographed nobody but her. As a result Helen landed on the cover of about every big time magazine. Outside of Linda Christian she had no cover girl rival. She made 40 odd, more than any other girl in the U.S.A.

What Helen Koford revealed in those cover girl days is exactly what Terry Moore is still proving today—that fresh, young sex can be something besides canyons of cleavage and bikini shorts. In every cover, ad, or artist's portrait Helen Koford posed for she was "fresh-scrubbed and clean cut." She beamed a smile like morning sunshine. She posed with water dripping off her face, snow in her hair, sunlight, wind and rain on her cheeks. She posed on horses, with dogs, in a pool, playing tennis, on skis. She looked like somebody's daughter, some boy's girl, the sweet kid next door. She still does—but oh, what a kid!

Strangely enough, it wasn't this feminine charm that put Helen back in the Hollywood running for the second time,

after she'd framed her high school diploma. On the contrary—following a brief contract with Eagle-Lion which did little for Helen except change her name to Jan Ford—she was grabbed by Columbia for *The Return Of October* to make her biggest hit so far playing—that's right—a tomboy.

Helen, or Jan, was such a convincing tomboy, though, that everyone said, "Why, you *are* Terry," (the character's name) and so for the second time Helen Koford rechristened herself. The "Moore" comes from the last half of her mother's maiden name, Bickmore. She's kind of sorry she's stuck with it now, though. "Terry" sounds like such a bobby-soxer, and after all, she's pretty thoroughly grown up.

For a while it looked as if her screen career was off to the races at last. Terry toured 22 cities, with the picture, came, saw and conquered. Newspapers proclaimed: "A new star is born!" They called her "The girl with the champagne personality," made her a Kentucky Colonel—all kinds of things. But back in Hollywood all that was soon forgotten. One part a year was the best Terry could do. The string of so-so pictures—*Gambling House*, *He's A Cockeyed Wonder*, *Sunny Side Of the Street*, *Barefoot Mailman*—kept her talent under wraps—especially since her contract vetoed both radio and magazine covers. For a mile-a-minute girl like Terry it was a pretty painful period.

"I almost went crazy," she says. To keep sane she took UCLA extension courses, and now has two years' college credits on a psychology major, plans to wind up a PhD. There was also plenty of time for a social whirl. Terry Moore has scads of friends.

Elizabeth Taylor, Ann Blyth, Jane Powell, Diana Lynn—all of these and dozens more, Terry has chummed with since her early teens. Besides football captains, she dated young movie actors such as Jerome Courtland, Darryl Hickman, Dick Long, Craig Hill, Roddy MacDowell. She and Roddy were double dating with Liz and Glenn Davis the night that romantic West Point athlete first asked Terry for a date.

ALOT of people have concluded that Terry Moore captured the famous "Mister Outside" on his rebound from Liz Taylor—but that's not quite the way it happened. True, that night was the last night Glenn ever took Elizabeth out, but Terry still figured he was her girl friend's private property. So she said "No" and kept saying it when Glenn called her during the next few weeks. When he went back to West Point to coach he wrote her letters. She didn't answer them. In fact, it was a good year and a half later before Glenn called again and she gave him a date. By that time Liz had already been engaged again to Bill Pawley and had said "Yes" to Nicky Hilton. So Terry's conscience was clear, even if her spinning head wasn't.

It was a fast-breaking courtship with football's speed merchant once it got going. That first date was New Year's night for the Los Angeles Times' Annual Sports Award dinner. Everybody who's done anything in the world of sports is honored then, and Terry—a great sports fan—got dizzy watching the muscled celebrities. Then Glenn took her to the Rose Bowl game in Pasadena, but she can't even remember who played. After that came a junket to Chicago for a charity TV Marathon, and Glenn was there, too. Next, invited to Honolulu for an All-Star basketball exhibition with the Globetrotters. Davis wrangled plane tickets for Terry and her mother—and that did it.

What the tropical moon, swaying palms, throbbing guitars and hula girls didn't do, the columnists and Terry's friends did.

All raved, "Glenn and you make a perfect pair." "It just kind of snowballed," Terry says today. "I guess Glenn caught me in the end of my football era." Anyway, in those five days they became engaged and were married in the Glendale Mormon church February 9, 1952. After a flying honeymoon to Panama, Acapulco and Guatemala they drove to Texas, where Glenn entered the oil business. Two months later, on April 14, Terry sued for divorce on the familiar grounds of "mental cruelty."

The only way to explain an alliance that short lived is that it must have all been a mistake. Terry doesn't deny this. She has a hunch it was infatuation rather than love and she's frank in admitting that maybe she wasn't ready to be a wife, certainly not Glenn's wife. There are few nicer fellows than Glenn Davis, but at heart he's an old-fashioned boy who obviously expected his bride to sit around the house and be just plain Mrs. Davis. Terry can't sit around anywhere. In the one-room apartment where they started house-keeping, she found it stifling to talk recipes and things with the other wives while Glenn went duck hunting with the boys. "I wanted to go duck hunting with the boys, too," admits Terry.

When her studio called her back to test for a picture (that was never made), Hollywood looked like heaven to her. "I'm not the type for Texas," she wrote Glenn and it was all amicably called off. The divorce, final this April, is the first in her family and Terry's not proud of it at all. But she isn't the kind to cry over spilt milk, either, or to sit around wringing her hands. She got back into circulation pronto.

Today the stag line forms to the right: Hugh O'Brien, Nels Larsen, Mel Rives, a Korean war jet hero—there goes that list again! Of them all, perhaps Terry's most simpatico with Lawrence Harvey, a bril-

liant young British actor brought to Hollywood for *The Robe*. They're having lots of fun party and pub crawling, but she's not trying on any rings even for size. "I'm afraid I don't fall in love with men," says Moore, a little helplessly, "I fall in love with their talent." At various times, she admits she's tumbled hard for the great gifts of people like Danny Thomas, Mickey Rooney, Johnny Ray, Elia Kazan, John Huston—yes—and Glenn Davis. Maybe that best explains the why of their marriage—and its break-up. "Someday though," believes Terry, "it will be different and then it's for keeps and for kids, two of them—one of each kind."

RIGHT now Terry's young life is crowded with other diverse and exciting activities besides her hi-balling career. She's learning German and Spanish. She's still chasing her college degree. She's collecting dolls and stuffed animals from all over the world. She's flying planes—still rented ones, although she's saving up for a Cessna 140. Terry has her pilot's license and 170 hours and is out for a two-engine certificate next. Sometimes, when the traffic's heavy, she hires a job at Clover Field, and wings home.

That home is still in Glendale, the same attractive cottage where Terry grew up, glamorized only by Terry's redecorated bedroom, her dolls, some Dresden figurines she brought back from Germany, and the chronic bouquets of posies from beaux. Neither her dad, a credit investigator, her mother, or brother, Wally, are impressed with their famous girl by now—it's really an old story with the Kofords, although they're happy, of course, to see things breaking Terry's way at last. Her dad handles her money, because Terry is the kind who is likely to give anyone who asks her two tens for a five.

Terry doesn't get pampered at home, but she's not the kind who needs it. In Bavaria last fall Terry stayed in a *pension* with 40 people to one bathroom and spent one entire wintry day in that icy mountain stream with nothing on her but that flesh-colored swim suit. She got certain parts of her anatomy numbed by the cold but no complaints. Actually she's been fairly lucky, considering her Fearless Fagan existence since birth, to come off with nothing worse than a cracked shin skiing, and having her tonsils out. Maybe the secret of her indestructible body is that she sleeps like a baby for nine hours a night, no matter what, and can drift off to dreamland in two minutes, sitting, standing, or riding a roller coaster, if she wants to. "What really relaxes me is excitement and work," swears Terry.

IF THAT's true, then from now on Terry Moore should remain as pleasantly limp as a possum. Because, with the new deal in sex appeal that she's handed Hollywood, Terry Moore could be quintuplets and still not meet the demand. And, I'm pretty sure, that would be just dandy with her.

After getting her name on the dotted line at 20th Century-Fox, Darryl Zanuck's talent chief, Lew Schreiber, called Terry at home. "We want to make you welcome here and we want to make you happy," he said. "What can we do?"

"Keep me busy," replied Terry. That would be easy, promised Schreiber.

"You see," explained Terry Moore, "my Mormon grandpa has a saying: 'It's better to wear out than to rust out.'"

At this point, the chances of slow oxidation setting in on Terry Moore seem fairly remote—say—about 10,000,000-to-1. As for needing new parts or replacements—for either her engine or chassis—why, she's just getting warmed up and broken in! **END**



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by DIANA LYNN, star columnist for April



I can help myself; and often do.



Keep friends, don't influence 'em.



I should wear my glasses more often.



Lobsters or eels; I'll eat anything.

FRIENDS . . . what attracts them, what keeps them, what loses them? They say that of a half-dozen good friends a person may have at any given time, only three will remain close friends at the end of a five-year period. That goes pretty well for me. People change. But when I meet an old friend I haven't seen for ages and she cries, "My, but you've changed!" it's always a tense few seconds for me until I hear which way!

You may know someone who is in the process of changing. If you catch her at such a time and like her well enough you'll understand what's going on and give her an opportunity to get to be whatever she is on her way to be . . . without undue criticism. The "in between" periods are sometimes bad periods. The old friend I like to meet is the one who will say, "My, Diana! You've become more glamorous!" Only I don't think I'm glamorous anyway (It's raining today).

My perpetual worry is that my friends will think I'm a snob because I won't say "Hello" when we pass. Often, without my glasses on, I can't recognize them. I use my glasses when driving but never when walking. I can walk without them . . . but I don't always know whom I'm passing (or passing up!).

THE THING I MISS MOST in California are peonies; they just don't grow out here, or at least not where I can ever see them. The thing I miss most on the road is a home. I hate hotel rooms no matter how beautifully decorated and that is why I always rent a house or an apartment if I am making an extended stay in any city. I need the warmth of a home feeling. I'm looking forward to decorating a new apartment now. I'm going to use cheerful colors; I'm depending on having a fireplace. I'm not thinking of a big place. I believe the days of the lavish movie star are gone forever. It is much better to be well off at 50 than to have seven minks now. Yet . . . I dream always of an enormous bathroom with wall to wall carpeting, shelves by the tub for cosmetics and a tray to make reading possible. (If Marlon Brando wants to live in a cold water flat that's okay with me).

Coming back to flowers I used to eat leaves before they called it chlorophyll. I recommend geranium leaves; very tasty. And I think the French are right about the parsley chefs put on your plates; the French don't consider it just a decoration—they eat it. I am, and have always been since I can remember, an ice eater. Leaving the subject of flowers—I love yellow blooms, and also flowering fruit trees. Coming back to apartments—nobody ever said I was neat but every so often I go on a



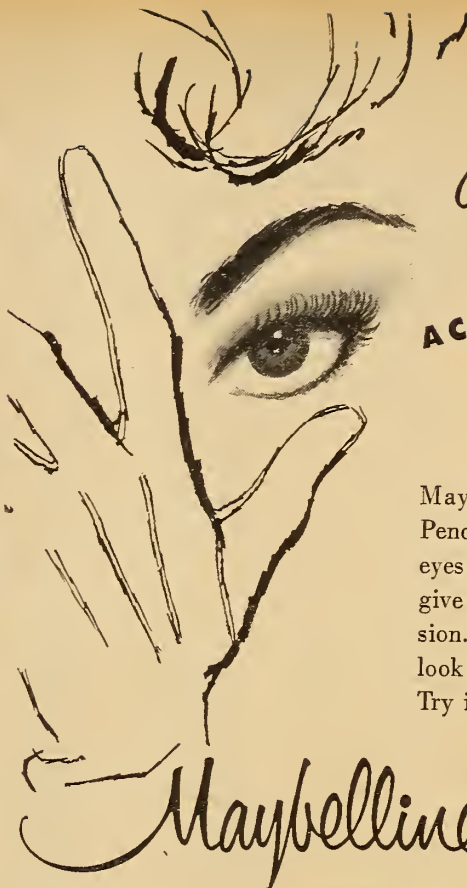
crazy cleaning binge, working over my closets and drawers until they are all practically sterile.

FOR LAST NEW YEAR'S my resolutions included being a better sport than I have been and a decision to laugh more. I'm not as shy as I used to be, for which I am grateful. I think I also should have decided to learn a new language. I wish I could speak at least three languages. The one I am writing in is the only one I get around in. When I was in Mexico for my latest picture, *Plunder Of The Sun*, I took Spanish lessons every day. I sounded fine to those who knew no Spanish at all. Which reminds me . . . I wish Americans wouldn't complain so much when they are abroad. They expect all people to speak English and seem to refuse to learn foreign languages themselves because they are afraid of making fools of themselves. Actually it is amazing how much the Mexicans enjoyed my attempts to speak Spanish, despite all my mistakes, just because I showed interest enough in their tongue to try. And about Mexican food; if it isn't what it should be according to American standards there is still no point on harping on it in front of the Mexicans. Some Americans with us complained so steadily in front of a charming Mexican couple I knew that it became simply maddening.

My only peeve about Mexico was the fact that guests never arrived at parties until two and a half hours after the announced time. No wonder most hostesses feel like Stella Dallas at the birthday party she gave to which nobody came at all.

I DIDN'T MAKE ANY RESOLUTIONS about my coffee drinking but I do drink too much—perhaps 9 cups a day sometimes. I also am not going to do anything about changing my name, though I don't like it. Diana Lynn was chosen for me when I started my career. It's too late to alter it now. My own last name was Loehr which they thought too hard to spell. Still I'm glad my friends don't call me Dolly any more. I think Ava Gardner is a wonderful theatrical name (and I think Ava is getting to be a better actress all the time, plus I wish I looked like her). I think Ann Blyth and Julie Harris are wonderful names (and Julie just about the most wonderful actress I've ever seen).

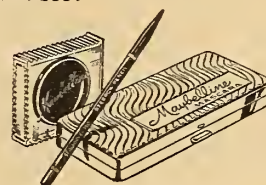
(Continued on next page)



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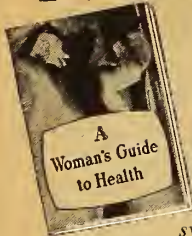
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Take my word for it

I HAVE HAD AN INDIRECT BENEFIT for which I shall always be deeply grateful. I never realized when I studied piano that learning to memorize all the notes in a repertoire of numbers was excellent training for memorizing dialogue. It has been an invaluable aid in my theatrical work, and, of course, in TV plays. I don't see how any actor can use a teleprompter (the device which enables him to read his lines) and act out a scene properly at the same time. For me, a one hour dramatic show means a week to ten days of work, spending ten hours each day at it, learning my lines and how to play my part. On the first day I go over the play with the director while he blocks out the scenes (giving me an idea where I stand and how I'll move about), by the second day I am well into committing the lines to memory and by the third day I have them letter-perfect... the lines, I mean, nothing else. Now comes the important thing—studying my role for what it means, for the character involved, for the drama possible, or, in other words, the *playing* of the part. I think I have played the two longest parts in the legitimate theatre as the heroines in *Voice Of The Turtle* and also *The Moon Is Blue*. I learned them at the rate of three or four days to each act, going back often for review and refreshers. I always work with someone so that they can cue me (I lose a lot of friends this way) and always work on my feet, pacing about.

Luckily I never remember what I don't need. All the parts I have learned in my life aren't topside in my head ready to come to my tongue (how awful that would be!) but they are there. I couldn't play *Voice Of The Turtle* tonight, but if I had to I could probably be up on the part by tomorrow night. I learn fast and I think it is like this for all actors who learn fast—they forget fast. People who are slow studies retain longer.

I ALWAYS WANTED to go into the theater because I was curious to learn if I could endure doing the same role every night. I found it wonderful, instead of a bore. I was in *The Moon Is Blue* for 14 weeks and instead of its getting monotonous. I found myself still working at my part during the very last matinée.

There is this much to say for the legitimate theater—you do more acting and less of the extra stuff that goes with being an actor. In Hollywood there is so much time spent on activities incidental to your real work; the costume fitting, the testing, the posing for still, the publicity running around. I just hate to pose for stills. I like to look at stills of myself, but generally it is with mixed emotions. I'm just not a raving beauty, I guess.

The girl in Hollywood who has managed herself the best, in my estimation, is Jeanne Craine. A home, husband and four children plus a fine career! That's being a person as well as an actress. A deep curtsy to her!

I WONDER IF WE LIKE FOREIGN PICTURES so much (when we do like them, I mean) because we don't know the actors or actresses in the cast and therefore can accept them in their parts? I wonder, too, if this has anything to do with the fact that I am crazy to go to Europe. (Anybody need a continental-adventuress-type heroine?) Me going to

continued from page 93

Europe! Why! I've never even been in a drive-in movie! Or does that make sense? I also don't like Westerns but I must be wrong (Anybody need a Western heroine?) This reminds me of Texas. I wish that Texans wouldn't be so... but, what's the use, they always will be! If I did go to Europe I probably would go in for exotic dishes. I think they are fun. I've had eels, fried grasshoppers (in Mexico) and snails (in San Francisco). Same girl likes cookies late at night and often has a terrible craving for peanut butter. I guess my eating schedule is fixed for life—nothing much until dinner and then eat like a truck driver.

I KNOW A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS about myself but the smart person is one who knows the big things. Of the little things... much. I hate corsages; they stick out on you like Christmas packages. If I get one I carry it or pin it on my bag... I hate to be asked to play the piano at parties and I hate parties where every one puts on a show... I especially hate to see women in formal gowns when their escort is just in a business suit... I wish the new group of young male actors wouldn't wear their hair uncombed in front. I can't tell them apart, (No, I don't mean Rock Hudson's hair. I can't even see that far up!)... I deplore so much fuss about who is dating who? I sometimes feel more than one couple has stood in front of the preacher because they didn't want to make a liar out of some columnist... Twice a year I think of clothes from the buying viewpoint; the rest of the time I watch to see where they are going. Am I staying with them? Ahead? Or behind?... I wish I could stop picking at my fingernail polish.

EVEN THOUGH I AM AGAINST HELPLESSNESS in women—letting men light their cigarettes, open doors—I realize now that lots of men would have nothing else to do if they couldn't do that for you. If your man can't do anything more than this, hadn't you better throw him back in and try all over again? By the same token I don't think women should act as the disciples of the goddess of clothes and talk nothing else. I think a girl minimizes her chances to be liked, to be respected by those who count, if she is too (and too obviously) concerned about her adornment. It doesn't hurt a girl to round out her personality with general knowledge, for instance. I feel that every girl should amplify her school education by interest and work in some specialty she finds interesting; if nothing else by reading, the good books, the classics. I would have had a much more difficult time, perhaps been in a bad spot, if I had depended just on my school work to prepare me for meeting the world. The people and the situations I met in literature helped me meet the people and situations I ran across in my everyday life. Don't stumble. Walk in the light.

This reminds me, I must do my good deed for the day. Even if it is only to call someone I know is alone.

Diana Lynn

courageous heart

(Continued from page 54) money troubles. No bitter jealousies, private or professional. No in-law hostility. No alcoholic problem or other degrading habits. No incapacitating illness, nervous breakdowns, or disagreements over their child. No skeletons in closets or hidden scandals.

Yet for every dead marriage there is an obituary. Back of every breakup there is a story. And there is a story behind the separation of Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, too. It does not begin in Hollywood, where they met, fell in love, married and lived together for half-a-dozen years of their lives. It begins properly in two other places:—Hamtramck, Michigan, an industrial suburb of Detroit, sometimes called "the toughest town in the U.S.A.", where John Hodiak grew up; and Bronxville, New York, capital of the wealthy Westchester County society and country-club set, Anne Baxter's home town, where her family were prosperous and socially prominent.

If the story of the Baxter-Hodiak divorce were a flat case of irreconcilably different-side-of-the-tracks backgrounds, it would be simple. However, their "basic incompatibility" which became unbearable to both, is more complex. It stems not so much from what John and Anne were, but from what both became in their struggle to break away.

John Hodiak didn't want to work in a factory. Anne Baxter refused to vegetate into a proper but dull Ivy and Junior League future. Both wanted something bigger and more important out of life.

Both fought to be something different from what their natural beginnings predicted. Their struggles were completely different, but equally hard. In both cases they created tense and intense, chronically discontented, ambitious, incorrigible personalities who could not bend to another's will or compromise, no matter how much they wanted to or tried.

In marriage, wherever it thrives, someone has to give in. Someone must dominate; someone carry the ball. For too long both Anne Baxter and John Hodiak had paddled their own canoes—and against the current. When they teamed up there was no way they could relax and glide along together. And that is the peculiar tragedy of their marriage.

It was back in 1944, in a picture called *Sunday Dinner For A Soldier*, that Anne Baxter first met John Hodiak. Anne played

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The other day my girlfriend and I were going down to the beach at Santa Monica and while driving along San Vicente Drive, a Pontiac came alongside of us. There were two young men in it. We were admiring the color of the car, when the driver looked up and smiled.

Then he winked and gave us a hearty, "Good morning, girls."

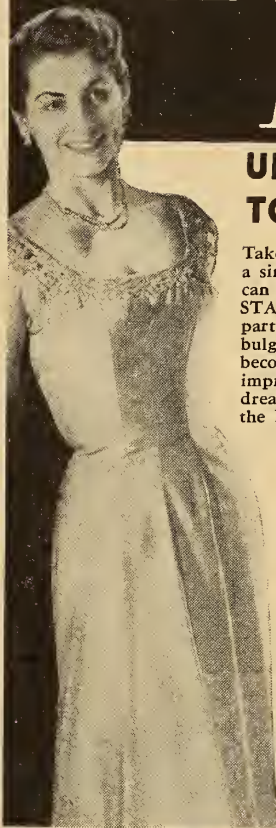
We acknowledged his greeting and then he drove on. Each time we passed him or he passed us, he would smile and wave.

It was Scott Brady.

Sallie Endres
Reseda, California



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"Tess" and John "Eric" and the script said they were to fall in love. The minute Anne stepped into love scenes with the tall, handsome stranger she knew she wasn't just acting. She remembers experiencing, "an intense physical attraction," so intense that, despite her already polished acting finesse she couldn't connect for kisses and flubbed several scenes.

At that point Anne Baxter was 21. She was already recognized as a brilliant young actress. Privately, too, in many ways, she was experienced and sophisticated far beyond her years; but regarding men she was naive, and romantically she was immature.

Anne Baxter had been a lonely, only child. She was a girl who never had fitted into a group, who preferred the friends of her parents to kids her own age, a girl who spent her adolescent years learning how to act instead of collecting wisdom about the opposite sex, which, underneath everything, is the normal pursuit of a teen-age girl.

As her family moved around, Anne attended a grand total of 15 schools. In each she remembers, "feeling like a stranger." She never belonged. Throughout her early girlhood Anne lived in a world of make-believe where romance was concerned. At 11 she put the make-believe to practice and started dramatic lessons in New York City. This drew her farther apart from the normally carefree girls and boys at school, interested, not in dreams of dramatic glory—but in each other. "I never had a line," Anne has said. "I never knew any feminine wiles. I was a wallflower." At the junior cotillions she remembers spending most of

the time in the powder room, because they weren't fun for her, only ordeals.

At 14, Anne Baxter was a juvenile hit on Broadway—and yet, while from then on she neither knew nor cared about the Princeton and Yale football heroes her schoolmates chattered about, she was also too young to date the adult actors she met on the stage. Sometimes she developed wild crushes on leading men twice her age. But always her dad picked her up at the stage door and so she went home, instead of to a night club, after the show.

Even when she came to Hollywood at 17 to begin her \$350 a week screen career with John Barrymore in *The Great Profile*, Anne either lived with her mother, or was entrusted to chaperones and family friends, from whose watchful eyes she could only infrequently escape.

This then, was the girl who—for the first time in her life—fell in love, head over high heels, with handsome John Hodiak—but didn't know what to do about it. Because at first, off-camera, John acted as if Anne didn't exist. He walked straight from their love scenes to his dressing room, as if, she has since said, "he was trying to run away," which, in effect, John Hodiak was. There was a reason for this, too.

At 30, John Hodiak was a confirmed bachelor and something of a woman hater. He had avoided serious romantic entanglements like the plague. They didn't fit into his fierce resolve to make something of himself.

At first, John had wanted to be a Catholic priest, then a big league baseball player.

But, driving executives and important visitors around the Chevrolet plant in a summer job, he'd had a look at another more affluent, exciting world and liked what he saw. He wanted to talk and act and dress and live like successful people. He knew he had talent, although he knew it was raw. When he scored on an amateur radio contest and resolved that radio should be his open sesame to success, the pros only scoffed, "A guy who talks as tough as you do, Bud, will never make it in a million years!" But John had made it. He'd looked, listened, studied, worked, improved and grabbed every chance that came along to pull himself up. He'd done it all by himself. He still shied away from any help—or any hindrance.

Anne Baxter has always been frank in admitting that she courted John Hodiak instead of the usual other way around. But at first she found it, "hard to get through to him." Nothing seemed to work. Finally she asked John to take her to a cocktail party which Director Lloyd Bacon was giving. It was a strange first date.

He was supposed to call for Anne at 6 o'clock. He finally arrived at 11, in company with his agent, Dick Steenberg, an old boy friend of Anne's. They had already been to another cocktail party and were feeling no pain. Not only had John ignored his date with Anne, he hadn't bothered to telephone. Now, the gay blades wanted nightcaps. Anne gave them several then, pretty put out with developments, went on upstairs to bed. Next morning she found her callers still snoozing away on her living room divans. Restoring them with breakfast and a dip in her pool, she told them goodbye, not thinking she'd ever see John Hodiak again and telling herself that she didn't really care. But the next evening they were back, with flowers and apologies, and lugging, as a gag, suitcases. They took her to dinner and again slept on her sofas.

His wariness banished by Anne's good sportsmanship, John Hodiak let down his guard and fell in love. That was in August. In November he proposed. But it was two long years before John and Anne could make up their minds to get married.

THEIR engagement was heckled by doubt, indecision and other frustrating factors. John had brought his family out to California and he had responsibilities there. Anne's family thought the difference in backgrounds could only lead to unhappiness, also that two careers in one home were bound to clash. But a family friend has said, "With Mrs. Baxter it wasn't so much not wanting Anne to marry John Hodiak, but, at that point, any man." Anne's mother knew how self-willed, independent and dedicated to ambition her daughter was and had been all her life.

When Anne was only seven, her mother, at wit's end, had taken her defiant daughter to a psychiatrist, who told her, "You can't change her, so you might as well make peace." In a quarter century of happy married life, Catherine Baxter had learned that it is the wife who must be the peacemaker.

Oddly enough, Anne herself feared herself incapable of this. "I wanted to get married, but at the same time I was afraid," she has admitted. "I knew my own weakness for sudden changes and violent contrasts. I wasn't sure I'd be stable enough for marriage." Also, Anne had long sworn, "never to marry an actor," intelligently aware of two-career dangers. And so had John, besides blowing hot and then blowing cold toward the responsibilities of marriage, because of his own basic insecurity. So despite the fact that Anne and John were deeply in love it was an off-and-on affair until one climactic meeting when they both decided, "never to see each other

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QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Take My Word For It
by Diana Lynn
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Sweet and Hot
- ☐ Now We've Got Everything
(Lucille Ball)
- ☐ First-born (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ Man On The Move (John Wayne)
- ☐ Love At Your Own Risk
- ☐ They Broke All The Rules (Doris Day)
- ☐ Love In A Penthouse
(Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis)
- ☐ A Bachelor Finds Himself
(Dan Dailey)
- ☐ Hollywood's Newest Sex Queen
(Terry Moore)
- ☐ The Gang's All Here (Alan Ladd)
- ☐ The Mouse Takes The Lion
(Debbie Reynolds)
- ☐ Courageous Heart (Anne Baxter)
- ☐ You Belong To Me (Jeff Hunter)
- ☐ Hollywood's Strangest Marriage
(Cary Grant)
- ☐ Prayer and Laughter (Red Skelton)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- ☐ TV Talk by Paul Denis

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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My address is.....

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State..... I am.... yrs. old

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again." And, at that moment they meant it.

Driving home from that dramatic break-off, Anne was so upset and blinded by tears that she smashed up her car. The news brought John hurrying over to Anne's arms and they decided to marry at once, family opposition or not. Like good sports and good parents, the Baxters sensibly agreed, and Anne Baxter became Mrs. John Hodiak in her mother's garden at Burlingame, California, on July 7, 1946.

On the face of their future John and Anne Hodiak started married life with no apparent problems. John was nine years older than Anne, true, but that, as most matrimonial experts agree, is the ideal age difference. Both were young and healthy. They had a house all ready to move into—all furnished, all apple-pie. They had a ready made circle of friends and a social calendar dated weeks ahead. They had two incomes, both sizable. As for careers—John had just scored a hit in *A Bell For Adano*, and Anne had just finished the meatiest role of her life in *The Razor's Edge*, which soon won her an Oscar. In fact, both the Hodiak family careers have rolled along successfully right up to the end. But career success doesn't ensure happiness. The occupational hazards to happiness for two actors wedded in Hollywood are notorious. Most of these familiar strikes Anne and John soon had chalked up against them.

Probably the severest handicap for these two who especially needed close companionship were their separations throughout much of their married life. John went to England to make a picture, Anne stayed in Hollywood. When he came back, she went off to repeated and long locations. Then John went to New York for the stage.

WHEN she was married, Anne resolved to build, "a wall around our private lives and intimate affairs," which she worked surprisingly well in a goldfish-bowl community. Although their marriage has been heading for disaster for almost two years, it was only lately that even their closest friends, let alone columnists, suspected the true state of affairs. When she was carrying her baby, Katrina, Anne made *Follow The Sun* without even her studio knowing and kept the stork tidings away from the sharpest-eyed reporters until three months before her delivery. Both John and Anne can hold their tongues.

But back of that "wall," the natural state of tension, which exists wherever two actors live, are heightened by the high-strung, mercurial natures of both partners in the Hodiak home. Not even her most devoted admirers would call Anne Baxter a restful, soothing person to be around. "I can get physically exhausted just watching Annie," a close friend says. "She never walks—she runs; she doesn't talk—she lectures." Another has described her thus, "Anne's mind is sober, but her body's always drunk." Anne herself says, "I was born breathless and I'm still that way."

Anne has to dramatize everything that happens to her. One girl friend, who has had five babies, says, "When Anne talks about Katrina, I realize how little I know about motherhood." Not long ago, an elderly stranger observed her lunching at Romanoff's, walked over and told her, "Thank you. That's the best performance I've seen since the days of Ellen Terry!" Anne must have something happening to her constantly, something different. "Smorgasbord is my favorite meal," she admits. "Anne wants to play every instrument in the band," her mother sighs.

A frenetic, kinetic girl like that is delightful to know, but not necessarily easy to live with. But in his way John Hodiak is just as wound up. Only it stays inside. Where Anne is extroverted, John is intro-

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verted. Where she lets off steam, John stores it up. Rejected four times by the Army for hypertension, Hodiak is chronically taut and notoriously frowning, a worrier, still anxious and insecure despite his success. "John," a good friend told him not long ago, "you've got the best smile in Hollywood (which he has). Why in the world don't you use it more?"

"I just never think about it," he replied.

Two such highly-keyed and positive personalities are hard enough to blend into harmonious music of marriage, but there were a couple of other things more eternally grating to John's and Anne's happiness, and even more impossible to change. Because they stemmed back to the roots of both their beginnings and their very psyches. One was their contrasting ideas about the roles wives and husbands should play in a marriage. On this they started and remained poles apart until the end.

"John's idea of a wife was the European one," Anne had said. This is only natural. His mother was a European, a woman who devoted herself to her home, cooking the meals, housekeeping, raising the Hodiak kids. But Anne's mother lived differently. Mrs. Baxter was interested in all kinds of things besides her home, active in civic and charity affairs, a decorator, a student of the arts, a great many things besides a housewife. Like mother, like daughter.

John knew all this, but the ideas formed in his childhood were too strong to abandon. A husband is said to expect the image of his mother in his wife. What criticisms he made of Anne, what minor household clashes they had, were over the way she ran—or didn't run—things. She wasn't tidy, she wasn't orderly, she wasn't this or that. Once, John had even suggested that Anne give up her Hollywood career. He might as well have asked her to give up her life. Acting had been her consuming dream since she was three years old, and it still is. "I'll never settle for less than I dreamed about when I was a girl," Anne stated only recently. "That is to be the greatest actress in the world—with all that goes with it. Very probably I won't but I'll die trying!"

And that's the other thing—and the most impossible of all for Anne Baxter and John Hodiak to understand about each other—their different egos. Anne has a strong ego. So has John. All actors have—or they aren't good actors. But neither Anne Baxter nor John Hodiak—being inexperienced—understood the workings of the particular egos of the opposite sex and how to live with them, and satisfy them.

"I never wanted to change John," Anne puzzled the other day. "I only wanted to help him. But when I tried he resented it. I wanted to make John happy, but I was making him miserable. Maybe I tried too hard." Maybe she did. Maybe both of them did. Because both made mistakes, well intended, but mistakes just the same.

Take the house they came to from their honeymoon, and which John has just left for their divorce. It was Anne's house and it was a little gem of an English cottage, perched on a Hollywood hillside with a pool shimmering below, and a framed view of the city's lights. You couldn't have asked for a cozier spot for newlyweds. But John didn't like it—and from a masculine pride standpoint, understandably. It wasn't *their* house, to start *their* life. It housed memories of Anne's past life.

All by himself, he found another house in another part of town and impetuously put down \$10,000, instead of the usual few hundred. But the house was found unsuitable and John lost his \$10,000. After that fiasco, Anne and John talked it over and decided to stay where they were, but to change Anne's house all around so you

wouldn't know it. This they certainly did. The place was changed from English to contemporary modern at a cost of \$26,000. Every room in the place was switched around except the kitchen. At the end of that project, one of the most striking homes in Hollywood emerged—but it was never John's house; it was Anne's. An architect disciple of Frank Lloyd Wright, her grandfather, designed it. Her mother decorated it. It reflected Anne's tastes. Therefore, the project failed its purpose. It was John's home in name only.

Or take their friends. When John and Anne were married, John had no friends among the top Hollywood social set in which the Hodiaks soon travelled. He was a man's man, essentially. It was only natural that the clever, sophisticated and social people Anne knew—Watson Webb of the Vanderbilt clan, the Samuel Goldwyns, Clifton Webb, the Leonard Firestones, the Dore Scharys—should comprise their set. But in that circle of smart dinner parties and smart conversation, John did not shine, while Anne did. John learned to like Anne's friends and they, him. He wore the smart Brooks Brothers' clothes Anne was always presenting him with, drank the champagne she fancied.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When I was overseas I saw Randolph Scott at a USO show. As soon as the show was over, he made a short, serious announcement. "Fellows," he said, "I lost my wallet! Whoever has it can keep the money, but please give me back the papers." Everyone was shocked, wondering who had stolen the wallet. Later, it was discovered that the wallet was in the seat of the staff car, where he had dropped it on the way over to the show.



Mr. Gabriel Chavez
San Diego, Calif.

"But," as an acquaintance suggests, "John still prefers beer."

EVEN though he did learn to enjoy much that his marriage with Anne Baxter brought him, a proud, independent, self-made man like John was bound subconsciously to resent them. Even, too, if the fact that his wife made twice the salary he commanded meant absolutely nothing at all in the family budget—both paid their share of a household fund and there was money enough always—still, to a man like John, that fact was insidiously disturbing. Perhaps Anne could be criticized—and sometimes was—for having her father handle her money, not John. But John Hodiak was no business man—as he proved—and Anne's father is an eminently successful one. There are a great many things perhaps—if she owned the wisdom of Cleopatra—which Anne could have done to play up to John Hodiak's masculine ego, and some he could have done to bolster her feminine one, too.

For an example, when Anne was pregnant with Katrina, the doctor ordered her to take long walks. Religiously, she was out on them every night. Always she asked John if he wouldn't like to go, too. Always he said "no," preferring to read or watch TV. This hurt and puzzled her. She felt she should be treated with special

respect, be an object of special pride and delight to her husband.

But if John could be criticized for ignoring her need for special loving deference, Anne could too, for a well-meant thoughtlessness when Katrina arrived. Her first pains arriving at three A.M., she slipped out of bed without waking John, dressed and drove herself to the hospital alone. She didn't wake him because she knew he had an early studio call. But, if you ask me—studio call or not—John Hodiak would have wanted to be shaken wide awake at such a time or even welcomed a douse of ice water. It's something few first fathers want to miss.

Such psychological misunderstandings grew, as misunderstandings do, to distance, silence and coolness. John—as Anne puts it—"drew more and more into his shell." On both sides answers became more formal, humor dried up. It was almost two years ago when John went to New York to play on Broadway in *The Chase*, that Anne made the discovery which led to their divorce.

She flew back twice to see John. The second time he had just won the Donaldson Award, for the best male debut of the year on Broadway. Anne was thrilled and could hardly wait for the taxi to take her to John to congratulate him. But he greeted her impersonally, and with a frown. He had his apartment in Manhattan, his own friends, his play, his own life, at least temporarily, and Anne sensed that he liked it better that way. "For the first time," she says, "I realized that John was actually happier away from me than with me."

Back in Hollywood, they began their discussions on this very theme. They were long, honest and searching talks, and everything was brought out into the open. "We analyzed ourselves," Anne says, "and decided neither of us could change. If John changed he would be miserable. If I changed I would, too. We were both sick about it but there was no answer. We both agreed we couldn't help each other; we agreed we would be happier without each other. No one influenced us. No one knew. It was our decision, alone together. It was not easy to make."

The hardest part, of course, was their concern about their daughter, Katrina. Both John and Anne are adoring parents. Both are conscientious. "But," says Anne, "both John and I decided it was better for Katrina to grow up in a broken home than a cold one." John is free to come to Anne's home and see Katrina whenever he wants to, and already he has been there many times. In almost all divorce agreements there is a clause prohibiting the mother (Anne will have custody of Katrina) from taking the child out of the country. John pooh-poohed this. "It will be educational for Katrina to have a trip abroad," he said. "Take her whenever you like." Anne plans to do this soon, when she makes a picture in Europe.

If you ask Anne Baxter about her feelings for John Hodiak today she will tell you honestly, "I have a great admiration for John. I respect him. I still think he's a wonderful guy, and I always will." John has said practically the same thing about Anne.

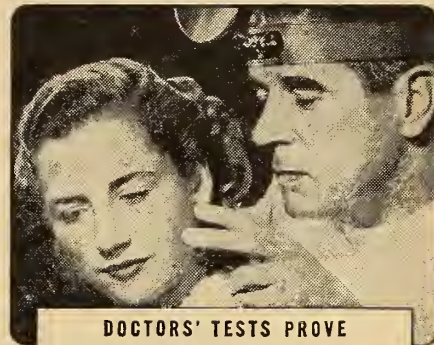
Is there then a chance for reconciliation? "None whatever," says Anne. "It took us too long to decide this to have any doubts." Marriage again? Anne will only give a wry smile. "Perhaps. But right now it's the furthest from my thoughts."

So a chapter is closed for Anne Baxter and John Hodiak—and for them both a new life begins. It will not be a lonely or idle life in either case. Anne is 29, John 38. Both are fortunate to have a family

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around them. John's parents, his sister and brother too, live in the San Fernando Valley. Anne's are only an hour's plane ride away. They came down to spend Christmas with her and Katrina, after John left. Both John's and Anne's friends will remain their friends, it's pretty certain. They won't have to take sides; there are no sides to take. Already both John and Anne have gone about their own particular interests. John hopped right up to Pebble Beach for Bing Crosby's Golf Tournament after the separation. Anne flew east for a fling at New York and the Inauguration at Washington. Anne plans to live on in the house which was hers before their marriage. John has moved into an apartment with a friend.

Both are attractive and popular people. Already Hollywood hostesses are vying to snare John Hodiak for their parties, and almost every glamor girl in town is pulling her charms together and rolling her eyes his way. So far he hasn't seemed too interested in a rebound romance. Neither has Anne. At this writing neither has had a date—but that will come, as it should.

As for careers—after *Battle Zone* and *Cochise*—John's is rolling along better than ever. He has extensive radio and TV

commitments. Anne has *I Confess* and *The Blue Gardenia* finished and another for Alfred Hitchcock to be filmed this summer in the South of France. Her desk is piled high with scripts to read, and her agent's with offers. Her salary is half again higher than it was when she left her Fox studio contract and began her sexy glamor campaign, still obviously going great guns. Paul Gregory is already building a road show around Anne—as a song and dance girl—to go out in the fall.

But despite a double rose-colored outlook in many ways, both Anne Baxter and John Hodiak are aware that now is no time to cheer. Any divorce is a tragedy. Theirs is, too. In Anne's and John's case it is moreover, an ironic tragedy. Seeking success, they became two hyperpositive people between whom the spark that fuses a marriage could not leap, was not attracted but repelled. Perhaps the irony is best contained in Anne's own somewhat wondering words: "For the first time in my life," she says, "I've been a failure." This is no easy statement for Anne.

For the first time in his life, John Hodiak, the boy who came from "the other side of the tracks" to conquer Hollywood, could say the same thing. **END**

the mouse takes a lion

(Continued from page 52) had experienced, seen and felt. And how it had made her think again about other things, like her own life and ideals and responsibilities.

Debbie embarked to bring Christmas to GI's in Korea on the 19th of December. In her particular unit were Walter Pidgeon, Keenan Wynn, Peggy King, Carleton Carpenter and Movita, all MGM players.

"It was so exciting," Debbie said, "I could hardly breathe." The plans called for an overnight stopover in Honolulu, and all of us were looking forward to it eagerly. Me, particularly, because I had never been there. We stood around on the landing strip for about half an hour while people took our pictures and we spoke on the radio, then we all got on board and settled back in our seats. The motors started and the plane lumbered out to the end of the runway. Then a man came through the door leading to the pilots' compartment. "There has been a slight change in plans," he said. "There is a storm on the Honolulu route, so we'll be making our first landing in Alaska."

Debbie halted for a moment, an expression of horror on her face.

"Imagine!" she said. "ALASKA! And me with summer clothes on. Well, you could have heard the groans in downtown Los Angeles. I thought for awhile there that some of the people were going to get off and go home. But they didn't. We just sat back in the seats and decided that we were going to Korea, that was the main thing, and how we got there didn't make much difference. But anyway it was a letdown."

"As the plane got into the air I looked down at the ballet slippers I was wearing. Everything else had been locked up in the baggage compartment. And I wondered how they'd make out as snowshoes."

"Sometime that night we landed at an air base in the state of Washington and we were all so tired from telling each other all the stories we knew and playing cards and singing all the songs we knew that we just sleep-walked into the barracks they provided for us and conked off."

"THE next morning still groggy and tired, we got back into the plane and headed North. The next thing I knew it was dark again and we were bouncing across a field

at a small airport. I got out with the rest and I asked a soldier where we were. 'Kodiak,' he said. Where is Kodiak? I asked him. 'Not far from the North Pole, Ma'am,' he said. Me and the ballet slippers trudged off across a field to a hut and stepped inside where it was warm.

"It's a funny thing, but I hadn't been in the hut more than two minutes before I was glad that we'd come by way of Alaska. You'd have thought from the looks on the faces of the men there that Santa Claus had really come to town. They were men assigned to one of our bleakest military outposts, and out of the sky had come a plane load of movie stars. They walked around us like kids at a circus—and I just know some of them were glad they were up in the wild north that night, instead of some stuffy place like Miami.

"Well, we had a real good time that night. We put on a show, right off the cuff and the soldiers loved it. They opened up a bar and everyone toasted everyone and laughed and slapped backs and had a high time. We got a real laugh when a soldier handed me a glass, but Walter Pidgeon took it away. 'She's a minor,' he said. 'Also a midget.' And that's what they called me from that time on. The midget. But I didn't care.

"The farewells the next morning were kind of sad, even though we'd only known each other a short time. We got aboard the plane and headed north again.

"I guess it was about three hours out when one of the motors stopped—and the pilot came back and told us we'd have to go back to Alaska for repairs. Kodiak, he said was fogged in, so we were going to Anchorage.

"Actually, our troubles getting out of Alaska would fill a book. We landed at Anchorage, gave a couple impromptu shows to GI's who also thought they'd hit the Christmas jackpot, then took off for Tokyo again. The next stop, however, because of the broken engine, was just about as far north as you can get. I won't mention the name. The field was quite a distance from the barracks, so we had to take a bus. We gave a show there and started back to the air field. The bus ran into a snowdrift and couldn't get out. They sent for a tractor. The tractor pulled the bus out—then it got stuck—and the bus had to pull the tractor out. Then we got to the field and into the airplane, where the pilot discovered the brakes were frozen. They got a lot of boil-

ing water and in about an hour unfroze the brakes—and, 'way behind schedule, we took off once more for Tokyo. Maybe some of the gripes were because of these setbacks, but I thought it was all fun.

"It was exciting, but I hope I never again almost not make a place as nearly as we almost didn't make Tokyo. We had to land because we were out of gas just 25 miles from our destination. That was because of head winds. But anyway we gassed up and in a few minutes landed outside the capital of Japan.

"I'd never even imagined Japan was as colorful as it is. We were billeted at the Imperial Hotel, and spent most of our time being briefed by officers who told us about security measures and other things important to our visit to the front lines. Then we were taken to a WAC station where we were given our Korean 'gear.' Gear, my eye! I got a pair of size seven shoes—and I wear four. I have a 20-inch waist, and the closest they could come to fitting me in a pair of GI pants was 27. When I put the outfit on and started outside I looked like I was walking in a hole. Fortunately we had made up our minds that we would wear ski suits, so we put the army duds on over the ski clothes and headed for Korea.

"No place, not even Alaska, is as cold as Korea in the winter. To keep warm I wore two suits of long underwear, the ski outfit, the army uniform and an overcoat. And I was still cold. We were assigned to a hut, the other girls and myself, that was part tent, and breezy, but we were where we set out to be so we didn't mind. We were lucky at that, because we had a small pot-bellied stove on which we could heat water and wash out our things and take sponge baths. I felt, maybe for the first time in my life, that I was going through an experience that was really good for me, and that I was doing something that would help somebody else. It was worth all the troubles we had gone through to get there.

"We were to work out of the Tenth Corps, so a schedule was set up, one that would make it possible to play for as many soldiers as possible. There was just one restriction. We were not permitted to visit posts within range of enemy shell fire. But we got close enough to hear them coming in and landing just beyond the hills ahead.

"Last Christmas is one I'll never forget. We spent Christmas Eve in Seoul. Motiva, Peggy King, Carolina Cotten, a girl named June Brunner and I stayed at a girls' school, and we gave a couple of shows to the soldiers stationed there. Then, bright and early on Christmas morning, we were flown to the front. All of our troupe gathered together in a pre-fab hut and had Christmas breakfast. I had brought along one of those cardboard Christmas trees that fold up, and I put it up and placed presents for everyone around it. Just silly presents. For instance, I gave Walter and Keenan paddle balls. We sang a couple of carols together and I guess we were all a little dewey-eyed that morning, thinking of home. And then we started the rounds of the forward outposts.

"The cold be damned. Every one of us girls put on short skirts, high heels and sweaters. And everywhere we went you'd have thought we were the first girls those poor guys had ever seen. And never as long as any of us live will we forget the receptions. At every place the men had built stages, sometimes outside, sometimes in tents or pre-fabs, but there was always a stage and a decorated Christmas tree in our honor. If it hadn't been for the guns in the distance you'd never have thought there was a war anywhere.

"We hopped from camp to camp in jeeps and small airplanes that shuttled us in

twos over the mountains to the next show place. We danced ourselves stiff and sang ourselves hoarse. And Keenan did every comedy routine he knew. They loved Walter particularly. He was travelling about in a top coat and Homburg hat, but he'd take them off when we got to a stage and was funnier than Milton Berle. We travelled and worked and wore ourselves out, but there never was such a Christmas—and never in my life have I been happier.

"It was especially wonderful for me. It seemed that everywhere I turned I met boys I had known at home, many I had gone to school with, and if you think they were glad to see me, it was not half as much joy for them as it was for me to see them and take down messages to carry home to their families.

"When I went to bed after that busy day, I tried to think that I had been in a small way responsible for letting those fellows there in the dread winter of a foreign land know that the people at home had not forgotten them. I thanked God for the chance He had given me that winter of 1952.

"When we got back to Tokyo, our work done, most of us were ill from exposure. Keenan and Peggy King had the worst colds and both had ear infections that made it dangerous for them to fly. So I stayed on in Tokyo with them until we were all able to come back together.

"Now that I'm back here, back at work at the studio, with a sun outside and a comfortable dressing room and my family to go to at night, I wonder if everything I used to think was worthwhile is really so. When I go to work in the morning, I wonder if it's what I should be doing. Sometimes I think I'd like to go back to school and then start all over again—and I wonder if I'd go into the movies. Maybe I'd be a teacher."

It is a perfectly natural thing, we suppose, for a girl like Debbie Reynolds to feel the way she does after the experience she has been through. And even though the story of her Christmas trip to bring short skirts, high heels and sweaters and singing and dancing to soldiers overseas is a bit dated now that spring is upon us, we feel somehow that the recounting of it and what she felt is the best way to know her. She has other facets than the one shown in that tale, to be sure, but actually, from what she says now, most of the principles that guide her life now have been strengthened by her adventure at Christmas.

"I have no intention of getting married," she said. "I like a lot of boys in Burbank and in Hollywood, but none of them enough to marry them. People link my name with Robert Wagner in the movie magazines. I don't mind that, but I'm not in love with Bob, nor is he in love with me. Ever since I have been in pictures I have tried not to lose track of Debbie Reynolds of Burbank, so I date as many boys in my home town as I do in the movie business. I like Carleton Carpenter. We have a real ball together when we date. But I like Burbank boys you never heard of just as much.

"Maybe the reason I get my name linked with the movie actors I know is because I have to go out with them on special occasions, like movie parties and premieres. I tried going out with some of the fellows around here on dates like that and it was torture for them. The minute somebody recognizes me and they start to take pictures and ask me for autographs, these guys get all panicky and squirm and try to run away. If I go to these affairs with Bob or Carleton, they don't mind. They are used to them and know it is all part of the movie game.

"If you really want to see me having fun, you'll have to go to the bowling alley near my house, or to the ice cream parlor

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when we're having a barbecue or a swim-
ming party.

"And another thing that bothers me
about Hollywood," Debbie said, "is the
way romance is kicked around. They even
kick love around. Not the actors, actually,
but the press. They take it so lightly that it
scares me. I don't ever want anything like
that to happen to me. My mother and
father have been married for more than 25
years. And when I really fall in love I want
it to last as long as I live—and I don't want
to read about it in the papers every time we
speak a harsh word to one another. And
when I get married, it will be forever.
When I say 'till death do us part,' that's
what I'm going to mean.

"It's a funny thing," Debbie said, "but I
sometimes wish I had never gotten into the
movies. Maybe it would have been better."

AFTER three years in the movies, Debbie
Reynolds has changed considerably,
both in her attitude toward making movies
and in her capabilities. At first she thought
the whole business was something of a
racket, a way for a girl to pick up a little
money before they got wise. The fact that
this was her opinion is borne out by the
fact that when Warner Brothers put her on
lay-off close to Christmas time she horri-
fied everyone at the studio by taking a
job selling hardware in a Valley dime store.
Debbie didn't know what the fuss was all
about. She did both jobs just for the money.

When she first got into the movies she
couldn't act, so she did the next best thing,
she acted herself. She couldn't dance, but
she took a few lessons and tried. If you
saw her in *Singing In The Rain* you know
she did all right by herself. She couldn't
sing, but before anyone was aware of it
she, teamed with Carleton Carpenter, had a
hit record on the market that sold close to
a million copies. That was Abba Dabba
Honeymoon. And when the record was at
its peak of popularity she made the rounds
of the disk jockeys, at the request of the
publicity department, and astonished all of
them with her knowledge of singing and
music.

Today, however, Debbie Reynolds is
vitaly interested in her work. And she's a
serious-minded student of a craft she once
joked about. She used to flit about the
MGM lot in her early days looking for
pranks to play or interesting places to
loaf. Now she toils like a Barrymore. And
when one of the various coaches at the
studio takes visitors around the lot, they
generally stop at the stage where Debbie
is working and introduce her as their
prize pupil.

Some weeks ago there was a casting
conference going on at MGM. The execu-
tives were plotting the player lists for the
announcement of the coming season's prod-
uct. One by one the films to be made were
discussed and cast, tentatively, of course,
but with the stars and actresses who seemed
right for the parts. Soon the job was done
and the men wearily put down their
papers. Suddenly, though, one of them took
another glance at the completed lists.

"Say," he said, "has any star ever made
nine pictures in a year on this lot?"

"Of course not," his co-workers chorused.
"Then," said the first man, "we've got to
start all over again. That's how many parts
we've got Debbie Reynolds committed to
here."

They groaned and went back to work.
"The trouble with that girl is," one man
groused, "that she can play anything."

Debbie Reynolds, then, in three short
years has taken a solid hold on stardom.
She is considered a top attraction, and the
fan mail backs this up. She is thought to
be a real bet as a singing star, and Gene
Kelly himself says she's as good a dancer
as he ever hopes to work with as either

a hooper or director. And before many
seasons have passed the studio expects
Debbie will walk away with some big
honor for her acting. That is Debbie Reyn-
olds in her career life.

PERSONALLY, however, you'd never know
she was a "Big Shot." There is in Deb-
bie Reynolds a sweetness that is not at all
sticky. There is a cleaving to old-fashioned
habits of proper living that is seen not too
often in the younger generation today, and
very seldom in youngsters in the public
eye. But she will stick to them, you can
wager on that.

We saw Debbie Reynolds going to a party
a few months ago and it was something
that gave us food for thought. There was
a long line of cars slowly creeping up the
driveway of a Beverly Hills mansion, and
a corps of men at the top of the drive
opening doors and parking the cars for
the guests. There was quite a bit of space
in the street in front of the home, but no
Hollywood personality worth his salt will
park his own car at a time like that.

We were in the line of cars when we
saw a battered, but neat, convertible slide
into a space at the curb. Then a young
man, looking fiercely uncomfortable in a
tuxedo got out and walked to the other
side to let his date out. They walked to
the gates of the house, looked at the mad
mob in the driveway, and then the girl
took off a fancy pair of satin evening shoes,
and, holding her gown up out of the tall
grass of the lawn, began a half-acre walk
to the house.

We drove up like the rest of the folks
and then, out of curiosity, walked around
to the side of the building where the boy
and girl had disappeared. They stood out-
side a huge window peering in at the
throngs of beautiful women and handsome
men standing about the room. The boy
looked scared to death. The girl was Deb-
bie Reynolds, and she, too, looked at what
was going on in awe, her dress still held
up and her slippers in her hand.

That, we thought, as we went inside, is
the way to go to a Hollywood party. It's
more fun to watch than to attend. We
went about our business shaking hands
with famous people and chatting idly with
celebrities. We never saw Debbie inside.
Maybe she and her date just stayed outside
and, after they'd seen enough, went to
a quieter place that might be more fun.
If she did, it was typical of her. She's not
Hollywood at all. Not Debbie. **END**

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When one of the
night clubs on the
Strip had an open-
ing recently, fans
gathered outside
to take snapshots
of the stars as
they arrived.
When Joan Craw-
ford appeared, it
seemed as if
everyone wanted



a picture of her, because all at once the
flashes began to go off. But there was
one fan who couldn't get her camera
to work. Miss Crawford noticed and
went over to help her. The star, in her
beautiful evening gown, took the
flashbulb, bent down, and scraped
the bulb along the concrete sidewalk.
Then she gave the bulb back to the
fan, and told her to try it again. This
time it worked perfectly, and Joan,
as she left, told the grateful fan: "I
hope the picture turns out nicely."

Nancy Streebeck
Hollywood, California

prayer and laughter

(Continued from page 67) What did people say God did? He lightened their souls. What did I do? I helped them touch happiness. Wasn't that the same? Surely it was close to being the same. I felt good. In hunger, on my hard bed, shivering in thin clothes, I could still feel good. And sometimes I'd think, "Well, God, we're partners." It was a good thought. You will smile at this but it was such a good thought that I still have it. I still think I am a partner of God. Only now I know I am not His only partner. I think He has a partner in everyone who walks on earth; some are active and contribute their interest and their energy; some are just silent partners—but none can take His name off the door.

You know, a child's world is small and everything narrows down with it. When I first met God He was doing a small business—just taking care of the Catholics. This was because I was a Catholic and didn't give Him much thought until I was taken to make my first communion. But soon afterwards, when I went out into the world (and I started leaving home on my own during summer vacations before I was 14), I saw that He was organized on a much wider scale.

It became apparent to me that God was associated with the Protestants, with the Jews, and, as I began to suspect, with anyone else who had the free will given to all humans to either love or hate their fellowmen. I had to think this because all kinds of people helped or hindered me, and I had to believe through experience that you couldn't tell which they were going to do by the labels on the outside. A Catholic was not necessarily a kind person; a Protestant not necessarily a devil; a Jew not necessarily a stranger. Today I think this was not only the greatest lesson I ever learned, but the one the whole world is painfully coming to learn. Prejudice is based on labels; wipe out the labels and you wipe out prejudice.

Or—pin them all onto yourself. If God is everything then we are everything. In one of my pockets I carry a crucifix, in the other a Hebrew mezuzah. I am a 32nd degree Mason.

MAYBE I can recall how I got started into thinking this way. It began, I believe, when I was still a child and after my communion. While the first church I knew about was, of course, a Catholic one, the second was a Lutheran one. It was here I had to go to attend the services for the soul of my Aunt Carrie when she died from erysipelas, an infection developing from a cut she suffered while picking tomatoes. We had to do a lot of picking in our family to live; tomatoes, coal off the railroad tracks, firewood off construction sites, the last crumb off the plate. . . .

I loved Aunt Carrie. As I sat in the pew that afternoon, filled with the combination of mysticism and dread that can grip a kid in the presence of death, I was worried. What would happen to Aunt Carrie, lying in her casket in this church, when God was over by the other one? How would she ever get to Him? How would He know where she was? I was much too perturbed about this to listen to the preacher's prayer and eulogy. But I knew when he had finished. As we said, "Amen," a shaft of sunlight shot down through one of the high, stained-glass windows. It fell on the coffin, bathing it in a whole pattern of dancing, gleaming colors. I knew then that He had! He had found Aunt Carrie. Good old God—you couldn't fool Him by putting different names on your churches!

I don't want to give anyone the impression that I must have been one of those queer youngsters, the poetic, angelic kind, bless them, who walk around with faraway looks in their eyes. I was more the scrubby, sharp-eyed, hustler type . . . with an open mind about life and the things you sometimes have to do to keep living it. To tell the truth I hung around the pool room a lot more than I did the church. A lot of the honest dollars I earned those days I earned working for dishonest men. I mean I worked hard for my money when I entertained for pitchmen, but they were getting the money to pay me by fooling the public with their fake medicine or wares. And some of my dollars I earned in even more questionable ways . . . meaning I was directly at fault.

I didn't worry about it at first. I wasn't even conscious of doing wrong, or at least wouldn't even dream of taking off time to go into the question. That came later. Nor did I reform immediately when I did realize it. That too, the development of first, conscience, and then character to follow conscience, took time and had to come later. But it came, over a long period of troubled moods, of realizations that I had hurt or wronged someone, of truths that persisted in telling themselves to me when I would much rather not hear about them.

I NEVER knew my father—and this is one of the saddest statements I ever have to make. He died before I was born. But some of the earliest words I can recall were about him, that he had been a great comedian, a clown with the Hagenback-Wallace Circus; and from the start there was fired in me an ambition to follow in his footsteps. At least I cannot remember ever wanting to be anything else but a fellow who can bring laughs into the world. I started entertaining when I was five years old, entertaining visiting relatives for whom I would drape an American flag around myself and orate like a preacher. Later, out in the street, and substituting a minstrel costume for the flag, I tried out the same act for strangers on a stage I had figured out for myself—the doorways of empty stores.

I used to do and sell card tricks. In return for running errands for card players in the pool room they would give me their old decks. Using glue, knife and scissors, I would convert these into magic decks and then demonstrate them on my stage. Then came the selling pitch—a quarter a deck. In order to work up a crowd I had to entertain in many ways; singing, playing a uke, telling jokes. My mother made me a black wig out of pieces of a worn, caracul coat, and helped me put together a bright minstrel jacket. I would "black-up" in the washroom of the nearest filling station and be all ready to go on. My only worry was hecklers—kids of my own age. And, of course, I didn't get anywhere trying to squash them with wise cracks. I had to get out there and fight. Yes, sir, you saw everything when you came to my show.

When I could get a regular job, back in those days in Vincennes, Indiana, I took it. One of my jobs was working for the J. C. Penny company breaking up packing cases and lugging the wood up into the alley to be carted away. But when a chance came to join a show on the road, a minstrel outfit, a stock company, or even a high or low pitchman, away I'd go. The reasons I'd give my mother were always the same: Some day I was going to be the greatest comedian in the world; some day I was going to take her to a warmer climate; some day I was going to die a millionaire. Well, I have brought her out to California and if you don't check the thermometer too closely maybe I have come through with that pledge. About my

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comedy... when she talks about it she says I'm coming right along. About the million... well, I meant it, but I'm not in such a hurry.

I got out of going to school awfully early I'm afraid, but it was no great loss in any case. All I ever did in school was sit and dream about show business anyway. And life was getting ready to tumble me around and pound sense into me... even if it wasn't in a classroom. I was going to slide into a lot of easy ways of getting along, and then I was going to be clunked.

In Peoria, Illinois, one fine day, my pitchman boss promised the audience sets of silverware with darn near every bottle of his elixir (made up of burnt sugar and epsom salts in water) they bought. Then he ducked out leaving me holding the bag—or stage. When the crowd caught wise and turned on me, my joke telling suddenly ended in a face-full of tears. Only these tears, and my youth, saved me from a bad time.

Another time, at the age of about 14, I found myself without funds, and in Valparaiso, Indiana, instead of Vincennes where I had a mother and a home. Whereupon I got mixed up in as weird a scheme as you could find this side of grave-robbing—and not very far this side of it either.

A very bland gent with a fast rate of speech got me into it. He had a stock of two-bit pen and pencil sets, in fake gold, but individually boxed. He was doing a fine business selling these to dead people! Of course the dead didn't pay—their mourners did. From the obituary column in the newspapers he would get the names and addresses of recently deceased, paste their names on the inside of the box with dime store lettering, and then show up at the door. The dialogue went as follows:

"How do you do, madame? Is Mr. Brown in?"

"No. Mr. Brown..."

"When will he be home?"

"I'm afraid never. Mr. Brown... died a few days ago."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry. You see, he ordered this gold-plated pen and pencil set, personally inscribed to him, and we are just making delivery now."

He'd hold the set up, she'd see the name of her husband (or whatever the relationship) on the box, and in her sentimental state would invariably buy it. The price was five dollars. I tried it and it worked... several times. I had food in my belly, money in my pockets, and began telling myself I was a very smart boy. But something was wrong inside of me somewhere—only I did my best not to know what it was. To this day I keep telling myself I would have quit soon anyway, but, as it was, I got help. On my list was a Roland Sheffield, who, according to his obituary, had died at the age of 60. A middle-aged woman came to the door and the spiel went as usual until I got to the part about the recently deceased having ordered the pen and pencil set.

The woman's eyes opened wide. "I'm just a friend of the family," she said, "but I must say Roland Sheffield was a good deal smarter than he let on to his folks. You see, Roland was just six months old when he died."

I stopped running about 20 blocks later, when I was well out of town, and checked the newspaper again. It still claimed that Roland Sheffield was 60. The typesetter must have made a mistake, I decided, but not as big a mistake as I had made. Nothing was ever more plain.

Children in school or living with their families are told what is right and what is wrong. To some extent they also find out for themselves. I found out almost all by myself, by living in error or along-

side it, and knowing it for what it was... not guessing. The education I got ground and slapped into me might be difficult to describe in terms of formal learning, but what there is of it is solid. Nobody ever had to paint the horrors of drink to me; I was next door to them for years and wouldn't dream of getting any closer. Nobody ever had to tell me about gambling; I saw it around me as a child in terms of the unforgettable misery it can cause, and the lesson is in me to stay. A big Chicago night club once paid me almost double my salary to star in one of its shows. I wondered why because my act proved not at all suitable for its patrons, and one night one of the waiters told me the reason. He said the club owners felt I wouldn't cost them anything because they were sure I was a gambler and expected me to lose my salary and more on their dice and card tables. Honestly, I felt sorry for them. Nobody has ever seen me bet more than an apple in my life.

You learn to think, and think right through to rock bottom, when you are on your own. You automatically take promises apart for the facts in them, you study over all you see and hear until it makes sense. Sometimes your findings aren't popular ones, the crowd and you don't think alike. Well... that's the price a man pays if he doesn't like to kid himself... and it's worth it.

Eventually, these ways of thinking are the ways in which you come to look at religion. And it is so with me. For instance, the Christ who is always pictured with hands in pious gesture and holy look shining from his face—the Christ in sandals and flowing robe. For me this is too pat a picture for One who attracted tens of thousands of adherents in His time, and hundreds or thousands of millions after His going. His must have been a more positive, a more human personality. I can see Him with His disciples. He calls to them. "Say, fellows..." and they turn to Him as He speaks, not in book talk, in vague verses or proverbs, but in direct words, man to man, and with an animation and enthusiasm that puts a snap in the very atmosphere around them. That was Jesus Christ as I see Him.

Those people who like to be described as God-fearing Christians—I just cannot agree that there can be such people. The very first feeling I ever had of God, the very nature of God, if you like, is that He is One to whom you come in trust. If you trust someone are you not being untrue by fearing him? It is more likely that you love him. So for me the phrase is best, means what you want it to mean, when you say, "A God-loving Christian."

The biblical explorers, men and women who delve into the depths of Bible print and like to split hairs as to the possible meaning of certain passages; they have never impressed me, neither with their learning nor their Christian spirit. The world doesn't suffer for a lack of clear, religious text, nor are the ways of man clogged up by biblical obscurities. If only the most simple of the Bible's injunctions were followed: the Sermon on the Mount, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, you would no longer require armies, or a police force, or even laws. Truth needs no interpreters—just spreading.

When prayers were first explained to me, when I first heard those in which a whole detailed series of requests is contained, it sounded just as if someone was reading off a Christmas list. It just didn't sound right to me—if you know what I mean. I felt then, as I feel now, that one doesn't ask for material gain or the specific article. I pray. I pray every night that I

can be a better person, that I can be of service, and that I can continue to make people laugh. I pray not only to God but to myself because I think God is in me, as He is in all of us, and that in this way it is given to me to help myself. It was thus I prayed last New Year's Eve, when I was recovering from a serious operation, and I added the hope that I become more understanding. This was important to me because I have come a long way from the kid I was—and I want to keep on coming. Sometimes, when they are travelling, strangers will start talking to each other, and if they are companionable and lucky their words will fall together nicely. The nicest I ever heard fell on my ears when

spoken by a little Irish priest who took the seat in front of me on a New York to California plane a few years ago. We had talked for some time, and he had learned on a stop-off in Chicago who I was, when I asked him if he liked to fly. "No," he said. "Do you?" "No, I don't," I told him. He nodded. "That's because you and I work with people," he said. He looked out of the window and pointed below. "Neither one of us should have a fear of flying. Working with people I think we are a little closer to Him down there than we are up here." Yes . . . the nicest words I have ever heard. **END**

you belong to me

(Continued from page 57) then on he lived out of suitcases, and was extracting a sport shirt from one the morning the phone rang. It was the studio, with news that gave them a slight reprieve. His departure had been postponed for another week. Maybe, they thought hopefully, the baby would come early. When consulted on this possibility for the eighth time, the doctor shook his head. "Don't count on it before September 1st."

By the time Jeff got his smallpox vaccination and had received his passport, the studio had decided on two more postponements. He was due to leave the following day when on August 28th he received a cable from Malta from Frank McCarthy, producer of the picture. McCarthy knew how anxious Jeff was to stick around home as long as possible and was doing his best to stretch the starting date. The cable read to the effect that Jeff could count on September 5th as the absolute deadline for leaving the West Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter whooped and hollered and blessed the Irish in general, and the following morning Mr. Hunter noticed a vaguely puzzled expression on Mrs. Hunter's face.

"What is it?" he said. "I think I'm going to cooperate," said Barbara.

On the doctor's advice they waited until noon before going to the Santa Monica Hospital. Barbara's mother was the only other person in the waiting room, and they consoled each other until shortly after five o'clock that afternoon, when a boy was born.

WHEN Jeff first saw the small scrunched bundle of humanity that was held up to him behind the glass of the nursery, he nervously fingered the pocket handkerchief he had removed from a suitcase that morning. "Is it mine?" he mumbled.

Mrs. Rush was more appreciative in her verbal comment. "Oh, Jeff! It's a darling boy!"

"Oh," said the new father, mopping his forehead. "Is it?"

He had five more days to recuperate, and on September 4th put Barbara Rush Hunter and Christopher Merrill Hunter tenderly into the back seat of his car. He drove home as though Sunset Boulevard were paved with whole eggs, and gingerly installed his new family in their respective bedrooms, then backed off in bewilderment and gratitude while Mother Rush took over with an experienced hand.

The next morning he gathered his luggage from the perimeter of the living room, took a last look at his new son and put his arms around his wife. It had been wonderful that he'd been allowed to stay

as long as he had, but he was well aware that their parting now was even rougher on Barbara than it was on himself. Mrs. Rush would stay with her, and Jeff knew his mother-in-law would give service that would be the envy even of a mother hen. But just the same, he asked himself, what would happen when Barbara succumbed to the famous new-mother blues, and he wasn't there to console her? What would happen if Chris got the hiccups, or the croup, or maybe he might have that three-month colic they'd read about. He suddenly felt a lump rising in his throat, and he gave Barbara a hug that left her breathless, then broke away and ran down the steps.

He flew to New York and there boarded a plane for England but by the time they had reached Newfoundland the engine was spluttering in a frightening way, and passengers were informed there would be a nine hour delay. Jeff had promised to cable Barbara the minute he landed in London, and thinking that a delay of nine hours would make her frantic, he wired about it from Newfoundland. On receiving it Barbara didn't so much as raise an eyebrow. To her, an airplane is no more dangerous than a subway, and for years she has boarded airlines with the aplomb that St. Peter might have in a similar situation. Boats—they are something else, and already she was worried about Jeff's decision to return home on the liner United States.

As Barbara knew it would, Jeff's plane arrived safely at the London airport. The ship flew in at dusk, and although the proverbial mist was in the air Jeff could see the ancient city beneath him, its lights twinkling as far as the eye could see. He stepped out of the plane with the conscious thought, "I am in England." When the voice of the announcer on the public address system crackled through the air in a Cockney accent, he grinned to himself. This was perfect.

IN order to keep it that way, he tried to dodge the loneliness that enveloped him whenever he thought of his family, 6,000 miles away. He kept busy, and was thankful that in that first month he was allowed a lot of free time. He saw London, upside down and inside out. He went to Madame Tussaud's wax works, to St. Paul's Cathedral, to the Tower of London. He watched the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace, and he reserved a whole day for Westminster Abbey. Jeff had always loved history, and having the living reality of these old stones beneath his feet gave him a tremendous thrill. He recorded all of it for Barbara, who had yearned to see Europe as much as he, with his Rolleiflex camera. Whenever he left the hotel in the morning his shoulders were criss-crossed with the straps of his photographic equipment, and wherever he went he caught only a portion



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of the guides' remarks because he was so intent on the problems of exposures, filters and speeds.

He had time to leave London and see more of England. He went up to Stratford-on-Avon and steeped himself in the reverence felt by the old town for Shakespeare. He went to Leamington Spa to watch the English at play, and he went down to Hampton Court, the famous old palace of Henry VIII. He watched an English soccer game and was deeply impressed by the skill involved, and then he went to a cricket game and was stumped. Cricket was the only thing in all of England that left him cold—cricket and the London fog, which at the time Jeff was there blanketed the city in the worst attack on record. Otherwise he fell in love with the country, its cities and its scenery, and mostly its people, who were the soul of courtesy to Jeff. He grew to admire them tremendously. "Nobody can do so much, and so cheerfully, with so little," he says.

He met a surprising number of friends while there. In Westminster Abbey he was looking at the tomb of Edward the Confessor when he was suddenly slapped on the back and turned to find two college friends he hadn't seen in years. At Bushey Air Base, where Jeff made a personal appearance, he was introduced to the American personnel officer. "Lieutenant Bell, this is Jeff Hunter." They stared at each other a full minute before the officer said, "What's this Jeff Hunter business? Aren't you Hank McKinnies from Milwaukee?" And Jeff recognized him as another old school friend.

His birthday on November 25th was spent alone, but brightened by Barbara's thoughtfulness. More than a week before, she had given him a birthday party, and on his birthday he received not only a tie from her, a print job with English knights jousting across it, but also a piece of the cake, some of the candles, a chain letter from the guests, and a flock of pictures showing the gang at home. That night he sat alone in his hotel room, and setting the time meter on his camera, took pictures to send back to Barbara. A week later she opened an envelope and saw him eating the cake, reading the letter, looking at the pictures and opening her package. It wasn't the same as being together, but it helped.

THEIR letters to each other were frequent and full. Barbara sent him a daily report of their son's progress. Chris was healthy and happy, he had an appetite like a stevedore, and he was a rarity in that he had already got the idea that nights are for sleeping. She sent him scores of pictures and Jeff spent hours trying to scotch-tape them together in accordion fashion so that when anyone inquired after his son he could whip a foot-long record out of his pocket. The pictures arrived in such volume, however, that he soon gave up the idea and instead strung them bunting fashion across his room.

His letters to her were often written in dialect, of which Jeff was learning a bewildering assortment, even within the confines of England. His letters from Paris were addressed to Mme. Hunter, and those from Rome came to Signora Hunter.

The visit to Paris stretched only over a weekend, but in that time Jeff saw more than the average tourist sees in a week. Frank McCarthy and director Roy Boulting went with him, flying across on a Friday night, and from then on Jeff forgot what sleep meant. They contacted a friend of a friend who worked in Paris with TWA and who was kind enough to supply them not only with a car, but with his services as companion and guide. They started out in Montmartre that night, seeing the Sacre-Coeur and then the famous night

spots of that naughty hill. They went all over Paris and ended up at dawn in Pigalle at a cabaret which caters to American performers. The next day Jeff went on a shopping spree and bought Barbara a real French chapeau, for he is one of those rare men who knows how and wants to shop for women, and even the language problem didn't stop him from choosing a hat that is currently the envy of other Hollywood actresses.

He went into Notre Dame and had lunch at a sidewalk café and then walked along the left bank of the Seine, wishing mightily that Barbara could be with him. He looked at the awesome spread of buildings that comprise the Louvre, and decided to wait until he and Barbara together could some day enjoy its treasures. The trip was finished off on Saturday night by a visit to the Folies Bergere, and he went back to London the next day still unable to believe that he had really seen Paris.

There followed six weeks of location work in Malta, and despite the fact it was wintertime in the rest of the world, the Mediterranean was in its perpetual state of summer sunshine. They worked on Gozo Island, a rocky promontory in the sea which afforded the stark and rugged terrain over which Jeff was required to walk, run, and crawl. The cast and crew of the movie lived in those days on the British cruiser Manxman, disguised for the picture as a German ship, and Jeff made fast friends with many of the ship's crew. In his free time he went spear fishing, equipped with spear, snorkel mask and swim fins made in Genoa, and although he caught nothing spectacular, he reported to Barbara that to his way of thinking this was the world's Eden for a swimmer.

THERE was one more spree due him before he left for home, and that was Rome. He spent three days in the Eternal City before going back to England to board his ship, and they are three days Jeff will never forget. His first night there he met a young American on his way to Arabia, and discovering they were both long on curiosity and short on time, they teamed up to take practically every tour offered in Rome. They saw the Coliseum and the Forum and Hadrian's Villa and the Catacombs, and everywhere they went Jeff brought up the rear of the group, taking pictures while his pockets bulged with film and flashbulbs.

The Italian language was no more familiar to him than that of Pakistan, but he managed to get around via the tours without much trouble. His only snarl was the night he phoned the desk clerk at his hotel. For a half hour he studied his Italian pocket dictionary and carefully rehearsed, syllable by syllable, the sentence "Please awaken me at eight-thirty tomorrow morning." Then he picked up the phone and with gritted teeth intoned laboriously, "Piacere, io voglio essere svegliato domani alle otto e mezzo della mattina."

"Sure thing," replied the clerk in English. "You bet."

It was with a mixed feeling of relief and sadness that he boarded the United States at Southampton a week later, and heard "the American tongue" around him once more. The ship was big and unbelievably beautiful, and he was excitedly inspecting it when suddenly the whole ship shuddered. There were excited shouts and people running hysterically down on the dock, for in the process of being backed out of the harbor the ship had been hit by a 50-knot gust that sent her slamming back into the dock. It turned out all right—the stevedores threw coils of rope between the boat and the dock to cushion the shock, and a collision was avoided with the immense lifting cranes,

but back in Hollywood Barbara read about it in the newspaper and felt the first real fear for Jeff she had known since his departure.

Four days later, even though Barbara was sure the ship would never make it, the United States docked safely in New York and Jeff spilled out, went through Customs in a fever of impatience, and in less than five hours was winging his way to Milwaukee to meet Barbara.

It was a mad, gay, crazy reunion after four months, and even though Chris had been left behind in Hollywood with his grandmother, Jeff felt it was the happiest moment in his life when he sighted Barbara, wearing that saucy hat, waiting for him at the Milwaukee airport. It was his first visit to his home town in more than three years, and they had a merry Christmas with his parents and then Jeff proudly introduced his wife to all his old friends, who numbered more than 200 on that day they held open house.

THOSE two weeks in his boyhood home were fun, but as the days rolled by he found it difficult to keep his patience for the day when he could again see his son. When they finally landed in Los Angeles and whizzed through traffic to their West-

wood apartment, Jeff took the steps two at a time. He flung open the door, with Barbara right behind him, and there was Christopher Merrill, big as life, in the process of having his triangular pants changed. Jeff looked at him in astonishment. "But—but—" he said. "Is he mine?"

Mrs. Rush laughed. "You said that the first time you saw him."

"But he's so big!"

Barbara slipped her hand into Jeff's. "Honey, he's four months old! Of course he's grown. I sent you the pictures."

"I know—but somehow—in pictures—well, for heaven's sake!"

Nowadays Jeff stays home and makes up for lost time with his son. In the closets and in the corners of the apartment are stacked piles of pictures, and all kinds of literature from Europe. There is even a full set of Linguaphone records in French, bought by Jeff his first day back in London after the Paris trip. Barbara has mentioned politely that it might be a good idea if Jeff would look at his pictures, read his literature, study his French, and then put everything away in one place.

"Let's wait until we buy a house," he says. "Maybe next year. I'll go through it all then. Right now I'd rather sit and look at you."

END

man on the move

(Continued from page 39) This was one place where John could talk, so he sat at the wise man's feet and told him of the tragedy that had taken place. The old codger listened without interruption. He always waited for advice to be asked, you know, but he then had an answer ready.

"Son," he said, "there's only one thing to do in a case like this. Keep moving. Get your mind on other things. Play a lot, and laugh a lot, and work. You stand around mooning and you'll suffer. Like I said, keep moving. That's the thing to do."

Well, times change. A boy becomes a man. But wisdom does not change. That advice was given over 30 years ago. It worked then—and it's working now. John Wayne, whose girl has gone away, is a man on the move. A man with a lot of work to do and a lot of things on his mind.

Like most people, it took John Wayne some little time to put sound advice into action. When his wife, Chata, left him, he did his share of "mooning" and "suffering." He didn't stand around Hollywood, but he sat around in the sun of Mexico and brooded on his loss. And he took no part in the gaiety of the winter season at the resort he went to. On the surface, he was just an actor on vacation, with a smile on his face and no cares. But when he was alone with the business associates who came to see him, he was a heartsick man who just wanted to be left alone with his problems. Nothing they could do or say made him want to go back to Hollywood and work.

It appeared once, a few months after John and Chata Wayne were separated, that the melancholy tactic would be successful. Mrs. Wayne knew just how he felt and after a few months apart they went back together and had a second honeymoon in Hawaii. It was well covered by the papers and magazines, so it is not news that the honeymoon didn't take. And a few weeks later they were back where they had been at the first separation.

The advice given John Wayne years ago came back to his mind in a strange way. When the honeymoon flopped, Wayne took an extended tour of South America. He had no particular destination in mind. He

just bought a couple of feet of airplane tickets and started for the places listed on the back of the travel bureau envelope. He visited Rio, Buenos Aires, Quito and all of the other famous places below the equator. But it was in Peru that life caught up with him.

Six months previously, John had gone into partnership with an old friend, Robert Fellows, in the making of the picture *Big Jim McLain*. They made the movie in Honolulu, and they took their time about it. Even though it was business, the project was something of a lark. Then the film went into release, just as John went away—with no future plans. Fellows finally tracked him down and got him on the phone in Lima, Peru.

"You've got to come home," Fellows said. "The picture is making a mint and Warner Brothers want us to make some more."

"I just don't feel ready to get back into grease paint yet," Wayne said.

"You don't have to," said Fellows. "I want you to produce them with me. You don't have to act in them."

"Me produce?" said Wayne. "What can I do?"

"Look, you idiot," said Fellows, "you've been in this business 20 years. You know more about making pictures than I ever will. I need your help. We can keep our company going and turn out half-a-dozen movies a year. The releasing company likes the way we work together."

"No," said Wayne, "not right now. I've got to get something out of my system first."

"Well you're sure going about it in the wrong way," said Fellows. "What you need is to get your mind on other things. Stop mooning and work."

"What did you say?" asked Wayne.

Fellows repeated it for him.

Wayne held the telephone instrument in his hand for a moment, trying to remember where he had heard pretty much the same thing before. It was like being in a situation you felt you had been in before. Then he remembered his wise old friend on the porch. He was laughing when he spoke again.

"Get a desk in that office for me," he said, "and put my name on the door. I'm leaving for Hollywood in the morning."

John Wayne has not always been as ready

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to put aside his heartaches for the more practical things. As a very young man, new to motion pictures, and without much apparent future except as a cowboy actor who could do his own stunts, he married his school-days sweetheart, Josephine Saenz. During the next ten years they had four children, two boys and two girls. It was a happy marriage for a number of reasons. One, for a long time John and Josephine were in love; two, Wayne is a family man, and loved his kids. But it was unbalanced in other ways. John is a religious man, but, like many people of our time, not too devout. Josephine, on the other hand, was a Roman Catholic and her religion was the most important thing in her life. If John had been of the same faith it might have been possible to reconcile this difference, but the fact that he wasn't, made for friction. He possibly thought Josephine's church work was taking too much of her time.

Eventually an estrangement came into the marriage. It was something neither of the Waynes liked to think about, but it was there. John, who had been a complete homebody, began playing poker and chumming around with the lads a lot. Actually, as Wayne told a friend once, there never was an argument, let alone a fight. Josephine, being a devout woman, hated the very word divorce, but she grew to know that it had to be faced. And then it came. The marriage was dissolved in the California courts.

For months John Wayne couldn't handle the situation. He was a man in a fog, unused to the solo environment he found himself in. Never a ladies' man, he crept into a shell, emerging only to saunter through the pictures he had to make to take care of his obligations. Work? He had none. Making movies wasn't work for him by then. And he had no business interests to occupy himself with.

IT WAS about that time that John Wayne discovered Mexico as a place to hide. It was far enough away from Hollywood so he wasn't bothered with reporters always asking about his romantic situation. Far enough away so that if he went to dinner with a girl it didn't make all the columns as the love of the year. But no matter how you want to tag it, these flights to escape were "mooning" jaunts, no good because they didn't let a man really get his mind off his lost love. There were too many guitars playing and too many star-studded nights.

The first time John Wayne sat across from Chata Bauer at a Mexico City luncheon he knew he was in love. And the story of how he courted and married her, which has been told many times, is concrete evidence that it was. Love is a convenient way to forget love, but it doesn't come along quickly enough usually. At any rate, it saved John Wayne from stagnation this time, gave him a new grasp on life and charged him with the ambition he needed. He brought Chata back to Hollywood and settled down to several years of complete happiness; a happiness that was as complete as the one he had enjoyed in the early years of his first marriage.

But last year that ended, too. Nobody has ever said just what it was that broke John and Chata up, but it has been hinted that she was extravagant, that she demanded too much personal attention, that she listened to her mother above all others, and that she fell out of love with Wayne. John, himself, has never said what it was, if he knows. But he has admitted that Chata fell out of love first, and that it hurt very much. So, as he did once before, he packed a few things into a bag and took off for places where an actor wouldn't always have to be answering questions. A

"mooning" place is what he called it. As we said, it was in Lima, Peru, that the old man on the porch caught up with him. It was in Lima that he held the telephone in his hand for a moment and then began to laugh as he heard from 'way back in his boyhood the old Solomon tell him to keep moving, to work and play and laugh, because that was the way to forget that the nine-year-old girl with the missing front tooth and the freckles had checked out without leaving a forwarding address.

These pages are not generally filled with details of a man's business life. MODERN SCREEN is not Dun and Bradstreet's. But in the case of John Wayne, his business life, his travelling and his new experiences as a producer of motion pictures are linked definitely with his personal and romantic life. He was met at the airport by Bob Fellows and his business manager. They sat in the back of the car, as they were driven into Hollywood, and Wayne grinned like a boy with a new scout knife as he was briefed on the plans for Wayne-Fellows Productions.

"I'll tell you what," said Fellows, "you're probably tired, so you go home and rest." "Who's tired?" laughed Wayne. "Let's go to the office. I'd better get some of these brains you claim I have working for the company right away or you guys will run the business right into the ground."

The three of them sat and chuckled, and nobody was happier about the whole thing than John Wayne.

Since that day John Wayne has been the busiest actor who ever became a business man. He had a commitment at Warner Brothers to make *Trouble Along The Way*, but, although he is said to have turned in one of the best performances in his career, every moment away from in front of the camera was spent on the telephone with his office or at luncheons where such matters as casting, financing, story-buying were taken care of. Wayne is no silent partner.

WHEN the Warner Brothers picture was finished, Wayne-Fellows already had its second picture, *Plunder Of The Sun*, shooting in Mexico, and Wayne, after the last shot was in the camera, wiped the make-up off his face and dashed to the airport to get a plane to the location. The next morning he was on the set—and they say he drove the director and the actors crazy by putting his finger into all of their pies. He was so enthusiastic and wanted to take care of so many details himself that his partner had to take him aside.

"Take it easy," said Fellows. "You're making these guys nervous. Why don't you go down to Acapulco for a couple of weeks and rest?"

"Rest?" said Wayne. "Are you crazy, man? I've got too much to do. If a fellow doesn't watch all the details making one of these movies he can lose his shirt."

Fellows threw his hands into the air. "I asked for it," he said. "I wanted to get you steamed up—but I didn't think you'd boil over."

"Stick around, son," said Wayne with a grin. "I'm not even warmed up yet."

When the picture was over, Fellows and the other executives of the company were worn to a frazzle, but happy that they had talked John into taking a short vacation in Acapulco before starting the next movie. They took a house together and planned several days of deep sleep, with interruptions only for eating. This dream was rudely shattered.

The morning after they arrived there was a great clatter of cars driving into the courtyard of the house. Somebody opened an eye in alarm.

"What's that?" he said.

Peering out of the window, the tired

movie-maker saw a group of men in city clothing alighting from the vehicles while the house servants carried mountains of luggage upstairs. He awakened his companions and they went down to see what was happening. Wayne sat on the patio, and around a big table sat his lawyer, a couple of fellows from Wayne-Fellows home office, an agent and a well-known director.

"What's going on here?" Fellows managed to stammer.

"No use wasting time," said Wayne, bright as a sparrow at a window pane. "I got these men down here so we can get to work on the next show. You better shower and shave, you look terrible. But hurry, I need you."

At the time of this writing, Wayne-Fellows Productions, actively headed by John Wayne, is the most promising independent producing organization in Hollywood. Two films have been completed and at least half-a-dozen more are ready to go. Such famous directors as Leo McCarey, John Farrow and William Wellman have been taken into the group and will make one film a year for the new company. The pictures will be made in all corners of the world, for this is the policy of the producers. And, because no studio space will be owned, and thereby become a perpetual upkeep problem, they expect they can make the movies cheaper than any of the major firms.

NOT only in business will John Wayne be an active man in the coming years. He'll be on the move about the world because he has taken a new and vital interest in world affairs. Long an avowed Republican, he is solidly behind President Eisenhower—he was at his inauguration—and will take an active part in government affairs, short, of course, of running for office. He will attend the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth in London, and will take advantage of his presence abroad to scout Europe for locations for his company, and to look for stories and talent.

Just a few weeks ago Hollywood had evidence that John Wayne, the man, was coming out of his shell protecting him from women. He attended a party at which Marilyn Monroe was a guest. Wayne has never shown any interest in Hollywood women except for his two wives, but when he saw Marilyn he whistled like any other man. As a matter of fact he whistled several times and if it hadn't been for the fact that he thought she was in love with Joe DiMaggio he'd surely have tried to kidnap her from the party. On the way home that night he relieved himself of what for John Wayne is a magnificent compliment, for he is noted as a fellow of few and very carefully chosen words when it comes to girls.

Leaning back in the seat he closed his eyes and said: "Man! Have you ever seen anything like that Monroe in a red dress? She made me feel like I just got out of high school!" And the laugh that followed was lupine.

Yes, the man's on the move. The lad's in action. He's behind a desk that's cluttered with the things that keep a fellow's mind from brooding on the past. And when he talks his deals on the telephone he puts his feet on the desk and looks like a Wall Street broker. Some day some reporter is going to call his office, though, and ask to speak to him.

"May I tell Mr. Wayne the nature of your business?" his secretary will ask.

"I hear he's got a girl on his mind," the reporter will say. "I want to talk to him about romance."

"Romance?" the secretary will say. "You must have the wrong number. Or the wrong Mr. Wayne!"

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LISTEN TO THIS LOVELY CAMAY BRIDE!

Mrs. Stephen Thomas Soulos says: "Once I changed to regular care with Camay I noticed my complexion becoming far more radiant, lots clearer. And that new Camay fragrance is perfect—makes Camay more wonderful than ever!"

And you'll win a clearer, fresher, more radiant complexion with your very *first* cake of Camay!

There's no beauty soap in all the world like Camay—the soap that helps you win a more exquisite complexion, the Camay Complexion! Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. Then see your skin grow clearer, fresher with your very *first* cake. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, Camay's mild, creamy-rich lather brings new satin-smooth softness to your legs, arms, and back. And that haunting Camay fragrance will bring you new assurance of all-over personal loveliness. Change to Camay tonight.



CAMAY—The Soap of Beautiful Women

PROVED PROTECTION FOR YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN

New Ipana Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria

DECAY AND BAD-BREATH BACTERIA

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DESTROYS
THESE**

Most dentists agree that tooth decay is caused by acid-forming bacteria in your mouth. Bad breath is commonly caused by food-fermenting bacteria. Brushing regularly after eating with new Ipana rids your mouth of these troublesome bacteria by the millions.

New, Exclusive, Bacteria-Fighting Formula! Your Teeth and Breath Stay Cleaner...You Reduce Decay Better!

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Ask your dentist. Chances are, he'll tell you new Ipana effectively reduces tooth decay, when used regularly after eating. In laboratory tests, it stopped offensive mouth odor even after 4 hours—in every case.

And don't forget your gums. Brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

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Children love the taste of new bacteria-fighting Ipana. Its new, more refreshing

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SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL-SIZE TUBE.

We're so sure you'll like new white Ipana better than any other tooth paste that we'll gladly send you a generous trial-size tube—enough for about 25 brushings. Fill in and mail coupon today.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of new Ipana. Enclosed is 3¢ stamp to cover part of cost of packing and mailing.

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My Knitting!



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LET-ALONE IN MY LIFE!
DO I HAVE TWO LEFT
FEET—OR WHAT?

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FROM YOUR DENTIST
ON—ON BAD BREATH!



TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH
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GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



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best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay
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LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



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SINCE I BECAME A COLGATE GIRL!

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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH and
STOPS DECAY!

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10
cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate
way of brushing teeth right after eating is the
best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

modern screen

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*Gable
and his
bride!*



captive

**CLARK
GABLE**

IS TERRIFIC
AS THE
FOREIGN
CORRESPONDENT
WHO
FIGHTS
FOR HIS
CAPTIVE
BRIDE...

**GENE
TIERNEY**

IN

"NEVER LET ME GO"

FROM M-G-M

with
RICHARD HAYDN

Screen Play by RONALD MILLAR and GEORGE FROESCHEL

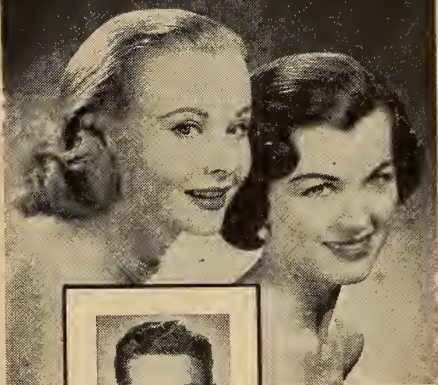
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Directed by DELMER DAVES • Produced by CLARENCE BROWN

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Greta Garbo once had Laurence Olivier thrown out of one of her pictures?
—S.E., LONDON, ENG.

A. In 1934 she asked that John Gilbert replace Olivier in Queen Christina.

Q. What were the salaries of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz before they went into television? Will they ever make movies again?
—D.E., DENVER, COL.

A. Ball's salary was \$3,500 per week; Arnaz's was \$650 per week. They have signed to do an MGM picture this summer for a combined salary figuring at \$250,000 per picture.

Q. What is the status of the Clark Gable-Grace Kelly affair?
—D.T., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A. They are extremely fond of each other.

Q. A friend of hers told me that Janet Leigh has dyed her hair blonde and has asked to be released from her Metro contract. Is this true?
—W.R., STOCKTON, CAL.

A. Yes.

Q. Can you tell me how old William Powell and Fredric March are and who has more money?
—S.W., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Powell is 60. March is 54. March probably has more money.

Q. Isn't it true that in real life Anne Baxter is the same kind of driving, ambitious girl she played in *All About Eve*?
—F.R., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. No.

Q. In Hollywood do the girls consider Dan Dailey a good catch?
—S.H., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. No.

Q. Have the Gary Coopers divorced, separated, or reconciled? Also what is Cooper's real name, and approximately how much is he worth?
—D.D., SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

A. The Coopers are separated; his real name is Frank J. Cooper; best estimate of his worth: \$3,000,000.

Q. I've noticed that Liz Taylor hardly ever wears the same dress twice. What does she do with her dresses after she wears them once?
—J.S., PITTSBURGH, PA.

A. Saves them for future wearings.

Q. Has Farley Granger fallen in love with Dawn Addams?
—C.Y., UNIONTOWN, OHIO.

A. Not yet.

Q. Is Dorothy Lamour all washed up in pictures? Why hasn't she been in many?
—P.H., OMAHA, NEB.

A. Lamour's career has tapered off. She is currently starring in *Road To Bali*.

Q. Can you please tell me who has a wooden leg, Gene Autry or Herbert Marshall?
—E.C., COCHRANVILLE, PA.

A. Marshall.

Q. When was *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* screened for the first time, and why was Betty Grable removed from this picture?
—L.O., BEARDSTOWN, ILL.

A. It was screened in 1928; Miss Grable was never in the picture, first or second versions.

Q. Have read where George Raft and wife have been separated for 20 years. How come?
—V.J., NATCHTOCHES, LA.

A. His wife refuses to divorce him.

Q. In action pictures do the movie stars do their own falling?
—F.D., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. No; professional stunt men are used.

Q. In *Snows Of Kilimanjaro* were Ava Gardner and Gregory Peck officially married?
—K.F., BANGOR, ME.

A. No.

Q. Did Dale Robertson ever have a romance with an actress named Constance Smith?
—W.K., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

A. No.

Q. I heard in London that the real reason Clark Gable divorced Sylvia Ashley is that she spent money like water. Isn't that so?
—D.H., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. It was one of the reasons.

Q. Why is it that in every Jimmy Stewart picture of late the director is listed as Anthony Mann?
—E.R., PRINCETON, N. J.

A. Stewart likes to work with Mann, requests him as his director.

Q. Can Terry Moore really fly a plane or is that a publicity release?
—C.G., RICHFIELD, UTAH.

A. She really can.

Q. Isn't the team of Martin and Lewis splitting up because their wives don't get along? Tell the truth.
—J.D., PALO ALTO, CAL.

A. No.

The Happiest Wedding of Song and Dance in Many a Honeymoon!

*This one
is really
stacked
with greater-
than-ever
musical fun!*

The Farmer takes a Wife

BETTY
GRABLE
DALE
ROBERTSON
THELMA
RITTER
JOHN
CARROLL

COLOR BY
Technicolor!

Songs!

"On the Erie Canal"
"We're Doin' It For The
Natives in Jamaica"
"When I Close My Door"
"Somethin' Real Special"
"With the Sun Warm
Upon Me"
"We're in Business"
"Today, I Love Ev'rybody"

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Produced by

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From the Stage Play by FRANK B. ELSEY and MARC CONNELLY • Based on the Novel "Romeo Haul" by WALTER D. EDMONDS



LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

THE STORY OF THE DEAN MARTIN SPLIT . . . SHELLEY'S PREMATURE BABY . . . MARILYN MMMM "CRASHES" PARTY



The baby shower was a big surprise for Shelley Winters . . . but she gave the world a bigger one. (For the full story of her premature baby, see page 27.) Susan Cabot's curiosity almost overcome her . . .



. . . before Shelley unwrapped the quilt. Constance Dowling, Pier Angeli, hostess Dawn Addams, and Susan were delighted. Mama Shelley was nearly overcome. The party was a bright spot for the lonely girl.

IT ISN'T the easiest thing in the world to be the wife of a movie actor no matter how famous, good-looking and rich he is. There are no sure-fire recipes for keeping a movie hero a husband.

But, close friends say that blonde Mrs. Dean Martin couldn't have taken a more mistaken course with Dean. One of her closest pals told me:

"With the best intentions in the world, Jeanne set out to see that Dean didn't get a swelled head. Because she was so afraid his great success with Jerry Lewis would spoil him, she bent backward in the wrong direction.

"She made a point of never playing his records and song hits at home. Instead, Jeanne would play Bing Crosby and Perry Como recordings.

"If Dean told a joke, Jeanne had a way of laughing it aside with an implication that his humor could be saved for his routines with Jerry.

"When they appeared in public, she resented having photographers' flashlight bulbs popping in her face. Did you ever notice how few smiling candid camera shots there were of Jeanne with Dean?

"It's all right for a wife to try to keep her famous husband's feet on the ground and his head out of the clouds—but, movie star or not men like to be appreciated at home."

That's very true. And, no doubt it is the correct version of one side of the story. But I've never known of an argument or a separation where there aren't two sides and I'm sure Jeanne has hers.

I know she is a very broken-hearted girl. Since their parting neither she nor Dean have said anything other than their initial statement that they "are sorry."

Jeanne has spent almost every minute at the home of her good friends, the Gordon MacRaes. The night Dean left home, Gordon and Sheila brought Jeanne to their house and stayed up all night trying to comfort her.

SHELLEY WINTERS' baby girl was born prematurely and was in an incubator for two days before the "scoop" leaked out just in time for my radio show.

I talked with Shelley in the hospital and she was still a very groggy girl. "Our little girl weighed just four-pounds ten-ounces," said Shell, "and for 24 hours it was touch and go whether she would live. Oh, Louella, I'm so happy that the doctor now says everything is all right—and she will be all right."

Shelley has been such a miserably lonely girl all during her pregnancy (Vittorio Gassman had to return to Italy to fulfill contracts with the Italian government). I don't believe she could have stood it if anything had happened to her baby.

The first thing she did after the arrival of little Vittoria was to call the "papa" in Rome. She caught him right in the middle of a performance of Hamlet on the stage.

"He is so excited," Shell said huskily, "he will fly here as soon as he possibly can. My



(Top) Seon O'Shea, John Bruno (Bot.) Yul Brynner, Pot Neol, Conrad Nagel, Louella Parsons, and Reginald Gardiner at a N.Y. party for Louella.

poor darling had the flu and he has been so worried about us, the baby and me." Shell proudly reports that Vittoria looks just like her father. "She has the same big blue eyes and dark hair and she's so cute!"

WHEN "His Royal Highness" Prince Mike Romanoff gives a party with his Consort, Gloria, believe me—it's one to remember. Mike spares no expense (and kindly do not remind me that he owns his own café in which to splurge). The Red and White Valentine Ball he and Gloria hosted in the Imperial Room of Romanoff's was the first I've ever known for which the feminine guests did as requested and wore either a white or a red gown. Usually, at least one free soul will show up in purple or green just to show her independence. Not this time. It was such a lovely effect, all the girls in red or white—many such lovely creations. I wore my wonderful Don Loper Inauguration dress. (Continued on next page)



Newlyweds Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac (center) chat with TV actor Charles Farrell at a party at the Rocquet Club. Ginger, 41, and Jacques, 26, were wed on February 7, in Palm Springs. It was his first, her fourth, trip to the altar.

Spring Beauty Hints

by **REGIS PAINE**
beauty consultant

Arms Program—Most women today make sure their legs are smoothly groomed, hands and elbows creamed to softness. But, often, when they raise their arms, the underarm skin shows irritation from using a too-harsh deodorant. (One out of two women have had this trouble, a nation-wide survey shows.)



To avoid this, use YODORA, the "beauty cream" deodorant. Made with a pure face cream base, YODORA does not irritate normal skin. A four-week test, conducted by a leading skin doctor, showed not one case of underarm skin irritation from using YODORA, even when applied right after shaving. YODORA helps beautify the underarm skin.

Helping Hands—Spring's the time when "smart cookies" like to whip up a tasty hamburger or toss a tangy salad. But who wants the odor of onions and garlic lingering on hands made to be held in the moonlight? Just smooth on a bit of YODORA, and your hands will be soft and sweet-smelling in no time.



Tips for Teens—Don't use too-heavy make-up on sensitive adolescent skin; nor a too-strong deodorant. Use YODORA, accepted by the American Medical Association Committee on Cosmetics. YODORA not only stops perspiration odor effectively, it also softens, smooths and beautifies the skin.

Tubes or jars, 10¢, 35¢, 60¢



8 McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

Gloria Stewart spent the day of the party practically in tears because she was sure Jimmy wouldn't be back from Palm Springs where he was recording a show with Bing Crosby in time to take her to the party. And she had such a lovely dress to wear.

(Believe it or not, Jimmy arrived in Palm Springs at 3:30 in the afternoon, taped the show with Bing, and was back in Hollywood to pick up his lovely Gloria at 8:05 on the nose!)

Lauren Bacall wore the shortest dress I've ever seen—even in the flapper days. But far from being hey-hey she was another almost in tears when she told me about her old man's (Humphrey Bogart) automobile accident in Europe.

"He bit his tongue so badly he had to have three stitches taken in it and he's never been so lonesome for me and the children," said Baby Bacall too upset to care about a little non sequiter in her conversation.

Lauren was sooo upset I had to take a second look at her. Usually, she is cool, calm, detached and never overly sentimental about her "old man."

While I was dancing with William Haines he said, "You know, there are only two women stars in this town who keep up the perfect illusion of glamor and excitement throughout the years."

"And who are they?" I asked.

He pointed to Joan Crawford, who was with her director, David Miller. Joan with flowers in her hair and a big red heart on her dress did, indeed, look every inch the fascinating movie Queen.

"Gloria Swanson is the other," said Bill. "Joan and Gloria are individualists; too many other stars look like carbon copies of each other."

Rocky Cooper seemed to be lonely wandering around. If she had an escort I didn't see him. Peter Lawford, who is often with her,

hasn't been going out since his father's death.

I wonder if Bill Haines spotted Mari Blanchard escorted by her devoted Greg Bautzer? Mari seems to me to have plenty of oomph and individuality for a new personality.

WHAT'S all this about Marilyn Monroe "crashing" the birthday party Jane Wyman gave for Freddie Karger at Chasens and, "everybody being SOOOOO embarrassed because Freddie used to date Marilyn before he married Jane!" Oh, now—Please!

In the first place, a guest at Jane's party in the new private room at Chasen's ran into Marilyn (dining in the café proper) and insisted that the Monroe join the party for a cocktail. Marilyn didn't even know whose party it was until she dropped in for a hot five minutes.

As for Janie and Freddie being embarrassed—that's a lot of mush. That Wyman girl whom I love so much is far too good a scout for such nonsense. She asked Marilyn to remain for dinner—but the gal had a couple of escorts waiting for her in the café.

Poor Marilyn. No matter what she does she usually gets a blast from some quarter.

GETTING back to Jane's party—it was one of the few real surprises ever pulled in our town. She kept her plans for a birthday celebration so secret from Freddie that she had the invitations sent out in the names of her good friends, Bobbie and Bill Perlberg.

When Janie walked in with Freddie, 85 guests were already assembled and his band broke into the strains of "Happy Birthday To You." Freddie almost fell over in surprise and delight.

Jack Benny's birthday was the next day, so Janie had a cake for him, too.

Joan Crawford danced miles around the floor with Jennings Lang. Ditto Diana Lynn and director Freddie de Cordova.

In Hollywood it's hardly safe to say any two people are romancing. By the time you get the paper out of the typewriter it's pretty apt to be yesterday's news. However, I have



Unknowns yesterday, Audrey Dalton, Joon Elon and Dorothy Bromily become stars overnight in Paramount's *Pleasure Island*. If you want a chance of stardom, too, take a crack at the exciting Admiration-Paramount movie contract contest. You'll find the details on page 13.

WILD, WAYNE
AND
WONDERFUL
ALL THE
WAY!

*That
all-man
'Quiet Man'
has a new
kind of
dame to
tame!*

*It takes
two to
tangle—
and when
it happens
to them
you'll tingle!*



"Trouble Along the Way"

Warner Bros.
happily bring you

JOHN
WAYNE • DONNA
REED • CHARLES
COBURN

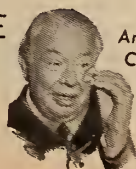
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PRODUCED BY
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MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ



Another grand
Coburn role—
he's more fun
than you can
shake your
sides at!

My husband said "I Love You" all over again

**Mrs. Florence Delfino
of Stamford, Conn., tells
how she found slender
beauty without pills, wa-
fers, exercise or hunger**

"I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE this is me today. Not long ago, as shown below, I was shapelessly stout. I couldn't wear the new fashions at all. I was simply miserable. I tried many ways to reduce but they didn't help. And then I started on the Knox Gelatine Eat-and-Reduce Plan."



Now
136 1/4 lbs.



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"THIS AMAZING, EASY PLAN reduced my weight more than 25 pounds. The Eat-and-Reduce diet was a dream. Three delicious meals a day, with eggs, meats, desserts and most everything I like. Not an hour of hunger or discomfort."

EAT YOUR FILL AND LOSE 2 TO 5 POUNDS A WEEK

Many, many thousands have achieved glamorous slimmness with the proved, all-food, no-drug Knox Eat-and-Reduce Plan. If you are overweight because of too many calories, you, too, may reduce easily while enjoying 3 good meals a day.

FREE THIS 40-PAGE GUIDE TO EASY SLIMNESS

It gives you daily menus, 53 delicious recipes, calorie counts on 168 foods, your weight record chart, and complete advice on safe, practical reducing. JUST MAIL THIS COUPON.

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Johnstown, N. Y.

Send me my free copy of the Knox Gelatine
Eat-and-Reduce Plan book described above.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

seen Diana with de Cordova at two or three different parties, dancing and looking into each other's eyes as though they meant it.

Diana was very hard hit by the break up of her marriage to John Lindsay. I'm glad she seems to be finding the good-looking and charming director such good company.

NOTABLE Quotables:

Terry Moore: "It's my press agent who makes me sound silly in print!"

Marilyn Monroe: "I'm not worried about how I'll look in 3D or 4D or any old-D they think up."

Jane Powell: "It was a mistake to gray my hair. Nature takes care of that soon enough."

Bing Crosby: "Do I watch television? Like a snake charmer watches a cobra!"

Jerry Lewis: "I'm on Dean's side, naturally. But there's no law against hoping that the two sides will soon be one side again."

THE Donald O'Connor separation has been expected for a long time. But never let it be said that Donald and Gwenn didn't try to hold on to their marriage of nine years.

They made no secret of the fact that both were consulting psychiatrists. Time after time they quietly separated with Donald taking an apartment in Hollywood while Gwenn remained in their home with their six-year-old daughter.

The temporary "absent" treatment seemed to work. They always made up and Donald always moved back home—until the final break.

Their troubles are said to be centered in their teen-age marriage. Don was 18 and Gwenn just 17 when they were married in 1944. The day after the wedding, he went into the Army.

One bit of gossip, definitely not true, is that Gwenn was dying for a career of her own and Don wanted her to stay home with the baby. He did all he could to promote Gwenn's professional life even to having her appear several times on his TV and radio shows. Even their child has appeared twice on his shows.

I'm sorry to say that I doubt if the O'Connors will patch up their differences this time.



Still together, even in the face of splitting-up rumors, Tony and Jonet seem to be shoping up as, one of Hollywood's happiest couples.

However, give them E for "effort" during these many years of problems, separations, and kiss-and-make-up reconciliations.

BABY Talk: Esther Williams and Ben Gage are expecting their third child. They have two little sons, so naturally, they're hoping for a girl this time.

As usual, Esther was a long time admitting she was on the stork's list again. I called her in Florida, where she's making a picture, and she didn't call back (as expected). This, however, did not keep me from breaking the story. I've dealt with Esther before on these matters.

Her excuse was she "wasn't sure. Maybe it was the difference in climate in Florida. Or the water scenes she had been making," and so on and on.

It's all right for a gal to keep a secret as long as it's a secret. But when her studio gets around to confirming the news—it makes you wonder why Esther doesn't break the happy tidings herself.

DON'T—I repeat, don't try this style unless you have a derriere like Corinne Calvet's, but her glamorous peddle-pushers are the talk of the town.

They are short, tight pants fitted half way down the legs and Corinne's gaudiest pair are of black velvet with red polka dots!

TOO often our movie producers pay too much attention to the East Coast and the West Coast and more or less slough off the reactions of fans in the middle of the country. This is why I am particularly interested in the results of a poll conducted in seven states in the Rocky Mountain district.

150,000 people voted these results:

Favorite Pictures:

Greatest Show On Earth
Quo Vadis
African Queen
Snows Of Kilimanjaro
High Noon

Favorite Women Stars:

Susan Hayward
Doris Day
Marilyn Monroe
Jane Wyman
Betty Hutton

(Continued on page 12)



Together again for another try of married life, gossips are wondering whether Jackie and Dale Robertson's reconciliation will last.

THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok! Anybody who doesn't stir to the mention of these daring Americans who left us such a wealth of true adventure stories . . . just doesn't know how to LIVE! Two of the most colorful characters in our history, Buffalo Bill's and Wild Bill's fight through rugged wilderness and over scorched desert to open a mail route to California, makes every minute of "Pony Express" a breathless experience! It's a picture that will give you that exciting feeling of being part of a glorious venture! That's the way I felt. I wasn't just watching it . . . I was WITH it!

* * *

The story is based on incidents that occurred after the founder of the Pony Express commissioned Cody (Charlton Heston) and Hickok (Forrest Tucker) to blaze the trail westward to California. There's stirring heart interest, as well as action. Denny (Jan Sterling), a charming, reckless tomboy, adores Cody and dreams of being his bride. She has some pretty stiff competition in the beautiful person of Evelyn Hastings (Rhonda Fleming), a volatile redhead!

* * *

Evelyn and her brother are on the side of the rebellious Californians who, incited by crafty foreign agents, feel their state will fare better isolated from the Union.

* * *

There's a thrilling climax involving Denny. Your heart will ache for her but I'm not going to reveal all now. Just make sure to hop to it . . . when the "Pony Express" rides your way!

* * *

If you hear someone say "It made my hair stand on end," you can bet that he—or she—is talking about "The War of the Worlds." E-e-e-k! Remember your favorite thriller? That was a cosy fireside story by comparison. When I viewed "The War of the Worlds," my scalp felt as though an Indian warrior from the pioneer days was practising his favorite hobby—with me as the scalpee! And what made me shiver? In a nice, warm projection room?

* * *

"The War of the Worlds" opens on a high note of terror. Out of a sudden, flashing brilliance in the sky, numberless huge, fiery objects come crashing to earth, spraying screaming heat rays that destroy everything in sight!

* * *

What are they? You can't talk me into telling you! This is the kind of picture that has so many surprising turns that I want them to be surprising to YOU. Just go see "The War of the Worlds" and be scared yourself! And you'll never have a more fascinating time being frightened. I WILL tell you that the invaders are finally destroyed—And HOW . . . will AMAZE you!

* * *

There's another thriller coming along that I'll get my typewriter into for the next issue of this column. It's "Jamaica Run," starring Ray Milland, Arlene Dahl and Wendell Corey. I KNOW you'll want to hear more about this one. It's a picture with murder . . . suspense . . . and an underwater action scene the like of which YOU'VE NEVER SEEN!



PONY EXPRESS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Starring

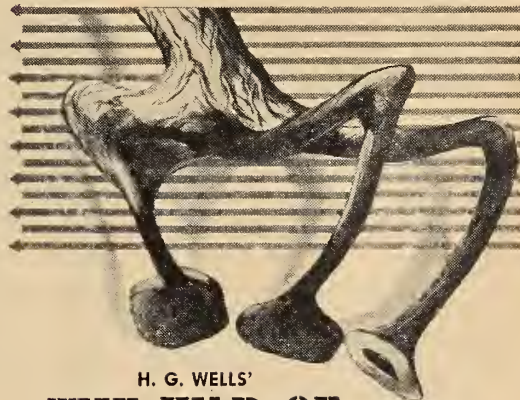
CHARLTON HESTON · RHONDA FLEMING
JAN STERLING · FORREST TUCKER

Directed by

Screenplay by

JERRY HOPPER · CHARLES MARQUIS WARREN

Based on a Story by Frank Gruber · Produced by Nat Holt · A Paramount Picture



H. G. WELLS'

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Produced by GEORGE PAL
Directed by Byron Haskin
Screenplay by Barré Lyndon
A Paramount Picture



Paramount presents

Jamaica RUN

Color by TECHNICOLOR

starring

RAY MILLAND · ARLENE DAHL
WENDELL COREY

with PATRIC KNOWLES · LAURA ELLIOT
Written for the Screen and Directed by
Lewis R. Foster · From a novel by Max Murray
A Clarion Production



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Fastidious young wives are most enthusiastic about using Zonitors for intimate feminine hygiene. Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories which offer a far more modern, convenient and effective method. They are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. They are *absolutely safe* to the most delicate body tissues.

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Zonitors *completely* deodorize. They help prevent infection and kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be *sure* Zonitors *immediately* kill all reachable germs. Zonitors are easy to carry while traveling. Simply slip in your purse. Enjoy Zonitors' *extra convenience and advantages*. Inexpensive.

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

Favorite Men Stars:

John Wayne
Gregory Peck
Gary Cooper
Roy Rogers
Robert Taylor

MONTGOMERY CLIFT has set up bachelor diggin's at the Roosevelt Hotel and every day Monty walks the half-block over to Hollywood High School and goes through track workouts with the team and the instructor, a good pal of his.

The athletes are so used to Monty they pay no attention. Even more surprising, the co-eds either don't recognize him (which seems unlikely) or else high school girls in Hollywood are so immune to stars, there's not a good gasp left in 'em.

Clift is becoming very interested in the school activities. He attends lectures on subjects that interest him—usually at night.

So far the most excited group about Monty is the drama class. He has attended several rehearsals of the Spring play, *The Road To Rome* and given many helpful hints to the young thespians.

He is a strange boy, this Monty. He's far happier training and coaching with the high school kids than he would ever be as a social lion attending Hollywood cocktail parties.

THE Letter Box: My apologies to the State College of Washington, in Pullman, Washington, where the Crosby twins, Philip and Dennis, are students of animal husbandry. I mistakenly placed the boys at the University of Washington. Maynard Hicks, director of State's news bureau, calls the error to my attention, "because we are very proud of the twins here." All Hollywood is very proud of them, too.

Charlton Heston has been mentioned more than any other actor in this month's fan mail—and it's all complimentary, Charlton. Take a bow.

Bengt Overgaard, Studentgatan 28, Lund, Sweden, writes: "Lew Ayres is still tremendously popular in Sweden—why is there no news of him?" For one thing, Lew shuns publicity.

"Lola," of Kansas City, wants to know, "How does 41-year-old Ginger Rogers think she will be happily married to 26-year-old Jacques What's-His-Name?" His name is Jacques Bergerac. As for Ginger, she looks no more than 26 herself, Lola. Happy marriages are built on understanding and companionship, anyway. Not ages.

I'm omitting addresses of servicemen who would like to correspond with film fans this month to print the news and views of other correspondents. But I haven't forgotten the boys—and next month I'll print some new names and addresses.

That's all for now. See you next month.

easy money!

Time to pay the piper for the Maypole dance, and not a penny in your jeans? Don't fret, pet. Here's the answer to all your problems. All you have to do is read all the stories in this May issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Jeanne Crain
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Sweet and Hot
- ☐ Divorce Ahead? (Gregory Peck)
- ☐ The Story Of Shelley's Baby (Shelley Winters)
- ☐ Is Bing Thinking Of Love? (Bing Crosby)
- ☐ The Wasted Years (Olivia deHavilland)
- ☐ The Truth About Mr. and Mrs. Curtis (Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis)
- ☐ Love And Learn (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ Between Two Women (Robert Wagner, Stanwyck, Reynolds)
- ☐ Somebody Has To Stay Home (Virginia Maya)
- ☐ Just What The Doctor Ordered (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ Farley's Design For Living (Farley Granger)
- ☐ Married Madcaps (Anne Francis)
- ☐ Everything Happens To Me (Glenn Ford)
- ☐ When I Hated My Mirror (Jan Sterling)
- ☐ Bride Of Faith (June Haver)
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- ☐ TV Talk by Paul Denis

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

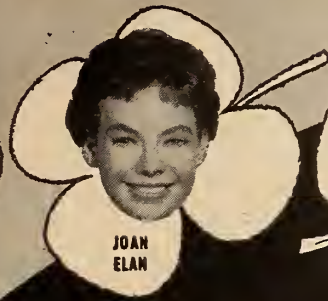
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My address is.....
City..... Zone....
State..... I am.... yrs. old

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DALTON

**Be a Star
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**Name the Star
WIN FABULOUS
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**\$40,000 CONTEST
NOW GOING ON!**

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Three Sisters, MILLER-WOHL, MARTHA PARK,
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MILES OF
FAITHFUL
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Includes one week's stay at
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Two Million
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Play Ground...spending pleasant days in
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Guaranteed accuracy in
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in-1 watch with luxur-
ious built-in bracelet.
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mous HELBROS Watch Company.



RONSON "PRINCESS" Far you, this dainty
RONSON Princess, pocket
lighter with one finger motion
..."Press it's Lit...Release it's
out" safety action.



LANVIN'S "MY SIN" PERFUME
Young, tingling, earthy
and adventurous... LAN-
VIN'S "MY SIN" perfume
...the choice of the young
and gay...the perfume of
beguiling youth and happi-
ness that inspires exhilarating
and courageous adventure.



WILSON COCKER SPANIEL PUPPIES and
IDEAL DOG FOOD

...All puppies
love IDEAL,
the ideal
dog food.



BILLPAK BILLFOLDS



BILLPAK billfold of top
grain cowhide with 23½
k. gold tooling. Complete
with picture windows, bel-
lows change purse and secret packet, the
BILLPAK has the exclusive flip closure-lack!

SIERRA GEM A 1½ Karat "SIERRA GEM" 14
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PALOMAR CULTURED PEARLS Exquisitely
beautiful necklaces by Palomar for dress or
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"POLLY" PRODUCTS OCCASIONAL FURNI-
TURE...An assortment of beautiful "Polly"
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to choose from.

ZELL JEWELRY COMPACTS. Exquisite Zell
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in Silver Plate and Jeweler's Bronze. Zell
portables are fashion accessories.

HAIR DO with Lanolin 2...the exciting spray
"hair net" that holds hair in place with no
unnatural stiffness.

BUTICAPS The new, scientific blend of der-
matrics to give you natural beauty.

KIMBERLY PERFUMERS...a golden spill-
proof perfume case to carry in your purse.

PALOMAR SIMULATED PEARLS Costume
jewelry designed with you in mind.

PAPERMATE PENS The pen that is used by
Bankers and guaranteed never to leak.

MAGICOMBS...for cleaning, waving or
tinting your hair.

AND MANY MORE!

DIVORCE AHEAD?

Quotes from Greta
stoutly deny a split between
Greg and her. But
many believe they're
heading for a Peck
of trouble all the same.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

■ Last May when Gregory and Greta Peck, married ten years, stepped aboard the Queen Elizabeth with their three small sons and secretary, it was the understanding of their friends and business associates that none of them would return to the United States for at least a year and a half.

Today, of the entire entourage that sailed for Cherbourg on that May 19th, only Eldred Gregory Peck remains in Europe.

His wife and the three boys, Jonathan 8, Steve 6, and Carey Paul 3, are all back in Hollywood living in the Peck ranch house overlooking Mandeville Canyon, while Dame Rumor, led by Walter Winchell and a small army of other columnists, suggests to the world the erroneous possibility that the Pecks have separated because Greg might be unduly interested in the welfare of a fascinating Schiaparelli model in Paris named Julienne. He isn't, not in Julienne, anyway. All the same Hollywood insists that something in the man-and-wife relationship between Greg and Greta must have gone awry in Europe, or why, after eight months abroad, should Mrs. Peck have suddenly bundled up her flock, moved out of the villa she and Greg had rented near St. Germaine, take the boys out of the American School in Paris, and sail back to the good old U.S.A.?

Greta Peck says, "Greg and I are not separated, there will be no divorce, we may even fly over to see him this summer, and frankly, all those rumors make me sick.

"The children and I came back to California, because it's just too difficult trying to raise them abroad under Greg's schedule. He's in Italy for a few months, France for a few months, England for a few months. He likes to have his family with him, and we just can't keep (*Continued on page 62*)



"Who says we'll divorce? We won't. We're not even separated," says Greta Peck. But she and Gregory are certainly not together. She and the boys returned to California in January. Greg is scheduled for at least three more films abroad.

New!

Scientific proof! Tracer Method technique (above) proves New Fresh Cream Deodorant superior in keeping underarms dry.



Philip Hulitar designed her Parma blue faille gown and magnificent mantle. Her deodorant, sure, New Fresh.

...a Sensational Step Forward in deodorants!

gentle NEW FRESH will give you up to 180% more underarm protection than other leading cream deodorants. Proved by university scientists!

Now the greatest improvement in deodorants in years is in New Fresh Cream Deodorant. By a skillful change in formula, New Fresh is now up to 180% more effective than other leading cream deodorants! It outperforms all others tested in keeping underarms dry. It stops odor completely! Never sticky, it's creamy soft and as extra-gentle to skin as ever!

Superior new formula! Tracer Method Tests made in a famous university laboratory prove that the gentle new moisture-control formula in New Fresh Cream Deodorant is far superior in astringent action to other leading cream deodorants! And it's the astringent action in deodorants that keeps underarms dry ... actually keeps you and your clothes safer!



Sure, yet gentle! Stops odor instantly, keeps underarms dry. Safe for fabrics. Use daily.

Fresh is also manufactured and distributed in Canada.

New Fresh keeps you Lovely to Love Always...

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



"I never dreamed
Tampax could
mean so much to me!"

Why put up with unnecessary and downright uncomfortable inconveniences at "that time of the month?" To many women the difference that the Tampax method of sanitary protection can make is a revelation. There are no bulky external pads to create chafing, irritation and odor. There are no belts or pins to "show."

These advantages alone would account for much of the popularity of Tampax. But internally-worn Tampax gives you other and even more dramatic benefits. You can't even feel the Tampax, once it's in place. It's easily disposable, even when visiting. Tampax can be worn in shower or tub. And your hands need never touch the Tampax, thanks to the dainty, throwaway applicator.

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure white, compressed surgical cotton. A whole month's supply can be carried right in your purse. Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. The economy size gives an average 4-months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

LONG HUNCH DEPT:

His friends are betting that Lex Barker, despite his romance with Lana Turner will continue to live the bachelor life in the apartment he rented from Patricia Neal. And Lex has settled for a new car instead of a house . . . John Agar has cried Wolf! once too often. We'll never believe him again when he swears he'll quit drinking, not after this last arrest . . . Ruth Roman, whose first-born is six months old, declares she doesn't intend to stop at one . . . Odds are ten-to-one Pier Angeli will walk down the aisle with Kirk Douglas soon as she turns 21 . . . Marlon Brando rented a garage in Beverly Hills for himself and his motorcycle. But there's no room for Movita or a raccoon! . . . Incidentally, Marlon's psychoanalyst says he's a new man so it begins to appear you won't be reading so much screwy publicity about our boy in the future.

I'll say this much about the Dale Robertsons' domestic situation: it has improved, at least as we go to press. But only slightly . . . Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens have been sharing the same house again but won't admit it's a reconciliation because they figure this



Lewis

would ruin it . . . The Aga Khan informed his son, Prince Aly that his followers might erupt if he marries another actress. The Aga, needless to say, was pointing a finger right at Gene Tierney. Rita Hayworth's would-be successor . . . Jerry Lewis told me he'll have to wear a brace the rest of his life as a result of his fall off that motor scooter . . . Jerry couldn't join Dean Martin at Bing Crosby's Pebble Beach golf tournament because of the accident. So Dean received a loving cup inscribed: "This Is the Trophy You Would Have Won at Pebble Beach If It Hadn't Been for Me. Your Partner, Jerry" . . . Greta Peck says she will return to Greg in June, after a six-month separation . . . Gary and Rocky Cooper bought a four-acre estate site in Brentwood, so what do you make of this "separation?"

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Mike Wilding is happy because the baby looks like Liz Taylor: a mass of black fuzz! . . . Liz and Mike went calling, their first outing since Junior's arrival, on their pals, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger . . . Desi Arnaz shot a photo of his baby at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. The nurses raised holy Ned with Desi and Lucille Ball and made them sign a paper releasing the



Garland

hospital from any responsibility for damage to Desiderio Arnaz IV's eyes . . . Claudette Colbert is slated to return from Europe in September but there are those who don't think she'll be moving back into the big house with Dr. Joel Pressman . . . Ginger Rogers is helping her new husband, Jacques Bergerac study for his citizenship examinations.

Judy Garland is spurning desserts these days, in preparation for her first picture in several years, *A Star Is Born*. She lost seven pounds in 10 days . . . The Italian Consulate in Los Angeles found a real Italian Countess living in Redondo Beach and sent her to Shelley Winters, who bired her to cook and keep house so that Shelley's Vittorio will have real spaghetti, pizza and lasagna when he returns from Italy! . . . Alan and Sue Ladd write me that they've decided to make only two pictures in Europe, instead of three, and that they'll be back early this Fall, in time for the kids to start school . . . Peggy Lee and Brad Dexter have His and Hers pajamas, except that the His is embroidered on hers and the Hers is embroidered on his! . . . Mike O'Shea gave Virginia (Continued on page 88)



Brando



Ball and Arnaz

Want to **LOSE WEIGHT?**

Listen to
Hedy Lamarr



No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed!
Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box (\$2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.



Hedy has a large collection of records. "Every star has to take care of her figure," says Hedy. "Ayds helps you slim the way Nature intended you to."



Hedy Lamarr in a famous role. "If I find myself putting on weight," says Hedy, "the first thing I turn to is Ayds. I sincerely recommend it."



Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you! At your drug or department stores.

"They planned
an adventure
just
for me!"



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NEW YORK CITY, 4 days	\$20.25
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SALT LAKE CITY, 3 days	10.20

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GREAT SMOKIES, 3 days (8 meals) (from Knoxville or Asheville)	\$50.00
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To these prices add Greyhound round-trip fare from your city, U.S. tax extra. Prices subject to change.



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MOVIE REVIEWS

by florence epstein

picture of the mont.



Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up, teaches the Darling children, Wendy, John and Michael, to fly. Then they all fly away to Never Land, for great adventures.



Falling into the hands of wicked pirates, Peter battles with their leader, evil Captain Hook. Meantime, the Lost Boys are captured by Indians, who later free them.

PETER PAN

■ One of the most famous of all children's fantasies, written by J. M. Barrie, is brought to delicate, joyful life in this full-length animated cartoon by Walt Disney. Peter Pan is the boy who refuses to grow up, who lives in Never Land where mermaids drift on lily pads and pirates stalk the scary seas. One evening, just after bedtime, a girl named Wendy and her two brothers are visited by Peter (in his bright green costume with a feather in his cap he looks like an adventurous little Robin Hood) and Tinker Bell, the fairy as big as your thumb who flits about in a swirl of falling gold dust. All of them fly back over the hills and across the moon to a child world and a series of breath-taking adventures. There's the ugly villain Captain Hook and his band of rowdy henchmen; there's the Crocodile who ticks (he's swallowed a clock) and hungrily follows Hook's ship around with his jaws wide open. There are the Lost Boys, the Indian Village, the wonderful ditties like—"You Can Fly—You Can Fly," and "What Makes The Red Man Red." As usual, Walt Disney's creations are expertly drawn and beautifully alive in dazzling color. They move with such dreamlike grace and charming vitality you wish they'd come alive—but perhaps that would spoil this delightful excursion into make-believe.—RKO. (Jackpot of the month on page 20)



last year my hair was mousey brown...

although I once was brightly blonde...



now-Richard Hudnut

Light and Bright has brought
back natural looking lightness

Nothing to mix or fix

**"It's simpler than
setting your hair!"**

Photograph by Mark Shaw, courtesy of MADEMOISELLE

LIGHT AND BRIGHT by Richard Hudnut is the newest cosmetic gift to blondes, brownettes, redheads, with dull or lifeless looking hair. It's an entirely different kind of home hair lightener, a cosmetic really, that gives you natural-looking color that won't wash out because it brings out the lightness inherent in your hair. Not a dye, or rinse, it's a simple, single solution you apply directly to your hair to lighten and brighten a little or a lot depending on how many times you use it. And it's so easy to use. No mixing, timing or shampooing. So safe, too. Light and Bright contains no ammonia and the color change is gradual because you yourself decide how many applications to have. At all cosmetic counters, **1.50** PLUS TAX.



Light and Bright

RICHARD HUDNUT of Fifth Avenue

NEW!

TWO-IN-ONE TALC!



1. It's a deodorant!
2. It's a refreshing body powder!

April Showers

DEODORANT TALC

Now! Discover for yourself this wonderful "two-in-one" talc that gives you all-day deodorant protection—and, at the same time, keeps skin soft and smooth—fresh as April Showers—all over.

Family size, 50¢

**FAVORITE WITH
BOTH MEN AND WOMEN**

"A/S"

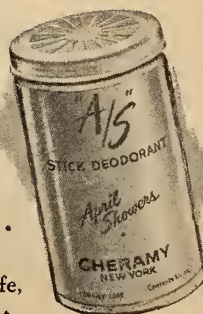
**STICK
DEODORANT**

So easy to apply...
glides over the skin!

This "Always Safe,
Always Sure" deodorant

gives sure, lasting protection. In solid-stick form—wonderful for traveling—not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢

Prices plus tax.



by **CHERMAMY**
PERFUMER

MOVIE REVIEWS continued

jackpot of the month



Solome, returned from Rome to Jerusalem, performs the Dance of the Seven Veils before lecherous King Herod. Her mother is Herod's wife, a woman of evil, who plots the death of John the Baptist. Solome believes she is saving the holy man's life. Herod misunderstands her wish, murders John.



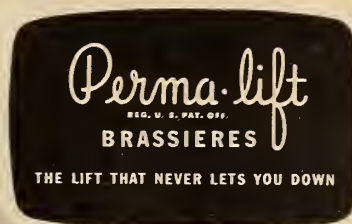
Centurion Clodius, who is secretly Christian, and Solome have been baptised by John. He tells them that Jesus is the true Messiah.



After John's murder, revolted by her mother, Salome and Clodius flee. They find The Master and join the Christians for the Sermon on the Mount.

SALOME

■ Rita Hayworth drives Charles Laughton mad with lust when she dances under seven Technicolored veils. That's the highspot of *Salome*. You know the story. Salome (Rita), banished from Rome, comes home to the kingdom of her corrupt mother (Judith Anderson) and step-father (Laughton). There she falls in love with a Roman officer (Stewart Granger) who is a secret convert to the teachings of John the Baptist (Alan Bodel). The Queen wants to have John killed—he defiles her name, threatens her power, she says. The King won't touch John who he fears is the Messiah. The struggle between the King and Queen involves the use of Salome as a pawn, and the movie reaches its climax during her dance when the head of John is carried into the banquet hall on a plate. But that's only a skeleton of the script. Columbia probably emptied its purse to put meat on those bones. It's a lavish spectacle. The costumes alone are worth the price of admission. (More reviews on page 22)



Look for the Magic Inset • you'll love the difference

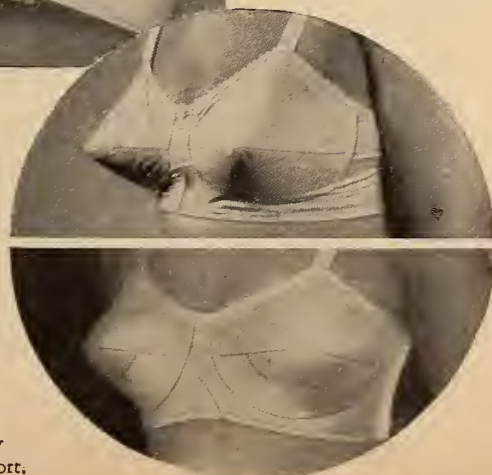
Circular stitching gives you a compact, youthful, accentuated bustline—the Magic Insets guarantee lasting beauty. Only "Perma-lift"* Bras have the Magic Insets at the base of the bra cups. Your bust is gently and firmly supported from below, and that support is guaranteed for the life of your bra, no matter how often you wash it or wear it. There's a "Perma-lift"

Stitched Cup Bra just perfect for you at your favorite Corset Department. Be fitted today—you'll love the difference.

- #160 in Cool Cotton . . . \$3.00
also Satin at \$3.50—and Nylon at \$4.00
- #164 in plunge neckline, in Cotton . . . \$3.00
- #166 "Added Attraction" Padded Bra . . . \$3.00

* "Perma-lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company
Chicago—New York—Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

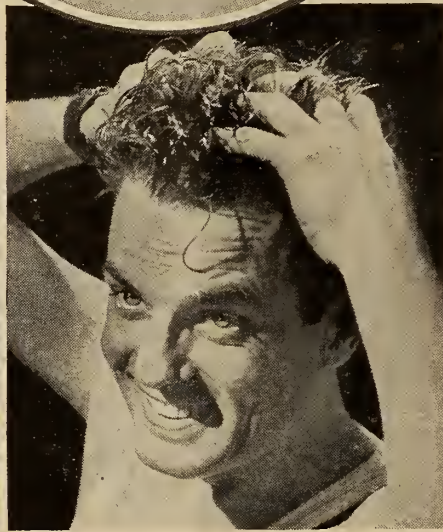
Top circle: An actual photo of an ordinary bra **without** the Magic Insets.
Bottom circle: Change to a "Perma-lift" bra **with** the Magic Insets; completely eliminates shoulder strap strain—you enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort.



The
"BOTTLE BACILLUS"
(*Pityrosporum ovale*)

Don't fool with INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

Start with Listerine Antiseptic... Quick!



A LITTLE normal shedding is natural, but when flakes and scales persist on coat collar, look out! They may mean infectious dandruff. Dandruff is the most frequent scaly disease of the scalp. When due to germs, Listerine Antiseptic is especially fitted to aid you because it gets after the germs in a jiffy.

Don't fool around with preparations devoid of germ-killing power which merely remove loose dandruff. Start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage regularly twice a day . . . the medicinal treatment that has helped so many. Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as an infection should be treated . . . with quick germ-killing action.

You simply douse it on the scalp, full strength, and follow with vigorous fingertip massage.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives your scalp an antiseptic bath—and kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, including the "Bottle Bacillus" germ (*P. ovale*). This is the stubborn invader that many derma-

tologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Keep the treatment up regularly: see how quickly the flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how itching is alleviated . . . how healthy your scalp feels.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

When You Wash Hair

To guard against infection, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic whenever you wash your hair. Listerine Antiseptic is the fine, time-tested medicine that has served Americans so well for more than sixty years. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

AS A PRECAUTION . . .

AS A TREATMENT FOR . . .

INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

Every week 2 different shows, Radio and Television—

"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"—See your paper for times and stations



LILI

Lili is a beaut. There aren't many musicals that can dip into fantasy and not drown in it. There aren't many musicals that you can sit through for over an hour without getting tired of the music or the dancing. Lili is original and lovely and enchanting. Leslie Caron plays Lili, a waif who wanders into a small French town looking for employment with an old friend of her father's. But this friend, like her father, has died, and she is completely alone. Suddenly, she spots Jean-Pierre Aumont buying fruit at a vendor's stand, soon she's madly in love. Aumont is a magician with a carnival and a Don Juan with women, but Lili's too naive to sense it. She picks up her valise and follows him like a puppy. He tries to get her a job as a waitress (she can't dance or sing and looks like a plump little country girl). Lili's too love-struck and awkward to even carry a tray. Pretty soon she's jealous, too—of Zsa Zsa Gabor, Aumont's assistant. With no place to turn Lili tries to commit suicide right on the carnival grounds. The voice of a puppet alone on his small stage stops her. Mel Ferrer is the puppeteer behind the curtain—an angry bitter man who was once a great dancer but hurt his leg in the war. Ferrer loves Lili but can't show it. His puppets talk for him, instead, and soon Lili is part of their act (like Kukla, Fran and Ollie). It takes a while before Lili realizes that it's not Aumont but the puppets and not the puppets but Ferrer whom she really loves. She discovers this in her daydreams where some clever and wistful ballets take place. You'll fall for Ferrer, too. And for Lili. And the puppets. All in color. CAST: Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Kurt Kasznar—MGM

JEOPARDY

This picture, as the saying goes, will scare you right out of your wits. It's torture, and it's so exciting you can't close your eyes even though you're dying to. Simple plot. A married couple (Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan) and their son (Lee Aaker) hop into their car and drive down into the loneliest part of Baja, California, for a vacation. The little boy gets his foot caught on a rotting jetty that extends into the sea and in saving him Barry is trapped by falling timber. If Barbara doesn't get help before the tide comes in, goodbye Barry. Unfortunately, the one man she finds who can be of any use is an escaped convict a murderer (Ralph Meeker). He thinks Barbara's kind of cute—and what does she want to go and save that old husband of hers for? He plans to use her car to escape from the Mexican police who are hunting him down. Meanwhile the tide is rising, Barbara's getting desperate and Barry's putting on a brave act for his son. There's one heartbreaking scene

where the little boy makes coffee for Barry by pouring the contents of an entire can into the pot. You don't know what's going to happen until the end, and I'm not going to tell you. Just take a deep breath and buy your ticket. CAST: Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan, Lee Aaker, Ralph Meeker—MGM



BATTLE CIRCUS

"They haven't invented a medal yet for these people," says a soldier in *Battle Circus* as he watches a long line of medics edging their way down a hill in Korea with the wounded in their arms. Well, at least they've made a movie about them—the nurses, aides and doctors of the Mobile Army Surgical Hospital (MASH, for short). These are the people who put up their temporary city of tents right behind the front lines, send out helicopters to bring back the litters and save lives almost as fast as they're snuffed out on the battlefield. But not quite as fast. Not fast enough to keep Humphrey Bogart, who plays a surgeon, from losing faith in everything. However, a fresh-eyed young nurse (June Allyson) is assigned to his unit. She's like a spring flower blooming in the wasteland, a symbol of the world Bogart had forgotten. More than a tribute to MASH, *Battle Circus* is a tender love story glowing with humor and charm. Bogart, the cynic and Allyson, the innocent find new depths in themselves and even beauty in the shadows of the Korean nightmare.

CAST: June Allyson, Humphrey Bogart, Keenan Wynn, Robert Keith, Danny Chang—MGM

I CONFESS

I Confess is the stirring drama of a priest who cannot betray his vow even when his own life is at stake. The priest (Monty Clift) is accused of murder. Actually, the murder is committed by an employee in the rectory (O. E. Hasse). Hasse confesses to Clift who is bound to silence. Because two little girls saw a priest at the scene of the crime, and because Clift is the only priest in Quebec without a convincing alibi he is suspected. Relentlessly, Inspector Larrue (Karl Malden) digs up the story of Clift's past which involves Anne Baxter, now married to a member of Parliament. It is a story of love and blackmail and it pours more guilt on Clift's head. Finally, he is brought to trial. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock, *I Confess* is slick, well-paced and exciting. But it is more than that. It tells us that there still are men who are incorruptible, men of free nobility who can die for an ideal, even though the actions of others seem to reduce idealism to a fool's game. This is an important message,

Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!



Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's mild *beauty-cream*

lather gently removes dirt and make-up. But Dial does far more!

Here's the important *difference*: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

Now available in Canada



DIAL
DAVE GARROWAY—
NBC, Weekdays



*P. S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try
New DIAL SHAMPOO in the handy,
unbreakable squeeze bottle!*



To learn "the truth" about your pals—

- ☐ Let them tell it with costumes
☐ Study palmistry

Who'd guess that timid Theresa secretly longs to be a Mata Hari? And Bill (The Shoulders) hankers to whip up the world's best soufflé? Give a "secret ambition" party! You'll get a line on your gang—with their togs representing the life they'd really like! As for you, you're safe from revealing lines (that certain kind)—with Kotex. Just trust those special, flat pressed ends. And you get double protection—extra absorbency plus that safety center.



Can you offset bowlegged gams with

- ☐ Grace ☐ Exercise ☐ Blue jeans

If Nature threw a curve when she built dem bones, exercise won't straighten 'em. To offset that bowed look, acquire graceful posture; avoid shorts, snug-fitting jeans. Wear skirts with a graceful flare—at the right length for you. For every gal (come calendar days) there's a "just right" absorbency of Kotex. Regular, Junior, Super.

Are you in the know?



While dancing, which policy's best?

- ☐ Cool chatter ☐ Wait for the tone signal

Should you be a conversational ball of fire? Chances are, he'll prefer good footwork to clicking the pearly gums. Try a few remarks re the music; if he's for yacketty, let him set the tone. And if it's "that" time—keep prancing in comfort. Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it: this napkin holds its shape!



More women choose KOTEX[®]
than all other sanitary napkins

U. S. PAT. OFF.

Know someone who needs to know?

Remember how puzzled you were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some youngster now who's in the same boat. Help her out! Send today for the new free booklet "You're A Young Lady Now." Written for girls aged 9 to 12, it tells her all she needs to know, beforehand. Button-bright! Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 343, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.



and that it is presented with great skill as real entertainment is a credit to all concerned. CAST: Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, Brian Aherne, Roger Dann, O. E. Hasse, Dolly Haas—Warners



I LOVE MELVIN

Donald O'Connor doesn't need anything but a bare stage and a couple of props—that's how talented he is. *I Love Melvin* doesn't give him much more. The movie's as light as spun sugar. Debbie Reynolds wants to be a great musical star. So far her biggest role is playing the football in a dance number—and whoever thought that up was really desperate. In her dreams, though, she is comically seductive as the kind of woman men die for. Donald (he's Melvin) works for Look magazine. That is, he knows he works for them; they don't even know he's alive. Anyway, he promises Debbie he'll put her picture on the cover, and that's where the trouble begins. Plot aside, the movie's fun. Donald sings, dances, mimics, falls all over the place and keeps you laughing. Debbie is cute and gay, a trial to her harried father (Allyn Joslyn). One of the best performances is given by Jim Backus. He is cast as a Look photographer with an acid sense of humor.

CAST: Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, Una Merkel, Richard Anderson, Allyn Joslyn, Jim Backus—MGM

THE HITCH-HIKER

Here is another suspense story but it doesn't really grip you. Naturally, you feel sorry for any innocent party who's at the wrong end of a gun, but if there's not much else to make you sympathize with him you just wait a little uneasily for the gun to go off. Edmond O'Brien and Frank Lovejoy are on a fishing trip. They head their car south for San Felipe and pick up a hitch-hiker. Little do they know that this particular hitch-hiker (William Talman) has been killing people all week. Just a little crazy, is what. When Lovejoy turns around to offer a cigarette to the hiker he finds a gun staring him in the eyes. And that's about it for the rest of the movie. They travel from one end of a Mexican desert to the other with this maniac threatening to pull the trigger any minute. O'Brien cracks up along the way, but Lovejoy, who has a wife and kids, keeps better control of himself. Oh, yes, to make things even more eerie, Talman has something wrong with his right eye. It doesn't close, so at night they can't tell if he's awake or asleep. After a while the boys don't much care what happens to them. Maybe you will.

CAST: Edmond O'Brien, Frank Lovejoy, William Talman, Jose Torvay—RKO

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

** Highly
Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars:
Average

FROM THE MOVIES

THE I DON'T CARE GIRL—*As Long As You Care* by Les Baxter (Capital).

LOVE MELVIN—sound track album* (MGM) Debbie Reynolds and Donald O'Connor provide some bright moments in this collection of novelties and ballads.

THE JAZZ SINGER—album by Danny Thomas** (Victor). *Hush-A-Bye* by Bing Crosby & Fred Waring* (Decca); Stan Kenton (Capital). *This Is A Very Special Day* by Peggy Lee** (Decca). *I Hear The Music Now* by Peggy Lee* (Decca); Karen Chandler (Coral).

The Danny Thomas selections include the three tunes listed above, as well as *Living The Life I Love* and *Oh Moon*. Peggy wrote *This Is A Very Special Day*.

Don't forget, by the way, that two of Peggy's earlier big Decca hits, *Lover* and *Just One Of Those Things*, are also in the picture; and MGM Records, cashing in on Danny's soaring popularity, has put together a collection of performances entitled *An Evening With Danny Thomas* in which he does such old favorites as *Singing In The Rain*.

LILI—*Hi-Lili-Hi-Lo* by Lita Roza (London).

NIAGARA—*Kiss* by Toni Arden* (Columbia); Ginny Gibson (MGM); Dean Martin (Capital).

Tiny Toni has one of her best sides to date in *Kiss*.

PETER PAN—album by Hugo Winterhalter* (Victor).

Second Star To The Right by Daris Day* (Columbia); Dan Cherry (Decca). *Your Mother And Mine* by Lawrence Welk (Coral); Daris Day* (Columbia); Eddy Howard (Mercury). *Never Smile At A Crocodile* by Larry Clinton & The Paulette Sisters (Columbia). *You Can Fly, You Can Fly, You Can Fly* by Betty Clark (MGM); Ernie Rudy (Coral). *Follow The Leader* by Larry Clinton & The Paulette Sisters (Columbia); Jerry Lewis (Capital).

THE STARS ARE SINGING—album by Rosemary Clooney** (Columbia).

Rosie sings *Haven't Got A Worry* and *Lovely Weather For Ducks*, from the score written by hitsmiths Jay Livingston and Ray Evans for the picture. Also in the album is the song that led the way to her movie contract, *Come On-A My House*, which she sings in the movie.

THE STOOGES—album by Dean Martin* (Capital).

Dean only gets a chance to sing snatches of some of these songs in the rather chaotic picture; here you can hear them at length, to much better advantage. They are *I Feel A Song Coming On*; *A Girl Named Mary And A Boy Named Bill*; *Just One More Chance*; *Who's Your Little Whozis*; *I'm Yours*; *I Feel Like A Feather In The Breeze*; *Louise*, and *With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming*.

“Soaping” dulls hair — HALO glorifies it!



Yes, “soaping” your hair
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no
soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals
shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair
soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable!

No special rinses needed. Halo
does not dry . . . does not irritate!

*Halo glorifies your hair
with your very first shampoo!*



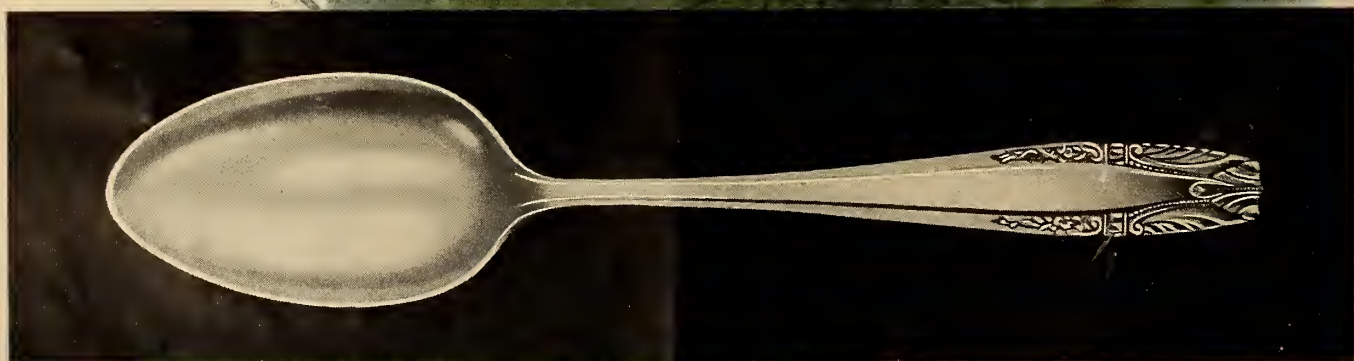
Stradivari

sterling in the mood of culture

The matchless beauty of the Wallace Stradivari pattern was inspired by the perfect violins of Antonius Stradivari, whose craftsmanship has never been equalled. Here is a lovely, lilting pattern—exquisite in form, crowned by a sparkling leaf curled back upon itself and enhanced with delightful highlights and shadows. It was created by famed designer William S. Warren in sculptured “Third Dimension Beauty”—the exclusive Wallace artistry in silvercrafting. Stradivari, like every Wallace “Third Dimension Beauty” pattern, is a masterpiece—beautifully formed not only in front, but in profile and back—giving you sterling perfection from every possible view.

Six piece place setting, Stradivari, \$35.75. Settings of other patterns from \$35.75 to \$47.75—all prices include Federal Tax. To learn where you can buy Wallace Sterling, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25. She will give you the names of the stores nearest you.

Read the exciting design stories of each Wallace pattern in the 32 page book “Treasures in Sterling.” It also contains many helpful table-setting ideas. Write (send 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 934, Wallingford, Connecticut.



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SIR
CHRISTOPHER

STRADIVARI

WALLACE
Third Dimension Beauty
STERLING

ROMANCE OF
THE SEA



The story of Shelley's Baby

Why did the public
have to wait three days to
hear of Shelley's baby?
How did she conquer death
and despair alone . . . with
her man half a world away?

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

Tempestuous Shelley and Italian actor Gassmann married last spring.

■ The baby was not due until April of this year, but in her heart Shelley Winters hoped the child might come late, for then Vittorio would be back from Italy.

As she pictured the scene in her mind, he would drive her to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital when her time came. Dr. Emil Krahulik, the eminent obstetrician, would be waiting. She would look at her husband, and Vittorio would give her one last kiss before they wheeled her into the delivery room.

For hours he would nervously pace the corridors, hoping for a boy, waiting for some word. Presently, they would come out and tell him that Shelley had given birth to a child. They would call him in to identify the infant as his, to count all the toes and fingers, to give his okay that everything was in order. Then when they wheeled her out to her room, Vittorio would hold her hand. They would gently lift her onto her bed. Vittorio would be permitted to remain at her side for only ten minutes. Soon the sedative would take effect, and she would (*Continued on page 82*)





Mona Freeman, the lovely blonde actress who recently divorced Pat Nerney, is Bing's constant companion everywhere in Palm Springs.

Is Bing Thinking of Love?

By LOUELLA PARSONS



Mano's six-year-old daughter Monie is vacationing with her mother in Palm Springs. She's too young to tag along on evening dates . . .

HOT GOSSIP SAYS BING'S IN LOVE WITH MONA FREEMAN. BING SAYS NOTHING. HERE'S ONE GUESS AT THE TRUTH.

■ Let's get this point straight in the beginning: the *only* girl Bing Crosby has dated since he became the world's most eligible widower is Mona Freeman. Not Mary Murphy. Not Terry Moore.

As of this writing he has been seen exclusively with pretty, blonde Mona.

This is why I say that the citizens of Palm Springs, that desert resort where the glories of Mother Nature and Mama Hollywood can be appreciated for \$50 per day and up—have recently been treated to the beginning of what well may be the Headline Love Story of the Year.

The eye-catching spectacle and daily appearance in the streets of Bing Crosby's car—Bing, sitting up front with the chauffeur; and Mona (his already widely publicized "new interest") sitting in back with 14-year-old Lindsay Crosby—all but the chauffeur equipped with golf clubs!

This startling caravan is always headed for a day of sunshine, fresh air, golf (and romance?) in the bright sun flooding the fairways of the Thunderbird Golf Club.

Now, Palm Springs is not a stranger to the astounding goings-on in the Hollywood Love Department.

Ginger Rogers was playing tennis at the Racquet Club just an hour before she slipped out of shorts and into a cocktail dress to marry Jacques Bergerac.

It was in (*Continued on page 80*)



... but Bing's youngest son Lindsay (second from right) is always along when his father and Mona dine out. The other boys are away in school, now.

They're over, the
wasted, bitter years Olivia
deHavilland spent in
bondage. Now, with her
disastrous marriage behind
her, she can tell the story she
tried so desperately to hide.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR



Her divorce made a new person out of Olivia. Radiantly happy, she attends parties, sees old friends (like Joan Crawford, above) as she used to.

THE WASTED YEARS



Roberto Rossellini and John Huston were with Olivia when she won the N. Y. Film Critic's award for *The Snake Pit*. Ironically, this triumph came at the height of her marital problems.

■ Now that Olivia deHavilland is divorced and the wasted years are over, the truth of those years of suffering and fear in which she lived with Marcus Aurelius Goodrich may be told.

It is not a pretty story.

Other than for momentary flights into pleasure and passion, it is not even a romantic one, but implicit in it is a lesson which every young woman should learn.

The lesson is this: To marry a man without really knowing or understanding his personality is to court almost inevitable marital disaster.

Six years ago Olivia deHavilland was married to the novelist, Marcus Goodrich. Months later she learned, according to intimates, that she was Goodrich's fifth wife. Olivia is reported to have told a friend, "I didn't find out how many times Marcus had been married until I read it in the newspapers. I knew practically nothing about his previous marital history."

Coming from Olivia deHavilland, such a confession is surprising, for here at 36, is one of the most intelligent, perceptive, and brilliant actresses in Hollywood history.

Here is a young woman who has won two Academy Awards and never given a bad screen performance in her life. Here is a young woman of shrewd judgment who has chosen her own scripts, *The Snakepit*, *To Each His Own*, *The Heiress*, *My Cousin Rachel* and upped her salary to \$175,000 per picture.

Now, how does such a knowledgeable, perspicacious, independent, and wealthy young actress get married to a man of whom she knows so little? A man who, it is alleged, sought no employment, let his wife become the family bread- (Continued on page 54)



Not until after she'd married him did Olivia learn she was Goodrich's fifth wife!



Olivia's new design for living includes lots of parties, new beaux, and plenty of fun. Charles Brackett, an old friend, squired the ex-Mrs. Goodrich to Ciro's, where she indulged in all three.



Hollywood's highest honor: sidewalk immortalization in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater. Olivia, assisted by Charles P. Skouras, had her hand and foot-prints imbedded there, recently. Livvy's the proud owner of two Oscars.



LEARNING TO LIVE TOGETHER IS FUN . . . BUT YOU'VE REALLY GOT TO WORK AT IT. TONY CURTIS AND JANET



Because their work is such a vital part of their lives, they try to share it as often as possible. Here Tony visits Janet on outdoor location for *The Naked Spur*.



Doing things together is their motto. But—they don't go places and do things blindly just because each thinks the other wants to!



Parties are fun—but the Curtises, as well as other young Hollywood couples, had to learn to take some rough kidding at first.

The truth about MR. AND MRS. CURTIS

Tony and Janet
are a Hollywood rarity:
two normal people who've
learned to ignore
the pressures and worries
that wreck so many
marriages.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Pretty soon now, on June third to be exact, Tony Curtis will take Janet Leigh in his arms on the second anniversary of their marriage and together they can exclaim, in some wonderment, "Well, what do you know—we made it!"

That two years of wedded bliss should be considered such an incredible achievement may seem a little silly; yet, statistically speaking, Janet and Tony are rare birds on Hollywood's domestic scene. They know it, too. In their almost 24 months together they have hung on tight to each other as they watched a long parade of movie marriages smash up: the John Waynes, the Gary Coopers, Lana Turner and Bob Topping, Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan, the Dan Daileys, Olivia deHavilland and Marcus Goodrich, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, the Clark Gables, and now the separation of their close friends, the Dean Martins.

No wonder the ladies and gentlemen of the press look upon any Hollywood marriage with jaundiced eyes. No wonder, too, that Tony Curtis speaks with some venom and utter seriousness from his own point of view:

"If people would only understand that motion picture figures have the same right to fall in love as anyone else, that they have the same feelings and the same emotional honesty as plumbers, bank clerks, executives or insurance salesmen. If they'd only understand that. We're not phonies. We bleed and hurt and love like anyone else. But take Janet and me, the things they said and wrote about us for a while, you'd think we dreamed up the whole thing for a couple of bucks at the box office.

Tony still steams himself up violently when he thinks (Continued on page 57)

LEIGH, WHO HAVE BEEN MARRIED FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS, HAVE A SUREFIRE FORMULA FOR HAPPINESS



Janet will never become that pitiable creature, the golf widow! She and Tony, getting ready for a round here, are both fans.



"Taking your work home with you can be murder," says Tony, who relaxes after a day before the camera with paints, model boots.



Their miniature poodle, named Houdina, is loved by both of them, but can't possibly make up for the major thing missing in their lives: their own child.



THERE'S MORE TO MARILYN THAN THOSE ASTRONOMICAL MEASUREMENTS. WIN HER TRUST AND AF-

LOVE AND LEARN

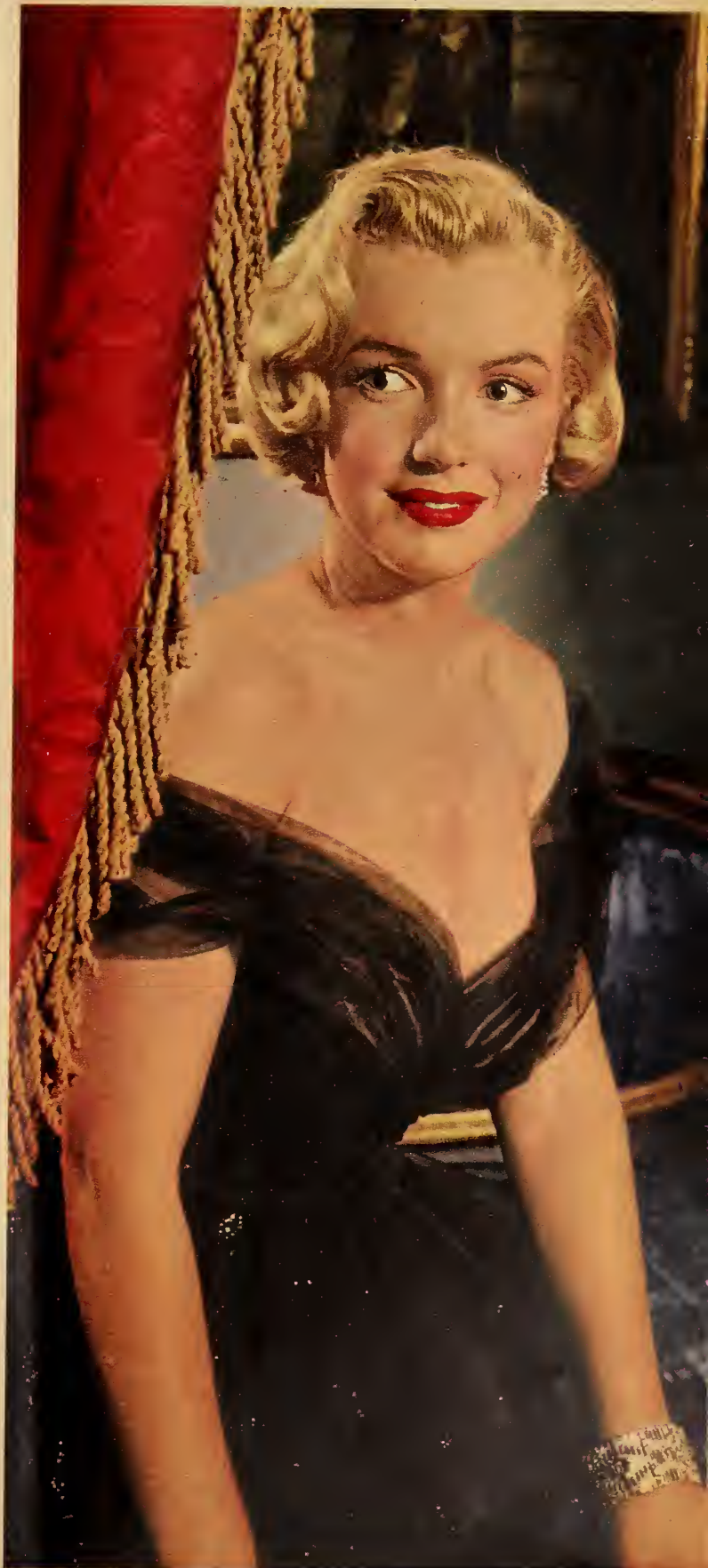
by Steve Cronin

■ Nobody, but nobody from Hollywood makes such a stir in the world as this girl Monroe. If people aren't whistling, they're talking about her. And most of that talk is questions. What's she really like? What's with her and Joe? Is she going to get married?

It's far from easy to answer. Although Marilyn is one of the most highly publicized personalities in Hollywood, she keeps her private life more secret than anyone in that dizzy town. Although every red-blooded male over the age of six would love to date her—very few get a chance. Joe DiMaggio wouldn't like it. Neither would Marilyn. There's been a lot of discussion about how and where Marilyn has lived in the past. But she's not giving out the whereabouts of her newest apartment.



Miss M. knows a demure black dress, and an apt bit of poetry, charm a guy like Joe DiMaggio. Marilyn's set out to please her home-lovin' man.



FECTION AND YOU'LL FIND THE REAL GIRL.

As a matter of fact, Miss Monroe's living quarters have been the object of much newspaper copy, and over-the-highball gossip ever since Joe DiMaggio came to sunny California. The moving-van chasers have started a lot of rumors based solely on where Marilyn's suitcase is parked at the moment. Here's the true situation.

Marilyn took a lease on a house in the outpost section overlooking Hollywood Boulevard last September. When Joe came out, she was delighted to have a spot for him to sink into an arm-chair, a stove of her own to heat up a bubbling pot of spaghetti. He's a real home-loving guy, and she loves him for it. It was such a perfect spot that he wanted to share his comfort and his girl with relatives and friends. He invited them all over. They (Continued on page 67)



Rumors flew about Barbara Stanwyck and Bob after they were seen dining. Gossips forgot to mention Clifton Webb was along, too!

■ Debbie Reynolds was being very unDebbie-like! Instead of effervescing with her bubbling vim and unquenchable vivacity, she was sitting in Bob Wagner's MG, indulging in what is, for her, the rare luxury of introspection.

She and R. J.—that's what everyone calls young Wagner—had attended the preview of *Stars And Stripes Forever*, and now after the long ride home, they were parked in front of Debbie's unpretentious house in Burbank.

They had talked of life and love, the picture business and the pursuit of happiness, and now Debbie had reached the all-important point of declaration.

"R. J.," she said. "I don't know about you, but I'm not ready for marriage. I don't think we should give it a thought."

"If that's the way you want it."

"I think it's the best way. Don't you?"

R. J. thought for a moment of his impending tour of duty in the Marines—he's in the Reserve and should be called up any day—then of his relatively young age—he's only 23. He thought of the senselessness in marrying a young girl, going overseas, leaving her behind to worry and fret and cry her heart out. He thought of the bright (Continued on page 65)



Did Debbie Reynolds refuse to date Bob if he continued seeing Barbara? It's too soon to tell how this lop-sided triangle will come out.

What happens when
Hollywood gossip forces a young man
to choose between a sparkling
ingenue and a sophisticated older woman?
That's Bob Wagner's problem now.

BY SUSAN TRENT

BETWEEN TWO WOMEN



by John Maynard

■ Most everybody in Hollywood knows that the Green Room of Warner Brothers studio in Burbank, California is the classier of the lot's two public commissaries, and second in caste dignity only to the private dining room of Jack L. (Himself) Warner, who according to legend has not eaten in the Green Room since the day a character actor, no longer connected with motion pictures in any form, slapped him on the back and told him to run out and get him a beer. But the Green Room is not a good place to conduct an interview for one very sound reason: it suffers from trick acoustics.

Thus, while it was perfectly possible one day recently to hear the lunch conversation of Howard Keel and Jane Powell, emigrants from Metro sitting two tables away, it was extremely difficult to get a word Virginia Mayo was saying, not to mention Michael O'Shea, who of course is Miss Mayo's husband, not to mention a lady publicist, who was along to make sure that every syllable was spelled right. And all were at the same table with the person who was trying to hear them.

The problem was roughly this:

Mr. O'Shea had been a pretty hot shot around Hollywood when he married Miss Mayo, who had been as cool a shot as anyone can expect to be when employed mainly to stand behind Danny Kaye while he makes faces. But then, as Miss Mayo went up, Mr. O'Shea went, to put it rather brutally, down, and how had the O'Sheas coped with a situation that would seem to have contained the seeds of strain? The question obviously was a delicate one and would not (*Continued on page 74*)

SOMEBODY



Mike O'Shea's one guy who's completely happy about
"retiring" especially when Virginia Mayo tucks him in.

HAS TO STAY HOME



Virginia's a pretty expensive Pin-Up
at the studio, but she keeps every
evening exclusively free for Mike.

This exclusive story,
the first interview Liz has
granted since the birth
of her baby, brings MODERN
SCREEN's readers an inti-
mate and surprising glimpse
of the glamorous young star.



"It's true I gained 40 pounds."



"Me lazy . . . well, guess you're right!"



"Little Mike's beautiful . . . and so good"

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

BY HEDDA HOPPER



"But 25 are off already!"

"Just Michael and me, and now baby makes three. That's all I need to make my hilltop house heaven!" says Liz Taylor. Since she's become a mother, Liz does nothing but eat, sleep and hover adoringly around little Michael who does nothing but eat and sleep . . . and maybe glimmer a toothlessly angelic smile at his enchanted parents. In this picture sequence, Liz describes her new role as a mother.

"Our next baby? Soon, I hope!"



Marriage has changed Liz Taylor a lot. For one thing, she's begun to wear shoes at social functions and even at home. Mike Wilding finally put her in them, then took off his own. He opened the door of their eagle's nest home in Beverly, and looked for all the world like a road show Gary Merrill. He was dressed in unpressed gray slacks, a sports shirt, a tweed coat, and was completely barefoot.

He was unaware that his shoes were missing, and this sent me into gales of laughter. For years I've been telling Liz if she didn't quit paddling around barefoot, she'd end up wearing canal boats or size 12's. But would she listen? No. Bare feet seemed to symbolize freedom of childhood to Liz, who never really wanted to grow up. In the White House once, she surreptitiously kicked off her shoes, and they landed smack under Bess Truman's chair.

Now Mike may wear the pants in that family, but he



doesn't wear the shoes. "Come in," he said twiddling his toes contentedly. "Liz tried to get out of the bath to greet you, but she didn't quite make it." (This was at 3:00 P.M.) That wasn't surprising. Every time I've called her since the baby came, Liz had to be rousted out of a bath to answer the phone.

I took a few moments to scan the view. "You seem like an interloper," I said to Mike. "Charles Mendl and I used to come here every Saturday morning to look at the scenery and walk down the hill." And what scenery! For miles beneath us Los Angeles sprawled outward to the sea. Marvelous cloud formations drifted overhead. To the north were rows upon rows of rugged mountains, and nestling in their folds rose gardens and orange groves. There was no house there then; only a hilltop covered with wild growth and a view. Charles, who had traveled the world over, used to say it was the most beautiful sight in the universe. Now it belongs to Mike and the most beautiful (*Continued on page 92*)

FARLEY'S DESIGN FOR LIVING

by Marwa Peterson



Farley, determined not to buy much furniture until he has a house of his own, has learned to personalize his surroundings with trimmings. His knockdown

A PARIS MARKET, A SPANISH BAZAAR, AND THE MOJAVE DESERT ALL MEET AT GRANGER'S. WHEN A GUY HAS

■ Only the reckless and the foolhardy fight with the U.S. Customs men. Wise men usually dig into their jeans, come up with cash.

Not too long ago, however, a tall, wavy-haired young actor named Farley Granger—he is neither reckless nor foolhardy—stood under the letter “G” in the Customs

shed, raging at three revenue officers.

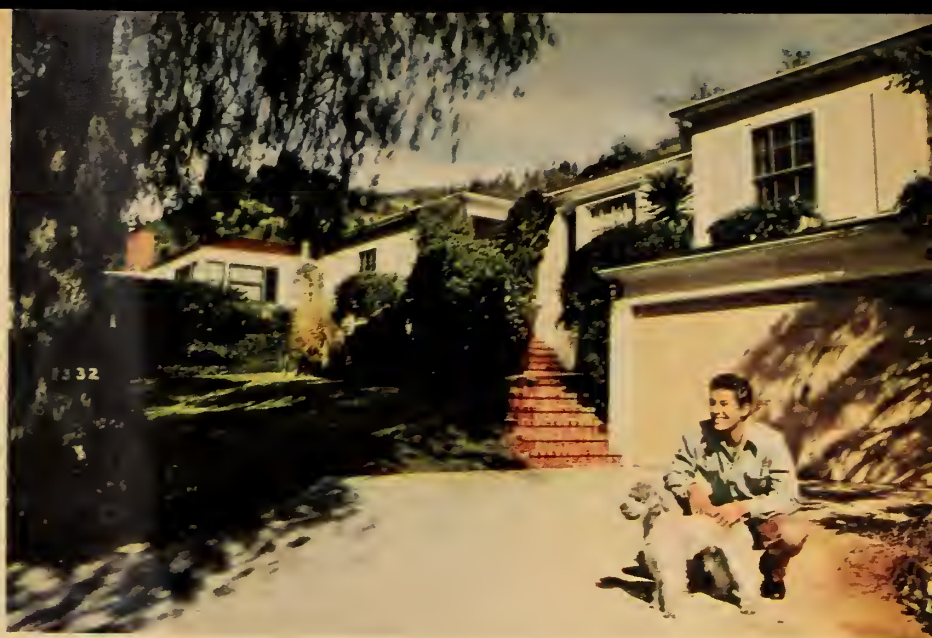
The Customs men were examining Farley's latest imports, three large paintings, a mosaic from Italy, an African carving, two Japanese actors' masks, a Polynesian fish net, and an enormous grain basket.

“I'm telling you,” Farley insisted, trying to control his not inconsiderable tem-

per, “the Guirin is the only original painting. I paid 200 American dollars for it. The other two aren't paintings. They're prints. They cost 25 bucks each.” Impatiently he reached into his breast pocket. “Here's the bill of sale.”

The Customs men glanced at the bill superficially. “These others look like orig-

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



A pet poodle named Gabe, plus a desire for privacy, are two good reasons why Farley prefers a house to a bachelor apartment. He has lived in eight different ones in the past six years! His present set-up, a two-bedroom job, also boasts a sun-drenched lanai (below.)



Farley's souvenirs, like the fish kites from Japan, the Mojave desert driftwood, and French and Italian woven baskets, help decorate the lanai. The den (below) houses his overflow paintings, his records, and the typewriter on which he corresponds with pals from Paris to Tel Aviv.



Free table, inexpensive and useful, is an example.

IDEAS IT'S SURE A SMALL WORLD

nals to me," one said, "they're signed."
"I know, I know," Farley admitted, "only
they're not originals. They're gelotone re-
prints."

The Customs man scratched his head.
"Jello reprints?"

"No," Farley repeated, "Gelotone. It's a
new reproduction (Continued on page 56)

MARRIED MADCAPS



Regular cut-ups, these two, editing Bam's film.



■ In September of 1951 Anne Francis took a wastebasket to the incinerator shared by tenants of her apartment house and started a fire that's been burning ever since. For also at the incinerator, armed with his own rubbish, was a darkly handsome young man named Bamlet Lawrence Price.

"You go first," said Anne.

"You were here first."

"Allow me," said the young man, and gallantly dumped Anne's milk bottle tops and Kleenex into the inferno, along with his own milk bottle tops and cardboard shirt stiffeners from the Chinese laundry.

During the short walk back to their mutual apartment building each recalled having met the other at a party not long before, and during the next few months they grew to know each other quite well. Bam dated Anne on Sundays and learned about her work in *Dream Boat* and Anne listened, enraptured to Bam's accounts of his course in motion picture production at UCLA. In May of 1952, they began sharing the same wastebasket. (Continued on page 90)

The uninhibited Price marriage has its quiet moments, too.



Bam spent three months in the dark. Anne kept a snake. They lived in *two* apartments with *one* key. But . . . the first year was *dee-vine!*

by JANE WILKIE



A MODERN SCREEN EXCLUSIVE: GLENN FORD EXPLAINS HIS MEXICAN MISADVENTURE, IN HIS OWN WORDS!



EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME!

by Glenn Ford



Glenn gets a look (above) of Monte Albon's 2,500-year-old ruins. He describes his whole trip, much to Ellie's amusement (left) in this letter.

Glenn Ford
Hollywood, California.
Dear Glenn:

I understand you have been out of town. What's new?

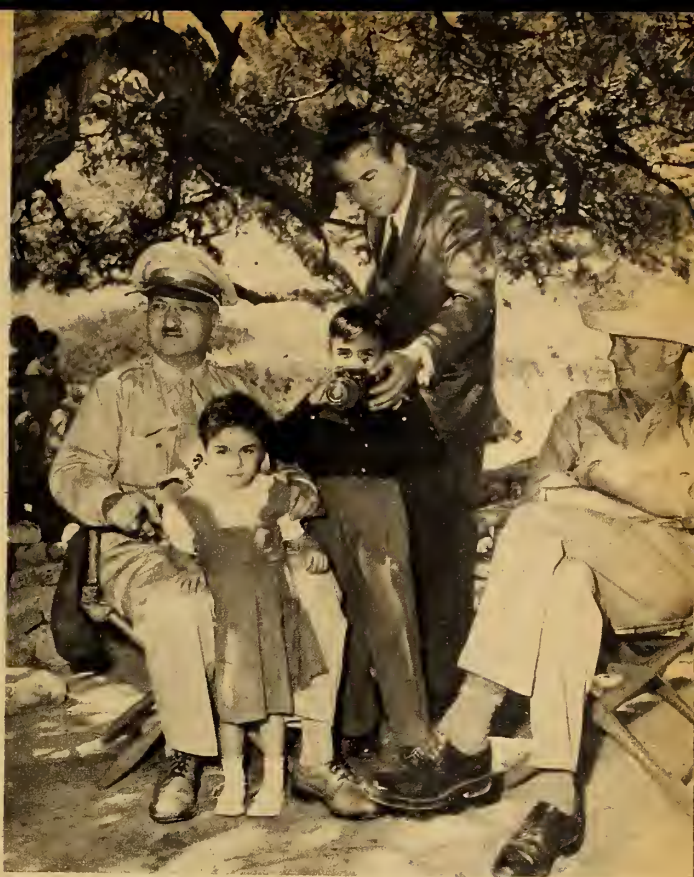
Jim Henaghan

Jim Henaghan
Westwood, California.
Dear Jim:

What's new?!!! This is the first time in my life anyone asked me that and I have an answer. At this moment I could write a book called "What's New." Or maybe I should call it "Open Season On Glenn Ford South of the Border." Pull up a chair, son, and wipe your glasses, you're in for a harrowing experience.

It all began when I went down to Mexico to make a picture called Plunder In The Sun. To tell you the truth I was very pleased. I liked the script, and the director and I thought it would be fun to spend a couple of months in Mexico, where the movie was to be shot. Sometimes now I wish they had made it at Sing Sing. I'd have been safer.

Getting to Mexico City was just fine. With the rest of the cast, I took a Pan American plane from the Los Angeles International Airport late one night and (Continued on page 58)



While on location for *Plunder In The Sun* in Ooxoco, Glenn and director John Farrow play host to General Augustin Mustieles M. and his two children, Ampora and Alfredo.



Glenn puts in some yo-yo practice—just about the only bit of harmless recreation he got in Mexico. Every time he went to the bullfights or the roces, there was *that blonde* again!

THIS IS THE TRUE STORY OF JAN STERLING'S FIGHT FOR BEAUTY AND GLAMOR. HER DIET AND EXERCISE



ROUTINES WEREN'T SO EASY, AND THEY WEREN'T FUN . . . BUT THEY WERE WORTH IT!

WHEN I HATED MY MIRROR

by Jan Sterling



Jan whittled her figure, trimmed her nose, even changed the color of her hair for her screen career.

■ In Rio de Janeiro there is a restaurant called Soveteria Americano which used to specialize in American delicacies for the young. Among the most scrumptious was one listed as *Sundae Nova York*: vanilla ice cream covered with hot fudge sauce, smothered with whipped cream and heaped over again with malted milk powder. It was served with hot buttered toast thickly topped with grated, tasty yellow cheese. Time will never wash out the agony of an afternoon in which I sat in this restaurant watching my 11-year-old sister eating such a concoction before my envious eyes. What I had in front of me was just a glass of water. I was only 14 but I had begun my fight . . .

Everyone called Mimi adorable. With her curly hair, her slimness and delicate curves she was lovely. Me? They would cast a quick glance, smile kindly and assure me, "Why, Jane, you look fine." The devil I did! I already weighed 145 pounds. I could see 155 coming up, 165, 175 . . . and it was horrifying because in my heart had been a vision from earliest childhood that I could not give up. I yearned to be an actress, a queen of women, a supple, graceful creature who drew admiring looks from everyone. With this in my heart I could only detest the flesh I was picking up, and I couldn't understand why (Continued on next page)

For an exercise series designed especially for MODERN SCREEN readers by Jan Sterling, turn the page. →

WHEN I HATED MY MIRROR

continued

this wasn't apparent to everyone, including my own folks.

It had all started when I was 11. I already had begun to develop in a way that would have been gratifying had it been confined only to certain places. (As a matter of fact, at 13 I attended an Annapolis hop in a low-backed gown and must have passed for at least 17 or 18 because no one at all seemed to notice my juvenility.) But I didn't stay pat. I began to bloom elsewhere too, where it wasn't wanted and where it could only be called thickening or fattening. The morning of that day in Rio de Janeiro when Mimi was gobbling up her *Nova York* I had gone to the mirror knowing it was time to believe, not the assurances of my family and friends that I had nothing to worry about, *but exactly what the glass told me*. I looked and what I saw was cruel. I hated my mirror for its heartlessness . . . but I bowed before its truth. That day I started a way of eating that was, of course, a way of living from which I have never departed. At 15 and 16 and 17 and 18 I was not 155 or 165 pounds or more, I was only 122 pounds. And my dream came true . . . or rather I had made it come true under the constant guidance of (Continued on next page)



Jan keeps dishes of dried fruit handy for nibbling. Dried prunes, apricots and peaches satisfy without too many calories.

TO SLIM THIGH AND CALF



1

TO FIRM BUST AND SLIM RIB CAGE



2



2a

TO WHITTLE WAIST AND SLIM HIPs



3



3a

Position #1: Holding on to a heavy chair or rail for balance, keep right knee straight, shift weight forward, raise left leg slowly, grasping raised foot with hand, and pull hard. Then, reverse with other leg. Position #2: Arms folded, push left hand hard against right arm,

with right hand against left arm. Raise arms slowly to position #2a, keeping pressure on arms while changing position. Position #3: Stand tall, buttocks in, feet apart, hands on hips. Move to position #3a, first left, then right. Do each exercise six times every day.

Jan's beauty hints and glamor tricks are easy to follow. Below, the exercises she designed, and posed for, point the way to a slimmer, trimmer figure.



Daily hair brushing is a *must* says Jan. She advises using twin brushes, twice as much is done in half the time.



Here's a good exercise for a pleasant speaking voice: strike a note on piano, match it with your voice.

For Jan's seven-point glamor schedule, turn the page. ➤

**FOR A FLAT TUMMY,
STRONG STOMACH MUSCLES**



Position #4: Lying face down on mat or thick rug, move arms and legs to position #4. Then, advance to position #4a, rocking body from head to toes. Position #5: Body relaxed, hands on hips, move head slowly first left, then right. Touch chin to shoulder at farthest

**FOR A BEAUTIFUL,
SWAN-LIKE THROAT**



5

**FOR PRETTY,
DANCING FEET**



6



6a

stretch. Position #6: Barefoot, or with stockings on, pick up match box or other small object with toes. Position #6a: Sitting on chair or bench, roll bottle from toes under instep and back. Do each of these exercises six times *daily*, and you'll get results!

HERE IS JAN STERLING'S OWN PERSONAL SEVEN-POINT GLAMOR AND BEAUTY PLAN.

DIET:

No rigorous diet but foods high in protein, low in calories: lean meat, fowl, fish, gelatin, eggs, raw and cooked fruits and vegetables with very little butter or sugar. Skimmed milk, black coffee, plain tea. Consult a doctor for your personal requirements.

SLEEP:

Get plenty at night, and relax frequently during the day. "Just go limp," Jan advises. "Let your arms dangle, roll your head around like a ball on a string. Get the tension out of your neck and shoulders. And breathe deep . . . way down. When you know you're going to be out late at night, squeeze in a nap during the afternoon or lie down for a few minutes before dressing for the evening."

GROOMING:

Jan thinks good grooming pays bigger and quicker dividends than almost anything a girl can do. She gets in one good grooming chore each day, a manicure, pedicure, etc. She shampoos her hair frequently and dries it by hand. Sometimes she gives her hair a rest by going without a permanent for a couple of months, wearing it straight, and brushing vigorously. For big parties she sets her hair with eau de cologne diluted with water.

POISE:

Good carriage, and knowing how to enter a room gracefully, rate high on Jan's glamor chart. "Stand tall, but relaxed," she advises. "Pull your shoulders down as if they were a coat hanger. Feel that your hands are a part of your arms, not just attached at the wrist. If you don't know what to do with your hands, carry something. A purse, for instance, or a handkerchief."

WORST DEFECT:

Jan believes in minimizing bad points. There are lots of little tricks you can devise to suit your own defects, such as covering sharp elbows with long sleeves, or hiding large ears with a becoming hairdo. Jan felt her worst feature was her nose, and, after consultation with her physician plastic surgery remedied that.

VOICE:

As an actress, Jan has been concentrating on enunciation and expression for years. "But every time I went to church or sang in a group," she says, "I noticed that my voice was almost the only one off rhythm or out of key." To remedy that she started taking voice lessons. As a consequence Jan has added three voice exercises to her beauty schedule that she thinks belongs in any glamor routine. First, strike any note on a piano and see how nearly you can approximate exact tone and pitch. Second, to improve quality of voice strike a note again and sing A-E-I-O-U all on same note, same breath. Lastly, to improve voice projection, try placing sound in front of mouth. Don't be breathy. When pronouncing a word finish all syllables. Finish each vowel sound with lips.

PERSONALIZED WARDROBE:

This is one of the things Jan goes in for in a big way. She likes to accessorize her clothes with scarves, belts, costume jewelry, but not all at the same time, of course. And she's addicted to separates, and skirts of all kinds with sweaters and blouses.

WHEN I HATED MY MIRROR continued

my family doctor who checked my diet and rate of losing weight.

That 122 pounds was fine for an actress on the stage but it wasn't good enough for an actress on the screen. So I called on will-power and medical help again. Today I weigh only 108 pounds—and there have been other changes. As it happens I am the fourth wife of my husband, Paul Douglas. But the way he puts it now, after some of those changes, "You're both my fourth and fifth wife!" That's nice "changing!"

When I was about six my parents divorced and my mother remarried. My step-father, Henry James White, was an oil man with interests in both Europe and South America, and we seemed to beat a constant path between these two continents and the United States. Most of my education came from tutors and in my whole life I have had only one year of formal schooling. That suited me because no matter what subject I studied I always translated it in terms of the stage. History to me was full of characters with costumes and good or bad lines to say rather than people of political or cultural significance. English was something you talked—not wrote or analyzed. Geography concerned places where there were different forms of entertainment; opera in Italy, intimate theaters in France, outdoor concerts and folk dramas in Austria and Germany, weird all-day shows in China.

All my life I had always wanted to play at being someone else . . . but I didn't know my first big role would be the real-life one of simply not being me. I think the customs of my family cemented this desire. My mother, like many mothers, used to dress Mimi and me alike. I think this is a practice which pleases the parents, is complimentary to the younger girl, but darn unfair to the older one. I still remember the sack-like dresses we wore—the kind that hang straight down, when Mimi was seven and I was ten. The minute I'd get alone I'd find something, even if it was only a piece of string, and pull it around my waist, trying for a shape. And then . . . the bloomers! I tried so many experiments trying to unbloomerize them that generally I'd wear out the elastics and time and again these would break and I'd be all bloomers down to my ankles.

I gave my first performance for other than children at the age of nine. The audience was composed of the elevator operators in the apartment building we lived in on Park Avenue in New York at the time, and the stage was the lobby. When the operators agreed to watch my "show" I ran out (*Continued on page 83*)



"Early to bed tonight," Jan laughingly warns her husband, Paul Douglas, as she points to an early call on RKO's *Split Second* for the next day. Paul usually picks Jan up after work, and they leisurely make their way home, window shopping as they go.

"You ask me why I gave my heart to Christ.
 "I cannot reply.
 "My heart was drawn at length to seek His faith.
 "He called me and I came,
 "He heard my prayers.
 "I cannot tell you how or when or where—
 "Or why I have told you now . . ."

■ The small, almost frail young woman in the brown suit, brown gloves and hat carried her modest suitcase toward the big TWA plane warming up at the Los Angeles International Airport. She was alone.

June Haver had risen at five, told her family goodbye at her sister Evelyn's apartment and begged them not to see her off, for everything had long since been said that could be. Then she had driven by St. John's Hospital, in Santa Monica to attend six o'clock mass, have breakfast, bid the sisters there farewell and receive their blessing. Now the flight was ready and she climbed aboard. In a minute she was aloft and rising toward the Heavens on a benevolent wind, headed East for Kansas to begin a new life, and to leave an old one behind.

June's clear blue eyes looked eagerly ahead, not back. Back lay Hollywood where she had spent the past ten of her 26 years, and where those same blue eyes had seen her girlhood dreams come true, as she danced, sang, laughed and brightened up the screen to make herself wealthy and famous, loved by everyone who knew her personally and by millions who did not. Back of her lay a star's career in full flower, a salary of \$3,500 a week, and all the luxuries, privileges and rewards of success—pretty clothes, jewelry, money, parties, comfort, popularity. Now she owned nothing of the world's goods except the necessities of her journey. Behind June, too, were even more intimately precious things—her mother and her sisters, Dorothy and Evelyn, her nephew and nieces, Kathleen, Trudy June and Brian, whom she deeply loved and to whom she was extremely close.

June looked ahead impatiently with eyes that were wide open to what she was doing and where she was going. She was going, as all the world knows by now, to St. Mary's Academy of the Sisters of Charity in Leavenworth to prepare for a nun's life in that cloistered religious order. Ahead lay a large, brick convent anchored to the flat plains of Kansas, where she would melt into anonymity, wear a plain uniform, eat plain food, share a plain dormitory room, rise at five o'clock, study, pray and work 16 hours a day, in pursuit of her stated ambition:

" . . . to be a Sister of Charity, with the Grace of God and the (Continued on page 95)

bride of Faith

It stunned the world
 when sparkling June Haver
 decided to become a nun.
 Here is a detailed
 account of that decision . . .
 and a tribute to June.

BY JACK WADE



June entered the convent of the Sisters of Charity, an order that staffs hospitals, on February 11.

the wasted years

(Continued from page 30) winner, on occasion beat her, caused her great mental suffering, threatened her with physical harm, and turned her into a nervous wreck?

If that language sounds too strong to you, it is nothing compared to Olivia deHavilland's testimony in court. Listen to her as she tells the judge what life with her ex-husband was like from August 26th, 1946, when she married him in Weston, Connecticut, to May 8th, 1952, when she finally left him:

"We were driving in a car—my husband was at the wheel—along Sunset Boulevard, in the area of Bel-Air, and having some sort of normal conversation. Mr. Goodrich took exception to something that I had said, something that was so trivial I cannot remember it, and began to pound my left arm with his closed fist, and this continued for several minutes, and when we arrived at our home which was in Bel-Air, I got out of the car and he had said that he would kill me. . .

"I got out of the car and ran down the driveway and down to the road that runs along the outside of the property where we were living, and I believe I sat down on a rock in some shrubbery and I didn't know where to go or what to do.

"After a while my husband found me there, he came to hunt for me, and I told him I was afraid to get in the car because he had said he would kill me."

As a result of the arm-pounding, Olivia told the Court, "I received a very large bruise which was dark blue and purple. The bruise . . . on my left arm between the shoulder and elbow, was about the size of a baseball."

In order to conceal that injury from her Hollywood friends, Olivia said, "I just used colored scarves. It was warm weather and I was wearing short-sleeve dresses, and I used scarves which I tied around the arm to conceal the bruise. It was very humiliating."

From 1946 to 1951 Olivia deHavilland maintained the fiction that her marriage to Marcus Goodrich was one of those divine couplings ordained in heaven, an incomparably happy union she never wished dissolved. When a baby boy, Benjamin, was born to her in 1951, she told reporters that she was the happiest woman in the world, that now her marriage was truly complete, truly ecstatic.

I and others who had seen her in company with Goodrich knew that she was whistling in the dark, trying to keep up her courage, hoping against hope that her husband might change. A consummate actress, Livvy felt at the time that she was actually fooling all her friends. She wasn't; we knew the score. We knew she was miserable, cowed, completely dominated by Marcus, living in almost perpetual fear of the man.

It took six long years, but Olivia finally told the truth about herself, her baby, and her husband; and she told it in court.

"During the first five-and-a-half weeks of the baby's life," she testified, "I took care of him all by myself—I wanted to take care of him all by myself and I did. During that period of time, well, the baby was four weeks old and I was caring for him in the bedroom of the house and my husband became upset for something—I cannot recall what it was—it was unimportant—and he became extremely violent and abusive in his manner and he struck me . . . I had to turn my body so that the baby would not be injured

because I was holding Benjamin in my arms at the time."

One more extract from the Court record and you'll have some idea of what Olivia deHavilland put up with rather than admit marital failure.

The following extract deals with Christmas, 1951, when the actress was on the road, touring in a stage play, and stopping over at the Hotel Utah in Salt Lake City.

Q: Do you recall the occasion that a person came to the door of the hotel suite and asked for your autograph?

A: I do remember that.

Q: Will you briefly tell the Court just what happened and what he (your husband) said on that occasion?

A: Yes. Someone came to the door and asked for my signature and my husband was rather angered by this request

Annette Warren, who did the singing for Ava Gardner in *Show Boat*, now seldom sings those songs in nightclubs. "I'm a little tired of them," Annette says, "besides one night a heckler advised me not to sing 'My Bill'—that I couldn't compare to Ava Gardner!"

*Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat*

and became rather excited and quite impatient and unkind.

Q: Was it a repetition of similar moods that you have described?

A: Yes, it was.

Q: How did that affect you?

A: I was disturbed for two reasons: I did not like to see such a small incident upset my husband, and I wanted to avoid a repetition of this kind of thing in the future because these rages disturbed me very greatly.

Q: What did he say particularly on that occasion that affected you? What was the threat that he made?

A: I suggested to my husband that next time if anybody came requesting my signature that Nellie, the wardrobe mistress, who is also my dresser—I suggested that he let her handle the situation as she was accustomed to doing so. She had always handled situations of that kind through all the years she had been in the theatre which were at least 20.

Q: In her presence what did he say?

A: He turned to me and said, "I will beat you for that," and started to cross the room.

Q: How did that affect you?

A: I was deeply upset, not only by the threat, but also by the fact he had said that in front of a third person. I felt the fact he had forgotten himself in front of a third person was a very dangerous thing and the next time I was alone and he became angry, I thought I might not survive.

WHY should a woman, particularly a talented actress who supports her family, put up with such treatment for six years?

This is the question all her friends have asked Livvy.

Why didn't she pull out as soon as she learned what sort of husband Marcus Goodrich really was? Why wait around for the punishment?

Her answer is characteristically simple, "I couldn't bear the idea of divorce. I didn't believe in it. It was my only marriage and I wanted it to last. Before I decided on divorce, I consulted my minister and asked his advice. It was only when I realized that my son was in danger, both physically and psychologically, that I had to face the fact that the marriage simply could not continue.

"I was faced with two alternatives—neither one was desirable. One was divorce and the other was a home in which my son might be done great physical and psychological damage, I decided after I talked to my minister, the only thing to do was to get a divorce."

Olivia got her divorce last year. It was uncontested, and she waived alimony, attorney's fees and court costs. She paid for everything and was awarded custody of her child with the right of reasonable visitation going to Goodrich if he desires to exercise it.

Since August of 1952 and her divorce, Olivia deHavilland has become a new woman. No longer is she the frightened, bewildered, dominated young wife who each time looked at her husband with trepidation before she answered a reporter's questions.

Today she is an attractive, vivacious, bubbling, spirited woman full of warmth, energy and drive, and she is beginning once again to go out with men.

John Huston and Olivia met for the first time in years when he arrived in Hollywood during Christmas Week last year to show his *Moulin Rouge* for Academy Award contention. It was a romantic and sentimental reunion, for when Olivia was a young actress on the Warner lot during the late 1930's, the first man she genuinely fell in love with was the lanky, quixotic Huston. They went together for years, and there was much talk of an impending marriage, but these two were almost similar in temperament and viewpoint, and the love affair eventually faded.

What memories were aroused early this year when Olivia and Huston ran into each other at several of Hollywood's New Year parties, I don't know. Huston has re-married for the third time and is no longer free, but I do know that when they met at the Vincente Minnelli party, Olivia looked more ripe, more beautiful, more radiant than she ever has before.

OLIVIA deHavilland first saw her husband at a dinner party five years before she married him. The dinner was held at the home of Arthur Hornblow, the MGM producer, and Goodrich, who speaks beautifully, was waxing eloquent on the various virtues and faults of women in America. All that Olivia remembers of the affair, and this rather hazily, was that Goodrich said he thought he'd go to Scandinavia, marry a healthy young girl and have a dozen children, whereupon Olivia said, "Why go to Scandinavia?"

She wasn't impressed by Goodrich, merely regarded him as a pleasant fellow who'd obviously been around.

At that time, which was 1940, Livvy was actually thinking more of her career than of her love-life. She was exceedingly ambitious, and that's putting it mildly. She'd finished the role of Melanie in *Gone With The Wind* in which picture she had established herself as a sensitive, perceptive actress.

By 1946, however, after 11 hectic years of career obsession, and a tearful farewell to John Huston, Olivia had seen through the illusion of Hollywood, and she was more than ready for a personable and presentable man. She had worked in many films, and tiring of them temporarily, agreed to go to Westport, Connecticut, to do a play.

In the Spring of 1946, Olivia boarded the train for New York on a mission with one of her best Hollywood friends, Phyllis Seaton. En route to the East, both girls began to plunge into various subjects, the most fascinating of which turned out to be something called, "Men."

Phyllis brought up the name of Marcus

Goodrich as an eligible man-about-town and Olivia said she had met him five years ago.

"That's a coincidence," Mrs. Seaton said, "Marcus is an old family friend and he'll probably phone us in New York."

THAT'S exactly what happened. A day after Phyllis and Livvy checked into their hotel suite, Marcus Goodrich was on the phone. That night he took both girls to dinner. Two nights later, he asked for the same privilege. Again it was granted. On Friday night he phoned for a third date, and on this occasion Phyllis Seaton, very happily married, took the hint.

"I've got a nasty headache," she told Livvy. "You'll just have to dine with Marcus alone."

He and Olivia talked until three the next morning, and Goodrich, glib and mellifluous, was absolutely fascinating. At least, Livvy thought so.

A day later she had him drive her from Westport to East Hampton on Long Island. During this trip Marcus asked for all her biographical details, and as Livvy recalls, "We became so entranced by the subject that we got ourselves lost five times."

By the end of the trip, Marcus was ready with a little advice for the talented actress. He had heard his date out and he was convinced, so he said, that she should remain single for another two years and then get married—not to a writer or an artist, but to a successful businessman. Olivia said this made good sense and she would in all probability follow Marcus Aurelius' advice.

Less than a week later, Goodrich was back at Olivia's hotel. Over luncheon he said, "Will you marry me?"

Olivia's eyes sparkled. "But you're not a successful businessman," she cracked. Then she said yes.

They talked until the early hours of the morning, Marcus explaining to his bride-to-be that "you are the type of woman who has enormous respect for duly constituted authority. One of the needs of your nature, like that of every real woman, is to be able to rely upon your mate." Olivia fell for that routine hook, line, and sinker.

When Goodrich discussed the wedding ceremony with her, he reportedly said, "I'd like very much if in the ceremony you would promise to obey."

Olivia knew that contemporary marriage ceremonies carry the promise to "love, honor, and cherish," that the word "obey" is considered out-moded in the light of woman's modern accomplishments, and she should have gathered, from his insistence upon this point, some idea of Goodrich's dogmatism, but she hardly gave it a second thought.

ONCE back in Hollywood, he began to manage his wife's career which, up to this point, had been brilliantly directed. In the process he antagonized agents, reporters, executives, dozens of persons who had known, loved and long respected Olivia.

Some of these friends began to refer to Goodrich as "Svengali," so completely did he come to dominate this actress who had once been too strong to be dominated by anything except her own unbridled ambition.

As Olivia deHavilland's husband, Marcus Goodrich was no success in Hollywood. People began making cracks about the fact that Olivia was the family breadwinner, that outside of writing one novel, "Delilah," Goodrich didn't appear to be very productive. Gradually, some of the more sensitive souls in Hollywood began to drop the couple socially.

Many of us knew Olivia was unhappy, but

few of us realized that life with Goodrich had deteriorated into the miserable shambles she later described in court. Few of us imagined that Marcus would ever dare use physical force on so fragile and high-strung a woman. We knew the writer was opinionated, strong-willed; and frustrated, but we figured that once his wife became pregnant, he would alter his ways and become a kind and considerate husband; apparently, this didn't happen.

"I was confined to bed for seven months during the time I was expecting my son," Livvy has explained, "and I wasn't allowed to get up because of the danger of losing the baby. It was our custom to dine in the bedroom—my husband would have his dinner at a card table and I would have my tray in bed. One evening my husband was served beefsteak pie . . . and he was very upset because it was not steak and kidney pie and he threw the pie across the room and left the house."

After the baby came and Marcus still refused to mend his ways, Olivia went to see her minister and together they decided that divorce was the only solution.

Last June, Olivia returned to Hollywood with her little Benjie and gave out the announcement that she was going to divorce Marcus Goodrich and play the

WAS HER FACE RED!

Anne Baxter was excited and a little bit puffed up about playing opposite the late John Barrymore. One day she went into a big scene with all her heart, soul, and "theatricality." She felt she was really knocking them out when Barrymore suddenly turned toward the director and exploded, "Good Heavens! Must she swim, too?"

—Kolma Flake

lead in *My Cousin Rachel*.

Hollywood was happy for her on both counts.

When deHavilland works she throws herself into a role with such complete concentration that at the end of the day she's exhausted and has no time for the social amenities. It was that way with Livvy during the making of *Rachel*. She was rarely seen around town.

Once the picture was finished, however, we saw a new Livvy emerge, a girl of warmth, vibrancy, and tenderness. To begin with, Olivia reconciled with her father, from whom she had long been estranged. Various reasons have been attributed to this estrangement, but the truth involves the story of the deHavilland family background heretofore untold.

OLIVIA's father, Walter deHavilland, left England in 1893, after graduating from Cambridge, to head a law office in Tokyo. In 1914 he returned to Britain where he met a young lady named Lillian Ruse who was studying drama in Sir Beerbohm Tree's Dramatic Academy. Young deHavilland, an impetuous bon vivant, proposed marriage and asked the girl to return to Tokyo with him.

Lillian Ruse said she wasn't sure. "Tell you what we'll do," Walter deHavilland suggested. "We'll toss a coin. Heads you go to Tokyo as my wife. Tails you stay here single." The coin was flipped. It came down tails, but Lillian Ruse changed her mind. She decided to marry the young man anyway. Two years later, a daughter was born to the couple in Tokyo on July 1st, 1916. This first-born daughter was christened Olivia. A year later another daughter was born. This one was christened Joan de Beauvoir deHavilland.

Unfortunately, life in Japan didn't agree with the babies, so Mrs. deHavilland, not

too pleased with her marriage in any case, packed their things and sailed with them to California. On arriving, she made a home for her girls in the small town of Saratoga.

In 1925, Mrs. deHavilland decided to divorce her husband and returned to Tokyo for that purpose, leaving her daughters with a nurse. When she returned to the States a few months later, she discovered happily enough that Joan and Livvy had made a fast friend of a department store-owner, a French Canadian, named George Fontaine. Mrs. deHavilland also became his friend and subsequently his wife which is how Joan de Beauvoir deHavilland came to take the name, Joan Fontaine.

Not long after Mrs. deHavilland became Mrs. George Fontaine, her ex-husband decided to marry his Japanese housekeeper. Joan saw nothing scandalous in this. In fact when she was 15 she went to Tokyo to live with him and his Japanese wife for two years. Olivia, however, viewed the entire affair with jaundiced eye and declined to see her father.

When at 69 Mr. deHavilland arrived in California with his Oriental wife, World War II had begun, and his wife was ordered out of the West Coast war zone by War Department authorities. The couple went first to Denver, Colorado, where they eked out a bare living and later to British Columbia in Canada where they now reside.

Olivia hadn't seen her father for years when, after finishing *Rachel*, she decided there was no point in perpetuating this paternal estrangement. She called Walter deHavilland long distance and told him that he must come to California and see his new grandchild, Benjamin. She paid all the travel expenses, but her Japanese step-mother did not accompany her husband. She remained in Canada.

When the old man arrived at Union Station in Los Angeles, Olivia and her little boy were on hand to meet him. Tears of joy punctuated the reunion, and one got the feeling that one of Walter deHavilland's fondest dreams was coming true.

OLIVIA has also reconciled with sister Joan. Before they were married the two actresses shared a cottage in Coldwater Canyon, and there was no talk of jealousy and feud concerning them. After Joan became Mrs. Brian Aherne, however, the girls separated, and there was much gossip to the effect that Aherne had been Livvy's beau to begin with and that Joan had stolen him away. It was all stuff and nonsense. The two actresses simply began to grow apart, to lead different lives.

Olivia's only husband, Marcus Goodrich, had no liking for Bill Dozier, Joan's second husband, so that no attempt at reconciliation was made during his six-year regime. If anything, salt was thrown upon the open wound.

Once Joan divorced Dozier, however, and married Collier Young a few months ago, she ran into Livvy at the Beverly Hills Hotel and invited her sister and her nephew to visit her family. Livvy said they'd be glad to come, and that was that.

From here on in, Olivia deHavilland is determined to be kind, friendly, and at ease with everyone. She has no room in her heart for bitterness, rancor, or feud of any sort. She had quite enough of that in six years of marriage—years which she insists were not wasted, "because really I learned a good deal from them."

The most important thing Livvy learned, and it cost her a fortune in money and heartache, was something every girl should be told by her mother: Marry in haste and the chances are very good you'll live to regret it.

Farley's design for living

(Continued from page 43) process. Only a few prints are run off at each printing and the artists sign them. Look, I have a dealer's bill of sale."

The revenue officer grinned. "Those French art dealers," he said, "will give an American movie star any kind of bill of sale he wants."

"For Pete's sake," Farley groaned. "Call the Whitney Museum of Art. Call the Metropolitan. They'll back me up about these gelotones."

"Maybe they will," the Customs man persisted, "but how'll we know these paintings are what you say they are? You better leave 'em with us."

"Ohmyfoot," Farley muttered in desperation. "Call somebody and let me get out of here."

WHILE one of the officials went to see his chief, Farley leaned against a rail and stewed in his own exasperation. His eyes swept the shed for some sympathetic face. No one gave him as much as a half-smile. For a fast second he was tempted to grab up his paintings and make a run for it or just leave them behind and forget all about them, but then suddenly, he took the canvases and turned them on their backs, and there on the rear, in small clear letters were the words, "Rotogravure, deuxième reproduction."

Farley called one of the Customs men back. "See," he said triumphantly, pointing to the stamp, "this proves it. It says this is a reproduction and a second printing."

The Customs man nodded. "Okay," he agreed. "Now, about these other purchases. You got receipts for everything?"

"Not everything," Farley conceded. "Only for the more expensive stuff. The 12 hemp mats I found in a market in Seville. They only cost about a buck. The casseroles come from the same place and cost 30 cents each. That grain bucket I bought at a roadside stand in France. Don't even remember where. It's worth a buck and a half tops."

The official began to look skeptical again. "And the bird cage?"

"From the Paris flower market," Farley answered with painful honesty. "Less than a buck."

"No jewelry? No gifts?"

Farley shook his head.

"What you gonna do with all this junk?" the Customs man asked.

"It's for my house," Farley said.

The Customs men looked at each other in mutual acknowledgement of an irrefutable truth. "Actors sure are nuts," one said to the other. "Imagine this guy flying all that stuff over from Europe. I'll bet his house looks like a booby hatch."

Farley's house looks like anything but. A small, compact, two-bedroom job, it nestles against the side of a canyon and is possibly the most tastefully furnished bachelor's haven in the entire movie colony.

Farley has learned how to decorate a house the hard way. He's rented eight different ones in the past six years and very early in the game made practically all of the mistakes.

"As soon as I rented a house," he admits, "I used to re-paper and re-paint the place, sometimes even add a patio. Then when my lease was up, I was out. Couldn't take anything with me. Now I've learned how to do over a place with accessories."

Farley doesn't mind repainting a living room, but he knows the walls can be made exceedingly attractive by adding a few good paintings, a couple of carefully chosen art objects, and a shelf or two of books. Right now he's on an art kick and

is gradually beginning to acquire a fine collection of paintings.

They range from a sketch by Diego Rivera to a half-dozen water colors painted by an MGM technician named Irv Block. "I buy most of my things on trips," Farley explains, "because that's when I have more time to roam around art galleries. In my contract with Mr. Goldwyn there's a clause that gives me 18 weeks off specifically for the purpose of travel."

FARLEY'S taken good advantage of that clause. Since 1950 he has been to Mexico, Honolulu, Greece, Israel, France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Switzerland, and Italy. And from all these trips he's amassed

Rita Hayworth is more fiery, more desirable, more voluptuous than ever. Her voice is as intimate as the rustle of bedroom lingerie. Her figure has as many curves as a scenic railway, and her object in life is primarily a happy marriage—and not a great career.

Prince Michael Romanoff

a collection of beautiful glass, pottery, baskets, mats, and dozens of other household articles all of which you'll find in his house.

"My folks secretly think I'm crazy to drag all this stuff home," he admits, "but I really enjoy my foreign furnishings. I think it does a lot for a house."

The truth is that it does so much for a house that Farley's bungalow has now become the favorite hangout for the more literate and appreciative of the Hollywood younger set. Farley throws two dinner parties each week—he has a wonderful cook and housekeeper named Arzy Peebles—and at these gatherings six to ten of his favorite friends are usually invited. Shelley Winters is still one of these.

Although he's become quite a party-giver of late, "Farfel," as Shelley calls him, prefers to spend most of his home-time in either of two spots, his den or his sun-soaked lanai.

In his den he reads scripts, studies his lines, answers his fan mail, plays hundreds of classical and contemporary recordings. When friends accuse him of living the life of a maharajah, he has a ready answer. "I think," he says, "that it's a sign of maturity that I'd rather spend money on a house and furnishings than in night clubs the way I used to do. It's much more fun taking a girl up here on a date than going to some night spot. Might as well enjoy the things I have."

Although he doesn't mind spending money on furnishings he can take with him, Farley draws the line on buying furniture for any house he rents. He uses a lot of ingenuity to acquire what he wants without being extravagant.

In the living room, for example, a conventional coffee table came with the house. After a few weeks, however, Farley discovered that there weren't enough low tables to take care of his buffet-supper guests. Rather than buy one large coffee table that might fit this particular living room but no other, he had a carpenter knock together four plain tables, 18 inches square and two feet high. He sprayed them with four different colors of enamel and arranged them in the form of one L-shaped table in front of the living room couch. When he builds a house of his own, which he'll probably do when he finds a bride, he can take these little tables with him and scatter them in separate rooms throughout the house.

Similarly, when Farley needed a larger flat top desk in his den, he bought a strip of plywood and set it on top of an exist-

ing knee-hole desk. When he wanted an extra lamp table in the lanai he put one together consisting of twelve concrete bricks and a slab of plywood.

Farley is economical with a buck and has learned from experience how to cut corners when it comes to decorating a house. He's found, for example, that you can hide offensive light brackets by covering them with stylish but inexpensive baskets. He also hides an ugly wall heater with a chunk of driftwood he picked up on the Mojave desert, and when someone burns a hole in any of his upholstery, the tell-tale signs are covered with an Indian blanket.

One girl who has dated Farley on and off, says, "It's a little frightening how much he knows about good living and good taste. I mean, the girl who marries him will have her work cut out. Unless she's very well-bred and very well-traveled and very well-cultured, I'm inclined to believe that she'll develop a most acute inferiority complex very early in their marriage. Unless, of course, she's content to let Farley take everything over."

Of late, Farley has been seeing a good deal of an English actress, Dawn Addams, who was at MGM until a few months ago.

Of late, too, he's been bitten by the bug to build his own house. He's even picked out his architect and the location. After living in a variety of neighborhoods, ranging from Malibu to San Fernando, he's decided that he'd like to build in the Hollywood Hills overlooking the Sunset Strip.

For an architect he's chosen a friend and a promising disciple of Frank Lloyd Wright, a young man named Aaron Green. Architect Green lives in San Francisco and supervises the work Wright does in that area. He himself, however, has designed a number of modest homes in and around Los Angeles, and whenever he comes to town, he stays in Farley's extra bedroom. If Farley isn't working on that particular day, he tags along with Aaron on the various construction jobs.

"That's the way to learn about pure design," Granger says. "Go along with an expert who's learned it from the greatest architect in the business. Aaron has taught me an awful lot what to want and what to look for in a house. What I want is a compact little modern house, something built out of materials in their natural state—wood, stone, glass, and so forth."

THE experience of renting different types of houses has taught Farley what he needs: one large living area with built-in sections for entertainment and dining. He also wants a well-equipped kitchen and a swimming pool. The only thing that's holding him back from rushing into construction tomorrow is money. "I just don't have enough dough," he admits, "and I don't want to get started on a house and then stop halfway. I've seen a number of my friends over-extend their bank accounts. Then they move into partially completed houses. I'd hate that. I'd rather not start than end up with a house that has no landscaping or just makeshift furnishings. For me it's got to be all or nothing."

Farley's friends—and these include besides Shelley and Vittorio Gassmann, the Sidney Sheldons, Rocky Cooper, Dawn Addams, Leonard Bernstein, Ted Loeff, and a few others—are inclined to believe that Granger is waiting not so much for money to build as for the right female incentive.

"All he needs," says Shelley, "is a wife. When he finds one he'll stop talking about a house and start building a home." END

(Farley Granger can be seen in MGM's Story Of Three Loves.)

the truth about mr. and mrs. curtis

(Continued from page 33) about it. "When we were engaged, and she was wearing my ring and all, some New York columnist wrote that Tony Curtis better get himself a new press agent, because Janet Leigh had fallen in love with someone else and was going to marry him. Man, that was rugged!"

Man, it certainly was!

When the synthetic news that his girl was about to throw him over reached Tony, he came mighty close to a nervous collapse. He was in Denver, Colorado, on the first big personal appearance of his career. So great was his appeal for the opposite sex that after one stage show, he had to hide backstage for an hour before he could safely be smuggled back to his quarters at the Brown Palace Hotel. Girls of all ages were trying to rip off unanchored bits of clothing and he had been kissed once too often that day by passionate, predatory females.

Back in the comparative safety of his hotel suite, he tried to reach Janet by long distance telephone. She had been attempting to reach him all that day, with no success, because the operators were obeying orders; Mr. Curtis didn't want to speak to any eager young ladies. They'd have to leave their names and he'd call back.

Of course, there was some comfort in the dozen messages under his door, asking him to call Miss Leigh in Pittsburgh, but when he couldn't get through his normal reaction was the sneaking suspicion that perhaps, after all, there might have been some truth in the story that Janet had met up with a fascinating baseball player and, so to speak, flipped her lid. It was three o'clock in the morning before the connection was made. Then, at a cost of some 68 dollars, they straightened it out. Tony understood that Janet had met the ball player only once at a benefit show, after which they'd had dinner together with other people; that the ball player, being engaged to another girl, was just as upset over the columnist's "wild item" as they were. Janet, in turn, satisfied herself that Tony really believed that she loved him, and only him. And that morning, before they went to sleep in cities thousands of miles apart, they agreed to advance the date of their marriage by several months.

All this made the MODERN SCREEN correspondent a happy man. He was able to let his editor in on the news six weeks in advance, because he was with Tony at the time. Net result: several other magazines appeared on the newsstands with stories about Janet's "new" romance, and her ditching of the actor for the ball player, at almost the precise time she became Mrs. Tony Curtis.

TODAY, Janet remembers this experience, along with a few others, from an equally mature though feminine viewpoint: "I have a reputation for never forgetting anything, and those hectic days left a deep impression. The things that were printed sometimes! It was all publicity—Tony loved somebody else. I loved somebody else. Every few days we'd read how we'd split up—sometimes even by the same writer who'd said we'd never gone together in the first place. I don't care what anyone says; that's not funny when you have to live through it, and it's not an ideal beginning for marriage.

"But we survived all that. We did get married, and even when some people wouldn't leave us alone, we learned not to get nervous about rumor any more. We learned to live our lives and let other peo-

ple say what they liked, hoping as we still do that maybe they'll eventually give up and go away."

Unfortunately, Janet knows that this will never happen. During their two years together, they have observed an even dozen famous marriages crack up. They know that reporters, although they are a frequent irritant, are not really to blame. The truth is, as Tony puts it, "Movie stars have the same right to fall in love as anyone else." They also have the same right to fall out of love, and like human beings

My favorite activity is reading!

Marilyn Monroe

everywhere, they will deny, up to the last minute, even to themselves, that a romance or a marriage is really over. That's why the whole marriage picture in Hollywood has become a strange game in which reporters must use every clue and device known to journalism in order to pass on to their readers the facts and trends in each matrimonial situation.

Sometimes (but not too often) they can be dead wrong. For instance, not many evenings ago, a guest at a Hollywood party, seeing Tony going through the hilarious fun of the magic acts he learned for his part in *Houdini*, asked where Janet was.

"Oh," he was told, "she was tired, so she went home."

A few days later a columnist hinted that Janet was fed up with Tony's preoccupation with magic, toy trains, and such-like. Net result: They were having serious trouble. This half-truth could have started a fight between Tony and Janet.

NO SUCH thing happened, and this is why: "Of course we have fights," Janet admits, "but for one simple reason. It's the things we worry about in each other. That sounds a little Pollyanna-ish, but that's how it is. I'm a busy person. So is Tony. The difference is that I'm not a very good sit-still. For instance, Tony is one of those people who can sleep 15 hours if he has 15 hours to sleep in. If I get eight, I'm lucky. Six is my average. When I get up, I have to get busy.

"That gets Tony mad. Starts a health lecture. He's so good at it he could take his solemn warnings out on tour. Then, he makes me mad when he forgets to get a haircut, or starts out somewhere, dressed more or less formally, in blue jeans and T shirt. Tony's not sloppy, but he's not what you call clothes conscious, either. (The truth is he started out to be, but so many people razed his selection of clothes that he decided to skip the whole thing.) Once or twice I've caught him ready to go to a party looking like a man who's just been wrestling with a mountain lion.

"Don't misinterpret this, now. Objectively speaking, I don't think that's good for people in our business. Everyone's got a certain thing to sell, I don't care what they do. Part of ours in the movie business is appearance—perhaps a kind of personality by which you become known. Sometimes even talent, if you happen to have it. But appearance, certainly. Naturally, it works the other way sometimes. You want a switch? Here's one. Sometimes Tony catches me looking a trifle goonish. So it's back to the mirror for Mrs. Curtis until Mr. Curtis approves.

"Mostly, from what I have learned so far, I think it's a good idea for one person to leave another's personality and habit patterns alone, and not to intrude on his individuality. But with Tony I do reserve one right—not to be penalized for speaking my mind if I think it should be spoken. I don't say he has to act upon my ideas; I do insist on the right to express them.

He feels the same, and that mutual attitude has saved us a lot of serious trouble."

Few Hollywood people have the courage or even the sense to express themselves in such an honest evaluation of themselves and their marriage. It must be increasingly apparent that Janet Leigh not only knows her way around the English language, but doesn't use it to lie to herself.

"Of course," she continues, "there are a lot of little things. I worry about Tony's not eating enough. On the other hand, he's afraid I'll go up like a land mine some day, after one too many desserts. I fix him four eggs for breakfast and stand over him until he's eaten them. He groans, complaining that food is just an ordeal, a chore to get over. Then, Tony likes a room hot; I like it cool. He goes around the place turning up the heat. I follow him, turning it down. He won't ride with me in a car. He's got to drive."

Right here, Janet is speaking of the type of little problems which, when all strung together, can begin the breakup of a marriage. Usually, when Hollywood marriages break up, the publicity releases make the whole thing sound like some horrid freak of fate played upon two perfect people, instead of the truth. The truth? Well, it gets back to such things as a husband not liking to have four eggs crammed down his throat each morning by an ever-loving spouse. Then a whole series of minor irritations which are climaxed by a full-blown physical and spiritual parting of the ways.

That this doesn't happen with them, or hasn't yet, is best explained by Janet.

"In two years our marriage has mellowed. It's sort of shaken down. We're in a groove now. A groove, I said—not a rut—and we're better people for it, I think. Happiness is always happiness, but it may be more assured happiness because of time. I'd wish that to everybody. Our feeling for each other has deepened, and if the deepening robs the intensity a little, then that's a healthy form of theft. You can't hold a melting-eyed closeup indefinitely, and you aren't expected to."

AT THIS point, having gallantly given the wife the first words, Tony's attitude is pertinent, if at times contradictory.

"This marriage is wonderful, no matter what you may read," he says. "It gets better and better. Janet and I aren't exactly of high school age any more. We're growing up and learning something new about each other every day. You grow up. You've got to. Everything in your life comes of age sometime. You discover that your work belongs to your marriage. Your marriage belongs to your work and your social life, and so on. In the long run, you can't disunite anything without tearing yourselves apart. Take this acting. I figure that with each picture I learn something. I get a little better. If one isn't so good, I learn from it. I gain in confidence and I take that confidence home to the marriage. It must be the same in every business; in every household.

"But that doesn't mean that you can take your work home with you. Brother, that's murder. Many a happy home has been wrecked by that. Look, I come home, I got hobbies. I got this model boat I'm building. I got a tape recorder Jerry Lewis bought me, 900 bucks' worth. I got a camera I'm learning to work, got an electric train, even. To explain, when I go home of an evening, I may go to work on my boat. I work with parts that are a 16th of an inch or a 32nd of an inch—all small and delicate—putting in pieces you can hardly see. And while I'm doing it I'm thinking about that work and nothing else. I'm just another guy with a hobby. I'm not telling my wife, actor-like, about how the director just doesn't have the 'savvy.' I'm not

fighting with her. I'm just fooling around, relaxing with a gadget that cost \$1.90. Maybe some other people are spending \$30 an hour going to a psychiatrist to find out why their wives get on their nerves, or vice versa. That's not for us."

BOTH Janet and Tony feel that the "Gee Whiz Kids" part of their marriage is over. Thinking back on it, they may wonder, sometimes, whether the public ever thought they were a real couple, or a pair of fiction characters put together from a chocolate éclair recipe.

"We were and are real, all right," Tony continues. "Almost everything written about us has been true, outside of the 'pan' gossip, and if we're not quite so romantic to read about now, we're at least more plausible. I think we got that way by going over the hurdles. Some of the people here in Hollywood, they got a cute custom. Cute like a hit in the head. When we were first married, we discovered these goons. I don't want to make it too nasty, but at parties and other places they make a deliberate effort to cut you apart.

"Maybe it's nothing worse than a sophisticated form of needling or a practical joke. But it's a fact that somebody will make a pass at the husband, and somebody else will make a pass at the wife. Then they like to sit back and laugh when the trouble starts. We went through it, but we discovered that when nothing happens they'll leave you alone. I've had it—up to here, and when you're in love it's not pleasant. Now that we're an old couple, I guess we're immune, and I must say I don't miss this sort of indoor sport."

Here, Tony Curtis has put an expert finger on the trouble with many Holly-

wood marriages. Frequently, it's not a matter of what happens at home as what happens away from home that leads a movie couple down the road of disenchantment to divorce.

Janet has an excellent slant on this observation. "We're relaxing now—I mean both in a social way and with each other. That must be the growing up stage. In the first year everything the other wanted was just 'duddy.' If I wanted to go to the movies, so did Tony. If Tony wanted to stay home, Janet was all for it. Never a disagreement; a state of affairs which, if it had gone on and on that way, might have brought on an interesting psychological condition.

"Then, just the other night we were scheduled to go to some party or other. All of a sudden I turned to Tony and said, 'You know, I don't want to go.' And do you know what he did? He laughed. He threw back his head and laughed in the most relieved sort of way. Just this side of mild hysteria, he said, 'Janet, that's the first time I've heard you declare an honest impulse since our courtin' days.' He didn't want to go either. It turned out we were both going to go because we thought the other wanted to. It was a great discovery to make about each other, and it's making life a lot easier."

ON THIS note, the bittersweet recollections of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis cease, but further cursory research discloses that the Curtis marriage, however sane and intelligent it may now be, was not without flamboyance in its earlier stages. It took place, as much of the civilized world still remembers, on June 4, 1951, at the Pickwick Arms Hotel in Greenwich, Conn., and

amounted in effect to an elopement right from under the eyes of the stockholders and studio brass, an executive group opposed to the whole foolish business.

Tony's best friend Jerry Lewis had to relay to the pair the displeasure of their various employers over the whole proposition. Lewis was in favor of love himself, but had agreed to state the executive attitude formally, the executive attitude being that marital status would detract from the boxoffice impact of both partners. To their everlasting credit, the two embraced the general state of mind of General McCauliffe at Bastogne and went ahead with their plans.

As it turned out, there wasn't so much of a flap after all. No known suicides followed the revelation that Mr. Curtis was no longer a nominee, and Mrs. Curtis' following held up equally well.

Miss Leigh, according to the soundest available sources, is a protégée of Norma Shearer, who came across her at Sun Valley and rushed the news to Hollywood. Mr. Curtis, whose great-grandfather was a seven-foot-eight strong man in a Budapest circus, is the protégé of every woman in America under the age of 23. He himself will be 28 the day before his second wedding anniversary, on June 3.

So ends another interim report on the Curtis family, as they step up from the role of America's sweethearts to the more recognizable grade of a devoted married couple, a little older and a little wiser, if still not quite ready to renounce sugar, spice and similar ingredients. **END**

(Janet's latest film is MGM's *Confidentially Connie*. And both Tony and Janet are in Paramount's *Houdini*.)

everything happens to me

(Continued from page 47) landed shortly after dawn at the Mexico City Airport. The Mexicans are a very well-mannered and warm-hearted people, extremely considerate of guests in their country, so we were taken through the customs and immigration like royalty. Then we were driven to a comfortable hotel and I sat back, with my morning coffee before me, happy and firm in the belief that this was to be one of the most interesting experiences in my life. Well, in a way it was. But in a way it wasn't.

The picture got rolling and spare time for sightseeing was short, but I did have to make appearances at a number of affairs—as a visitor is expected to do. That's when the trouble started. A splendid Mexican gentleman who works on a film paper down there handled our publicity and he asked me if I would make an appearance on the Mexican national radio network and just say hello. Because hello was just about all I could say in Spanish I agreed. I showed up at the station and was ushered before a microphone. I turned around for a minute to take a peek into the control booth and when I looked back a large blonde in a black dress was at my side.

Now I like to look at a large blonde in a black dress as well as the next man, so naturally I grinned like a small boy who had just found his lost live frog. The girl took me by the hand and led me to the microphone and the audience applauded uproariously. Some of it was for me, but a lot of it was for her, and properly so. She spoke into the mike and because I heard her mention my name I bowed politely and muttered: "Si, gracias, amigo, buenas dias. . . ." and a couple of other

words I had learned for the occasion. I was received like a noted linguist.

After the program was over, photographers came by and took a lot of pictures, in some of which the blonde woman was standing by my side. Everything was just fine—until the next morning. Someone showed me the papers and it seemed to me that the editors had cut all the other people in the pictures out, leaving just me and the blonde in the shots. I was disturbed for a moment, but then I thought, "Oh, well what's the difference. It's all for the good of the picture. Maybe my wife will understand."

I didn't see this blonde lady for several days. The next time was at the race track. Diana Lynn and I were making some shots out there and we were standing around waiting for the director to say, "Action!" when a little man ran up in front of me with a camera and flashed off a bulb in my face. At the same moment I felt a clutching hand on my arm and I looked around and there she was, looking at me with eyes filled with tenderness. I was beginning to get sore. I called over the publicity man and asked what was going on. He took me and the blonde aside and explained things.

THIS lady, it seems, was one of the big movie stars of Mexico. She was a European, but she spoke Spanish fluently, had made many Mexican pictures and had become very popular. "That is all very well," I told the publicity man, "but I don't like the expression she gets on her face whenever there is a camera around. I am a married man with a family. If this lady (whose name I will not mention out of a sense of chivalry) has this tremendous urge to have her picture taken with me, let's see that she doesn't look that way and let's have a few people around so it won't look like I'm raising

old Ned with some siren while I'm away from home. How about that?"

The publicity man was receptive and the blonde appeared not the least bit upset, so with some admonition, like, "Let's watch ourselves around here in the future," I went back to my work.

Life was uneventful for a superb 24 hours. This time it happened at a television station. Dolores Del Rio was making her debut as a TV producer and when I was asked I was delighted to make an appearance at the station. I walked in and guess who popped up, grabbed hold of my arm and swung into a beautiful flow of Spanish. She might have been telling the people around that I was a former axe murderer for all I knew, so all I could do was stand there and grin and mutter: "Si, amigo, gracias, buenos dias. . . ." Apparently, though, she said something nice, because everyone applauded like mad and the photographers ran up and began snapping pictures. I got out of there as fast as I could. And you should have seen the papers the next morning. The pictures were played up big, and my name and the name of the lady were sprinkled all through the copy. I went right out and bought a Spanish-American dictionary.

They got me again at the bull fights. You can horse around in a lot of places in Mexico, but not in the bull ring. The seats are reserved and numbered and a group from the picture company took a block together. I was no sooner seated than I heard a lot of applause, so I looked down into the ring to see what was happening. I was looking in the wrong place, because out of the corner of my eye I saw this blonde skidding along toward me, followed by her cameramen. I looked for a way out, but there wasn't any—and I knew about creating a ruckus, so I just smiled while she sat, and I wished the sun would

June Haver

starring in 20th Century-Fox's

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go down, so I could get under the bench. But they had flash bulbs—and the only consolation I had was that some of the photographers got some great shots of the top of my head.

The next day at the studio I insisted that the American press agent, employed by the studio, take a hand and see if he couldn't stop this situation from getting any more romantic. He was very appreciative of my problem and promised to think of something.

One of the biggest events of the year in Mexico City is the annual film festival. A lot of American stars come to Mexico and the players of each country put on a big show for the press and public. Naturally, I had to go, no matter how much I craved solitude at the moment. But as soon as I stepped into the auditorium, I grabbed an official and I said if I was obliged to do any talking with *anyone* it was all going to have to be in English. He tried to point out to me that very few Mexicans would understand me, but by that time I was only concerned with *me* understanding what was going on. While I was talking to him he kept backing me up and the next thing I knew I was on the stage looking at about 5,000 people.

THERE was nothing to do, of course, except bow and walk over to the center of the stage where, so help me Harry, Blondie stood alone as big as ever. Except that by this time she was beginning to look like Bela Lugosi to me. I was trapped, but determined. "Look here, madam," I scowled at her quietly, "I've got to know what you're saying this time, so I can answer intelligently." She grabbed me by the arm and squeezed and whispered to me. "I am going to tell them how much you love Mexico. Mexican films and the Mexican people," she said. "And all you have to say is 'Mucho, mucho,' and they'll understand."

"Well, watch it," I said. "And stick to the subject."

She waited for quiet and rattled off a long string of Spanish, then she looked coyly at me.

"Mucho, mucho," I said.

You'd have thought I'd just given them Texas the way those people cheered. Things are getting a little better I thought. Once again this spellbinder got going with the language then gave me a little hug.

"Mucho, mucho," I said, not quite so eagerly.

This time you'd have thought I'd abolished taxes. The folks just went plain nuts—and Blondie reached up and gave me a little squeeze. I stopped saying, "Mucho," right then. And I'm not ashamed to admit that I discovered I have a streak of cowardice. I slid over to one side and made a fast exit.

That night, with the lights out and the moon shining in the open window I lay in bed and swore an oath that never, never as long as I lived would I stand beside that woman again, or stay in the same room with her. And I never did. But it didn't help a bit. I didn't have to read Spanish the next morning to know what was in the papers. "Our beautiful Mexican actress confesses she might be in love with Glenn Ford!" they said, or words to that effect. "And," cried another headline, "Glenn Ford, when asked by our beautiful Mexican film star if he could love her, shouted 'Mucho, mucho.' What a beautiful pair they are. What a couple of romantic lovers!"

"What a crock of sauerkraut!" I was howling at the press agent ten minutes later. "What are they doing to me? Can't somebody tell them I am a happily married man? How can this happen? Do something!"

A man came in and said that my "Friend" was on the telephone. "You tell her," I said, "that I wouldn't talk to her if she was afire and I knew where the only fire hose in Mexico was."

"We seem to have a serious situation here," said the press agent.

"What do you think I've been trying to tell you?" I said. "If this keeps up I'll be living in a hotel when I get home. Do something about it."

"It appears," he said thoughtfully, "that this actress has just about the hottest-shot press agent in the western hemisphere. And she's using you to get space."

"Okay," I said. "Hire her press agent away. Have him arrested. Get her space with somebody else. Find her a nice local fellow with no family. Get Bogart down here and have the lot of them rubbed out. But move fast, I feel a hot breath on my neck."

**Feminine charm is like garlic—
heavenly if not overdone.**

Ava Gardner

The hot breath was all over me the next edition. Apparently upset because I wouldn't accept her phone calls, the lady had given an interview to the papers—which they ran under the usual headlines—stating that she was not so sure now she was in love with me. Good! I thought. But down further I saw my name again and had it translated. "Why?" the newspaper asked, "does not Glenn Ford speak his feelings for our beloved film star? Is he not a man? Is he going to allow our lady to pine because of his ungallant manners. He is surely no gentleman if this is so."

By this time I was surely no gentleman for sure. I was happy to tell anybody who would listen to me just exactly what my feelings for the lady were. But it never got in the papers. The next day all of the Mexico City papers were at me. They almost made me hate myself. "Is this American movie star to be allowed to publicly insult by his silence the flower of our country? Is he to be permitted to break the heart of the loveliest lady in our land. No! Stern action must be taken to halt this. Such a man is not fit to be in our city." And in another paper: "Miss _____, in an exclusive interview with this reporter, stated that she could not understand what had happened between her and Glenn Ford, but she was coming to the end of her patience. She is not at all sure now that she would forgive him if he came crawling to her on his knees. What a shameful situation," it continued. "Who is this man who was welcomed here as a guest and who has made a fool of our sweet lady? Who, in truth, has ever heard of him?"

"Everybody has now heard of me," I roared at the press agent a little later. "Would to God nobody in this corner of the world had, though. When are you going to do something?"

"It seems," he said quietly, "that the young lady has a lot of cousins who are very influential with the press."

"That is the silliest thing anybody ever said," I yelled. "This girl apparently *owns* the press."

The press agent was trying to stuff a newspaper up the back of his coat while we talked.

"What are you doing there?" I asked. "Nothing," he said. "It's just an old newspaper I'm saving."

"That's a funny place to save a newspaper," I said. "Let me see it."

"Later," he said. "You're a little upset right now."

"I've been upset ever since I got here," I bellowed. "Let me have that paper."

He handed it over. I saw a cartoon, depicting the lovely flower of Latin-American films. I got out my little dictionary, but I really didn't need it. "Who needs a Ford," the caption read, "I have a Cadillac."

"That does it," I said. "Get me writers, lawyers, police. This is the last straw. We're going to give a statement to the press and they're going to print it if I have to go to the President and the American Ambassador."

Finally, at long last, I got a word in the papers. It was difficult to know what to say, because I was a stranger in a foreign country, and I had made many friends, and had developed a good deal of respect for the Mexican people. But I remembered that the lady was not a Mexican, but a European, and I was so fed up with being misunderstood that what I said had to be to the point. Because I was innocent of any complicity in this "romance" I felt I did not have to be polite beyond ordinary dignity, so here is what appeared in the papers the next day:

"When questioned concerning statements made by Miss _____, Mr. Ford stated he had not read in full translation the articles in question. 'However,' Mr. Ford said, 'I have received such magnificent and wonderful hospitality from my co-workers and friends in Mexico, I feel that if Miss _____'s statements are helping her career as an aspiring actress, then I am glad to be of assistance. When she does achieve the full success she is seeking, she will probably adopt more dignified methods of achieving publicity.'"

If that sounds rough, it is exactly what I intended it to be. I wanted an end to the matter, and no future speculations as to my relationship with the lady. And I wanted the people of Mexico to know that I was aware the whole thing was a publicity stunt at my expense. That night I rested comfortably for the first time in weeks. Everything was fine, wrapped up and over with.

LAD, it was only the beginning. All the cousins went to work on me at once. The papers did, too. Someone told me the lady's boy friend was looking for me with a knife. A friend in the government wanted to deputize me, so I could carry a gun. Now, the company press agent decided to get into the act. He invited the lady to meet him at a restaurant and talk the whole thing over. They met—and those who were present say it was quite an occasion.

It seems the lady denied that most of the articles had appeared. The press agent said they had so. All of the papers for the past few weeks were ordered from the news offices and when they were brought the only place they could be spread out was on the bar. While the lady and the press agent began heatedly flipping through the pages and making and denying charges, the bartender began setting up drinks along the line, and in a couple of hours neither the lady nor my defender were feeling any pain.

A couple of days later I got on a plane and came home. When I looked at my house, and saw my wife and son standing in the doorway waiting for me, I wanted to get down on my knees and kiss my own driveway. Ellie had a twinkle in her eye and after I'd kissed her she started to say something. I held up a hand.

"There will be no baiting of Father," I said. "Father has had it. I have had a bad dream. I am now going up to bed and have a good one." And I did. And it was all in English.

What's new, indeed!

—GLENN FORD

for the
Queen
of the
Family

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Gift packed for
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In a clear plastic case

Such a lovely gift for
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divorce ahead?

(Continued from page 14) moving all the time.

"When we first arrived in Europe, we caught the Rome express to Italy. We had a villa ready for us outside of Rome in Albano. We hired an English tutor, Mr. Ticknor, for the boys, and he was wonderful. Greg was acting with Audrey Hepburn in *Roman Comedy*, and of course, all of us picked up a little Italian.

"When we moved up to France, we spoke a little French, and while learning new languages for Greg and me was very good, it only confused little Carey. He's just a little more than three, and after a while his language became such a mixture of different tongues that the only ones who could ever understand him were Greg and myself.

"EUROPE is a very wonderful continent and all of that, but a winter in France can be pretty wet, and when I thought of what we had waiting for us back in California, the sunshine and the house we'd had re-furnished—well, I just decided that it would be best for everyone if I came back with the boys.

"Greg has a restless nature, and I felt it would be good for him, too, if he didn't have to worry about us. As soon as we were gone he went on a publicity trip for *Snows Of Kilimanjaro*. He was in Stockholm, Copenhagen, Oslo, and Helsinki. I have dozens of relatives in Finland, and they gave him a tremendous welcome. He called us up on the phone and told us all about it. And another thing, he leaves soon for India. He's making a picture for Arthur Rank. I think it's called *The Purple Plains*.

"It sounds very romantic, but how would it be dragging three small boys to India for a couple of months, enrolling them in school, getting everything set up and then just when you've got your household organized, start packing and return to France?

"That's what I was faced with. Greg wanted us to remain with him. No matter what anyone tells you, he is a very strong family man—after all when he was making *Captain Horatio Hornblower* a few years ago, didn't he insist upon bringing the whole family over to London, even Carey and the nurse? But really, it wouldn't have been fair to the boys. That's why we're back in California.

"About Greg and that model Julianne—that's no big secret. I've met the girl. She's a very lovely person. I believe Gladys and Eduard de Segonzac—he's the Paramount publicity man in Paris and his wife is a designer—were the people who first introduced her to us.

"So Greg has taken her out to dinner once or twice, and she has shown him around Paris—that's no great crime. I have never expected Greg to live the life of a hermit.

"When he's away he's entitled to a little companionship. There is nothing wrong in that, nothing in going out with two or three couples or having a dinner partner.

"What is wrong and really unpleasant are those wild stories which spring up from these things. But honestly I'm used to them. The first time—it wasn't long after we were married—two years or so. I was pregnant with Jonathan, and I think Greg had gone to New York for some exploitation or something, and the stories began to come back. He was dining with so and so, or such a girl. I was very young, I believed everything I read, and really, it made me sick. I believed all that divorce talk until I found out it was something the newspapers had just made up.

"It is really a funny world. Greg can be doing *David And Bathsheba* or any other picture in Hollywood, and he'll be having lunch with an actress, and no one will think anything of it, but let him sit down at a café in Paris and take lunch with a girl, and right away, it's a big romance, and we are getting a divorce.

"I'll tell you again and then we won't talk about it any more. Greg and I are not separated. There will be no divorce. We are on the best of terms, and if you don't believe it, you can talk to him at the Hotel Lancaster in Paris."

At the Hotel Lancaster on the Rue Berri, a hotel which Katherine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy introduced to the Hollywood colony about six years ago, Greg Peck blew his top when he was asked if he contemplated dropping Greta in favor of some younger woman.

"How in heaven's name do these things start?" he exploded. "I'm not separated. I'm not getting a divorce, and I'm very happily married. Right now I'm between

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headlines
modern screen's
exciting june issue
dedicated to
hollywood youth.
on sale
may 8

pictures, but I'm scheduled to leave for India around April 1st. Then I'm going to do one called *Assignment In Stockholm* and probably another comedy that Willie Wyler has in mind. After that I'll probably go home.

"Greta and I had a great time and I wanted her to stay, wanted her to stay very much, but she's a wonderful mother—she's always thinking of the boys—and she figured they would be better off in California."

Gregory and Greta Peck are both honorable people, and under the circumstances their protestations are understandable and of course, completely believable. But where there is so much smoke there is usually a little fire, and in this particular case it has been said of tall, dark, gangling Gregory that he is suffering from a disease common to many husbands and known as The Roving Eye.

In Europe the story persists that Greg's roving eye has settled on a beautiful, 21-year-old half-French, half-Russian journalist named Veronica Pasanie.

According to this story which has been hushed about every European capital, Greg

was introduced to Veronica last Summer in a café outside Rome by Papashou, the French chanteuse and night club entertainer.

At the time Veronica, according to friends, was representing a French evening newspaper, the *Paris Presse*. These same friends say that it was love at first sight for the young girl, that she became infatuated with Peck, stayed on in Rome to be near him, and later followed him to Paris after he had finished *Roman Comedy*.

Allegedly, Mrs. Peck knew nothing about this infatuation. She took little side trips with Greg to Saint Moritz where they indulged in winter sports. Last September she came to Paris, registered at the Elysée Park Hotel, made arrangements to register her sons at the American School in Paris.

Newspaper reporters in Paris say that two weeks before she returned to the U. S., Greta Peck found out about Veronica. Supposedly she and Greg had one of those heart-to-heart talks which culminated in a verbal battle royal.

Greta Peck insists this is nonsense, but the gossip in Europe is that Greg continues to see an awful lot of Veronica who was 21 on February 10th.

In some quarters there is talk that the onetime *journaliste* for the *Paris Presse* may even follow Peck to Stockholm, Morocco, and India.

It is possible, of course, that the friendship between Veronica and Greg is nothing more than a platonic relationship, that Greg is flattered by the hero-worship of a young, intelligent, and avidly admiring female, that she has somehow touched his vanity.

Certainly they are never seen together at night clubs, cafés, and restaurants, but still they have seen a good deal of each other in quiet, out-of-the-way places.

Not that anything too serious will develop out of this affinity. A year or so ago, a notorious blonde who worked for a short while at several studios and was later involved in one of the most highly-publicized marriages in Hollywood history, gave Peck a bad time of it.

She made a strong play for the boy from La Jolla, but Peck refused to succumb to her not inconsiderable charms, and this was an admirable demonstration of self-control on his part, and good luck, too—for a few months later, this predatory temptress hooked a well-known actor who divorced her when he somehow managed to come upon a rather sensational photograph.

In all probability Peck's friendship with the Pasanie girl will dissolve as harmlessly, for Greg is one actor who will never have his children suffer the agony of a broken home.

He is the product of such a home himself—his parents were divorced before he was ten—and he was passed around to various relatives, and he knows that such an existence makes for an unhappy, insecure childhood.

As a matter of fact, it has been suggested many times that a contributory reason behind Greg's falling in love with Greta Konen, the girl he married, was her secure family life.

Greta came to the U. S. with her large Finnish family when she was 12. The family eventually settled in Jersey City, and after Greta left New York University, she got a job as hairdresser for Katherine Cornell.

In 1939 Miss Cornell's husband, Producer Guthrie McClintic, signed Gregory Peck, an ex-Radio City guide, for a last-act bit in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, a play his famous wife was taking out on the road; and it was during the course of this tour that

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Here are three more winners in Wildroot's nationwide Model Hunt! They all have something wonderful in common—radiant, shining hair they keep beautiful with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. How about *your* hair? Would it make you eligible for Wildroot's Model Hunt? Take a tip from these girls (none are professional models). Start using Lady Wildroot Shampoo with Lanolin today. Watch how the soapless suds froth up instantly! See the sparkle, shining highlights, the smooth softness come out in *your* hair! You'll be a Wildroot girl, too—once you've used this sudsy, sweet-smelling shampoo!



Wildroot Gleam Girl, Joan Thacker of Riverside, Illinois says: "Lady Wildroot leaves my hair so easy to manage—even right after a shampoo. I love its quick suds—and the way they rinse away without leaving dull film."

Wildroot Gleam Girl, Jane Lynn Hutton of Metuchen, New Jersey says: "Mommy always washes my hair with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. She says it's gentle—but really gets hair clean and shiny."



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Send a snapshot or photo (not larger than 8x10 inches) showing your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture. If your photo is chosen, Wildroot will pay you \$100 and your portrait may be painted by a famous artist and used in a Wildroot ad. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director, whose decisions are final. No photos returned. Offer good 60 days from the appearance of this magazine only. Send in your photo today.

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Greg first met the tiny, attractive, wide-faced Greta. When the tour was over, she took him to meet her family in Jersey City, and from that point on, it was love all the way.

They were married in 1942, and the marriage brought Peck great luck. McClintic gave him a part on Broadway in Emlyn Williams' play, *The Morning Star*, and while the play flopped, Greg got good notices and was seen by Hollywood producer Casey Robinson.

Brought out to Hollywood by agent Leland Hayward, he was shy, uncertain, not too sure of his acting ability, but this was during World War II when Hollywood was practically manless and since he was draft-proof—he had hurt his spine while rowing on the crew at the University of California—Peck was sought by every studio in town.

For a very little money he was soon split up between David O. Selznick, MGM, and 20th Century-Fox. Hayward turned him over to an assistant, an affable Australian named Roy Myer, and each Friday, Myer would pick up Peck's weekly check of \$1500.

Fortunately for Greg he was never cast in a series of B pictures, the fate most apprentice actors must endure. All of his pictures were top budget jobs. *Keys Of The Kingdom* cost \$3,000,000. *The Yearling*, *The Macomber Affair*, *Spellbound*, *Duel In The Sun*, *Gentlemen's Agreement*; all of these were budgeted at \$1,500,000 and over, and all were major productions; so that Peck was never type-cast and was always given a big buildup.

In all fairness to him, it must be said that success never went to his head. At 36, he is still one of the most unassuming of all Hollywood stars. Before he left for Europe, he liked nothing better than to spend his spare time at home with Greta and the three boys or to take family trips. Other than for the aforementioned blonde, gossip never touched him.

He dislikes night-clubbing and the high-pressure social life, but likes to spend money now that he gets upward of \$100,000 a picture. His wife is on the thrifty side.

Taxes being what they are, he doesn't get to keep too much of what he earns, which is one reason why he decided last spring to make films outside of the U. S. (Citizens who work outside of the U. S. for 18 months don't have to pay any Federal income tax).

When the Pecks arrived in Rome last May, the first thing they did was to leave their boys at the hotel and take a moonlight ride to the Colosseum and the other famous Italian ruins. This is a pretty romantic way to spend a first night in Italy, and it shows that after ten years of marriage, Gregory and Greta can still light the spark.

HAVING been in show business herself, Greta Peck realizes that actors, particularly handsome leading men, are constantly beset by temptation in the form of designing females.

She knows that many women have figuratively thrown themselves at her husband's feet, but she is a sensible woman with calm Scandinavian blood in her veins—"I don't get alarmed very quickly"—and she has boundless faith in her husband's moral character.

When asked about Greg and the various "divorce" and "separation" stories emanating from Europe, Mrs. Peck holds her head high and says in words that come from the heart, "Greg is a good man. He would never do anything to hurt his family."

Whether that statement is fact or merely wishful thinking the next six months will tell.

END

between two women

(Continued from page 36) promise of his sensational motion picture career, and he said quickly, "You're right, Debbie, let's keep it the way it is."

"You mean just hold Saturday nights for you?" Debbie's voice camouflaged her disappointment.

"Only if you want to," R.J. said. "If you're too tired, or you want to date someone else—I mean, you do whatever you want to."

Debbie reverted to type. "You bet I will. And you do whatever you want to, R.J." And with that, she slipped out of the car and whisked into the house.

THE following day columnists announced that Debbie Reynolds had struck the name of Robert J. Wagner, Jr., the brightest young actor on the 20th Century-Fox lot, from her list of eligible beaux.

Some of the rumor-spreaders said Debbie had tired of waiting for R.J. to make his move. She had been going more or less steadily with Bob for two years, and while all the newspapers had described them as engaged, the boy who, figuratively speaking, had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, had never even come up with a ring or a declaration of his intentions.

They suggested that perhaps Debbie in her carefully careless feminine way, had tried to force the play and, in trying, had struck out. R.J. had not even been maneuvered into a statement of his affections. He wanted freedom to play the field, to date Melinda Markey, Babs Darrow, Susan Zanuck, and he was willing to accord Debbie the same leeway with the opposite sex. No entanglements of the heart for this rapidly-rising star.

When Debbie was asked if she'd quarreled with her handsome heart throb on these grounds, all she would say was, "Don't be silly. R.J.'s got to find himself. I know about boys all right."

Other columnists insisted that Debbie and R.J. had called it quits for a very simple reason. Wagner had become infatuated with Barbara Stanwyck, whose son he was playing in *Titanic*.

In fact, Bob and Barbara were raked over the coals by the press, R.J. being depicted as a sensuous Lothario who dated the 45-year-old Barbara on one night and reverted to the 20-year-old Debbie on another, while Stanwyck, it was implied, had begun in the summer of her life to cultivate the art of robbing the cradle.

The truth of the Stanwyck-Wagner-Reynolds triangle is simple. The truth usually is. Here are two women and one young man whose friendships have been publicized as love affairs, so that under the present set of circumstances, it is considered prudent for Bob to go out with Debbie, but not too prudent to be seen in public alone with Stanwyck.

BARBARA Stanwyck or "Missy" as she's called on every lot in town, is one of the sweetest, kindest, most helpful actresses in the movie colony.

As you probably know, she never wanted to give up her second husband, Robert Taylor. She loved him very much and probably still does. It was he who wanted the divorce, and because Barbara is the type of understanding and compassionate woman she is, she consented without quarrels, fights, or long, involved legal hassles.

With Taylor gone, Barbara was lonely and unhappy, and for such a state of depression she knows only one anodyne: work, work, and more work. She took practically every picture offered to her,

and during the course of these films met several young actors: Jean Pierre Aumont, Ralph Meeker, and of course, Bob Wagner.

"With every one of these," she good-naturedly recalls, "it was the same thing. As soon as some reporter saw us talking together, right away it was a big romance. Take this thing with R.J. One evening Clifton Webb, R.J., and myself, all three of us, went to dinner at Romanoff's. No one mentioned that Clifton was along. Oh no! That would've spoiled a good item. The columnists merely wrote that Wagner and Stanwyck had been seen dining together. They made a real cozy thing out of it."

"I've been out here a long time. I know the ways and wiles of publicity, and I don't care what they say about me. But it certainly is unfair to R.J. He's a fine boy and an ambitious actor. It was great fun working with him, and we might've become good friends. But under the cir-

I never knew what happiness was until I married. Then, of course, it was too late.

Irwin Corey

cumstances it's impossible. You become self-conscious and embarrassed about a little thing like dinner in a restaurant. You know it will be blown up to ridiculous lengths so you stop going out."

"Last year several newspapers in Paris insisted that I was phoning Jean Pierre overseas every single night. It wasn't true, but they were determined to have us involved in a romance so they conjured one up via transatlantic telephone."

"With Ralph Meeker it was the same story. We went out a few times. Of course, it couldn't be friendship. It had to be a big thing. Well, it wasn't."

BOB Wagner feels miserable about the Stanwyck affair. "They've spoiled," he says of the newspapers, "what could have been one of the finest friendships in my whole life. There was never anything between us that wasn't strictly professional. I hung around her dressing room while we were making *Titanic* because she was gracious enough to give me a few tips about some lines, a few suggestions how to play a certain scene. What's wrong with that?"

"To me Barbara Stanwyck has always been one of the really great actresses in this town. She knows more about the business than I'll ever know. I'm really indebted to her for her advice. She was wonderful to me in the scenes we played together. She could have stolen every single one of them, but she gave me all the breaks."

"How anyone could think there was a romance or anything like that between us—well, it's beyond me. I admit that I liked to be with her. What man wouldn't like to be with Barbara Stanwyck? I feel it's an honor to have played in a picture with her. But this stuff about my breaking up with Debbie because I once had dinner with Clifton Webb and Barbara, or because Miss Stanwyck and I once had a drink together, that's not on the level. I've always thought the world of Debbie Reynolds, but we were never engaged, and I don't know who started the story that we were. Debbie's a wonderful girl, and we never called it quits. I still see her on the same basis I've always seen her. Debbie has no intention of getting married for years. That goes for me, too. How in the world can I think of marriage with the Service hanging over my head?"

"Honestly, all you have to do in this town is go out a couple of times and you can get yourself so mixed up you don't

know whether you're coming or going."

What got R.J. "involved" with Barbara Stanwyck insofar as the Press is concerned, was a tip that these two used to meet nightly at a little restaurant in Beverly Hills called the Hob Nob.

Actually Stanwyck and Wagner were seen in that particular eating place only once. They'd had a hard day on the set and R.J. had offered to drive Barbara home, and en route, he'd suggested that they stop off for a drink.

Barbara had agreed, so they parked the car, walked into the Hob Nob, had a fast one, and then pulled out. Someone tipped off the columnists, and that's what started the gossip.

Whether Bob and Barbara will ever get together again socially no one at this point knows. Certainly they will have a third or fourth party along if they go out in public, because both are extremely sensitive to public opinion. Before she left for Mexico where she's starring opposite Gary Cooper in *Blowing Wild*, Barbara said, "I think R.J. is a very nice young man, and I'd like to work with him again. As for seeing him, well, you know what can happen. One cup of coffee together and the rumors start all over again. It's just too embarrassing."

LIKE other actresses of her age and position, "Missy" finds herself in a tough spot. It is almost impossible in Hollywood to find an eligible, unmarried man in the 45-to-50 age bracket. Stanwyck, on occasion, therefore goes out with younger men. As soon as she does, the reporters make an item of the date and the friendship goes up like a cloud of smoke.

Debbie Reynolds, of course, has no such trouble. At 20, she has more men than she can handle, but the one she dotes on is her six-foot, sandy-haired "R.J." the prototype of the all-American boy.

Although Debbie and Wagner both insist that absolutely nothing has occurred to change the status of their friendship, there are tell-tale signs that this isn't particularly true. The temperature of their relationship has reduced itself from hot to luke warm. The freshness of it, the primary spontaneity has dwindled, and they are now more obsessed with their careers than with each other. Both kids are determined to get to the top and stay there, and they're not going to let a little thing like affection interfere with their long-term plans.

They still care for each other a great deal, but they're probably more in love with success than with each other. No longer are they an inseparable duo. When it comes to previews and awards dinners, Debbie goes with Tab Hunter, Hugh O'Brian, John Anderson, Bob Travers, any of a dozen boyfriends.

It was Debbie, however, who arranged with R.J.'s mother for a surprise party on his 23rd birthday, and the two kids still talk to each other on the phone three or four times a week. But the promise and potential of their courtship has dwindled considerably since their careers have shifted into high, and Wagner has been mentioned in connection with Barbara Stanwyck.

Debbie first met Bob Wagner almost three years ago through the auspices of Camille Williams, a girlfriend who had a job in the chorus line at Fox. Debbie was just breaking in at Metro—she had been bounced by Warners after working her way up from \$60 to \$100 a week—and when she dropped by 20th one afternoon, Camille introduced the young Mr. Wagner.

Wagner took it from there. This boy who seems so shy and naive is in reality a very smooth operator but in a cultured, well-bred, impeccable way. He began



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taking Debbie out every Saturday night, usually to a show or the bowling alley in Glendale, and the next thing anyone knew, these kids were posing regularly for the fan magazine photographers, doing all sorts of layouts; and everyone was sure they were engaged or had entered some mutual understanding.

The crass truth is that they both knew they were good for each other, not only personally but publicity-wise, and while love was undoubtedly involved in their relationship, it was relegated to a subsidiary role. For other than the motion picture business and their mutual affection, they have little in common. Their backgrounds, for example, are completely different.

WAGNER is a rich man's son. His father is a steel company executive who's always earned a five-figure income. As a boy R.J. was sent to private school and educated with all the well-to-do trimmings. His folks own homes in Bel-Air and La Jolla. He's mingled with the country club set all his life. He knows what it is to buy and wreck a couple of sports cars, and he first broke into the movie game because his father happens to be a friend of Wild Bill Wellman, the ace director, and his father asked Wellman to get the boy a job.

Debbie on the other hand, comes from middle class stock. She was born in El Paso, Texas, on April 1st, 1932, and christened Mary Frances Reynolds. Her father was a carpenter for the Southern Pacific Railroad, and when Debbie was eight, the old man was transferred to Los Angeles where he rented a house for the family down near the tracks. The environment was so miserable, however, that the Reynolds entourage took a place out at Burbank, home of the Warner Bros. studio, and it was in this community that Debbie was raised.

Unlike Bob Wagner who has rented a bachelor apartment next door to Dan Dailey, Debbie still lives at home, chews gum violently, is vociferously enthusiastic about everything she does. Although she has made trips to New York, Washington, Korea, Japan, and Mexico, she has yet to adopt the jaded attitude of the worldly sophisticate.

A few years ago when she was asked how she felt about boys, she said, "They're fine if they don't take you for granted. What I don't like is one of those sharpies—you know, you give him a date and right away he says, 'How about driving up and catching a little breeze at Mulholland.' (Mulholland is a highway in the Hollywood hills frequently used as a lovers lane.) When they say that to me, I say, 'That's all, brother. Let me out of this buggy.' I just don't like to be taken for granted."

IN that last sentence may well lie the clue to Debbie's new relationship with Bob Wagner.

"Debbie insists she isn't teed off at R.J.," one of her friends explains, "but I think she is, in her own nice, sweet way, of course. For years she's been saving Saturday nights for him. Instead of asking for more than Saturday nights, he began to ask for less, and the papers began running all those items about him and Stanwyck. I think that hurt Debbie's vanity. She didn't want to be one of many, just a sometimes girlfriend. She wanted to be the girlfriend. I think she was hoping for R.J. to make things more definite. When he didn't, I don't think her heart was broken, anything like that. She merely saw no point in being known as his girl without being it. Lots of times that happens to a girl. She gets coupled with one particular fellow, and all the other guys

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are afraid to ask for a date. Debbie didn't want that to happen to her, and that's why she sort of decided to let R.J. go his way and she'd go hers. Not that they still aren't friends. They are, but from here on in, R.J. can't take Debbie for granted, either for Saturday-night dates or other dates. He's got to call just like any other fellow."

Debbie's mother says, "I want you to know that we all think the world of R.J. He is one of the kindest, most well-bred young gentlemen Debbie has ever known here, and she's gone out with quite a few."

"Insofar as I know he and Debbie are both still pals, maybe not as close as they used to be, but let's face it, time occasionally dulls the attraction. I don't think they were ever sweethearts—just good friends. Debbie has always said that she would never think of getting married until she was 23 or 24, and while secretly she may have looked upon R.J. as a potential husband, she certainly never said anything about it out loud. None of us believe any of that ridiculous stuff about R.J. and Barbara Stanwyck. Miss Stanwyck is a lovely person, whom R. J. much admires."

A dissenting opinion is offered by an actor on the Fox lot who's known Wagner since he played a small part eight pictures ago in *The Halls Of Montezuma*.

"My own personal opinion," this actor states, "is that young Wagner is in love with two women at the same time, Missy and Debbie, only he won't admit it; not even to himself. I think he's nuts about Debbie because she's young, bright, pretty, talented; she's got lots on the ball and probably the best sense of humor of any young actress on the town. She speaks his language."

"With Stanwyck it's different. He's probably infatuated with Missy, but that doesn't make it any less real. And I don't blame him one bit. Stanwyck is probably the nicest dame in this town. You'll never hear her cutting another actress to ribbons. She's a mature professional who has humility and understanding, and of course, great beauty and achievement. All those qualities are very attractive to an intelligent and ambitious kid like R.J."

"While they were making *Titanic* he hung around her dressing room pretty nearly all the time. He listened avidly to

everything she had to say. He has great respect for her, and somewhere along the line he probably added love to respect. There's nothing particularly unusual about the setup. Students fall in love with teachers every day in the week. They call such affairs puppy love."

"Stanwyck is too smart to let this kid go off his rocker, and R.J. himself is a very well-balanced youngster, but I don't believe we've heard or seen the last of this relationship. I'm sure that R.J. numbers Missy among his very good friends and that when she returns from Mexico, he'll be around calling."

"As for Debbie Reynolds, she and R.J. still continue to see each other but not on any semi-exclusive basis. Debbie is smart enough to realize that every young guy must sow his own share of wild oats. When and if R.J. is ever finished sowing, she'll probably hook him if she wants him. That little doll is one of the smartest, most sensible chicks this crazy town has ever known."

END

(Debbie Reynolds can be seen in MGM's *I Love Melvin*.)

love and learn

(Continued from page 35) came, and loved it, too. So much so that the gatherings became a nightly affair. Marilyn is, without any argument, the hostess with the mostest, but she was working on *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* at the time, and long social sessions with Joe's close friends and relatives, whom she loves as much as he does, just didn't mix with six o'clock calls. So, like the generous, sensible girl she is, she moved out of the house to the Beverly Hills Hotel, and turned the place over to Joe. Of course she continued to be the central attraction at every party, but when she felt a yawn coming on, she trotted down the street to bed without breaking up the party.

The arrangement worked perfectly. It probably would still be going on if Joe had not decided to visit his family in San Francisco for a while. He saw no point in maintaining the house, so he gave it up. In the meantime Marilyn had found that she liked being free of the responsibilities of house-holding, and instead of moving in again, rented a large apartment after finishing *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

Those were the simple facts that worked into the first big story of the end of the blonde and the ball-player. The house was empty; Joe was in San Francisco; Marilyn had even moved from the hotel.

Many people would believe that all this change of scene was a waste of time, and that they just ought to pool their lives and residences and be done with it. But Marilyn and Joe are strictly not in the marry-in-haste set. They believe in being slow but sure about such lifetime things as matrimony.

SOME of their biggest headaches so far have arisen from the ashes of Joe's former marriage. Some time ago Joe's ex-wife, Dorothy Arnold, took him into court asking him to increase the sum allotted to the support of their child. The judge denied Mrs. DiMaggio's request in no uncertain terms. He even lauded Joe as a fine sportsman and a good father in open court. But such an experience before a judge's bench, even with the most favorable outcome, is chilling to a bridal atmosphere.

Although both Marilyn and Joe considered the denial of the appeal, and the high

praise a step closer to marriage, neither wanted to risk such a step under the cloud of court action.

Another major problem concerns Joe's beloved son, Joe, Jr. The boy and his father are extremely close, although the youngster is in complete custody of his mother. Such is the custom of the California divorce law. Joe is deeply attached to his son, and has made every effort to be with him when the boy isn't at Black Fox Military Academy, where he is a boarding student. The law has granted Joe "reasonable visitations," as it does all fathers. Unhappily these precious moments have often proved embarrassing to Joe DiMaggio and his son. And to Marilyn Monroe, too.

For instance, last year Joe's former wife publicly objected to Joe Junior going swimming at the Bel-Air hotel with his father and Marilyn. As a result, when Joe had his boy with him on weekend visits this spring, they spent the entire time alone, without Marilyn present. Gossip-mongers, seeing the ex-Yankee treating his son to supper at the beach, and keeping it strictly stag, buzzed around town spreading a rash of rumors that Joe and Marilyn had split.

It is only the Hollywood cynics who take such surface rumors to heart, who believe that they verify the predictions that they are drifting apart. Those close to them believe that such rumors have strengthened their determination to marry; that they are closer together than ever.

Marilyn herself has been heard to state, "We are in love and we will probably be married soon."

At this writing Joe has not slipped a ring on her finger, but all Hollywood expects him to become the most envied man in the world before too much time goes by. If he does, and if he has his way, Marilyn would quit pictures and live in San Francisco.

Who could blame this home-loving guy, who has retired from the spotlight himself, and wishes to live quietly despite being baseball's greatest living figure. There's a difference between stepping out of the center of the stage voluntarily, and being pushed away from it. From the moment Joe DiMaggio takes his vows, as all Hollywood knows, he will become known as Marilyn Monroe's husband.

Marrying Marilyn Monroe, though, is only the beginning of the battle. There is living with her, being consort to the most

exciting movie star of our time. This will not be easy at all. In the first place the demands on Marilyn Monroe's time are many and terribly important. For the next five years or so she will be making one picture after another, almost as rapidly as they can be turned out. She will have to be on call at all hours, inconvenient hours like for dinner and Sundays for publicity, making still photos and giving interviews to help sell the pictures. It won't be her husband who will tell her what to wear and who to be nice to, either. The studio people will do that.

Living with Marilyn Monroe will be like living in a goldfish bowl for sure. There can be no part of her life that will be completely private, and free of the demands made by the film salesmen. As a single girl she has had her apartment photographed a good many times, but, as a married woman, and homemaker, the requests for "home" stories and layouts will increase tremendously. And in the "home" stories there will be a need for Joe—and he won't care for that. One Hollywood man, married to a big star, once groaned upon entering his house for dinner and spotting a photographer in the living room: "I'm so tired of having my picture taken every night!" It can be a trial.

AND how will the fans take to Marilyn Monroe's husband? It is generally conceded that most of Marilyn's fans care for the physical side of her, and will continue to do so if she is married or not. They must, then, bear a little resentment toward the man she lives with—and will just tag him as a guy who is very lucky and who should keep his place. Joe DiMaggio will find this attitude a bit trying, too. He is not only a celebrity in his own right, but a rugged he-man. As a matter of fact, it is a pretty well-known secret around Hollywood that Joe is all for having Marilyn quit entirely. He has little sympathy with the movie-makers who need her in their business.

The problems confronting Marilyn Monroe's husband will fall atop Joe DiMaggio shortly after he returns from his honeymoon. Joe is not the apartment-dwelling type. He is a big man, with the outdoors in his blood, and he'll need room to move around in. A house is the only thing, and if there is any acreage (which there must be) there will have to be a swimming pool. Swimming (Continued on page 73)



Here, at Miami Beach, ready for a dip in the inviting pool of the Sherry Frontenac Hotel, are two lovelies in left to right, Catalina's "Border Butterfly" and "Success Story." Catalina is the "Official Swim Suit of the Miss Universe Beauty Pageant" held at Long Beach, California, July 9th to 19th.



Shopping in the native marketplace at Chichicastenango, Guatemala, is a most exciting vacation experience. Completely unspoiled by any modern-day innovations, it carries on century-old traditions. Here, bargaining for hand-crafted souvenirs are vacationers wearing, left to right, Catalina's "Candy Denim" gingham shirt with matching pedal pushers and "Tennis Club" terry shirt with tennis trunks.

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Wherever socialites, playboys and playgirls and just plain tired business men follow the sun during the winter months, California fashions take the limelight... especially Catalina Swimwear and Playclothes. Here famed fashion photographer John Engstead, via a speedy Resort Airlines photographic tour, covers the fashion front in leading world playgrounds taking a preview peek at winter resort fashion trends now beginning to dominate the American fashion scene.

world playgrounds preview

NEW SWIM AND SUN FASHIONS

BELOW: One of the most luxurious ways to enjoy the soft waters of the Caribbean is at the Silver Sands Beach Club at Jamaica. Here, sipping coconut milk from a close-by tree, a visitor wears Catalina's "Shirtmaker," 17.95.





June Allyson in a Princess Junior multi-stripe cotton dress. About \$9—details of Princess Junior Summer dresses on next page.



Virginia Mayo puts her best foot forward in wedgies by Risqué. About \$11 details, page 71. Princess Junior dress about \$6.

Hollywood approves summertime fashions

■ News in fashion was certainly the pace of MODERN SCREEN's May fashion board meeting. Many, many Hollywood personalities attended the gala affair. Glamorous and beautiful stars Virginia Mayo, Leslie Caron, Jan Sterling, Mona Freeman, June Haver and dress designer Elois Jenssen accepted invitations to sit on the board of judges. James Mason, Rod Cameron, Charlton Heston and Michael O'Shea gallantly joined the ladies.

A buffet luncheon was served to the stars before the fashion show (see the favorite dresses and shoes on this and the following pages—the stores where you can buy them are listed on page 72). The guests and members of the board chatted gaily through luncheon of the old and new doings in Hollywood. The ladies came to the party looking as if they just stepped out of a fashion show themselves. Shortly after luncheon the show went on. The board members seated (Continued on page 71)



MODERN SCREEN'S movie star Fashion Board who voted Summer Fashion Awards, seated from left to right: Jan Sterling, Charlton Heston, June Haver, James Mason (M.S.'s party host), Leslie Caron, Rod Cameron, Virginia Mayo, Mona Freeman, Elois Jenssen and Michael O'Shea.



Page 69—June Allyson.
A Wrinkl-shed Dan River woven Madras combed cotton frock—pastel stripes on white—one pastel color accented in dickey. Self belt. 7 to 15. Pastel stripes on white, with either pink, blue or rose removable dickey. About \$9. By Princess Junior.



Page 69—Virginia Mayo.
A sun-back, halter-neck frock of cotton broadcloth or printed lawn with full skirt. 7 to 15. Broadcloth: gold, pink, blue or aqua. Lawn: navy, black, red or green. Contrast fringed sash belts. About \$6. By Princess Junior.



Models parade Princess Junior cotton dresses before the guest stars.



June Allyson, MGM star, wears a sleeveless dress of Wrinkl-shed Dan River woven combed checked cotton (washable). Contrast trim is of Soutache braid. Self fabric belt. 7 to 15. Blue, yellow, chartreuse or coral. About \$9. Also by Princess Junior. June will next be seen in MGM's *Battle Circus*.



Lovely Joan Caulfield, Screen and Television favorite, poses in an all-occasion Princess Junior Summer dress of washable embossed cotton. Basketweave collar, cuffs and pockets—jeweled buttons, patent belt. 7 to 15. Mauve, aqua, mint green or lilac. About \$6. By Princess Junior of New York.



All votes go for colorful, casual shoes to be worn with crispy cottons.

Hollywood approves summertime fashions continued

themselves at a special table, set up just for them and the guests took seats. James Mason, a most charming host, was voted chairman of the board.

Destined to play an important role in Summer wardrobes for all-occasion wear cool, crispy cottons won the unanimous vote of the Board. Stepping right into the limelight, casual shoes took first preference for all Summertime fashions. Virginia Mayo (page 69) wears Risqué's famous wedgie, *Reckless*, voted the top shoe of the show. Casual shoes to go with all sports clothes as well as gay evening wear were chosen by the board. Seven Test nylons were favorites of the fashion board for the MODERN SCREEN Summer Award—the stars received gifts of Seven Test hosiery beautifully packaged in silver plastic handbags. Seven Test is the exclusive hosiery sold at the many Grayson-Robinson stores—for the one nearest you see page 72.

MODERN SCREEN wishes to thank the following stars for participating in our show: Jan Sterling, next in Paramount's *Pony Express*; Charlton Heston, next in Paramount's *Pony Express*; June Haver, 20th's *The Girl Next Door*; James Mason, soon to be seen in MGM's *The Story Of Three Loves*, in Technicolor and 20th's *The Desert Rats*; Leslie Caron, MGM's *The Story Of Three Loves*, in Technicolor; Rod Cameron, next in Republic's *Ride The Man Down*; Virginia Mayo, currently in Warners' *She's Back On Broadway* in Warnercolor; Mona Freeman, RKO's *Angel Face*; Elois Jenssen, Academy Award designer; Michael O'Shea, currently appearing in 20th's *Bloodhounds Of Broadway*.

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love and learn

(Continued from page 67) pools attract guests like honey attracts bears. That means lots of people, many with legitimate things to talk about, to be sure, will be around the shack a good deal. Privacy goes out the window—and Joe DiMaggio likes privacy as much as he likes to breathe.

And there will be the expense. A star, once asked if it was expensive to keep his pool filled with water, said: "It isn't the water that's costly, it's the gin." If a guest is sitting around the edge of your pool on a hot day, he'll generally ask for a tall, cool one, if you don't suggest it first. Many stars spend as much as five hundred dollars a month for grog and potato chips to keep the loungers happy. Joe DiMaggio is a thrifty man, who, although he has done mighty well in sports, has never been used to the scale of living Hollywood is accustomed to. He is going to resent both the guests and the expense after he marries Marilyn Monroe and has to begin living like a movie star's husband.

Then there is going to be the matter of control. If, say, Joe would like to take a drive down to Coronado some week-end and Marilyn wants to go but says she can't because the studio told her to stand by, Joe is more than likely to blow his cork and tell his wife to tell the studio to drop dead. Who, he will ask himself, is the boss around here anyway?

Well, the studio is the boss. That is for sure. Joe won't like that.

It must be admitted that this is not the case with all movie stars. Many top-flight actresses can live a pretty normal life—normal for Hollywood, that is—because they are only required to show up for work at specified hours, do their bit and go on home until tomorrow. But that is not so with Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn is an exciting star, one as hot as frying butter, and in order for the studio she works for to take full advantage of her phenomenal popularity there must be a constant flow of publicity. Making movies is only part of Marilyn's work—no more than 50 percent at this time.

On a day off spent at home, if Joe DiMaggio isn't driven crazy by the cars driving by to see Marilyn's home or by the fans standing in front of the driveway for a look at their idol, he will be by the telephone calls. It will make him long for the quiet of a summer day in left field in the Yankee Stadium.

Joe DiMaggio may not be a completely anti-social man but he is quite eccentric about keeping out of the public eye. In all the time he has been courting Marilyn in Hollywood, he has not once attended a party with her, nor has he appeared at a night club or a famous restaurant. If there are more than three people in a gathering Marilyn is slated to attend, she goes alone—and Joe sits home and stews until she can break away. It is an odd sight, indeed, to see Marilyn enter a room full of celebrities with their famous escorts, all alone. And it gives rise to much speculation as to whether or not she even has a boyfriend. However, proof that she definitely has is evidenced by the fact that she always leaves alone.

Joe DiMaggio, it seems, is determined not to make any new friends in Hollywood. His cronies now are not even the sports writers who were his shadows for so many years, but his relatives, his cousins and pals he went to school with in San Francisco. And none of them seem to give a hoot for the Hollywood crowd. Marilyn may not be too crazy about them, but she spends most of her time in their company, in deference to Joe.

Another rough spot in the marriage of Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe is going to be the personal appearances she is going to have to make. Marilyn's first real experience in the movies was as a traveling saleslady. The picture was *Love Happy* in which she appeared on the screen for a total of 60 seconds. But the producers wisely decided that she was just what the film needed to sell to exhibitors, so she was taken on a cross-country tour for about two months, calling on the theater owners and news folks throughout the country. The result was that many theaters billed the movie as starring Marilyn Monroe, huge pictures were exhibited in front of the show houses showing Marilyn in a characteristic pose, and the marquees blared: "*Love Happy*, starring Marilyn Monroe."

20th Century-Fox is wise to the fact that Marilyn out in the field is a good bet to increase the take on a movie, so she will, married or not, be required to travel a large part of the time she is not before the cameras. This DiMaggio will not like, for he is the kind of man who thinks that his wife should be in the kitchen preparing something for a man's appetite. Marilyn, on the other hand, feels she owes it to the studio to get out and do all she can to increase the grosses—and as long as she is a movie star she is likely to do so. It is not likely that Joe will be happy with this arrangement.

One of the most unpalatable chores the husband of a movie star has to put up with is acting as his wife's escort at gala events such as premieres, publicity parties, etc. At these events he must dress in either a tuxedo or tails and walk up a long fan-lined path in the glare of bright lights. Now if the scene was a ball park the spectators would fall out of the stands cheering DiMaggio. But in Hollywood it's the movie star they came to see and the most oft-quoted expression even Joe DiMaggio is bound to hear is, "Who's he?" Movie fans are generally of one loyalty and don't give a hang about celebrities in other lines of work. As a matter of fact, Jack Dempsey, who has attended many of these affairs, has seldom ever had his name listed among those present—and has never, to our knowledge, been asked to speak into the broadcast mikes at these events.

It is our guess that Joe will one night halt half way up the walk and go home alone. That is, of course, if they ever get him to go to one in the first place.

A BITTER pill for a movie star's husband to swallow is the "interference" of outsiders in his wife's (and his) affairs. In the movie business this is necessary. There are highly trained facets of a movie star's life that only specialists can handle. Take for instance the signing of contracts and approval of pictures. There is a good deal more to this than just the naming of a figure and an acceptance. Most movie contracts, for stars anyway, are made up of 40 or 50 typewritten pages. There are that many details. It requires endless hours of conferences and the consultation of many experts in law and finances before such a contract can be settled. A husband can only sit on the sidelines and listen during these times. And after the master contract is drawn there are discussions before each picture, to make sure the principles of the contract are lived up to. Joe will have to remain on the sidelines during these negotiations, because legally it is his wife who must agree to the deals, not he.

However, Joe may be able to help Marilyn along this line indirectly. At present, Joe's lawyer handles Marilyn Monroe's business affairs. He may be a pretty busy man in the near future, as a matter of fact. Few would believe it, but Marilyn is dis-

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contented with the current arrangement at her studio, and has told friends that she is beginning to think maybe she'd better quit. Her feelings were understandably hurt, because even though she is about the biggest box-office draw in Hollywood, her salary of \$750 per week was less than that cashed by many unknowns. It is estimated, for instance, that Monroe received about \$10,000 for work in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* while the same studio paid Jane Russell \$200,000 for the same picture.

ASSUMING Marilyn is properly pacified, then there are the interviewers, the gossip columnists and the photographers. They are vital in a movie star's life. Joe will sit by and listen to Marilyn explain that she likes to sleep raw so that, as she put it once, "I can feel blonde all over." And he'll boil maybe. And everytime she goes anywhere without him the phones will begin ringing the next morning asking if there has been a quarrel. Marilyn is now conditioned to gossip columnists and can handle these things. But can Joe? He has a simmering Italian temper, and it might be difficult for him.

And the photographers. This breed has never been particularly interested in husbands. They might ask Joe if he'd mind stepping aside so they can get a shot of Marilyn with some male actor she has been working with. Or they'll ask him to straighten his tie and stand beside "Miss Monroe." Man, the third or fourth time that happens will be a time to remember.

No matter how happy her friends will

be to see Marilyn Monroe marry the man she is quite obviously in love with, the fans and the studio will not accept the union with great joy. The fans actually prefer Marilyn single and, in dreams at least, available if a miracle should happen. The studio knows this and realizes that marriage might cut down on her box-office potential. There will be, then, some resentment—and it will more than likely be seen.

The fans will not accept Joe wholeheartedly and, because he is a sensitive man, he will not like that. The studio will be wary of his "influence" on his wife, and if she becomes obstreperous, may make Joe the heavy, even if he is innocent. This could lead to bad feelings.

The main problem in the marriage of Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio, however, will be the separations. And there will have to be separations. Marilyn's work will naturally be in Hollywood, and Joe's, for many months a year, will be in New York. Although he is retired from playing baseball, Joe has quite a career ahead of him as a sports announcer. Those who have seen him on TV, broadcasting after the ball games—and this writer is one of them—will tell you that Joe is a natural in this line. He is without a doubt the best of the players turned commentator. He receives \$1,250 per week for his services, so Joe will have to spend the ball season away from his wife, unless, which seems unlikely, she can arrange her schedule to be with him.

Every time they live apart they will be

the victims of the wagging tongues that will link one or the other of them with some one else. They could, we suppose, make sure they never stand too close to anyone of the opposite sex in public, but that will be very, very hard. And, apart from each other, they will either have to live in shells or suffer the discomforts heaped on them by the speculators who make a living keeping ahead of the news of Hollywood. Even without this hazard there is a strain when a married couple lives apart.

A SHORT time ago Marilyn Monroe was eating a lonely dinner at the Beverly Hills Hotel, in the main dining room. As she sat eating Joe DiMaggio walked into the lobby of the hotel and went to the elevator—and apparently upstairs to wait for his girl. A waiter saw him pass and commented to a fellow employee on the fact that Joe didn't come into the dining room to join her.

"I guess," he said, "they don't like to be seen together in public. That's a funny arrangement. I understood they were going to get married."

"It ain't so funny," said his friend. "If those two get married it will be like Frank Merriwell marrying Nellie Bly. It just don't seem right."

And it "don't," as the man said. But maybe love is stronger than precedent. Maybe, in all the hours Marilyn and Joe have spent together they have figured out a formula. We, for one, hope they have—and that it works. **END**

someone has to stay home

(Continued from page 38) have been presented at all were it not for MODERN SCREEN's working premise that O'Shea was now in ascendancy again. Regrettably, it is necessary now to scratch one working premise.

By and by, while O'Shea peered moodily over a fruit salad deal that looked like a funeral wreath and Miss Mayo clutched a light coat across her working clothes—a black lace slip, for the picture *The Marines Had A Word For It*, the interviewer went about his task in real subtle fashion.

"You're re-making *A Star Is Born* out here, aren't you?" he said. "Judy Garland?"

"What?" said Miss Mayo.

"*A Star Is Born*! You know, that picture they made back in—" *A Star Is Born* won the Academy Award in 1936. It concerned a male star who married an unknown, lived to see his stardom melt and sputter out as hers became a spectacular reality, and resolved his problem in the end by walking out into the Pacific Ocean, into the sunset, with no notion he could reach Hawaii or even Catalina.

O'Shea heard the question. "Oh, sure," he said. "That wouldn't be for me though. I can't swim. Brother, the guy in that picture was really a ham. Not Freddie March but the part he played."

"Norman Main."

"What?" said O'Shea.

"Let's get out of here," said Miss Mayo. "Let's talk in my dressing room. Goodness."

MISS Mayo's Pontiac convertible was parked right outside where anyone could admire it, or trip over it, or let the air out of the tires. O'Shea said he'd get his car and meet us over there. His was a Jaguar sedan, very lush. The dressing room was one of those set jobs, a mobile with

enough room for four people and an ash-tray. En route, the approach was spelled out to Miss Mayo. "We thought now that Mike's up there again, you wouldn't mind talking about it."

"Well—he's not," said Miss Mayo. "But—oh, I don't know."

"I know," said O'Shea in the dressing room, "I know what you want." He turned to his wife. "They want a story, let's give 'em a story. It's all right."

"If you'd rather—" began the interviewer.

"No, no, it's all right. You think I worry about *What They Say*. If I worried about *What They Say*, I'd be six feet under right now. That goes for anyone who stays around Hollywood long enough. After a while, you get so you tune yourself out like a hearing aid or you give up. It's one or the other. Anyway, what can they say? This one here—" (Miss Mayo) "—and I don't worry, so why should anyone else? It's not that I can't get work. I can get work. I could go to New York. I could've had *Guys And Dolls*. Or others, the titles don't matter. I just finished reading a play that was offered to me. I don't like it. I won't do it. It's another of those kid-the-government things. I happen to think now's a good time not to kid the government. But I can get work. Only look at it this way: somebody's got to stay home. I've thought about an article like this and that's what I'd call it. 'Somebody's Got To Stay Home.'"

"Europe," said Miss Mayo.

"That's right, Europe," said O'Shea. "Virginia had to go to Europe to make a picture. If I'd been working in New York, do you think I could have gone with her? And do you think I want my wife—?"

"A girl can't just go to Europe by herself," said Miss Mayo. "Mike gives up so many things to be with me."

"Say I'd taken *Guys And Dolls*," said O'Shea. "A year, two years, three—away from my wife except for when she could get East, and that wouldn't have been often because this one, she works like a

gopher. Is a marriage supposed to stand up under that stuff? I wouldn't like to bet you.

"Now I'm a useful human being, I'm part of the team. Virginia goes to the studio, I do what has to be done around the house and grounds. I'm the cheapest handy man in the San Fernando Valley, no salary. Don't think I can't do it either. There's a wiring job got to be done right now, a big one. You think we're hiring a crew for it? Nope, I'm doing it. Like today, I come in here for this talk and I get out of the denims and put on this—this flashy set of threads—" (O'Shea was wearing a grave, single-breasted oxford gray suit) "—and as soon as we're through, I'll drive back and be in the denims and working again. I mend fences, fix leaks, repair roofs, you name it and I can do it. All for the price of none. And do what I can for a happy marriage. Is that bad? Am I that Freddie March character, has to drown himself to prove whatever he was trying to prove? Am I such a gutless chunk of ego I can't face a world because my wife happens to be doing better than I am? Am I supposed to be ashamed? I'm not. I'm proud. I'm proud of this one here and of our marriage and that I can hammer a nail straight and don't mind doing it."

"And I'm proud of him," said Mrs. O'Shea, very much as though she meant it.

"But don't make me sound as if I were through," added O'Shea, "professionally speaking. I'm not through. You know something? I still make more than Virginia makes—when I work, I mean." The figure \$2500 a week came up somewhere in the conversation. "A producer will call me about a part. He'll say, 'Look, Mike, I know it's just a bit but the bit needs you. Will you do it as a favor to me?' So the bit needs me, so I need the bit. So I do it."

"Listen. I've been in show business for—well, for plenty. Why should I kid anyone, you or the readers or anyone. You're up, you're down. Maybe six or eight years from now, Virginia'll be through and then I'll step in again. The poor man's Bogart. I had my chance. I want Virginia to have

hers while she can get it," says Mr. O'Shea. "He does," said Miss Mayo. "A woman's career isn't as long, you know. Mike wants all this for me. He never interferes, just helps."

"ANYWAY, who's kidding who?" said O'Shea. "I got in this business on a raincheck. Now the field's dry again and I'm out. So what? Those were the war years. I was almost over-age when the draft began and I never did get in. So they were desperate for actors. Faces like mine even. You could walk, you could talk, you could breathe? You were hired. Lock the doors and don't let him out! We were luckier then than we had any right to be. Now the first-string lineup's back and we're where we started out. Ordinary system of compensation. Who's going to cry about it?"

"Now this one works and works and brings home the larger share of the bacon. Maybe some people wonder how I feel about that. I feel this way: it doesn't matter as long as there's bacon. I learned that the hard way. The gossips don't matter, the columns, the whispers, the critics, the notices. What matters is that the sprinklers work and the dogs get fed and the house has a roof and maybe there's some left over. That's what matters. A lot of that bacon's mine, you know. I make two pictures a year for Fox. I didn't marry this one here for her money. She was making—what was it, honey, a fast 80 bucks a week? A fast 80. I was doing pretty well then. If you can't have it both ways, you settle for one."

Somewhere in the dim recesses of the interviewer's mind was the recollection that this was to be a sounding out of Miss Mayo. It didn't seem to matter now. She sat and was decorative and sympathetic and amused by her husband's able rhetoric, and in effect turning stage center over to him without a struggle. This was partly because Miss Mayo is in truth the shy, withdrawn member of the family, O'Shea the fizzing extrovert with a remarkable stock of Irish gaiety and courage. But it was also, according to later information, because it was the way Miss Mayo wanted it and always wants it. Vis-a-vis her husband, Miss Mayo regards herself as strictly second billing.

It is not surprising. O'Shea is as arresting a personality away from the screen as Miss Mayo is on it—mercurial, gesturing, restless, full of the articulate patois of show business. Miss Mayo evidently has subordinated her social facade to his, and with the utmost willingness. It would not be fair to say that she is his straight woman, but it is her tendency to cue him and then sit back.

"But he draws her out amazingly too," a close friend of both has said. "Virginia is shy, there's no getting around it. But when she's with Mike, a kind of glow comes over her. You can almost see it. She talks more easily and sometimes becomes almost as animated as he—and Mike's one of our more animated citizens."

O'SHEA is wearing his hair *en brosse* these days, or what Hollywood calls a Butch. Under it, his face is almost ageless, although he must have slipped past 40. Now the conversation got around to a topic that must have been painful to both of them, and emphatically so to O'Shea. Not long ago the first Mrs. O'Shea instituted renewed alimony proceedings with the argument that O'Shea could pay her more than he did because of the O'Sheas' joint income; i.e., magnified by Miss Mayo's salary.

O'Shea's voice lost none of its crispness but he looked at the floor for the first time. "My business manager," he said, "knows what he has to (Continued on page 79)

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Make it clearer, brighter,
softer!



Cover your face, except eyes, with a cool, snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave the *greaseless* Mask on one full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn, clinging, dead skin cells. *Actually dissolves them off!* Frees the tiny openings of your skin glands so they can function normally again. Now—after just 60 seconds—tissue off *clean*. See how tingling fresh your skin feels! How much smoother, brighter, and *clearer* it looks!

Don't "stifle" your skin under a heavy make-up! A light greaseless powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream is *sheer* flattery!

"A woman can be a grandmother at fifty," says vivacious Jeanne Crain, "but she shouldn't act like one." In this thirteenth article in MODERN SCREEN's star personality series, Jeanne gives her ever-young eternally feminine theory.

Take my word for it

by JEANNE CRAIN, star columnist for May



We go out more than ever, now.



Career vs. domesticity? Nonsense!



I sometimes retreat from my family.



Four children and look at us!

THERE IS A PROBLEM which is supposed to face a girl in show business that I firmly believe isn't a problem; the choice between career and marriage, and the misconception that if she makes marriage the main interest in her life her career will suffer. I wasn't sure I was right about this until I worked in *Pinkie*. A talk I had with the director of the picture, Elia Kazan, convinced me.

Almost every eligible girl in the studio wanted this part and, of course, I was both proud and happy when I got it. But after the picture had started I became conscious of a guilty feeling that plagued me for several days. I couldn't analyze it but one afternoon while I was talking to Elia Kazan, our director, it all came tumbling out.

"I'm bothered by something," I told him. "I wonder if my marriage, the fact that I am a wife and mother, has made me less keen about my work. Now that I have the role of Pinkie I realize it would not have been a disaster if I hadn't got it. Can I be as good an actress as some of the other girls to whom it meant everything and who would have pitched into the part with every ounce of energy they had?"

HE RAISED BOTH HANDS IN THE AIR in supplication. "Deliver me from the intense, 100%-dedicated-to-her-work actress!" he cried. "For me, the more a girl is a woman, the more she is an actress. It is natural for a woman to have a husband, to care for him and her children. It is not natural, it is odd and oddly cold, for a woman to turn away from this for her work. I want the natural woman . . . that's what the actress is attempting to be, a natural person."

"Do you really mean it?" I asked, feeling this was too good to be true.

"With all my heart and all the experience I have had in back of my heart," he replied. "Unnaturally intense ambition can defeat one's talent; it is a form of over-eagerness and you know what that can do to acting. I have worked with too many not to know."

Well! I think I'll go home now . . . go home to my husband and my children and all the things that take up my life there . . . and enjoy them with a clear conscience.

SOMETIMES I WALK OUT ON MY FAMILY, and everything else, for short periods. I think every person should have a retreat of their own where they can occasionally remold themselves back into their original individualities. My husband has built one for me, a small studio up the hill from our house . . . a real climb. I go there when I want to



regain my own identity, not as a mother or wife or actress, but as the individual I am in my own right. Sometimes I paint. Sometimes I read. Sometimes I idle around and just think. I don't do anything that has to be done, I just do things that I get a joy out of doing and that I don't have to explain to anyone but the person inside of me. And these intimate moments with myself, I find, repay me with a feeling I can't get any other way, restoring my distinctiveness, such as it is; those parts of it which have been worn off or changed in my daily contacts with others.

IN MY UNCHARITABLE, BOBBY-SOX DAYS I used to figure that when I eventually got to the decrepit side (or later half) of my 20's I'd probably want only to be a homebody—especially if I was married, most especially if I also had children. Well, something has gone wrong. I'm past 25, I'm married and the mother of four, and, for the first time in my life, you really see me everywhere these days. I go out on the slightest pretext—and I love it. I was never like this before; neither was my husband. And neither of us think that the social bug has hit us at an odd period in our lives—we think his timing perfect.

I was 16 when I first got into pictures and went out seldom. My work, my studies, kept me busy, and, of course, I was under parental restriction as far as late hours were concerned. I didn't mind, as I remember. Luckily I wasn't in love, and even more luckily, I wasn't worried because I wasn't in love so I didn't labor under the feminine compulsion to get out and be seen. When I met the man I married our courtship was confined to about an average of a date a week because a lot of studio work had developed for me. And after marriage, well, there were the babies and the pictures I did in between their births which kept me busy. So again not much chance to gad around. Today Paul and I, so to speak, are making up for lost time. But actually we don't look at it that way; we just feel that we are reflecting a phenomenon of life today; people are living longer and stretching their active days over a longer span. To go on with this kind of thinking I really don't believe it is natural or good for so-called "older people" to withdraw to home and fireside as they often do.

A MOTHER CAN STILL BE A YOUNG PERSON. At 50 she can be a grandmother—but I don't think she should be one in the old-

I was Blind as a Bat about these intimate physical facts



Do You Know or Are You Only 'Guessing'?

Blind is she who refuses to see. The modern intelligent young wife will treasure this scientific information about feminine hygiene (including vaginal cleanliness). Women have observed hygienic laws dating back to biblical times. The *important* question today for women is 'what is the best product to use for the douche—which one has decided benefits to offer.' Tests prove ZONITE is a perfect solution!

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Take my word for it

continued from page 77

fashioned sense of the word; meaning she shouldn't act like one. At 50 and 55, and even 60, what's wrong with going out into the world, working, doing things you are interested in, rather than just becoming "Granma" whom the children are brought to visit once in a while?

At 50 I can see a woman, who has seen her children grow up, and who has no one dependent on her, go to college or otherwise acquire training that can make her a wonderful asset of society. She has the judgment that a mature outlook can give and she probably will have a concentrated enthusiasm for her work that the younger and still flighty would never be able to match. And, bless her, at last she has time to do something just for herself. More power to her. When I reach the half century mark, just watch my steam!

MY OLDEST BOY, PAUL JR., is six now and can read very well for his age. I am proud of this accomplishment, of course, but I wonder if other mothers have experienced the oddly personal sort of reaction that has come to me as a result . . . the feeling that this boy, who before learned what he knows mainly from me, is now listening to other voices. When I watch him read I can almost hear the buzzing of these voices that come to him from the pages he is looking at, and I wonder what they are saying.

Paul has been reading for nearly two years now. His brother, Michael, who is nearly five, can make out some words now. Timothy, who is two and a half, is quite certain that he is going to be able to read any moment now. Jeanine, just a year, is not interested in this sort of sedentary occupation at all. She won't sit still a minute, as a matter of fact.

IT SEEMS TO ME that children take such a natural joy in learning that the job of educators ought to be basically just making sure that they don't make it unattractive. I know I sound as if I am putting in a plug for the progressive school system for younger children but this is not my intention. My boys show such a hunger for facts that I am sure it would be wrong not to take advantage of this by supplying them with those which make up the three R's.

My young minds, anyway, have a great deal more respect for the definite than the random. Being just the youngest kind of mother yet I am hardly an authority on juvenile education. But, to date my feeling is that the old style methods are not so bad—they seem to have turned out a lot of brilliant people in our time.

A FRIEND FROM THE EAST COAST recently visited me and before she arrived I found myself picturing the color of her outfit; I knew it would be a solid in the heavier shades, a blue, black, brown or perhaps grey. It was a brown. And then I realized I had been aware for some time of the dress differences between the east and west. There is more color to clothes in the west, gayer colors. And much more freedom.

If, as the psychologists claim, the colors you prefer have something to do with your temperament and personality—do all the people in the west just happen to be different than those in the east, or has geography

changed them? It's not too important, perhaps. But what would I be wearing if I was a Chicago girl, or a Philadelphia or Boston or New York girl?

WOMEN HAVE TO BOW TO FLOWERS in the matter of perfume. Flowers know always just how much to put on, so to speak; women don't. At least I have never been able to solve the problem. We all would love to be "the fragrant lovely who has just passed by" you read about in stories, but how? You can't go around asking your friends, "Do you notice a wonderful aroma about me?"

The French say American women waste their perfume by using so little that more of it evaporates from the bottle over the course of time than is actually applied. This is just an opinion. But there is no doubt about the flowers: they know just how much to put on, and, one thing more, they always look as beautiful as they smell.

Isn't it odd that nature, that has blessed flowers with this knowledge because they require it to attract bees, hasn't done the same for women who, after all, find it helpful in attracting beaux? Is it at all possible that as time goes on and women keep using perfume, biology will work its wonders and we, too, will be born with this wonderful power already built in?

IN MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS I was a great one for getting ideas from what I read and acting on them. I can see myself faithfully following elaborate rituals to improve the complexion of a 15-year-old face. Ridiculous, of course. The complexion would never be as good again. Yet I did it. I still do. I still have sessions in which I cover my face with honey, just ordinary honey, and pat away at it until it is tacky and pulls at the skin when you take it off. I also used cornmeal packs then, and oatmeal packs. And I still do.

Every morning and evening I would splash my face, at least a dozen times, with cold water. And I still do and think there is nothing better. If I want to test its merit as a beauty and health aid I do it just before coming onto the set when we are making a Technicolor picture. Invariably the color expert will call for toning down of my cheeks with powder because they are too rosy.

I DEVELOPED MY "RAG DOLL EXERCISES" and it is very much something I still do. I stand firmly . . . then suddenly let the upper part of my body fall; from feet to waist I am still firm, but everything else hangs perfectly limp—head, torso, arms, hands . . . down to the last joint on my little finger. This, when I first read about it as a kid, was called " . . . a perfect way to relax; a wonderful headache remedy." Of course I never had headaches then. Since then I have had plenty and it has chased many of them away.

Speaking of chasing—you'll have to excuse me. Timothy's on the loose again, and Mama's baby-sitting.

Jeanne Crain

(Continued from page 75) do: pay her exactly half of whatever I make. That's gross, not net. Off the top. She's a nice person. She really is. But this thing—well, I'll tell you this anyway. If she'd won, I know of a lot of stars would have been heading for the hills the next day. It was that kind of a case.

"You see, my first marriage, broke up 16 years ago, and I hadn't got a divorce till I met Virginia because why did I want a divorce? I wasn't going to marry again, not me I'd had it. As I say, she was a nice person and still is, but it just didn't—you know. I was show business, and she wanted me to get over to the rubber works and stand in line. Who's going to blame her? Eating three times a day, that's a habit that's hard to break. But the rubber works and I were incompatible. So. It lasted a couple of years. Then I was in show business again, way down on the level that looks up to burlesque as the end of the rainbow. Any restaurant between here and Philly, I don't care where, any restaurant that has out a sign 'Our Specialty, Spaghetti and Meatballs,' I've sung in that restaurant. Save 'Mother Machree' for the late show, when they're maudlin, and they throw quarters instead of dimes. 'Shanty in Old Shanty Town,' that was me. But there were no alimony problems. Not like this one."

"Oregon doesn't recognize alimony," said Miss Mayo.

"That state is going to get populous," said O'Shea. "Anyway, she started out by trying to get—" He mentioned a famous Hollywood attorney. "So we went to him, too, went to him with all our books, every last figure, and it ended up, he wouldn't take her case. But another lawyer did."

"I had to make a deposition in his office," said Miss Mayo. "The other lawyer, I mean. And the doors were open and reporters and photographers everywhere. It was like a circus. Finally I just had to refuse point-blank to say or do anything until we had privacy."

"Well," said O'Shea. "It's over."

AN inevitable query arose. Did not O'Shea find the days very long on occasion, too long, with the hours crawling by on hands and knees?

"Some days," said O'Shea, "not usually. The fence, the wiring, the TV goes haywire, I work with the horses, the day is through before I am. But some days it's not too good. I walk to the window and I look east and there is New York over there, where I could be working steadily. So I walk to the other side of the room and west is the ocean, and maybe I should be on the beach, but I know I shouldn't. And here I am all alone—hum 'Mother Machree,' will you, honey?—the hell and gone away from anywhere, and for a couple of minutes I feel sorry for myself. Then I think that in New York it's snowing or raining or blowing and the show I'm in runs a fast week. I picture the beach and remember I can't swim. So that's that."

"I mentioned the horses. I like horses and roping and all that rodeo stuff, but I got to taper it off now. You know why? I bounce higher now than I used to and the ground's getting harder. I think it's going to outlast me."

"But let's keep pathos out of this thing. Do me a favor and keep pathos out of it. Maybe you wanted something about the brave little woman's unflagging courage and radiance pulling us through or how her inspiration brought me back to the top; or what a hot rock trouser I am myself. Just forget all that. We're doing fine. Just remember—somebody's got to stay home."

"No nostalgia either. They talk to me about the smell of grease-paint, as though



Blemishes*: "Noxzema helps heal blemishes*, helps keep my skin looking soft, fresh!" says Eloise Sahlen of Pacific Palisades, Cal.



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2. Night cream

3. Make-up base

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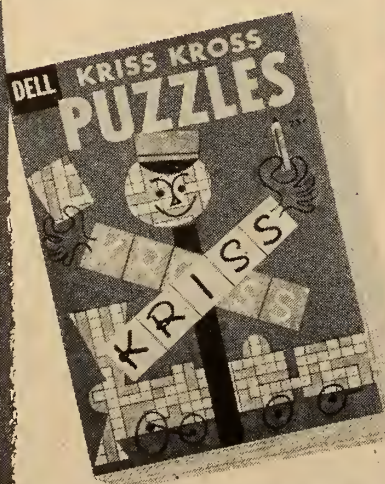
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they expected me to cry. 'Shanty in Old Shanty Town' goes with that one. Nuts. The smell of grease-paint makes me want to gag. I'll settle for hay."

O'Shea looked at his wife and remarked that she was beautiful, an understatement.

"And it's not too tough having this one here come home to you," he said.

"It's not too tough going home to that," said Miss Mayo.

"And it's not as though—"

"—we weren't still in business together," said Miss Mayo. "Mike and I collaborate all the time on the problems that arise. He's been in the profession so much longer than I. Not that he ever tries to run my picture affairs. But he gives me advice when I ask for it. And his advice is always good."

"Only six times out of ten," said O'Shea. "I operate on masculine intuition, instinct. You know masculine intuition. Virginia's the thinker of the family."

"I think hard about everything," said Miss Mayo. "I weigh both sides. I think so hard about both sides that half the time I don't come to any conclusion. That's where Mike steps in."

"I don't think at all," said O'Shea. "Strictly snap judgments. So when I'm wrong, I really do a job of it."

"He's never wrong," said Miss Mayo stoutly.

"Sugar," said Mr. O'Shea.

A man came by, rapped on the door, and said something that got Miss Mayo to thinking. She began thinking so hard, you expected to see tendrils of smoke come out of her ears.

"That's what I mean," said O'Shea. "It fools people. The other day one of the top executives said to her something about dying her hair platinum for a picture. Virginia sat there with her head in her hands, saying nothing. The guy got a little nervous. Well, not exactly platinum, he said. Maybe more of a wheatfield blonde? Still Virginia says not a word. Or auburn, the

guy says. That's it, of course! In auburn, you'd look great. He's coming unstrung, see? He thinks Virginia's mad. So he runs through a whole spectrum until his voice cracks and he dissolves completely. Nah, nah, he says. We'll just leave it the way it is. Forget I brought it up, will you? So finally Virginia raises her head. 'I think it's a good idea,' she says. Sure, the guy says. Sure it is. Leave it just this way. 'No,' Virginia says, 'I mean the platinum.' She'd been thinking about it, that's all."

So that's how it is with the Michael O'Sheas, one working steady and the other not so frequently. It's fine. And that's how it is with the magazine business, you start with one premise and are diverted to another in deference to the plain truth, and the truth isn't so bad either.

There's a happy Irisher with a strong domestic streak in him who likes to fit planks together and repair wiring systems; and there's a famed and lovely woman who is destined to act in movies, and fortunately that is what the public would prefer she do. They got together and they stayed together. One went down and the other went up and it didn't make any difference. If at some future date, the trends reverse again, as they well might, that won't make much difference either.

At the moment, Miss Mayo's case is the simple one. She is in love, and she is necessarily busy, and she is piling up moo in the practice of her industry and she doesn't have to worry about the home while she's away.

O'Shea, too, is in love and reasonably busy, and has developed a great resourcefulness against the possible encroachments of boredom. He lives his part with grace and the gift of being high-hearted about it. If he doesn't like the doldrums, no one's ever going to know it—unless his wife knows it and won't tell. More likely, though, they're too busy to care. **END**

is bing thinking of love?

(Continued from page 29) Palm Springs that Frank Sinatra, in a moment of extreme pique, summoned the local gendarmes to evict his wife, Ava Gardner (and Lana Turner and agent Ben Cole) from his, and Ava's, home.

It was 'neath the desert stars that Nora Eddington and Dick Haymes began their romance under the limpid lights of the Racquet Club cocktail lounge, neither one quite free of previous marriages.

Elizabeth Taylor confirmed her separation from Nicky Hilton from a telephone booth in the Doll's House.

Errol Flynn knocked a gentleman off a bar stool in a pre-dawn scuffle over a lady's smile.

There have been other incidents equally newsworthy.

No, Palm Springs is not immune to the varied idiosyncrasies of Hollywood love.

But this private close-up of Bing, in what may be the new role of a suitor, has nonplussed the most case-hardened native and literally put the place on its ear!

Heretofore, romance, in the desert has had a habit of blooming—or ending—violently.

The Swimming Pool Set and the Tennis Shorts Crowd are used to anything and everything but the open and above-board. And, the open and above-board are just what they're getting in the talk of the town—Bing and Mona.

Just how much does their regular dating mean? Let's examine the evidence.

First, Bing and Mona are making no effort to hide the fact that they are dating. This is a potent factor in the arguments of two radically different schools of thought.

The Sun Bathers say: "It can't be serious. Otherwise, they wouldn't be seen together so openly just a few months after Dixie's death. Bing's known Mona ever since she was a kid around the Paramount lot. He thinks no more of having a golf and dinner date with her than he would with Phil Harris (or some other desert resident)."

On the other hand the Tennis Racquet-eers are just as sure: "It must be romance for them to be seen so constantly together because Bing is a stickler for propriety. He would not risk what he realizes will be sniffing from the Mrs. Grundys being seen so soon with a girl as popular and sought after as Mona."

And, just when the debate is waxing the most furiously it abruptly subsides, because here come Mona and Bing,—and, of course, all talk ceases to watch.

If it's a Sunday, they'll be having brunch beside the Racquet Club pool. Bing's car has spun him down from his hilltop house and he's picked up Mona at the Bon Air where she's occupying a bungalow with her little daughter, Monie.

They're a handsome couple, no doubt about that. Bing has picked up a terrific tan plus a few pounds from the pallor and thinness he presented the months before and after Dixie's death.

Mona looks as cute as a doll in her white shirt and shorts, tanned to a becoming amber, her blonde hair only softly curled. She wears no make-up except a

your

hair

is

showing!

give it that "cared-for" look!

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makes hair obey
new soft way

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A touch of Suave
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Hours later
Hair still "just so"...
And doesn't my hair
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Mr. Crosby around the Paramount lot in over six months," says a puzzled Mary.

As for Terry Moore, Bing happened to sit down at a luncheon table where she was present and that was all her press agent needed to go to town!

To repeat the question, "How serious is all this between Bing and Mona?" here is my not-so-private opinion:

No matter how serious they are now or may become, I don't believe marriage is ahead for them. Bing is a very devout Catholic. Mona is divorced.

But, Bing wouldn't be human if he didn't enjoy the company of a pretty girl, particularly one as charming as Mona, who is even prettier off the screen than on.

Mona doesn't go in for silly chatter and gossip about other people. She isn't flattery. She doesn't air her troubles. She's fun for a man to be with—particularly a man who has gone through a great sorrow.

Mona has a level head, she talks sense, and she enjoys golf, tennis, life in the sun—all the things men enjoy. It is little wonder that even the world's most marriageable man finds her attractive.

HOWEVER, as I write this, Bing has not changed his mind about leaving his Palm Springs paradise on March 15th for many months vacationing in Europe and he's taking Lindsay with him.

The present schedule calls for their return in mid-September just in time for Lindsay's school term. That's a long time for even an embryo Romeo to be away from a lady love.

Lately, there's been some gossip that Mona, too, might be in Europe this summer chaperoned by her mother. "Of course," she says, "I won't be able to go if a picture comes along to keep me in Hollywood. I have my little Monie to take care of and my work is important."

Whether or not Mona is in Europe at the same time Bing is—there is one thing for sure—the spotlight will not be off him for one moment.

The slightest smile he bestows on a flattered belle will be photographed and written about. There's always bound to be excitement about Bing.

It doesn't take much fortune telling talent to predict that Bing's name may be linked with many fair charmers!

But I'm still sticking to my story—the one I wrote about Bing for MODERN SCREEN soon after Dixie's death:

The beauties may come—and go. But, Bing and his boys will go on alone for a long, long time.

END

(Bing Crosby can soon be seen in Paramount's Little Boy Lost.)

the story of shelly's baby

(Continued from page 27) pass to peaceful slumber.

That's how Shelley Winters imagined the event.

What actually happened was entirely different. The birth of her little daughter was six weeks premature. The child's father was 6,000 miles away. For a time it was touch and go as to whether the infant might live or die. Shelley herself was in danger.

The birth of her first child was as wild, chaotic, and unpredictable as Shelley Winters herself.

It started on the night of February 12th, a Thursday. Shelley was at home with her mother, Mrs. Rose Shrift. Shelley's mother has been watching over her ever since Vittorio flew back to Italy last winter to stage *Hamlet* with his own company.

Toward eleven o'clock, Shelley who had the most miserable pregnancy known to woman, seven and a half months of uninterrupted illness, suddenly began calling, "Mama, mama!"

Mrs. Shrift rushed to her side.

"You'd better call Dr. Krahulik, Mama."

The sac containing the amniotic fluid had broken. Shelley, like any young girl, was frightened and afraid. Her mother packed a bag. The doctor was called, and Shelley, white as a sheet, was raced down to the hospital. She was admitted at five minutes past midnight on Friday, the 13th. Taken to her room in the maternity section of the hospital, she was examined to see if there was any possibility of delaying the birth. In first births there are occasional false alarms which later subside.

This wasn't true in Shelley's case. The examination revealed that she would deliver her child within 36 hours at the latest.

Vittorio was notified in Rome, and although he's been a father once before—he has another daughter, seven-year-old Paula, by a previous marriage—he got so excited that he made little sense on the transatlantic phone. Within the next 12 hours he called twice to find out how Shelley was. "Has the baby come yet?" he shouted. Shelley's mother told him, "No."

It was after midnight, in the early morning of the 14th that Shelley was wheeled into the delivery room. At 2:47 A.M., a tiny, dark-haired female baby was taken from her. The girl weighed four pounds, ten ounces, the premature birth undoubtedly being caused by Shelley's profound anemia.

During the course of her pregnancy, Shelley had suddenly grown anemic, and on several occasions, in addition to vitamins, hormones, and injections of iron, she'd been given blood transfusions. What caused her anemia is difficult to tell. Early in her pregnancy she visited Vittorio when he was in Mexico making *Sombrero*, and it is suspected that she caught some bacteria south of the border which weakened her whole system.

As soon as the baby was born, little Vittoria was placed into an Armstrong incubator, and the mother told that the child was doing fine.

The truth, however, was that the infant wasn't breathing properly. Something was wrong with baby Gassmann's respiratory system—she couldn't seem to get enough air down her lungs. The little girl who was later named Vittoria Gina Gassmann hovered between life and death.

Shelley's pediatrician was called immediately, and he in turn, brought in Dr. Arthur Parmelee, one of the crack children's specialists in the country, as a con-

sultant. Dr. Parmelee examined the child, ordered special day and night nurses to see that the baby's temperature never went lower than 97 degrees nor higher than 99 degrees.

If Vittoria Gina lived for the next 48 hours her chances of survival were excellent.

When Shelley awoke she asked for her baby and was told it was in the incubator. Her reaction was typical of all mothers who give birth to premature babies. Physically she felt exhausted and yet the maternal instinct in her cried out for some way in which to help her child. There was no way, nothing she could do, and a period of frustration seized her.

"It seemed like a year," she says in retrospect, "before they let me see my baby."

When presently she did, Shelley noticed that her baby's skin seemed pale, almost blue. Shelley began to worry. The nurses told her that of three and a half million babies born in the United States each year, 1 out of 20, approximately five per cent, are premature. They told her not to worry; that her baby weighed almost five pounds; that Winston Churchill, Victor Hugo, and Sir Isaac Newton had all been born ahead of time.

But Shelley is a worrier, and for the first two days there was nothing anyone could say or do to alleviate her fears. She prayed for her baby's survival.

Oddly enough, Shelley who loves publicity, cautioned everyone to say absolutely nothing about the birth of her child. "I was trying to regain my strength," she says now. "I didn't want to be bothered by reporters and press agents asking questions."

As a result of this insistence upon secrecy, it wasn't until three days after the baby was born that the item made the newspapers. By that time Shelley had been assured by the doctors that her infant had passed the crisis and, barring some unforeseen relapse, would live.

In Rome, Vittorio said nothing for public consumption about his new daughter. He did, however, manage to give out with a professional announcement. He and his company, he stated, planned to go to the United States to tour the country in an Italian repertory program. The bill would include his four-hour-long production of *Hamlet*. He would bring with him such stars as Elena Zareschi and Anna Proclemer.

In Hollywood there has been a good deal of talk about Vittorio's conduct during Shelley's pregnancy. Other actresses have said that Vittorio, regardless of his commitments in Rome, should have stayed at Shelley's side when she needed him most.

"I know," a colleague of Shelley's said, "that the Italian Government backed his Repertory Company. I know that he didn't want to put a lot of people out of work. I know all about the show-must-go-on tradition, and I know how Italian men feel about childbirth. To their way of thinking, giving birth to a baby is no worse than having a bad cold. I realize all that, but let's face facts."

"Vittorio today would be relatively unheard of in the United States. It was Shelley who brought him to Hollywood; Shelley who got him in touch with the right people; Shelley who helped him land that contract at Metro."

"I'm the first to admit that she may not be the sweetest or most well-bred girl in the world. She may not even be the most companionable wife. Maybe they argued like cats and dogs. But she did fly to Mexico to be with him. She did tell him she was pregnant."

"Under the circumstances I think he

should have stayed in this country. Not that he could have helped Shelley have the baby, but it would've helped her morale. And when the baby did come, well—I think he should've been around to share the responsibility."

"After all the baby almost died. She had a mucous obstruction in her throat, and the doctors were afraid she was coming down with pneumonia—in which event she would certainly have died—and they had to keep her under oxygen and feed her by dropper. The baby's all right now—I mean the doctors say she's passed the danger zone, and Vittorio is the proud father. Only I'd like to ask one question. Where was he when the going was tough?"

In Rome when this question was put to Vittorio Gassmann he said, "Look, Shelley is a very sensible girl. She knew I had these commitments even before she came with child. If there was anything I could do that would have really helped, I would have tried to stay behind. But Shelley herself told me to go."

"We thought for a while that maybe she could come to Rome with me, but the doctors would not allow it. When Shelley gave birth I spoke to her over the phone. She told me about our darling little daughter."

"I could not fly back to California just for the weekend. I'm opening in a new Italian play here. Late in April I will return to the United States. In the meantime, Shelley knows that I am thinking of her and our baby every minute."

"Believe me when I tell you that it is very hard for me to be patient. I know what Shelley went through. But there are certain times when husbands are helpless. And that is one of the times."

"Any stories that Shelley and I did not get along, they're not true. I love Shelley more than I have ever loved her before, and if I did not have these stage commitments, I swear to you, I would be on the first plane back to California. I have spoken to Shelley several times now, and she tells me that she and our baby are fine. I thank God."

As for Shelley, back home with her first-born, in the duplex apartment she bought last year, she is well on the road to complete recovery from her near-tragic experience.

Child-birth has also wrought several personality changes in her makeup. She seems no longer obsessed by her career. Constant chatter concerning productions and castings no longer occupy her tongue. Having performed the primary function of womanhood—the perpetuation of the life cycle—she seems strangely subdued like a soldier who has gone into battle and for one fast fleeting moment, met his Maker.

No one brushes by Death without some chastisement—not even the tempest-tossed new mother, Shelley Winters. **END**

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

6—Jay Scott; 7, top, Peter Perri, bot, Wide World; 8—Jay Scott; 10—Paramount; 14—Bosio Press; 27—Beerman, Parry; 28—top, Ernest Bachrach; bot, Beerman, Parry; 29—Paramount; 30—top, Beerman; bot, left, Jay Scott; bot, right, Wide World; 31—top, Globe; bot, A.P.; 32—top, Paramount; bot, left, MGM; bot, right, middle, Beerman, Parry; 34, 35—F.P.G.; 36—top, Globe; bot, Beerman; 38, 39—Warner Brothers; 40, 41—Beerman; 42, 43—Beerman, Parry; 44—Parry; 45—20th Century-Fox; 46—Bill Stone; 47—Warner Brothers; 48, 49—Paramount; 50, 51—Beerman, Parry; 52—Paramount; 69—top, left, MGM; bot, right, Engstead; bot, right, Beerman, Parry; 70—bot, left—MGM; bot, right, Engstead; 70-71, top—Beerman, Parry; 71, right—Engstead.

when I hated my mirror

(Continued from page 52) to the drug store and bought theatrical make-up for myself. I always wanted to be professional. At ten the family was back in London and I persuaded my mother to get me a permanent. But then I didn't like the color of my hair, which I correctly called "dirty blond" and started experimenting with bleaches. I'd buy these myself, do the rinse myself, and almost always end up with a mess; the color settling in the parts which had been curled.

I know I was a source of constant upset to my elders. My step-father's attitude toward me was one of astonishment as if he couldn't understand what made me so restless, so discontent. Once he had most of the *gendarmes* in Paris looking for me because despite winter weather I was gone from the house all day. When he learned what I had been up to he was completely perplexed; he couldn't even understand why my mother could understand. It was just that I was a Jean Harlow fan and, having written her a letter and figuring it was time for a reply, had been hanging around the home of a friend where I received my "secret" mail. Harlow, and Constance Bennett (with her divine thinness!) were my idols.

This is what was buzzing inside of me and keeping me a harried young miss. When my family assured me I looked all right I instinctively felt I was being lulled into false security. When I talked about the stage they wouldn't believe I was being motivated just by thoughts of a career. They hinted at boy friends, that I was responding to the call of life rather than the call of drama (as if one didn't, somehow, go with the other!).

"It isn't right for a child to worry too

much about the future," my step-father said. "There is plenty of time. You've got too much drive in you."

I WANTED to believe him, and to some extent I did, until that day in Rio. From then on pastries, starches, fats of any kind, were practically out of my life for good. When I recoiled from the mirror I sat down and did some realistic thinking. The girls whose shapes I envied—they weren't any different than me under the flesh. I knew enough about anatomy to feel sure that our skeletons were exactly the same. It was just a matter of how much fat and muscle you had covering it—and where. That would be up to me. I liked my eyes, I could cope with my mouth which I thought was too small, and mascara could handle eye-brows that were far too blonde. My choice was clear. Was I to be a contender for the world of my dreams or was I going to give up? The answer came to me instantly—if I couldn't be the best looking girl in the world I didn't want to be anybody! (Actually I knew I'd never be, but I wanted to get close enough so that there could at least be some hopeful and wonderful confusion about it!)

Lord knows it was hard at first. I'd eat a sensible lunch and then still crave for something. After the first four or five days it wasn't so bad. And in time, that same year, came my reward. The first time I stopped taking a size 14 dress for a size 12 I knew it was going to be worth it. I smiled deep into my insides, feeling so elegant, so feathery, that I loved the whole world. For the first time I began to accept myself as a person whom I would be willing to live with for the rest of my life.

I remember my mother saying one night, "Darling . . . you've been losing weight."

"She doesn't eat anything," my little sister said, accusingly.

I didn't reply. I was brimming over with a good feeling and my eyes must have been full of it. My mother, who had been going to argue with me, sensed it and changed her mind. "Well . . ." she said, and shrugged. But there was both respect and admiration in her manner; not just mother for daughter, which any girl can get, but woman for woman, if you know what I mean! My little sister sensed it. Something must have penetrated through to my step-father because he studied us all and then apparently decided not to intrude into the feminine mysteries going on around him. Something was happening in the family all right . . . and that something was me!

THAT old saying, "Him who hath, gets," is not exactly right in my estimation. It should be, "Him who goes out and gets . . . can get again!" I had gained respect in my family. On the strength of it I was able to put over something I would never have been able to . . . starting from scratch. Mother had kept Mimi's and my name in the New York Social Register and had planned this year to start me in finishing school at Farmington, Connecticut. But I thought it was time for me to start being an actress rather than waste time preparing to be a debutante. I had no interest whatsoever in confining what I thought was a great talent on a closed circle of bluebloods; the world was where I wanted to play! I put on a campaign towards that end which involved arguments, minor and major hysterics, and plain defiance. In the end I got a small concession, principally because I had proved I wasn't just a little girl. I could go to New York and have a month's time in which to find a job in the theater. If I failed it was Farmington



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for me. I'd be "finished" one way or another.

At that time I listed my assets as follows: name, Jane Sterling Adriance; age, 14; stage experience, years of it in my mind if none in actuality; beauty—I felt like one! I neglected to consider something that proved to be most important. In the years we had spent in London I had picked up an English accent (which years later I was to work hard to lose). One afternoon I accompanied a friend to the Shubert offices and one of the famous producer family, Milton Shubert, heard me talk. He was casting a play to be called *Bachelor Born*, and needed a girl with a veddy, veddy British accent.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Jane Sterling . . ." I began slowly, sounding off with all the Mayfair I could.

"Excellent name!" he cut in, and offered me the part right then and there. I wrote mother and she was properly shocked. Mimi was delighted. And my own father, William A. Adriance, who was in New York at the time, found consolation only in the fact that Milton Shubert hadn't heard my whole name and thought of me as just "Jane Sterling" without the "Adriance" attached. Later on I cut Jane down to Jan at the suggestion of a theatrical friend.

On the stage there are no close-ups, you are there in person and in color instead of in black and white which can accentuate faults. At 122 pounds with my height of 5 feet, 5 inches, I considered myself perfect. And nothing ever happened to make me change my mind until six years later when I began seeing myself on the screen. One look—and, a little sadly, I said to myself, "Here we go again."

At my height all the beauty authorities said my weight was perfect . . . but the screen disagreed. It said I was fat. It said that my hips were too big, the upper part of my arms, and, I knew, the upper part of my thighs. It said that because my cheek and jaw bones were small there was an impression of fatness in my face in closeups. I admit I felt like rebelling but, as the saying has it, go argue with City Hall! There was nothing to do but shut off even a bigger part of my stomach. I ate nutritious foods; eggs, hamburger, steak, tomatoes. Nothing else. I controlled the distribution of weight with massage and with exercises—but posture exercises only. From childhood on I had had a fear of developing muscles that would go flabby when I quit exercising them. And instead of getting on the scales daily I walked into the wardrobe department of Paramount Pictures one afternoon months later to check results a different way.

I knew that they kept a dummy of my form on which to check costume measurements and that it was constantly altered to conform to any change in my own dimensions. "Have you had to do anything about it?" I asked the wardrobe mistress.

"Yes," she replied. "We've had to take it in two and a half inches practically everywhere."

That's all I wanted to know. I got on the scales and I was 108 pounds. Perfect . . . except it wasn't. When I saw the rushes of my next picture something else hit me. At 108 pounds my face had lost its fatness all right but in such a way that my nose was too prominent . . . and I realized that my nose was of a kind which could not stand concentrated attention. "Not a nose bobbing," I thought to myself. "Not that!" But I knew darn well, that very second, that it was to be exactly that.

The facts were as plain as the nose they had to do with. My nose at the top started flush with my forehead and stayed flush—

there was no inward dip, no *rétroussé* or tilt. Further, the high bridge was not only flat, instead of rounded, but much too wide and flat. You may wonder, in view of an itemized list of defects like this, why my nose had not perturbed me before. The reason is that I had always considered it an individual nose, one which helped to make me me, and when my weight was higher it was not at all a bad nose. But with the more delicate modeling which characterized my whole build after I reduced, every defect about it stood out too sharply. There was no doubt about it . . . it had to go or I'd never be really self-confident before a camera again!

First I talked to my husband, Paul, about it. Then, because the studio had invested heavily in me, I discussed it with them. After this I mentioned the idea to friends. In the end it was up to me . . . nobody opened up my eyes to anything I hadn't already thought of, either beneficially or otherwise. Paul said simply, "I liked you as you are well enough to marry you but if you want to go ahead I like you well enough not to deny you my blessing." The studio officials were wonderful. They were grateful for my thinking of their interest in them but what I planned was a personal matter. They urged me not to consider them in any way. My friends said everything from, "Great!" (which was oddly uncomplimentary) to, "What do you want to do that for?"

I PAID exactly \$1,000 for everything connected with the operation. The doctor—and I made sure that he was a good one—hummed and sang while he worked, and I heard him because the anaesthetic was a local one. There was no pain. It felt as somebody were fumbling with my nose but there was no greater discomfort. Once I knew the nurse was handing him some instrument and after a moment she said, "Well! That little gadget didn't work out, did it?" I couldn't help bursting out with a cry. "What little gadget?" I wanted to know.

For about three days my eyes were discolored and that was all. Two weeks later I was entertaining in Korea and when an army commander leaned over to kiss me during a presentation ceremony (they gave me a tank on condition I leave it in Korea and, not needing a tank at the moment, I did) the rim of his helmet hit me right on the bridge of the nose. I nearly passed out from the pain, and felt sure that there was nothing but a squashed blob on my face. But there wasn't a mark and my pretty reborn nose was just as pretty as before.

Paul was pleased, I know he was, but like a man will he just grinned and said, "Well, now I have a new place to slug you."

Well, it may be a new place to slug me but it is a much smaller place than before. You know the mirror I hated? Well, after a nose operation you don't hate your mirror, let me tell you. For months afterwards I couldn't stay away from the mirror. "Is that really you?" you keep asking yourself. You do this because you love the thrill of answering. "Yes! Really! That's you!" And sometimes I add, "And that's the way you should have looked all your life." But I'm satisfied. Satisfied and happy.

Now whenever there happens to be a moment when I feel low I just pull out the mirror, look, and a big smile spreads all over my face. "Well! Well! Well!" I think to myself. "Look at me! Well! Well! Well!"

(Watch for Jan in Paramount's Pony Express. Paul's latest film is Forever Female, also for Paramount.)



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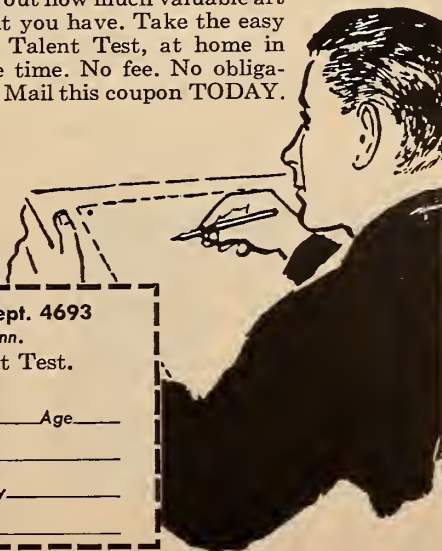
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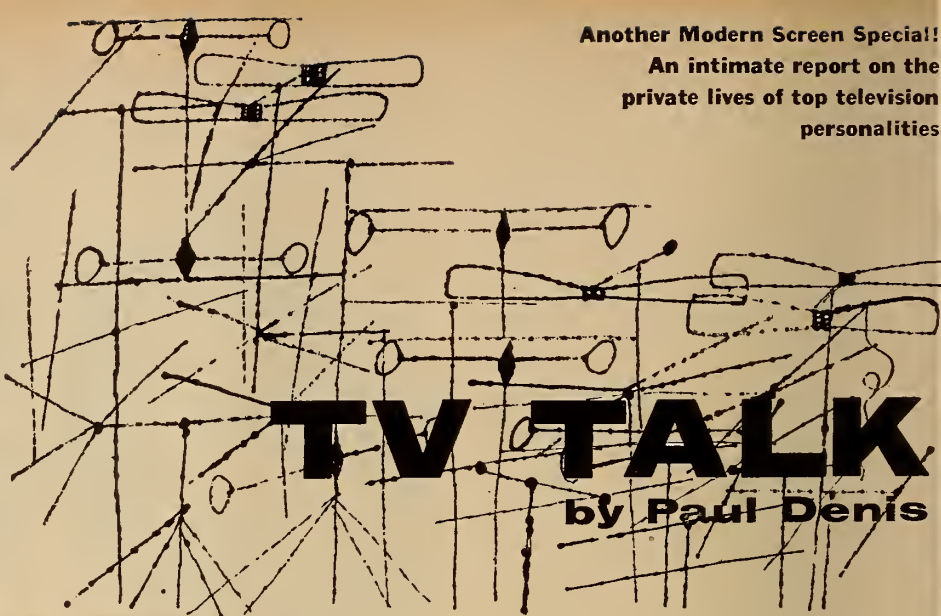
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MILTON BERLE'S REAL DOLL: The other day, in Lindy's, a bunch of TV actors were talking about Milton Berle and wondering, "Whom does Berle love the best?" They decided to take a vote. Berle himself won first place, and Vickie, his daughter, second in his affections.

This got a big laugh in Lindy's, but the truth is that Milton is simply crazy about Vickie, now 8. His devotion to her even seems to overshadow his profound feeling for his mother, Sandra, and his terrific self-appreciation of his own talents.

Three years ago, when the Bobble Co. put out an Uncle Milt comic book, it suggested that Vickie be given a half interest in the book. Milton agreed eagerly, exclaiming, "Fine! I've got all the money I want. Let's add this money to Vickie's trust fund."

People say Milton is building a million-dollar trust fund for Vickie. His friends kid about Vickie's being a much sought-after heiress by the time she's 18, and Milton enjoys the talk. One of his younger gagwriters has warned Milton that, "I'm applying now for the job as your future son-in-law."

Milton, who lives alone in a big apartment, has visitation privileges with Vickie. She lives with Milton's ex-wife, Joyce Matthews, attends private school in New York. Milton is still on good terms with Joyce and, most of his friends agree, is still carrying the torch for her. When Joyce's romance with Billy Rose hit the front pages last year, Milton did not attempt to hide his anguish. Ruth Cosgrove has been Milton's girl friend since his last bustup with Joyce, but because of his mixed feelings for Joyce, his friends believe he will postpone marriage indefinitely.

"When he's in a bad mood," one of his writers says, "you can soften him up by just mentioning Vickie. She's the real doll in his life."



JOHNNY'S IN THE MONEY: Johnny (Sob!) Ray continues to make a fortune, but his personal life is more mixed up than ever. His wife left him, after confiding to friends that he was impossible to live with, and Johnny made headlines with the statement that she "was the only girl who had ever made me feel like a man." The fact is that he paid very little attention to his bride, and she withered.

PEGGY LEE'S ALL SET: There was a tense moment when Peggy Lee and Brad Dexter were honeymooning in New York. Brad was offered the male lead opposite Margaret Sullivan in *The Deep Blue Sea*, and hurried off to consult the play's producer. He returned with the usual box of Sherry chocolates, a kiss and "I love you, darling!" Then he said, as Peggy listened anxiously, "I refused the offer, of course."

That enabled them to return to Hollywood together.

Peggy is at the peak of her career, and her seven-year Warners' contract gives her career security, just as her marriage to Brad gives her emotional security and a stepfather for her nine-year-old daughter Nikki.

I had the strong impression, visiting them in their honeymoon suite in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel, that they are a well matched couple. Peggy is a deep thinker and a student of philosophy and religion, and Brad is a quiet, well-educated actor who originally studied to be a lawyer. "Brad's got a strong sense of justice and speaks out for the truth," says Peggy, proudly. "He would have made a wonderful lawyer." He, in turn, is very proud of her book of poetry, "Softly, With Feeling."

It's significant that they met through a mutual friend, Dr. Ernest Holmes, a minister.

Next to her husband, Peggy's favorite subject of conversation is her daughter. "Nikki campaigned for Ike. She smeared the neighbor's cars with Ike stickers and she went around for weeks, loaded with Ike buttons. When Brad and I left for New York,"



she made me promise to bring back two photos—one of Ike and one of Jackie Gleason's her favorite TV star."

Peggy Lee Dexter is still a very moody girl. "I have moods," she confessed. "One year, I feel like traveling, and the next, I don't. Right now, I'm in between moods." Then she glanced lovingly at Brad. "But I'd go anywhere with Brad!"

THE LADIES: Marcia Van Dyke, a panelist on her husband, Jack Barry's show, *Wisdom Of The Ages*, had to answer this question recently: "With whom would you like to be stranded on a desert island?" Remembering she was pregnant, she answered: "No doubt about it—with an obstetrician!" . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor was being interviewed by Paula Stone. Paula suggested: "Give us some advice on how men can treat their wives." "Never good enough!" snapped Zsa Zsa. . . . Those gorgeous gowns Jane Froman wears are by Florence Lustig and cost \$1,000. They are rented to Jane, and go back to the shop as floor models after each show. . . . Bess Myerson, former Miss America and now an NBC-TV emcee, is five-feet-ten in her stocking feet and is constantly being asked for advice by other tall girls. She told one girl, "What's really necessary, when with the man who's important, is to make him feel taller. Not that you should be a clinging vine, but a man does like to be looked up to—so that he feels dependable, not expendable."

IMOGENE COCA RETIRING? Imogene Coca, Sid Caesar's partner in *Your Show of Shows*, is thinking of retiring for a season and having a baby. She is married to Bob Burton, and they have often discussed the possibilities of starting a family before "it is too late." They have been married for many years, and never had money enough to stay put for a while. Imogene has been making fine money for more than four years.

Because she portrays Sid's wife on TV, many fans assume she's really married to him. As a result, Imogene has had to write magazine articles entitled, "No, I'm Not Married To Sid Caesar." Sid is married to a former model, Florence, and they have two children.

NINA FOCH A PAINTER: Nina Foch, who has settled in New York, has taken up painting seriously. "I paint about three canvasses a year and I never sign them," she says. "I don't want anybody to buy them because my name is on them. After a painting is sold, then I sign it." She's proud of the fact she recently sold a painting "for two bills" (\$200).

GODFREY THE HEADACHE-MAKER: CBS's biggest money-maker Arthur Godfrey is also its biggest headache-maker. His most recent lulu was speaking up for his pal, Charles E. Wilson, when his nomination as Secretary of Defense was controversial. This violated a network rule against entertainers editorializing on controversial subjects. But millionaire Godfrey didn't care. He just went off on a two-week trip around the world with another pal, General Curtis Le May.

The trouble with Godfrey is his uninhibited tongue. But Godfrey knows it is also the quality that attracts such an army of fans. "People like me that way," he says.

Godfrey, who has money and prestige, would like to have a high job in the Eisenhower government. However, it would have to be a consultant job, as his contract with CBS has years to go.

THE RISE OF JONI JAMES: The five-foot former bra model from Chicago is already mak-

ing more than \$2,000 a week, because of her hit recording of "Why Don't You Believe Me?" Yet, as she recalls, "Last year, I was ready to give up and get married."

She had been singing for four years in "plush hotels and junky dives" and she was discouraged. Today, she is surprising everybody with the calm efficiency with which she's handling her career. She is a buxom brunet, with brown eyes, and an extroverted personality. When mobsters tried to "buy" into her career as managers, she rebuffed them. And when somebody discovered she had never taken vocal lessons in her life and wanted to send her to a teacher, she refused. She's afraid taking lessons might ruin her. Her real name is Joanna Carmelia Babbo, one of a family of six. She insists she has no intentions of marrying . . . right away.

MARGARET O'BRIEN'S KISS: Margaret O'Brien, now a slim 16 and displaying a blossoming figure, has been in New York with her mother. Her mother is with her constantly, and Margaret has not been seen in any public places with boys. There is still a shy quality about Margaret, and she impresses every one as "a little lady" who is unspoiled. Sweetness rather than sexiness is the word for Margaret.

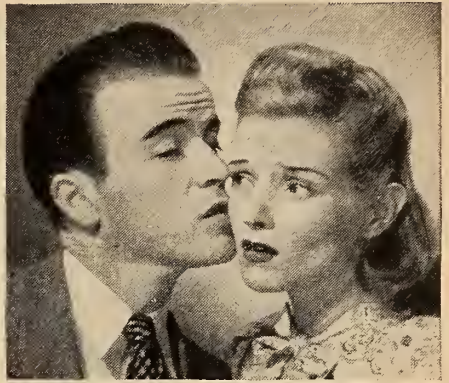
When she was signed for a romantic role on a recent CBS *Lux Video Theatre*, her role called for her to kiss a boy. Assured by Margaret's mother that this would be Margaret's first public romantic kiss, the *Lux* publicity department hurriedly prepared to turn the kiss into a big publicity splash. But somebody did some research and discovered that Margaret had been kissed in a Columbia movie. Result: publicity called off.

PERSONALITIES: The Jack Lescoulies, thrilled when expecting their first baby after 10 years of marriage, are sad. Mrs. Lescoulie lost the baby during the ninth month. . . . Steve Allen is dating Jayne Meadows. . . . Maureen Cannon married Alan Smythe, a New Jersey businessman. . . . Veronica Lake, with her three children, has settled in New York for TV work. . . . Vincent Lopez, who's quite a famous astrologer besides being a fine musician, predicts that Eddie Cantor will have a "year of change." "If he undertakes new assignments," says Lopez, "they will be of short duration, although not necessarily unsuccessful." . . . Robert Merrill returned all of the wedding gifts he personally received when he married Roberta Peters. . . . Don De Leo, tired of portraying villains on TV, shaved off his moustache. So what happened? He is still doing villain roles.

NO DUMMY, HE: A newspaperman was interviewing Jimmy Nelson, the young ventriloquist. "Isn't it true," said the newspaperman, "that, after a while, you begin to identify yourself with the wooden dummy?" "Hardly," replied Nelson. "I have three children."

SHERWOOD OF THE MOUNTED: Bobby Sherwood, who's so fey on the Milton Berle show, gets up early for his WJZ, New York, 6:30 A.M. show. So he brought in his beautiful buckskin mare, Lady Buck, from his Hunter, N. Y., farm and keeps her in a stable near the studios. Every morning, after the show, and still wearing blue jeans, he takes Lady Buck for a canter through Central Park. A few of his pals, including Mel Torme, Richard Hayes and Eileen Barton, join him for occasional canters through the park, which they call Sherwood Forest. Sherwood calls his pals the Sherwood Radio TV Rangers.

Rationed Kisses?



maybe YOU are to blame!

A peck-on-the-cheek from a distant husband is a mighty poor substitute for the warmth a loving wife has a right to expect. But—do you have this right? Have you been really careful about personal daintiness, lately? It's a shame to let neglect spoil your married happiness . . . when effective help is available today, with "Lysol" in a simple douche. It couldn't be easier!

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hollywood report continued

(Continued from page 16) Mayo a bright red nightgown with a white heart to fit over her own.

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Dean Martin's wife Jeanne accompanied Gordon and Sheila MacRae to the preview of *The Desert Song* the night the Martin separation was disclosed . . . Marilyn Monroe, who used to date Freddie Karger, showed up unexpectedly at a dinner party tossed by Janie Wyman and her Freddie. . . . Linda Christian has been endorsing everything the advertisers push under her nose, from beer to bed sheets, and Tyrone Power hasn't been too happy about it . . . Loretta Young hit the ceiling when a columnist said she and Tom Lewis were sparring simply because Loretta had moved into her studio dressing room. Then the columnist retracted by printing an item that Loretta was living in the dressing room with her husband, cook and masseuse . . . The neighbors were the first to report that Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis have been quarreling—the arguments were *that* noisy!

Errol Flynn and spouse, Patrice Wymore, stayed at different hotels while in Rome. And that's not doing what the Romans do in Rome at all, at all . . . Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes took the trouble to phone me with a denial that she and Dick were breaking up several months ago—and this after I saw her dating someone other than Dick at Scandia . . . There were dirges also from the Rhonda Fleming-Lew Morrill household but these too were denied . . . Saddest break of the year: Donald and Gwen O'Connor . . . Blowoff on the Anne Baxter-John Hodiak hassle came when a lady referred to John, in his very presence, as Mr. Baxter . . . Noisiest fights of the season, and the ones to which we'd like to own the iodine concession, are Cara Williams and John Barrymore, Jr.'s . . .

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Guy Madison will make more dough on his one picture at Warners than he made during his entire six years under contract to David O. Selznick. And no one's happier over it than Guy's ever-lovin' Gail Russell . . . A Las Vegas nightclub offered Mario Lanza \$20,000 a week to sing there, fat and all . . . Marilyn Monroe moves up from \$750 to \$1,200 a week at 20th-Fox May 1 . . . Ann Blyth bought a three-bedroom honeymoon nest in Toluca Lake for \$35,000, right next to Bette Davis' first honeymoon home . . . John Wayne intends going back to that \$1,500-a-month house he rented in Acapulco. Golly, it's romantic that far South-of-the-border! . . . Rosalind Russell, who's showing Hollywood how great she is in Broadway's *Wonderful Town*, partnered in a ladies' wear and leather goods business with her former maid, Hazel Washington.

Susan Hayward bought a 1953 convertible, then put it in a garage and took off for Europe

with Jess Barker . . . George Montgomery opened another furniture store, his second, in Beverly Hills . . . Dana Andrews managed to save \$20,000 a year for the past 12 years. That's a solid nest egg of \$240,000 . . . Olivia de Havilland won't budge from her insistence that she be paid \$175,000 per picture. She's one of the few who can still get it, and didn't you think she was wonderful in *My Cousin Rachel*? . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor has been getting \$3,000 a week to go out on tour to make personal appearances with *Moulin Rouge*.

FUNNIES:

John Derek told an interviewer he calls his wife frequently. Interviewer: "What an odd name!" . . . Tab Hunter says a bee is an insect that gets little bumbles from heaven . . . Spotting Mickey and Elaine Rooney at LaRue, Craig Hill asked how long they've been married. "Seven weeks?" sputtered Craig. "And I'm the fool who said it wouldn't last!" . . . At lunch, Debbie Reynolds asked for cigarettes. "King size or regular?" asked the waiter. "Regular," said Debbie, "I'm an old-fashioned girl" . . . Howard Keel was telling Doris Day he knows an actress who's temperamental only twice a year: each attack lasts six months! . . . Evelyn Keyes writes from Paris: "The most beautiful day in my life will be when I can think in French—the most beautiful night when I can dream in French!" . . . Laraine Day and Leo Durocher were having a playful argument. Said Laraine: "Look, Leo, you'll never divorce me because you don't have the strength to teach another gal baseball!"

I went to the Masquers Club testimonial for Jane Wyman, a fine tribute to a fine actress . . . Toastmaster Art Linkletter said that sitting between Janie and her Freddie at the speakers' table was "like peeking over a transom!" . . . Jack Warner said: "Janie has been under contract to me 17 years, and anybody who's been at Warners' that long deserves a dinner in a stadium!" . . . Janie entertained the guests by singing "Red, Rosy Apple" and "My Honey Man," after which she made a little speech of thanks for the honor bestowed upon her. This is part of her speech: "I always wanted to be an actress, even when I was third girl from the left in the second row of the chorus—but I could never make it up to the first row because Alice Faye was always in my way!"

SEX APPEAL:

Oversleeper June Allyson bought an electric-eye alarm clock that keeps ringing till she gets up and out of the beam . . . Joan Crawford wore a Hattie Carnegie nightgown to a party, explaining: "I'm having more fun with it as a dinner dress than I ever did when it was a nightgown" . . . John Payne dropped 10 pounds for his role as the prizefighter in *Crosstown* . . . Far be it from me to criticize but I think Gene Nelson should get rid of that mustache . . . Betta St. John wears a "sarini" in *All The Brothers Were Valiant*—a cross between a sarong and a bikini bathing suit . . . Terry Moore dyed her hair the exact color of boy friend Al Besselink's.

Piper Laurie celebrated her 21st birthday

at—guess where. New York's Club 21, natch! . . . Clark Gable, I'm told, hasn't been taking care of his health lately . . . Things you can be sure of: death, taxes and the fact that Debra Paget bought her own mink coat . . . U-I signed Brad Jackson, young, muscular and a deadringer for Tony Curtis. Is this to keep Tony in line? . . . Barbara Stanwyck gifted the cast and crew of *All I Desire* with beautiful gold presents. She is one of the few stars who still splurges, but big, when her pictures finish shooting . . . Vic Mature got a poodle cut for his role in *The Robe*, and the gals out at 20th-Fox claim the curls suit Vic better than they do Bob Wagner . . . U-I's new starlet, Mamie Van Doren, once named Zaba Olander, employs the same hairdo, same licking of the lower lip and same open-mouthed posturings as Marilyn Monroe.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Seen in a Beverly Hills parking lot—Rita Hayworth in levis and a red sweater with daughter Rebecca, looking more like a parking attendant than a movie star . . . Talk of the town—the Bing Crosby-Mona Freeman datings . . . The Rosemary Clooney-Jose Ferrer romance has been easing up and will likely continue to do so as long as her career keeps strengthening, and don't ask me how come I know so much! . . . Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton set their wedding for August, when his divorce from Mary Job will be final . . . Bob Taylor sure loves those homemade hamburgers his girl from Hamburg—Ursula Thiess—whips up for him . . . Martha Vickers, Mickey Rooney's ex, is painfully thin. Feller named Bob Lane has been trying to fatten her up but he likes her any which way.

Neatest chassis at the auto show: Barbara Darrow's. Chauffeured by Byron Palmer . . . Judy Powell, Dan Dailey's ex-secretary, cleared up a bet with Tab Hunter by treating to chocolate sodas at Wil Wright's . . . Marilyn Erskine, who is Stanley Kramer's ex and who plays the role of Ida Cantor opposite Keefe Brasselle in *The Cantor Story*, and Jim Gates, the television director, wish everybody would go away and leave them alone . . . Sharman Douglas and Pete Lawford have been rekindling an old flame. Please, not that again! . . . Maureen O'Hara's new boy friend is one of the wealthiest men in Mexico . . . Ron Randall's new bride is seven years his senior . . . Don't be surprised if Keenan and Beetsy Wynn have reconciled when you read this.

ODDS BODKINS:

Now that Phyllis Kirk is a neighbor of Gilbert Roland she's wearing toreador pants . . . Lon McCallister has just turned 30, and how does *your* lumbago grow? . . . Anybody noticed how much Marge looks like Gower Champion, and vice versa? . . . By actual count, during a 15-minute interview, Jane Powell said "Kiddo" (it's her favorite expression) 15 times . . . Jeanne Crain attends more parties than any other gal in town, besides raising four children . . . Burt Lancaster has been carrying ballet shoes around instead of weights. He wants to star in a musical.

It's been five years since James Mason



Young



Reynolds



Clooney



Blyth



Crawford



the Champions

hollywood report

continued

wrote a magazine piece called "Why I Won't Go to Hollywood" (!?) . . . Marjorie Steele was embarrassed on the *No Escape* set when her Howard Shoup gown fell apart at the most provocative seams . . . That pretty Penny Edwards broke down and admitted to me that her real name is Millicent. "Penny"—"Cent"—get it? . . . The Irving Thalberg Lodge of B'nai B'rith threw a banquet for Dennis Day to honor him for his interracial activities. Irish Denny accepted the plaque tendered him in Yiddish . . . Anyone else besides us notice that Johnnie Ray looks like a sad Howard Keel? . . . Mario Cabre, the bull-fighter, set sail for Africa with the announced intention of reciting some more poems to Ava Gardner. Shouldn't somebody tell him she's married to Frank Sinatra?

QUICK QUOTES:

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor tossed a dinner party in New York for Clifton Webb and Susan Zanuck. Susan couldn't locate a maid to lace her into her gown. So Uncle Belvedere took over, remarking betimes, "Why not—I've been dressing my mother for years!" . . . Mel Ferrer writes from Africa: "The riots have calmed down. Now we can be shot at only for bad acting, so don't expect to see me again" . . . Jane Russell, during the shooting of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, kept nagging at Marilyn Monroe to marry Joe DiMaggio: "Believe me, honey—and I know 'cause I married one—athletes make the best husbands!" . . . Carole Mathews: "Most women aren't sufficiently posterior-conscious. It's the last impression as you leave the room that counts."



Ferrer

Somebody overheard Lana Turner say: "Fernando Lamas is a fine actor but I'm amazed no one bothered to teach him English" . . . A newspaper reporter asked George Raft: "Have you ever worked with Humphrey Bogart?" George replied: "Well, Bogie worked with me in a few pictures" . . . George Sanders told British reporters why his wife, Zsa Zsa Gabor, will go to the top of the acting profession: "There just isn't anybody in Hollywood strong enough to stop her!" . . . They had Betty Hutton under an inhalator when I flew up to San Francisco to catch the Bombshell's stage show at the Curran Theatre. Betty couldn't talk (!!!) but Charlie O'Curran told me she had knocked herself out, up to my arrival, giving the best shows of her—or anybody's!—life. And if you know Betty you can believe it. Anyway, I left the Bay City without seeing her perform—and can only hope that she'll decide to put her show on in Los Angeles at some future date . . . Bob Hope: "It's too bad Bing Crosby couldn't come to this dinner for Cardinal McIntyre. You see, he couldn't find a sitter for the Bank of America!" . . . Bob Taylor comments ominously on Ava Gardner's slim waist: "It could get her arrested—no visible means of support" . . . An extra gandered Zsa Zsa Gabor's cleaved gowns and cracked, "Lincoln to the contrary, all women are *not* created equal" . . . Steve Cochran told a newsgal he learned all about women when he was *six months old!*

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CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE LEGACY

by Nevil Shute

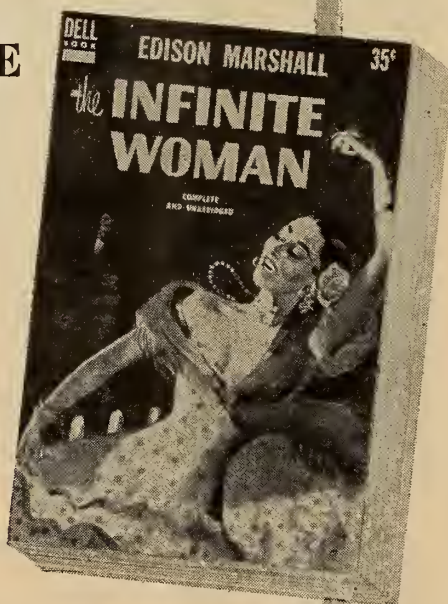
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married madcaps

(Continued from page 44) The wedding was a complete surprise to everyone. Anne hadn't mentioned to anyone that she was considering marriage, or was even in love for that matter. She had dated the usual bachelors about town but no one at her studio gave a second thought to Anne's becoming a bride. She had been a professional actress since the first year of her life, and with only 21 birthdays behind her seemed quite willing to devote herself entirely to her work and to enjoying her new-found success in movies. And then on Friday, May 16th, she telephoned 20th Century-Fox and calmly announced that she was marrying Mr. Price the following day.

Anne is "different" in Hollywood in that she works with calm assurance and complete lack of temperament. In the three years she has been in town she has fulfilled the best hopes of the directors with whom she has worked, yet managed to live her own life, the kind of life, except for the hours in front of the camera, that might be lived by a small town girl at college.

Her wedding stayed in character. It was traditionally beautiful, quiet, and slightly crazy, but bare of crowds and flashbulbs. It took place in the chapel of the Harvard Military School, an institution in North Hollywood which Bam had attended in his youth. The presiding minister was a friend of Bam's, and families of both the bride and groom flew into town from New York and Porterville, California, respectively. It should have gone off smoothly, but then, few weddings do. Anne's father, preparatory to giving away his only daughter, was more nervous than a politician on election eve. "Why," he kept growling, "doesn't the organ start playing?"

He ignored the fact that Bam had not yet arrived, and for her part Anne was wondering, in a simmering sort of fashion, what Bam had been doing driving in the opposite direction as she and her father had approached the church. She calmed her own frazzled nerves by telling her father over and over that they were to use the lock step going down the aisle. She neglected to so inform her matron of honor who, as a result, eventually went trotting briskly toward the altar, leaving the bride and her father leagues behind. Bam finally arrived, having been there once before but having forgotten to pick up his best man. This had now been rectified, and the explanation for his driving away from the church ten minutes before the scheduled ceremony was gratefully accepted by Anne.

Secure in her knowledge that the groom was here and that her father knew all about the lock step, Anne went back to visit the pastor, who was just donning his robes for the ceremony. "He looks just wonderful in them, just beautiful," she confided later to her father as the two of them stood waiting for the strains of Lohengrin. "Blast!" roared her father. "This isn't his wedding! It's *your* wedding! When is that infernal organ going to start?"

THE tumult and the shouting and the wedding over with, the new Mr. and Mrs. Price left for a brief honeymoon in Yosemite and San Francisco and then returned to their two apartments. Each was quite small, consisting only of a living room, bath and kitchen, and they decided to keep both of them until a larger apartment was available. They lived in Anne's, and Bam used his for his work.

Bam's work must be explained in order to effectively chronicle the first months of the marriage. In his study of motion picture production he must turn out a thesis,

which in this subject consists of a complete documentary film, written, produced, directed, photographed, edited, etc. by the student himself. Bam chose the subject of the evils of drug addiction, and when he first met Anne was in the throes of interviewing those unfortunates who had been a slave to the habit. The project went on until shortly before Christmas of 1952, the last few months being devoted to the editing, or cutting, of the film. Luckily, *Dream Boat* was Anne's last picture until she began her role of the swamp girl Flamingo in Warner Bros.' *A Lion In The Streets* last December. As a result, she had seven full months in which to devote her time to assisting Bam. She was alternately his script girl, his assistant director, and his Girl Friday, and in helping her husband Anne learned more about what goes into making a movie than she had ever gleaned from her own work in front of the cameras. "I now adore all assistant directors," she announces, "and don't know how they ever keep their sanity."

When the time came last August that a larger apartment was ready for occupancy, they were delighted, although the more Bohemian residents of their neighborhood were saddened by the news that henceforth the Prices would live in one apartment. "What a dee-vine arrangement!" several gay divorcees had clucked. "Two apartments!" Anne merely smiled. To each his own, she figured, and for her there was only one living arrangement for a marriage—two people with one key.

THE new apartment gave them the feeling of great spaciousness. There was a living room, dinette, bedroom and kitchen and what's more, the living room boasted a fireplace. At last, thought Anne, here was a real home. Moving day changed her thoughts somewhat. Bam filled the fireplace with cameras, tripods and batteries, and flashbulbs wandered here and there onto the hearthstone. His desk was put in the dinette and within two days he had strung wires from here to there throughout the room. These were promptly hung with strips of film, and when they put up a folding screen to hide the working room from the living room this, too, was shortly be-ribboned with film.

In the days when Bam was shooting his picture things were fairly neat. His day had begun at seven and he whisked out of the house with his cameras and came back later with nothing to show for his work but neat little spools of film. Last fall it became a different story. The cutting of film is the messiest part of the business, and soon after his morning coffee Bam disappeared behind the film bunting and didn't emerge until dinnertime, when he appeared with bloodshot eyes.

"The only way I knew he was there," says Anne, "was from the noise of the movieola. Or if he wasn't working with that he had the radio turned on full blast."

Once in a while she parted the curtain of film, feeling like Sadie Thompson making an entrance, and ventured in to look over his shoulder. A scene was running through the movieola, a small machine used by film editors. "Uh, uh," Anne would say, shaking her head in a negative fashion. "That should be a closeup right there instead of a long shot."

"You think so?" said Bam. "Then what about the closeup that comes just before that? Before the fadeout?"

"Now, wait a minute, wait a minute," said Mrs. Price, putting her hands over her eyes. "I can see the whole thing clear as day. Now. If you put the closeup before the fadeout and then follow with the—follow with the—honey, I'm losing it. I'm all muddled. Goodbye." And she parted the film curtain once more and left.

Anne didn't often enter her producer's

den. As confused as it was Bam knew where to find every scrap he wanted, and as a result neither Anne nor the woman who comes once a week to clean dared to go near the cluttered desk. One day Anne stepped squarely on a closeup, neatly imprinting the film with the outline of her shoe, and she was so angry with herself that she went into the bedroom and sulked for an hour.

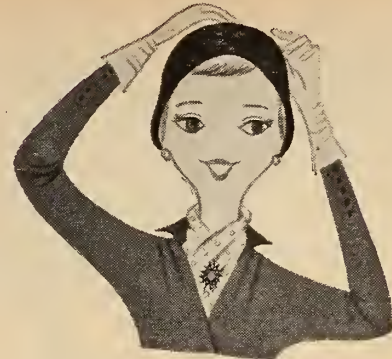
While Bam was thus engrossed Anne had time to attend to her own affairs. Those seven months of freedom gave her an opportunity to learn the difference between a broiler and an oven, and how to make dirt disappear from a house. They also gave her a free mind with which to struggle with the adjustments necessary in a new marriage. Despite her youth Anne has the intelligence to know that it takes work to make a good marriage. Most people, she figures, are dreamers. They think that falling in love is the whole answer and the end of all effort, but Anne knows that's when the work begins.

THE first thing she learned about was Bam's tremendous energy. Anne had thought she was similarly endowed, but after a month of trying to keep up with his schedule she fell by the wayside. He was up at seven to start a 16-hour workday and Anne, who got up and made his breakfast and then worked all day by his side, was exhausted by nine p.m. It dawned on her finally that it would be more sensible to stay within her limits, a practice which in time made her a more cheerful bride.

Her next step was to worry about him. Nobody, she thought, should keep up such a killing pace, but she learned that it is Bam's way, and that if she fretted about it and nagged him to work less, it would only make him unhappy. This premise was so settled in her mind that when she began work in *A Lion In The Streets* and had to be up at 4 a.m. and at the studio by 5:30, she didn't object when Bam too crawled out of bed and started his own day along with her. She could hear him whistling in the kitchen as he started the breakfast while she took her shower, and she knew that this was what he wanted to do, or he wouldn't be doing it. She has contented herself merely with talking him into taking Sundays off. "You know, dear," she said, "just to relax? Maybe take a drive out in the country or something?"

There was no problem with the toothpaste tube; they use different brands of toothpaste, so the argument never arose about whether it should be squeezed flat or rolled from the bottom. They are both prompt people and never have to wait for each other to dress, and each is so attentive to details that often they both try to pick up the laundry on the same day. But Anne hit a snag regarding neatness. In her bachelor days she had always tended to strew things slightly through the apartment, and now that she was married felt quite miffed when Bam left his sports coat on the bed, his bath towel over the door and yesterday's shirt on the floor. She was even more miffed when she realized that her husband, without having said a word, was deliberately demonstrating to her how messy a home could look when its residents let things fall where they may. By now she hangs up her own things as well as his and the other day when he asked where his jacket was, she smiled through gritted teeth. "I hung it up, dear." Then laughed out loud.

In the beginning, there was a budget, an idea, Anne hastily explains that stemmed exclusively from her husband. She hasn't the slightest affinity for arithmetic and not only told him so but proceeded to prove it. They started off with a special budget book purchased from a stationer, and neatly penciled in at the head of each column the



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names of their miscellaneous expenses. Anne kept it up to date quite dutifully for two weeks and then discarded the idea as entirely too much trouble. "Putting down how much I spend for soap," she told Bam, "can't possibly increase our income or decrease our expenses. As far as I'm concerned the budget book is a big fat waste of time."

Their bank statement arrives and stays for days on the same table, each waiting and hoping that the other will be a martyr and inspect it for possible errors. Up to this writing Bam has been the inevitable loser, and one day was foolish enough to attempt to explain to his bride how a bank statement should be checked. "You see," he said, "you merely check the canceled checks with a check against each—" he turned around in his chair. Anne had disappeared. "Where are you?" he called. "I'm explaining how simple it is to do this thing!"

Her voice floated merrily from the kitchen. "I'm baking a pie," she said. "This is something I can wrap my mind around."

Anne indeed can master the mysteries of a kitchen and is rapidly becoming a culinary queen. Bam is no slouch himself and on Sundays, the only day they have time to sit leisurely over breakfast, his waffles alternate with Anne's popovers.

THEY both wear white terrycloth fatigue outfits around the apartment, and other residents refer to them as the ghost couple. The neighbors have also had occasion to note that the young Mr. Price may possibly be out of his head. There for a few weeks he was frequently seen in the garden, leaping into the air and flailing his arms for no obvious reason. What Bam actually was doing was collecting food for his wife's new pet, a green creature three feet long which Anne describes as "a friendly snake." She had first become addicted to snakes back in Atlanta on a P.A. tour when one night she was standing in the wings of a theater and felt a light touch on her shoulder. Turning, she saw the head of a good sized serpent nestling on her upper arm. This particular snake was due to go on stage soon with his own act, and when editor Paul Jones of the leading Atlanta newspaper saw that Anne was not only unafraid but quite fascinated, he offered to send her a snake for a pet. Told it was impossible to adopt her newfound friend for her very own, she agreed to accept a substitute. "But be sure," she told Jones, "that he is a friendly one."

The wire arrived a few days after Anne's return to Hollywood. "CURLY ARRIVING EIGHT MONDAY MORNING ON SUPER CHIEF COMPARTMENT SIX." Arrived at the railroad depot on Monday, Anne looked up compartment six and found a pale and shaken newspaper-

woman who held out to Anne, at arm's length, an immense glass jar filled with Curly. "Here," she said in a weak voice, "you take him. I haven't been able to eat a thing since I boarded the train."

Curly was taken home and given loving care. The neighborhood was nonplussed by Bam's daily safari for a boxful of insects, and friends of the young couple did not take kindly to being met at the Prices' front door by Bam wearing Curly in his hair or around his neck. All things must come to an end, however, and when Curly died a few weeks later everyone was quite jubilant, except Anne and Bam. They have concluded that it would be easier to raise something more along the human line and are hoping, after they eventually buy the house they are saving for, to start a family of their own.

MEANWHILE their respective parents are delighted with the marriage. Bam's mother and father came down to Hollywood last Thanksgiving, armed with candy and cookies and flowers, plus wood for the fireplace. The latter was stacked out of sight for the bright day when the fireplace would be empty of camera equipment, and then, because the dinette was bursting with film, they all went for Thanksgiving dinner to the home of Bam's friends in Whittier, 17 miles away. It was to this same house that last summer Anne and Bam decided to walk, and did. When the elder Prices heard about the jaunt they looked at each other and beamed. Wherever else would their son have found a girl who liked to walk as much as he does?

When Anne's parents came west for Christmas, a fire was blazing in the fireplace and a dinette set sat where it ought to sit—in the dinette. They had a merry holiday and a fine dinner and when it was mentioned that Thanksgiving day had been spent with their friends in Whittier—the place 17 miles away where they had once walked—Mr. and Mrs. Francis caught each other's eye across the table. Where else could Anne have found a boy who liked to walk as much as she does?

So although Anne and Bam can account for their finances only the first two weeks of their marriage, although he puts her through her paces in the matter of putting things away, although their first year was lived with a movie, and although Anne goes away from home and orders snakes delivered on her return, this one looks as though it's going to last. He brings her flowers "for no special reason," they completely understand each other's work, and they like to walk like nobody else on earth. To top it all, Bam approves of her driving. "And," says Anne proudly, "he told me that after we were married!" **END**

just what the doctor ordered

(Continued from page 41) star-studded mother in Hollywood.

And I might add, it also belonged to one of the most beautiful babies. Yes, Michael Howard was a property owner before he was born. "The man who built the house gave our expected baby an acre and a half of land."

He pointed out young Michael's section—an up-ended acre that dropped sheerly into a deep canyon. "I hope the boy never falls out of his property," I said. "It looks as though he'll need the legs of a mountain goat or a helicopter to reach it." Mike shrugged. He'd let the lad figure that one out in the future. Mike was too busy living for the day.

"And wouldn't you know," I said, "that you'd cover your yard with diachondra in-

stead of grass." Diachondra is a small plant that requires no mowing—just the thing for the labor-loathing Wildings.

The pool was small, but electrically heated. Mike considers it a great luxury, since swimming pools are rare in his native England. He takes four or five dips a day. Between his swimming and Liz' bathing, they're the cleanest couple in town.

"On a clear day," Mike continued, "we can see Catalina when we sit up in bed. I only hope that Catalina can't see us."

That's hardly likely. The house, a strictly modern affair, has a small yard surrounded by a high fence. It pops into view before a stranger knows he's near it. The mailbox still bears the name of "Ted McClellan," the industrialist who built the place. Mike and Liz haven't yet got around to putting up their shingle.

The yipping of two dogs told me I was at the right place. Those dogs are part

of Liz' eternal menagerie. Come husbands, babies, or what-have you, Liz would feel naked without her animals. If the animals weren't sufficient identification, an enormous packing box would give you another clue. It rests beside the driveway and bears the inscription: "Made in England" and "Mr. M. Wilding."

"Well," I said, "you can certainly look down on many famous people." On the winding road up the hill you pass the homes of Danny Kaye, Ronald Colman, Katharine Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Constance Bennett, and King Vidor.

"Isn't that wonderful," said Mike, ushering me through a small hallway into a huge combination living-dining room. The windows reach from floor to ceiling to take advantage of the view. All the furnishings are as modern as the house.

The color accent of the living room is purple—a blue-violet divan with purple pillows; purple glassware gleaming from various spots; before the rock fireplace a purple chair. It was obvious that somebody's favorite color was purple, and I soon learned that somebody was Liz. Her bachelor-girl apartment had been dominated by green and chartreuse (which she loathed) and always looked as though somebody had moved in but never got around to settling down.

But Mrs. Michael Wilding's home already has the air of permanency. The walls are covered with paintings. A huge landscape, a wedding gift from her art-dealer father, hangs above the divan. Next to it is an Augustus Johns portrait. Beside the fireplace is a life-size bronze bust of a girl by the noted sculptor Jacob Epstein. Mike confided that he knew the girl who had posed for the statue.

An accent of humor is added to the dining room section by a caricature Jean Negulesco did of Liz when she was expecting the stork. It shows her in black slacks, a full purple smock, and a tousled head of hair. Mike can always point to it and say, "That, my dear, is how you looked in the first year of our marriage."

Liz' hair was still tousled when she entered the room. A poodle-cut, without waves, produced a shaggy effect. Her flowing white dressing gown concealed her figure; but her face was no longer oval. It was round. Except for lipstick she wore no make-up, and no jewelry except a plain gold wedding ring on her finger, and a tiny gold cross around her neck. Her eyes were sleepy, and she looked as relaxed as the black cat that lay sleeping on a green upholstered bar stool in a corner of the room. But she was still beautiful.

MAKING a mock curtsy, I exclaimed, "Why, Liz, you wore *that* dressing gown a year ago. Shame on you."

"But I'm much poorer and much older now," she protested. The wind which had been blowing hard all day now began to howl around the house. At the sound Liz' eyes were no longer sleepy. They opened wide. "Welcome to Wuthering Heights," she said. "I'm supposed to go back to work—terrible thought—in three weeks; and I've got to lose some weight, but fast."

"Well, you can't do it by diet alone," I said. "I've got a wonderful masseur, Dr. Fred Nelson, who could take those extra inches off you."

"How much does he charge?" was her first question.

At that, a dead silence fell over the room, and everybody did a double-take. For Liz to ask about the price of anything was like an atheist asking the way to church. Finally Peggy Rutledge (Liz' secretary) turned to me and said, "Are you sure you've come to the right address?"

"We're very poor," Liz continued, "and I have to think of prices. We call this 'Suspension House'."

"In one year, we've had a year and five months of suspensions between us, a record for one family," explained Mike. "I was on suspension four months; and Liz, seven. Then we both had a three-months layoff. Figure it up. We've been suspended so long we feel like bats hanging from the rafters." In Hollywood language "suspension" means being taken off studio salary for failure to do a picture assigned one, or for having a baby.

"But we're all set now," said Liz. "Mike has one picture coming up; and I have two. How much does your masseur charge, seriously?"

"If he charged by the pound . . ." I replied, studying her figure, then stopped with a gasp. I noticed Liz was wearing bedroom slippers. "Well, well," I roared. "Mike finally got shoes on you and took his off."

"He got shoes on me!" exclaimed Liz. "When did this happen? I'm always a fashion plate when you're around, you know."

"Of course," said I. "You and Mike must come to a party I'm giving next week."

"Party," replied Liz in a shocked voice. "I haven't a thing to wear. All my old clothes are too small. And I'll be darned if I'm going to buy anything until I've reduced."

"The party's being given for Dana Tasker, the man who got your pretty puss on the cover of Time. He wants to meet you," I said.

"Maybe he'd buy me a new dress," Liz hinted.

"Maybe he would, but I doubt it," I said. "Perhaps I could promote you a free massage upstairs while the party's going on below."

"You're a real little sport," said Liz with a smile.

"She's a very difficult girl to handle," said Mike. "The reason she put on so much weight is that she drank and ate everything in sight, especially milk, during her pregnancy. The doctor told her to slow down on that milk consumption, that she was gaining too much weight. But she just batted those baby blue eyes at him and said, 'But I like milk.' Naturally the doctor couldn't resist her. He said, 'Well, have milk then. Have it.' She put on 40 pounds."

"Forty pounds!" I yelled.

"But I've already lost 25," she said. Then added kiddingly, "You see I owed it to myself to remain strong and healthy. The baby would have got enough food from me, no matter how much I weighed. All that calcium in the milk was good for him."

As Liz told this grandmother all about what you must go through to have a fat, healthy baby, Mike sat in the purple chair and beamed at her. They seem to appreciate each other's sense of humor. When Liz scored a wisecrack, Mike smiled like the cat that swallowed the canary. But since the topic Baby had been brought up, he asked, "Don't you want to see him, Hedda?"

"Sure," I said. "That's why I'm here."

THE statement brought pandemonium. Mike jumped up and started for the nursery. Liz was immediately on her feet and after him. By the time I got into locomotion, a small poodle, by the name of "G", joined the party, barking and getting under everyone's feet in an effort to get to the nursery first. But the black cat on the bar stool never opened an eye or moved. It would take more than a baby to wake him up.

The baby's room is painted in yellow and pale blue. Toys are all over the place. On a ledge around the room sit all kinds



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of stuffed animals: Bears, deer, dogs, and cats. Toy soldiers stand at attention on top of a chest of drawers. Also in the room were a tiny blue chair, a bed for the nurse, a large canopied child's bed, a bassinet with yellow organdy ruffles and a pure white blanket with "Michael" embroidered on it in pink, and a small basket which holds the baby when he travels to and from the doctor's office. But tiny Michael Howard was oblivious to all these comforts of home. He was sleeping soundly on his stomach in a small, plain perambulator. A pink blanket hid all but his head, which was covered with dark, black hair, like Liz'. He has a turned up nose and tiny ears that lie flat against his head.

"And he has blue eyes," said Mike, pulling back the blanket so I could see all of his son. "And see how long he is." He was as proud as a mother hen with just one chick over his son and heir.

"Has he shown any special talent?" I asked.

"Certainly," said Mike. "He knows when to stop feeding. Unlike most babies who over-eat then up-chuck, our boy stops, breathes a while, then goes back to his food."

On the walls I spotted a picture of Liz, and asked, "Now who ever did that? It's a horror."

"It's Michael's first attempt at painting. He did it from a photograph when he had to return to London, and I had to stay in Hollywood to finish a picture," said Liz.

"Don't shoot, Hedda, I'd never do another one," Mike added.

"I did the other picture with the snow and two deer when I was 12," said Liz.

"Now for the bedroom," I said.

Liz led the way. I nearly had a stroke when I saw the size of the bed. "It's only seven feet by seven and a half," said Liz. "I wanted one nine by nine."

"She didn't know her bed or sheet sizes," Mike broke in. "This one is great."

"Somewhat like a battle ground," said I.

"Sure," said Liz, "it gives you room to kick around and do all sorts of things without disturbing one another."

The room was definitely pink, with a huge television set facing the bed, and a chaise longue beside it. There was another TV set at the bar. "You must be nertz about television," I suggested.

"A family arrangement," Mike explained.

"Liz loves murder mysteries, and I like boxing. With two sets there's no conflict."

The bedroom was immaculate, and I commented on it. "But don't look in the bathroom," pleaded Liz.

"Tell me, Mike. Is she still careless about hanging up her clothes?" I asked. "She used to leave them wherever they fell."

"I told you not to look in the bathroom," giggled Liz.

"Well," said Mike, "she has fewer clothes to drop now. But thank goodness, she doesn't drop the baby. As a matter of fact, she's a good mother. I'm proud of her."

"I don't see what that has to do with motherhood," pouted Liz. "I know a lot of old people who leave their clothes all over the place. My husband, for instance. But, Hedda, don't you think the bedroom does look neat?"

"Yes," I replied, "but I'll bet my hat you cleaned it up when you learned I was coming up to see you."

"You're quite right," Mike admitted. "Things were dripping all over the place until I suggested it be tidied up before you got here. I had an idea you'd like to see the bedroom."

"You were quite right about that too," said I.

"It's a model of neatness," declared Liz.

When we arrived back in the living room, Peggy brought out the other baby of the

family—a tiny black poodle named Mugwumps. The poodle and its mother began cavorting all over the place. Coffee arrived. Liz picked up the silver pot, acting as though it were so heavy she couldn't hold it. "For heaven's sake! Put it down. You'll scald us all," I cried.

"It's so heavy," signed Liz, collapsing on the sofa and stretching herself. "I think I'll take a nap. I just got up before you came. I hadn't been out of bed all day."

"You get up at three in the afternoon?"

"Well, I'd been awake for quite a few hours," she explained. "The doctor told me I must sort of take a nap."

"She must sort of take a nap; so she sleeps all day," I said. "She's really playing her role to the hilt. Mike, I'm afraid you've got yourself a real lazy girl."

"It's all right," he said, tossing a smile at his wife. "I'm sort of lazy too."

Liz just lay there, looking utterly helpless. And I could just see everybody in house breaking their necks to cater to her slightest whim. She was living it up and liking it.

"Now, my girl, tell me how it feels to be a mother," I said, knowing I'd laid myself open with that one.

"I like it," said Liz in imitation of Jerry Lewis. "I hope you didn't expect anything more intelligent in the way of an answer."

Then she sat up and had herself a cup of coffee, resting the cup on a purple pillow in her lap. "No, really," she added, "he's a very good baby—cries only when he's hungry, and gets hungry only on schedule. But he's so tiny and delicate, I do worry when I have to flip him over in the crib."

"Do you bathe him?" I wanted to know.

"No. But Mike helps," she said.

"I was up at the crack of dawn this morning," he said. "The nurse did the bathing though. I stood by watching and looking like a fool." He got up, slipped into the nursery, and came back with a puzzled expression. "He's sleeping with his eyes open," he said. "He's got one eye open and the other shut."

"He's not asleep, love," said Liz. "Michael gets upset so easily," she explained. "Bless his heart. The night the baby was born, the doctor told him the operation would take about 12 minutes and promised to let him know whether he had a boy or girl as soon as the Caesarean was over. But somebody forgot; and Mike had to wait 45 minutes."

"I was climbing the walls by the time I got the news," said Mike.

"When he was finally taken to see the baby, Mike thought it was like an opening night," continued Liz. "A curtain was raised, and he spotted a nurse standing behind the glass with her mask on. The baby had one eye open and the other closed then. Mike cried, 'Oh, my God, he has only one eye.' Then he started making frantic signs and yelling to the nurse, 'What's wrong with the other eye?' She leaned over and gently pried the eye open."

THE poodle yipped at the puppy under Liz' feet. She jumped, exclaiming, "Please. My nerves."

"What did you think of the baby when you first saw him?" I asked.

"I'd had a spinal block, but was awake when he was born," said she. "He was five seconds old when I first saw him. The doctor was holding him by his feet; and the baby was bright purple—my favorite color."

"That children survive at all is wonderful," said Mike. "After one breath, the doctor holds them up by one leg to drain the mucus from the lungs. The baby just dangles there, chokes, and becomes purple."

"What a colorful description for a father to make!" laughed Liz. Then she turned

erious. "An hour after Michael was born, he was brought to me; and I saw that he was beautiful. He was all pink and white, with no wrinkles in his skin, and a beautifully shaped head. He opened his eyes when I reached for him. He was beautiful. I couldn't be making all this up."

"Did you get an attack of those 'baby blues' that many mothers have after giving birth to their children?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "I was very happy. But I was nervous, without being afraid, before his birth. I didn't have time to think much of the operation, because I was told it would be necessary only a day before it happened. But it has taken me longer to recuperate than I thought it would. I figured I'd be jumping from room to room in a week. But it's taken me a month already, and time's a-wastin'. You know I'll be 21 the end of this month. Then I'll be a woman!"

"Okay," I said, remembering how sensitive Liz was about her youth. "When are you going to have your next baby?"

"In 18 months or so," she said. "I want my children to be born close together. I guess," she added with a laugh, "I'll have to arrange to have them during my suspensions."

"That's an idea," said Mike. "Check with the accounting department at the studio and find out when you can have your next child."

"Work!" she sighed. "Reducing! No fooling, how much does that masseur charge?"

"Stand up and pull in your stomach," I said. "I want to see how your figure really does look."

She did as I requested, murmuring, "Sylph-like, that's me."

What I saw made me scream, "Elizabeth! How could you?"

"Just call me Temptress Taylor," said she.

"You'd better start getting that off quickly," I advised, and then told her how much

per hour my favorite masseur charged.

"What do you think, love?" she asked Mike.

"It sounds interesting," he replied.

"You've got an appointment with your doctor in about 15 minutes," Peggy Rutledge told Liz.

"So I have," said she. "This is Thursday, isn't it?"

We all agreed it was.

DURING the whole proceedings, Mike was content to leave the spotlight on Elizabeth. He just sat there in his purple chair, grinning at her feminine shenanigans. But when Liz retired to dress, he went to the bar and mixed himself a gin and tonic, explaining that the limes he used were "homegrown".

How languid Liz dressed so quickly, I wouldn't know. But before Mike had time to take a sip of his "tonic," she was back, wearing black velvet slacks with bejeweled shoes to match and a huge white sweater with a turtle neck to which was fastened two gold safety pins. She sat down by Mike and reached for his drink. He shrugged and handed it over, muttering, "Just what the doctor ordered. Reducing stuff." (She sipped a third of the contents before handing it back.)

"Well, my dear," said I, "it's just as the girl claims. She has to keep up her strength, you know."

I glanced at the black cat still slumbering on the bar stool, and it occurred to me that the cat sets the pace for the Wildings' household. I had a feeling that in a way they envied him. After all, he didn't have to work; he slept the hours away; and when he wanted food, he got it and never had to worry about what it did to his figure. Yes, sir, a cat can look at a queen, but a movie queen can also envy a cat. **END**

(Liz can be seen in MGM's *The Girl Who Had Everything*. Michael's latest picture is *The Scarlet Coat*.)

bride of faith

(Continued from page 53) approval of His Church, and to consecrate my life to the services of God in His sick and in His children."

Thus began not only the biggest news story of the Hollywood year, but one of the greatest stories ever told in all of Hollywood's history. Many people, of shallow understanding in Hollywood and elsewhere, think it a defeatist one—picturing June Haver as a tragic fugitive fleeing from a blighted life. Because in the minds of the unenlightened a nun's life is a sad one—especially when a young, beautiful, vivacious, talented and famous girl assumes it. This could not be further from the truth. In tribute to June—who though gone will be long remembered and loved for what she was and is—the story deserves to be truly told.

It is not a story of sadness . . . but one of ecstasy and joy.

It is not the story of a girl fleeing from life . . . but one of a girl flying to a larger life.

It is not the story of a world lost but of a world everlastingly found.

It is not the story of a great love denied . . . but of the Greatest Love realized.

It is not a story of failure . . . but the story of a girl who was tested and found fit to serve.

If it had been possible to ask June Haver, as she abandoned spotlighted Hollywood for her new, anonymous and consecrated life, why she had made that decision, she

could not have told you more than did that poem which she carried in her purse—a poem printed in a brochure of St. Mary's Academy of the Sisters of Charity, which, her heart at last had told her, was the most beautiful, serene, happy and desirable place in all the world for her to be.

So desirable that she was leaving Hollywood three days early, because her eagerness to be there was so great. At that, she felt she was late; June had planned to enter St. Mary's last August, but she could not finish her final picture, *The Girl Next Door*, that soon.

By now June Haver has already been three months a postulate in the probationary period required of all aspirants to the Sisterhood. In three months more, she will put on the white veil of a novitiate. After two more years of study, training and prayer she will be professed as a Sister of Charity, assume her black veil and take her religious name. She will also take three sacred vows before the Altar of her God:

The vow of poverty. The vow of chastity. The vow of obedience.

Each year after that June will renew her vows. At the end of seven and one half years since the doors of St. Mary's closed behind her last February she will take her final, lifetime vows. Then there will be no more June Haver as the world has known her. Actually there is none now. No one who knows her has any doubt that June will succeed in her quest. June has never failed at anything. "I know what I want to do," she said on leaving, "but what I want must also be what God wants. May His will be done." (Continued on page 96)



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Already, His will has been done, in one beginning way. Because it is solely through the gradual extension of His Grace that June Haver finally took the step which she did, a step which stunned, shocked, puzzled and amazed most of Hollywood and most of the world, even though it was plainly approaching. Many could not even believe it, though all the omens were there: June made a pilgrimage to Rome in the Holy Year of 1951 and had an audience with Pope Pius XII; she twice visited St. Mary's in Leavenworth; it was known that she had applied for dispensation to allow her, a divorcée, to assume the holy robes of a nun; she auctioned off her furniture a month before, gave away her clothes, jewelry and personal effects to her sisters and friends; she instructed her agent, Ned Marin, to advise her studio, 20th Century-Fox where she had starred for ten years, that she would not re-sign and would not accept the \$14,000 salary due for her last month. All of this pointed to her decision.

Only her mother, sisters, church officials and a few family standbys, such as Joe Campbell, June's faithful escort, and Dr. Al Metus, a family friend, knew for sure precisely what she was planning. And June told the world only what she felt it had a right to know.

Big story or not, Hollywood reporters respected June's wishes and the wishes of her church—that beyond her statement, she be pressed for no more interviews. Her statement, by the way, was written by June herself, without consultation of the local Catholic Chancery. They found it perfect. In that statement June anticipated the news bombshell she was touching off: "To all my friends," she wrote, ". . . I am about to do something that some of you perhaps will find it difficult to understand. . . ."

JUNE was right. Some did not understand. The first conclusions were sad, fastened conveniently to the unhappy episodes in June Haver's young life:

Her short lived, disillusioning marriage to Jimmy Zito, the moody Italian-American trumpet player. . . . Their divorce and the block to future marriage it posed for June in the eyes of her church which does not recognize divorce. . . . Her fruitless appeal to the *Sacra Romano Rota*, for an annulment of that mistake. . . . Her engagement to Dr. John Duzik, the blond Beverly Hills dentist, and his tragic death on the eve of their supposed wedding plans. . . . And June Haver's own repeated bouts with ill health, accidents and painful operations.

Some even suggested that these illnesses had made it impossible for June to bear children, the mission of every devout Catholic girl in the outside world. Some—as some would in Hollywood—whispered cruelly that June Haver's career was fading.

These latter "explanations" were false. Although the personal tragedies and ordeals that June suffered had been only too true, it was long before those tragedies arrived, long before she married Jimmy Zito, met John Duzik or felt surgical pain, that June Haver—June Stovenour then—experienced strong spiritual stirrings. A deep religious longing was planted in her even as a girl. And the seed that was to blossom and bear holy fruit was nurtured, not in the shade of sadness, but in the sunshine of a bright, expansive, and vitally ambitious a personality as the town of Rock Island, Illinois, where she was born, on June 10, 1926, has ever known.

Back then her yearnings were more vague, but they were yearnings just the same. Her family likes to recall that June was born with a veil over her face. Through the ages, some people have inter-

preted that nativity phenomenon as a sign of great talent; others give it deep religious significance. In June's case both have always applied. But while she flaunted her talent for entertaining others, her spiritual side was a private, and for a while, even a secret matter with June.

It was a secret, because from girlhood June was irresistibly attracted to the Catholic Church, and that was not the church of her family. The Stovenours and Hansens (her mother's family) were Protestants with ministers in the family. June didn't want to hurt them. But in high school, after classes she would take her younger sister Evelyn's arm, and the two would disappear.

"We would go to another part of town, picking our way across a high railroad trestle to St. Joseph's Church," Evelyn remembers. "For as long as she could, June would sit in a pew and look steadily at the altar with its flickering candles. Maybe she prayed, I don't know. We didn't say much, going or coming. But every time June's face seemed to glow with happiness and peace. It was as if she needed those visits. We kept them up a long time. I never said anything."

JUNE's father, Fred Stovenour, who was divorced from her mother, Marie, when June was only ten, recently ascribed his daughter's attraction to the Catholic Church as due to the shock of that family rift. "When her mother and I were divorced," he said, "it made quite an impression on her and it influenced her in finding a religion where divorce is not permitted."

Psychologists might agree. Yet while June loved her fascinating father, from whom she inherited her own musical ability, she also got along famously with her stepfather, Bert Haver, whom her mother married next. In fact, June adopted his name when she turned professional and has used it ever since. There has never been any symptom of bitterness or lack of understanding in June's makeup and up until she left for St. Mary's she remained devoted to her mother, now married to her third husband, Andrew Ottensmeyer. June's attraction to the ancient, orthodox Church of St. Peter would seem to lie deeper than that perhaps contributing cause.

But if her parents' breakup was a reason it was to carry a bitter irony. Because the sanctity of marriage which June sought when she became a Catholic herself was the first law she broke, the sole sin she was to commit in her adopted religion.

June Haver was 15 when Ted Fio-Rino, the band leader, needed a singer, heard about June Stovenour in Rock Island, wired from Chicago, listened to her sing "Embraceable You" and hired her to join his band on tour at \$75 a week. Jimmy Zito was his other discovery, a 17-year-old trumpet wizard who could ramble on his golden horn like the Angel Gabriel himself. He was a Catholic. He had never been away from home either.

All the zig-zag course of that trip, as June sang her way to Hollywood, she and the black-haired, slender, quietly attractive boy paired off. It was the first romance of June Haver's life. In Rock Island she had never had a real sweetheart, gone "steady." Not that there was anything wrong with her. June just was too busy, too ambitious, too eager to spread herself around. Her heart wanted to embrace everyone, not any single one. Still does.

But Jimmy and June were both wide-eyed, excited and thrilled with their unbelievable breaks. They revelled in the spotlights, crowds, big hotels and cafés. They were the youngest two in the troupe. Jimmy was a sweet, unsophisticated boy

hen June was as fresh as a budding rose. Mrs. Haver chaperoned them as they saw the sights of new cities—St. Louis, Dallas, Des Moines, Denver—heard Jimmy shyly call her “Mom.” It was a rosy interlude which June Haver never forgot—what girl ever forgets her first romance?

JUNE Haver was at her most impressionable age when she arrived in Hollywood. She saw her first movie studio, making some musical shorts with Fio-Rito's and. The big league of talent and accomplishment all around her was inviting, promising, irresistible. June talked her mother into staying in Hollywood. The Havers moved out, bag and baggage. Jimmy Zito and the band traveled on.

At Beverly Hills High it was the same story for June that it had been in Rock Island. Her beauty, vivacity, magnetism and friendliness captured everyone, including a host of Hollywood talent agents who saw June in a school play. Darryl F. Zanuck, back from Army duty, was impressed and put her right away into *Home in Indiana*, where as the blonde charmer “Cri-Cri” she shared a hit which started her career right off in high gear, along with another pretty newcomer named Jeanne Rains.

In person June was a fun girl . . . popular, asked everywhere, bubbling with life, twinkling with wit and laughter. June Haver had dates galore. But never was there any scandal of any kind. No one ever was June Haver's enemy.

That was the girl Hollywood knew—a precocious Miss determined to get what she wanted; clever, aggressive, ambitious and irresistible. When she was chosen for the role of Marilyn Miller in the life story which Warners' had held cautiously six years for the right star, all Hollywood gushed, “What more could any girl want?”

June herself didn't know, but she was making an earnest search for it. She had been, quietly, unobtrusively for many years. After she had returned from Kentucky location with *Home in Indiana* she began instruction in the Catholic faith at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills. Even as the trumpets blared about her earthly success, June took her first consecrated vows, administered by Monsignor Patrick Concannon. She took them with her sisters, Evelyn and Dorothy. Perhaps even then she realized she was searching for love. A love that would reach to the depths of her heart and satisfy her inner yearning which she appeased only when she entered the Church of the Good Shepherd and prayed. June never missed a Sunday mass from the day she was converted. That is where she went with John Duzik on their first date. Literally, they met by an accident.

A bump in a picture scene cracked the ice of June's front teeth, capped for the umpteenth time, and she was directed to the skillful young Beverly Hills dentist. His receptionist has said that June asked, “Is he married?” when the tooth repair was over. So, that was more a sample of June's anxiety than sudden passion. John Duzik was not the kind to inspire sudden passion. And the evidence shows that certainly at the start he was more in love with June than she with him.

John Duzik was 27 when June Haver met him—nine years older than she. He was no Adonis or Romeo, although a nice-looking, stockily built man with wavy blond hair and a reliable, assuring smile. He was a devout Catholic, a good and solid man. He was the last person in the world June, or anyone else, would ever think could innocently bring her heartache—the heartache of self reproach—or a relief that, paradoxically, was to lead her to joy and peace.

There is no doubt that Dr. Duzik fell

deeply in love with June. Whether she did with him then is another question. While she was making *Oh, You Beautiful Doll* he slipped an engagement ring on her finger. June kept it but she didn't wear it. Pretty soon she gave it back.

PERHAPS even then June was groping for a greater spiritual love. Or perhaps she couldn't forget Jimmy Zito, with whom she had kept in touch. Shortly after June and John Duzik reached and passed the climax of their first romance, Jimmy showed up in Hollywood again. He seemed like the same old Jimmy—except for a tiny black moustache—the boy who had first touched her heart. When this time he asked her to marry him, June found herself saying, “Yes.” They were married in Las Vegas on March 9, 1947. Because both were Catholic they were remarried at St. Timothy's 17 days later. June Haver gave her heart impulsively, romantically and—as it turned out—tragically. They lived together three months almost to the day. Nobody knows just why her disillusionment was so great, but she won her divorce, March 25, 1948 on grounds of mental cruelty and Jimmy Zito did not contest it.

Some close friends of June's think that it was her broken marriage which first pointed June toward a nun's life. “June,” says one, “carried away a deep sense of sin from the divorce court. She felt she had flouted the laws of her church. She felt she must make penance. Her one desire became a chance to expiate her transgression.”

This might seem strange reasoning in the face of June's second and serious romance with John Duzik, who stepped back into her life with love and understanding. There is no doubt that he had worshipped her always—and June's family, along with everyone else, believe he was the love of her life, as well. Yet, while they were at last engaged, there was never any definite date to marry, as most people suppose. There could not be with June until she had been absolved by her conscience and her church. She had not received absolution by August 1949 when John entered St. John's hospital for a simple operation for stomach ulcers.

June was then making *The Daughter Of Rosie O'Grady*. For a while he seemed progressing perfectly, then internal bleed-

IT HAPPENED TO ME

Six years ago when I was living in Chicago I used to go frequently to the Rainbow Gardens Ball Room. When Les Brown played an engagement there, I went with some friends and we were immediately impressed by his vivacious vocalist. Her long blonde hair, sunny smile and numerous freckles seemed to contribute to her particular type of glamor.

As we were leaving the crowded lobby, I dropped my handbag and the girl stepped over instantly to pick it up for me. She smiled so genuinely, I knew I'd always be a fan of hers, even though at the time she was not well known.

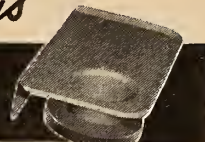
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ing started, and later uremic poisoning. For eight weeks, while she danced and sang on the set, sometimes until midnight, June went through a private Gethsemane, as her fiancé lingered agonizingly between life and death. Eight weeks. Eighty-four blood transfusions. June slept in the hospital on a cot, prayed in the chapel, kept vigil by his bed every free hour. But to no avail. On the Sunday morning of October 30th, John Duzik died.

One close friend is sure that was when she made her final decision. "June felt that John Duzik's death was her punishment, and a sign from Above," he believes. "She felt responsible. From that minute she put herself in the hands of God and was determined to find a way to walk in His steps."

She found the way at her place of suffering, St. John's Hospital. The Sisters of Charity who staff St. John's helped her . . . not by persuasion but by example of their work and their lives.

June was a patient at St. John's herself four separate times—for ulcers, for an appendectomy, for a ruptured abdominal organ, for a twisted back. These operations and illnesses were devastating to her frail body—she lost pounds she could not afford—but they were nourishing to her soul, and they brought her the opportunities she was seeking to prepare herself for the selfless life of mercy which she longed for.

During the past three years June has spared nothing of herself. She has eaten irregular meals, exhausted her strength, risen at dawn to set out on endless rounds of benefits for needy causes, driven and flown thousands of miles—often alone—to raise money for or bring cheer to orphanages, small churches and parish houses. To visit hospitals and private homes.

To none of this has there been the slightest touch of sadness or gloom. Friends who have worried about June Haver's "loneliness" because she had few dates with men and—by Hollywood standards—little fun, need not have. "I have never been happier in my life," June told me once during this time. Anyone who has really been close to her knows that despite her skimpy sleep and driving urge to give of herself, she has never been gayer, never more beautiful, radiant, or desirable.

During the three days that June spent in seclusion with her family before flying

to Kansas, Evelyn, who is closest of all to June, asked her this question. She said:

"June, if you had received your dispensation from the church, if John had lived, do you think you would ever have given your life to God?"

"Yes," June replied. "I think I would. I think it was meant to be."

JUNE'S Holy Pilgrimage and visit to the Holy Land, brought her spiritually much nearer to her own consecration. Coming back she spent a week at the mother convent of the Sisters of Charity in Kansas. There June realized that a nun's life is a positive one, a life of service and accomplishment, for which a girl, such as herself who had lived and loved, known the world and its people, is far more fitted for church work than one who has shrunk from experience. She learned that the Sisters of Charity is a penitent order, opening its doors to girls who have been married, lost their husbands through death or even divorce, experienced sin or sorrow in their lives. It is an American Sisterhood, founded 86 years ago by the daughter of a Methodist minister, converted, as June was, to Catholicism.

In spite of her qualifications, June was given no promise then, and sought none herself. Although she knew what she wanted, she was not certain she was ready, still unsure that it was His will for her to serve. The past two years have been a test and vigil for June, preparing herself for sisterhood and awaiting signs of His will. They have come to her unmistakably. She has experienced miracles of faith. The first appeared the week she returned to Hollywood from her pilgrimage in 1951.

June had departed carrying a sadness deep in her heart. It concerned a special friend of hers, a paraplegic in the Naval Hospital. He was apparently hopelessly paralyzed and wasting away; doctors gave him only weeks to live. On her journey June prayed daily for him, made offerings in his name at the shrines she visited, asked the holy people she met en route to pray, too. Back home, she hurried to the hospital but he was nowhere. She was afraid to ask. The answer seemed plain: He had died in spite of her appeals, just as John Duzik had.

That night her telephone rang. "Hi,

Junie," greeted a strong voice. "It's me! How am I? I'm great! Got out of the hospital. Have my own house. How about a date tonight?" June raced over, her eyes brimming and her heart surging with the meaning of the miracle.

Soon after, on the International Film Festival flying junket June took through South America, a little black native girl came up to June in Trinidad and handed her a miraculous medal. She did not know June's story, what was already in her heart, even that she was a Catholic. Minutes later when their plane took off, the rudder jammed. They all missed death by inches. Further on, at the Rio de Janeiro airport almost the same thing happened. A Brazilian girl again handed June a miraculous medal—and again their plane failed to rise, circled, dumped 2,500 gallons of gas, fought its way back through a blinding fog and miraculously brought them safely down.

THESE are only samples. June has had them all along—children doomed to die who got well when she prayed, private agonies only she knows about eased, great and small miracles of faith that were signs to her of approaching Grace. After June left for her novitiate, her family took over her mail. Only then did they learn about the hundreds of private charity cases she interested herself in.

Last summer June knew she was ready. She had a cleared application for the Sisters of Charity. Her heart was pure and eager. She had a body that was fit—as it must be to enter St. Mary's. Her health was checked, her medical certificate signed, her list of supplies every postulate must take assembled. She had the blessing of her family. She had the summons, the call, and the Grace she knew she must feel. She wanted to enter the class in August.

But even in her eagerness to serve Christ, June Haver could not be selfish. *The Girl Next Door* had been delayed by the accident in which she injured her back. She stayed to finish it. Her courage in laughing, singing, making screen love and kicking her pretty legs as she always had—with her sacred secret and desire consuming her—is symbolic of what, all her Hollywood life, has been June Haver's pride—to please the public. Now there is something else—God.

"I love Hollywood. I always have," were among the last words June spoke in that very town. "I have found something I love better, that's all."

How will she fare in that new life? No one who knows her has any worries. "Some girls," says a wise friend of June's who has helped guide her both through her studio and religious life, "find the emotional adjustment too much to take. They have cracked up and gone to pieces. They have been found unfit. That will not happen to June. Actually, she has been making the emotional transition slowly over the past year or more. By now it is made. June can stand the work physically; it is not hard. She is intelligent. She is devout and dedicated. She'll come through."

What will June eventually do as a Sister of Charity? The order staffs hospitals, orphanages and schools. "She would like to teach," Evelyn believes. "June loves children. But she will do whatever work is given her and she will do it with every ounce of ability she owns."

No one who has had the privilege of knowing June Haver doubts that for a minute. "I am praying for her intentions," said Cardinal McIntyre of the Los Angeles Archdiocese. All of Hollywood proudly joins in that prayer, a devout and earnest prayer for June Haver's success in the greatest role of her life.

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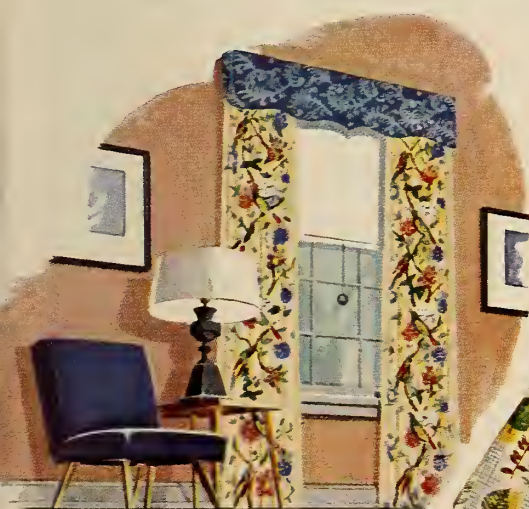
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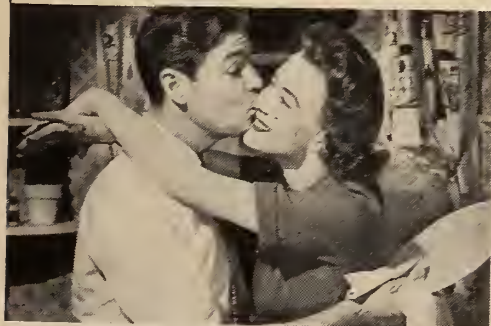
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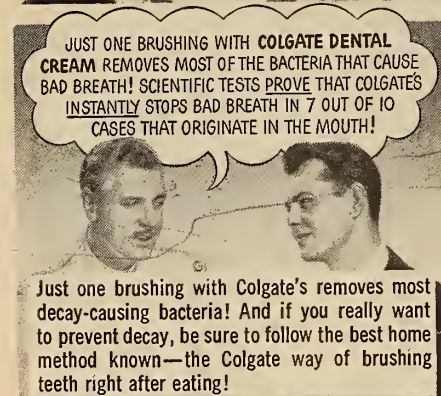
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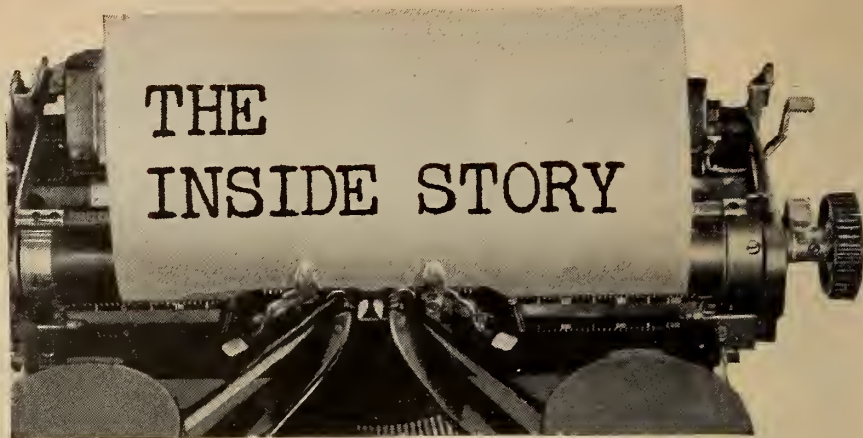
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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is the Rita Hayworth-Dale Robertson friendship really blazing?
—G.R., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

A. Just getting started.

Q. I understand that Judy Garland once had big eyes for Mario Lanza. Is this true or just gossip?
—F.F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. True.

Q. Was Mervyn LeRoy ever engaged to Ginger Rogers? If so, why didn't he marry her?
—T.R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. LeRoy broke off with Miss Rogers and was married to Doris Warner, daughter of Harry Warner of Warner Brothers.

Q. I've been told that Jimmy Stewart is a millionaire who owns TV stations in Denver and Ft. Worth. Is that on the level?
—D.E., PRINCETON, N. J.

A. Stewart has financial interests in Denver and Ft. Worth; is worth at least a million.

Q. How much money was Mona Freeman awarded in her divorce from wealthy Pat Nerney?
—C.H., PELHAM, N. Y.

A. \$75 a month for the support of little Mona, age 5.

Q. Is it true that Frank Sinatra can always get work at the Copacabana in New York and night clubs in Miami and Las Vegas because of his friendship with certain individuals?
—C.Y., DALLAS, TEX.

A. Yes.

Q. Can you tell me to whom Steve Cochran has been married?
—O.Y., MIAMI, FLA.

A. Florence Lockwood and Fay McKenzie.

Q. Doesn't Cyd Charisse have a boy who is almost 11 years old? How can she be listed as being only 23?
—S.G., NORTH BERGEN, N. J.

A. Charisse is 27; has a 10½-year-old boy by her first marriage.

Q. What ever became of a movie made

by Mitzi Gaynor and Bill Lundigan called *Down Among The Sheltering Pines*?
—J.E.H., HARRISBURG, PA.

A. Twentieth released it recently.

Q. I thought if you were divorced you could not become a nun. How about this and June Haver?
—L.N., CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

A. There is no such ecclesiastical rule.

Q. Can you tell me how many times Fernando Lamas has been married and whether Lana Turner really had him thrown out of *Latin Lovers*?
—H.Y., CHARLESTON, MASS.

A. Lamas has been married two times; after their fight she was not particularly anxious to have Lamas as her leading man in the film.

Q. Is it true that Esther Williams is expecting another baby?
—B.H., MENAFAE, MINN.

A. It's true.

Q. In pictures does Ava Gardner use her own singing voice?
—D.W., MILLBRAE, CALIF.

A. No.

Q. I've heard that Jerry Lewis is not liked among Hollywood people. Why is this?
—B.B., NORFOLK, VA.

A. He's very well-liked.

Q. I've read that a studio campaign is underway which will depict Marilyn Monroe as a normal, average young woman instead of a sex boat. Is this true?
—C.G., CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

A. Yes.

Q. Whatever happened to those plans about starring Deanna Durbin and Mario Lanza in one picture?
—E.R., VANCOUVER, B. C.

A. Deanna is back in Hollywood and discussions are under way at MGM.

Q. Another magazine says that Jane Powell is finished now that she's grown up. Can't she develop sex appeal as Liz Taylor did?
—I.G., PORTLAND, ORE.

A. Jane and Liz are built differently.
(Continued on page 18)

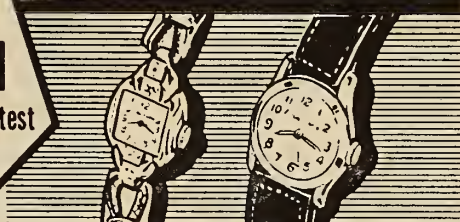


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See Sample Puzzle at Upper Right!

This contest consists of puzzles like the **SAMPLE PUZZLE** above. Note how we filled it in . . . how we identified the objects and found that certain letters in the names of the objects stood out from the rest, thus to spell out the name of the famous person pictured at the bottom. Read the explanation carefully.

Note how we identified each object with a word of as many letters as there are boxes in diagram accompanying it. In upper left we filled in word **SHOE**; in upper right, **TIE**. In lower left, **TIGER**; in lower right, **PURSE**. Note that some of the letters fell into boxes with a little circular frame inside. Those "circled" letters, arranged into proper order, spell out the famous name. We are looking for.

Here, for example, the "circled" letters are **H T R U**. So we run through the names printed under the puzzle and discover **Babe RUTH**, whose last name is the correct solution, and whose picture you see at bottom.

SAMPLE PUZZLE

SHOE	TIE
TIGER	PURSE

CLUE:
 A member of baseball's 'Hall of Fame' and one of the greatest figures in Sports

RUTH

Solution is One of the Names Below:

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Henry CLAY
Babe RUTH

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Act Now! MAIL COUPON TODAY



The Oscar for the best performance by an actress was awarded to Shirley Booth for *Come Back, Little Sheba*. Two-time Oscar winner Fredric March made the presentation in New York City. Awards were made both in Hollywood and New York.



John Wayne, flanked by two former winners (Janet Gaynor, left, and Olivia de Havilland) accepted one Oscar for John Ford, and another for Gory Cooper.



Mrs. Anthony Quinn (right) proudly accepted the trophy for her husband, who won it for his supporting role in *Viva Zapata!* Greer Gorson presented it.

FOR a hot first-report from the Stork, it looked as though Elizabeth Taylor Wilding would have another baby, her second within a year!

With their infant son, Mike Howard, not yet two months old, Liz had reason to believe she was to become a mother again.

Her doctor confirmed her suspicions on the first diagnosis.

Everything was in an uproar! Her bosses at MGM were flabbergasted because a deal had just been completed to loan Liz to Paramount to replace Vivien Leigh in *Elephant Walk*.

Her agent and manager were equally up in the air. The only people calm, cool and collected during all the hubbub were the two most vitally interested, Elizabeth and Mike.

Even though Liz has started work in poor Vivien Leigh's role, isn't it quite possible that she is keeping a big secret which will be announced at the completion of the picture?

OSCAR RAMBLINGS: Hollywood's big night goes down in history as the shotgun wedding of television and motion pictures. Strangely enough, it was the once-despised television that came to the rescue of the Academy, and saved the day. Without the television money, it is doubtful if the Academy could go on.

It was the night that sentiment was rampant. Old favorites stole the limelight. New stars took a back seat while yesterday's favorites, with their gorgeous glamor, gave

yesterday's movie fans, and today's, a thrill.

Janet Gaynor, the first star to win an Academy Award, looked very little older than she did when she made *Seventh Heaven*. The applause was deafening when she walked out in a beautiful pink dress that was especially designed for her by her husband, Adrian, who is no longer a couturier because of his health.

To me, the highlights were the ripple of sympathetic laughter when Shirley Booth tripped on her gown and tore it in her eagerness to clasp her Oscar to her heart. That emotion was good to see.

And Gloria Grahame's beau, Cy Howard, author of "My Friend Irma" and "Life With Luigi," holding his head in his hands when all Gloria could manage to get out was a big "Thank you." "Oh, no!" gasped Cy. "She had the wittiest speech prepared in case she won the supporting Oscar!"

The heart that went into the two awards given Cecil B. de Mille, one the coveted Irving Thalberg special prize, and one for the best picture of the year, *The Greatest Show On Earth*. At long last, the master showman came into his own.

Jane Wyman's flowing white chiffon gown was the most beautiful. . . .

Ginger Rogers' Dior French gown was so tight she wobbled as she walked. Later she changed her dress for the photographs. I've seen Ginger look so much prettier. . . .

Mitzi Gaynor's slinky black dress topped by a black fox stole, the most sophisticated. . . .

Tony Curtis' haircut should have been as short as Janet Leigh's. . . .

Never were the songs presented more disappointingly, although Billy Daniels, Peggy Lee, Johnny Mercer and Celeste Holm sang them. . . .

John Wayne's wit and charm was a highlight as he accepted winning actor award for Gary Cooper and directorial for John Ford. . . .

Obviously, Olivia de Havilland had just had a fresh permanent. . . .

Last, but far from least, a great big hand to Bob Hope! Without his charm, wit and stage presence as M.C., this year's Oscar event might have sagged into general ennui. . . .

I sincerely believe that if the glamor and excitement of our annual awards is to be brought back to its former brilliance, Hollywood should return to the lovely dinner-dance Oscar nights of years ago.

MRS. DEAN MARTIN says I played Cupid in bringing about the reconciliation between her and Dean after I broke the scoop that Jeanne was expecting a baby (their second) in September.

"I didn't think anyone knew my secret," Jeanne told me when I checked the story. "I didn't want this to influence Dean's decision about coming home."

I told her I had talked to Dean first—and



Louella Parsons and Jimmy McHugh were among early arrivals of the gala affair, held at the Pantages Theater. For the first time in Oscar's history, the awards were on TV.



Thrilled over her Oscar for the best supporting female player, Gloria Grahame profusely thanks Edmund Gwenn, who presented it. She was in *Bad And The Beautiful*.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Another baby for
Liz Taylor? . . . "Cupid"
reconciles the Dean
Martins . . . Lana Turner's
latest feud . . .
Rita Hayworth's newest
beau . . . Plushiest
premiere of the month:
Call Me Madam . . .

that he didn't know about the baby until I broke the news. He said, "I want to take Jeanne to Europe with me when Jerry and I go to play the Palladium."

Twenty-four hours later, Dean moved back home—clothes, golf clubs, records and Jeanne's photograph (which he took with him when they parted).

This is the second time I've told a "rifting" husband that his wife was expecting—and the news led to a reconciliation. The first was Gregory Peck, at that time AWOL from Greta until I told him the big news. Like Dean, he went home and I couldn't be happier in the role I played both times.

I wish I could say that the Gregory Pecks had stayed reconciled. But I'm told that when Greg comes back to this country, he and Mrs. Peck will make their separation official. They haven't been getting along for many months, and he intends to ask Greta for a divorce.

BY THE time you read this, the John Waynes' financial settlement should be worked out. Chata (Mrs. Wayne) has been very difficult to pin down, although John has offered her what most people think is very liberal alimony.

Just when everybody was looking in Mexico for Chata, she suddenly appeared on the Hollywood scene and is seen in night clubs and around town with the handsome Steve Cochran.

One night when I saw her at Ciro's, the Hollywood night spot, she was done to the teeth in a white ermine cape and seemed to laugh a lot and to be very gay.

There have been rumors from time to time that John has been fascinated by a Peruvian beauty, but every time I've seen him he's been alone.

I KEEP hearing again and again that Rita Hayworth is being very quiet, staying home and working hard. I believe it's true that she's working hard, but as for staying home, there are two schools of thought on that.

Rita seems fascinated with Manuel Rojan, Argentine polo player. Talk is that he was engaged to a Nevada beauty when he met the gorgeous Rita. The Nevada girl was promptly forgotten. Of course where the Hayworth girl is concerned, the picture could change, but up to now Rita has only been seen with Manuel.

I believe Rita is still in love with Aly Khan, but she couldn't take his Continental way of life and his dating of so many other women.

Will Gene Tierney be able to take it if she becomes the next Princess Aly Khan? Well, Gene has more sophistication and more European training. She's been abroad so much and attended school in Switzerland.

I've forgotten how long they've been married, but I've never known a husband to make such ardent love to his wife (of longer than 24 hours) than John Bromfield does to Corinne Calvet.

The other night, in a crowded nightclub, my chair was backed up practically to their table and I couldn't help overhearing their whisperings. As my ears pinkened, I heard John say:

"Stop. Stop. I can't stand it when you look that way."

From Corinne: "What way, dolling?"—as though she didn't know!

"So beeeautiful," sighed her old man, "so dewy and young and fresh and inviting!"

"Oh, dolling," breathed Corinne, "keep talking, keep talking. Say more."

"Just luscious, just beautiful," John whispered between clenched teeth, crushing a rose into the palm of her hand. "The most beautiful woman in this room. The most beautiful woman in the world, that's you!"

Zounds! And Wowie! No wonder they stay married. (Other husbands please note!)

I WAS the only reporter to visit Vivien Leigh during her short and tragic stay in Hollywood before her complete collapse—possibly the end of her career. (Continued on page 8) 7

NEW FINER MUM



Buy one jar—get another

FREE *of extra cost**



Special Offer to get you to try New MUM with M-3 — Destroys Odor Bacteria — Stops Underarm Odor All Day

Don't miss this wonderful, no-risk chance to try new Mum cream deodorant. Mum now contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor-bacteria — doesn't give perspiration odor a chance to start.

Gentle Mum is safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

So get a trial size jar — **FREE** of extra cost. You pay for only one jar. And you'll be thrilled with its amazingly

effective protection or 39¢ will be mailed to you promptly.

**"Accept this Offer!"*



Use bonus jar of Mum with M-3. If you don't agree that Mum is the best deodorant for you, return unused 39¢ jar (before July 31, 1953), with your name and address, to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. MM, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. for 39¢ refund. (Offer good only in continental U.S.A.)

Available only while supplies last.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

Vivien, with whom I have always been friendly, sent word that she would like to see me on the fabulously expensive set of *Elephant Walk*, the most costly set ever constructed on the Paramount lot.

Although it was the very day before her breakdown, Vivien greeted me warmly and said she thought I had lost a great deal of weight. "What did you do with the rest of you?" she laughed.

She said she loved Ceylon (where she and Dana Andrews and the company had been working previous to Hollywood) and wanted to go back there. She also spoke glowingly of her daughter who has a "nice beau."

"I hope she marries him," Vivien said, "and makes me a grandmother."

The suddenness of her illness was a big shock. The next day she was unable to report to work—Sir Laurence Olivier was enroute from Rome to be with her—and after a week of indecision as to whether or not she could finish the picture, it was decided to take her home to England.

I could hardly control the tears as I wrote the story of her leavetaking: "One of the world's great actresses was borne to the plane on a stretcher, unconscious. . . . The tears streaming down the face of her husband . . . in what may be the ending of a brilliant career in the theater."

ASK ME to name one of the wisest wives in Hollywood and I would have to put the name of Dorothy (Mrs. Robert) Mitchum high on the list.

When Bob became temperamental and difficult several weeks ago—Dorothy invited him to move into an apartment until he could get his nerves under better control around her and the children.

"It's all my fault," a penitent Bob told me, "I don't blame Dorothy for not putting up with me. If I had stayed home, it would have meant more quarrels. Instead, she put me out—and now I can hardly wait to get back to her and the children."

"I love my kids. I grew up without love and affection of a father and I never want that to happen to my children. Do you think Dorothy will take me back?"

I didn't tell him—but I knew she would.

Never for a moment did Dorothy Mitchum consider divorcing Bob. She did not consult a



Ann Blyth and her fiancé, Dr. Jim McNulty, were spectators of the Oscar awards. The lovely film star is planning her wedding for June 21st.

THE MOST ASTOUNDING MOTION PICTURE SINCE
MOTION PICTURES BEGAN! WARNER BROS.
AMAZING FEATURE IN NATURAL VISION
3 DIMENSION



The half-man half-monster who stalked a panic-swept city for the show-world beauties he craved for his Chamber of Horrors!

"HOUSE OF WAX"
COLOR BY **WARNERCOLOR**



From WARNER BROS. THE FIRST FEATURE PICTURE PRODUCED BY A MAJOR STUDIO IN 3D!

STARRING

VINCENT PRICE · FRANK LOVEJOY · PHYLLIS KIRK · CAROLYN JONES · PAUL PICERNI

SCREEN PLAY BY CRANE WILBUR DIRECTED BY ANDRE deTOTH PRODUCED BY BRYAN FOY

Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo
tonight—tomorrow your hair
will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in
softest rain water! This new gentle
lotion shampoo pampers your hair...
leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as
sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN

Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

lawyer nor did she sob on the shoulders of her girl friends about her troubles.

She just stayed home, minding her business and her children, dignified, calm, cool and collected during the whole squabble.

If only other wives would be as smart there would be fewer broken marriages. Salute, Dorothy!

THE PLUSHIEST premiere of the year, *Call Me Madam*, brought out all the dolls in their jools and finery and the boys in their most formal attire because everyone wanted to see how the musical comedy Queen of Broadway, Ethel Merman, fared in her movie. They weren't long finding out. Madam Merman knocked them cold.

Jeanne Crain, wearing the largest brilliant earrings ever seen in this town (covering part of the cheek as well as the entire ear) looked gorgeous. But she and Paul Brinkman became slightly annoyed when they were routed out of their seats twice because of ushers' mistakes. (You never expect these small misadventures to happen to movie stars as they happen to you and me.)

Donald O'Connor came stag—and sad. He's still carrying a torch for Gwen and didn't loosen up and smile until later, at the private party given by 20th at Romanoffs. With just everybody congratulating him on his great performance, Don broke into a little jig of happiness.

At both the preem and the party—Janet Leigh surprised with a modest décolletage.

Dorothy Lamour, like Joan Crawford, believes in always appearing in public looking as a screen queen should and she was regally glamorous with her dark hair piled high and a rhinestone ornament clipped in her braids.

Dottie's gown was cream satin, the panels lined in cerise.

TERRY MOORE and her escort, Nicky Hilton Jr., argued clear up the aisle after the picture about whether they should catch Peggy Lee's opening at the Cocoanut Grove (the same night) or drop by a drive-in for a hamburger. Terry was for the Grove—Nicky, the hamburger.

To me, the prettiest "girl" of the evening was Mrs. Joel McCrea (Frances Dee), lovely, slim, still as beautiful as when she was a



In one of her first public appearances after the birth of her baby, Liz Taylor and her husband, Mike Wilding, attended the big Oscar night.

The bullet was waiting for Colby at the Zapotec gate... guarding the ancient Mayan temples and exotic riches hidden from the world! This was the terror-trek that took him to the gold Sun-Goddess — and a golden-haired spitfire who almost spelled disaster!

FILMED
ON-THE-SPOT
IN THE FAR
REACHES OF
MEXICO'S
FABULOUS
OAXACA!

WARNER
BROS.
PRESENT
GLENN
FORD

IN THE
SUSPENSE-
SCORCHING
ADVENTURE
OF THE


Plunder of the Sun

CO-STARRING

DIANA LYNN



PATRICIA MEDINA

SCREEN PLAY BY JONATHAN LATIMER PRODUCED BY ROBERT FELLOWS DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW & WAYNE-FELLOWS PRODUCTION  DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

Betty's WRETCHED



PERIODIC PAIN

It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water... that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain Wrapper). Write Dept. F-63, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

Betty's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

leading lady although Frances whispered in my ear, "Louella, our oldest son is 18 now—and as tall as his father."

I HOPE this answers all the fans who have written me to the effect that, "June Haver is too young to have given up her career and fame to enter a convent."

A very close friend of hers, whose identity I promised not to reveal, recently received a letter from June.

She says she has never in her life been so happy as she is since entering the novitiate in Kansas. And, she particularly wants all her friends and fans to know that her decision was not prompted by unhappiness in love, but by a sincere spiritual hunger and the desire to serve and help others.

FOR THE first time in her life, Lana Turner is starting a movie (*Flame And The Flesh*) on the verge of a feud with her leading man. Usually, Lana and her screen lovers start work with either publicity or fairly authentic rumors hinting at a romance.

But Lana was burned when she read that Carlos Thompson, the South American charmer sponsored by Yvonne De Carlo, had informed the MGM publicity department that he wanted no "romance nonsense" linking his name with Lana's.

"Humphhh," said Lana when she read this, "he needn't worry about that! Who does he think he is????!"

I'm sure that Carlos, who has very good manners, did not intend his remark to offend Lana, who is pretty well wrapped up in a romance with Lex Barker these days.

Being a foreigner, he may not have gone about it in the most tactful way because he is not yet completely at home speaking our language.

What Carlos meant to convey is that he did not in any way want to offend Yvonne De Carlo who, whether they admit they are in love or not, is the No. 1 girl in his life. Yvonne has been very good to him and is entirely responsible for his being in Hollywood.

While she is away in Europe, the tall, not-too-dark but very handsome Carlos does not want Yvonne to get the idea he is playing the field.

He did take Piper Laurie to the Academy Award ceremonies, but that was because

Piper's studio felt she should be with some handsome, attractive, good looking young man.

JUST MUSIN': Are Rock Hudson and Rocky (Mrs. Gary) Cooper a romance as they seem to be? Or are they more intrigued with the "cute" way their names go together, Rock and Rocky? . . . Vera-Ellen was wistful and a little sad explaining why she and Dean Miller broke up: "We tried and tried to overcome a difference in religion—but our faiths are too important in both our lives. The sad part is—I think we could have been very happy together if it hadn't been for this one big barrier. We were very much in love." . . . Frank Sinatra has the Columbia gang eating out of his hand he's being so charming making *From Here To Eternity*. Well, I've always said he can charm the birds off the trees when he wants to, and apparently he wants to. . . . As far back as I can remember in his love life, Evelyn Keyes is the first blonde John Wayne has ever dated. Both his wives, Jo and Chata, are Latin types, tall, brunette and slender. . . . The doctors have told Esther Williams she can continue swimming up to two weeks before her (third) baby is born. In Grandma's day, an expectant mother in a bathing suit would have been scandalous. . . . Never was a girl more beside herself, almost out of her mind, than June Allyson during the black hours when it seemed that Dick Powell might not live after two major operations within a week. And, just a few years ago they were hinting that June and Dick were drifting. . . . Isn't Terry Moore giving quite a good acting performance saying she doesn't care that Nicky Hilton and Nora Haymes are dating?

THE LETTER BOX: Help! I can't begin to count the letters, most of them violently pro Marilyn Monroe after Joan Crawford gave her a blistering piece of her mind in print. 98 out of 100 yipped that they'd never known, "one actress to make such a violent attack on another. Why doesn't Crawford pick on someone her own size? Joan's jealous, etc., etc., etc."

Only a handful took the view that, "Joan's advice to Marilyn is good—if she'll take it and stop crying."

Anyway, this tempest between Joan and Marilyn was the biggest topic in this month's mail.

Now, that's all for now. See you next month.



Ginger Rogers, who won on Oscar for *Kitty Foyle* in 1940, attended the Oscar derby with her husband, Frenchman Jacques De Bergeroc.



Glorio Swanson, who closely missed receiving an Oscar for *Sunset Boulevard*, talks over old times with Academy President Charles Brackett.

They're even funnier when they're Scared Stiff!

DEAN
M-M-MARTIN AND L-L- JERRY
LEWIS

Dig those crazy
spook-busters!
They've got bats
in the belfry,
spooks in the
spare room and
gals on their mind!



IN HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION

SCARED STIFF

Ghosts, gangsters, gals, gags, songs in
the most hilarious haunted castle that
ever made you scream with laughter!

AND CO-STARRING

LIZABETH SCOTT
CARMEN MIRANDA

WITH

GEORGE DOLENZ • DOROTHY MALONE • WILLIAM CHING

Directed by George Marshall • Screenplay by Herbert Baker

and Walter DeLeon • Additional Dialogue by Ed Simmons and Norman Lear

Based on a play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



SONGS!

WHEN SOMEONE WONDERFUL
THINKS YOU'RE WONDERFUL

THE ENCHILADA MAN

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR ME LATELY

THE BONGO BINGO

OTHER SONGS....

I DON'T CARE IF THE SUN DON'T SHINE

YOU HIT THE SPOT

MAMAE EU QUERO



Can your body stand the
**CLOSE-UP
TEST?**



MAKE SURE!
use NEW

DJER-KISS Talc

(DEAR KISS)

Now it's so easy to insure all-over perspiration protection with new Djer-Kiss Talc. Shower yourself with Djer-Kiss! It prevents chafing — gives your skin exciting satin-smoothness — keeps you freshly fragrant, romantically alluring in hottest weather.
29¢, 43¢, 59¢ sizes.

GOOD NEWS —
for you who perspire excessively. Djer-Kiss Talc is also available with magic Chlorophyll.

Limited Time Only
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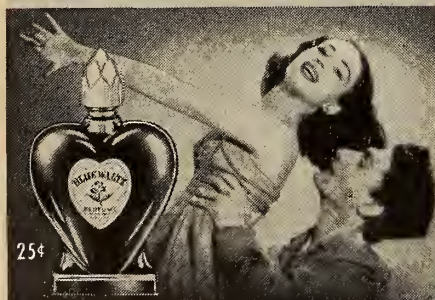
\$1.00 Djer-Kiss
Perfume
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59¢ Djer-Kiss Talc



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COLORS!**

Wonderful, lasting
French Formula lip-
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DJER-KISS Long-Lasting
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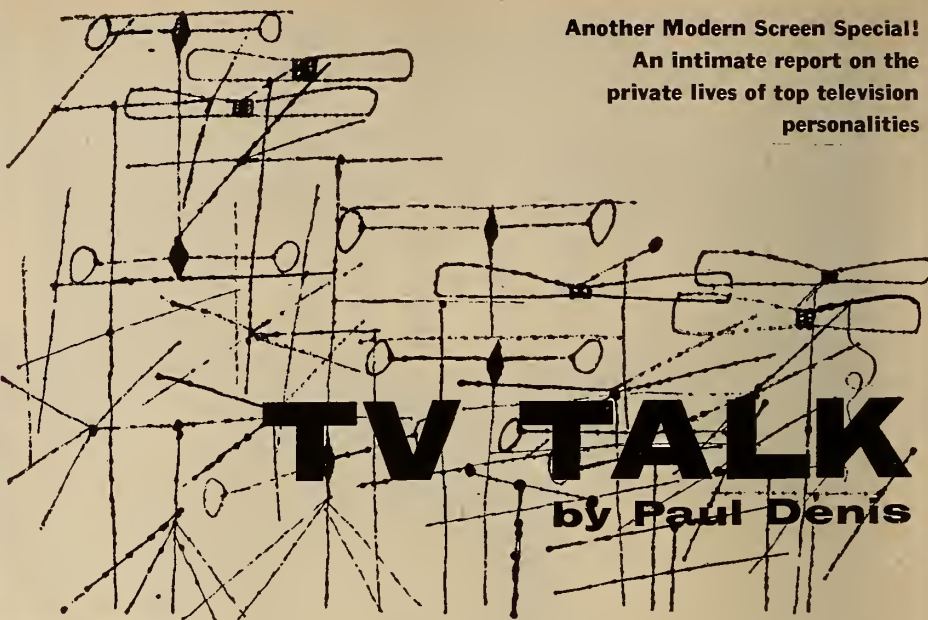


BLUE WALTZ
PERFUME

Thrilling things happen
when you wear this
intoxicating perfume.
Try it and see!

Another Modern Screen Special!

**An intimate report on the
private lives of top television
personalities**



by Paul Denis



ROBERT Q. LEWIS' NEXT PROBLEMS: Bob Lewis tells me his "next problem" is getting married. "Life is a series of problems," is the way he puts it, "and my next problem is whether to marry. I am making good money and have all the material things I ever wanted. I almost got married twice. Once, when I was a student I loved a girl, but everybody told us we were too young, and we drifted apart. The second time was when I wasn't doing too well. I was only making about \$200 a week [he's serious!] as a New York disk jockey, and the girl's father wanted me to quit radio and go into a business. The girl thought her father was right. And that broke it up!" I asked Bob what his ideal was. "She should know enough about show business to talk about it," he said, "because I'm always talking shop. And she should be well dressed. Not expensively dressed, but she must know how to put herself together. I like people who look well. She doesn't have to be the prettiest girl, either."

Bob, now 32, is living alone in a beautifully furnished three-room penthouse apartment in a midtown hotel. It's an apartment that has everything—except a wife.

MARIA RIVA WANTS A BIG FAMILY: Marlene Dietrich's daughter, Maria Riva, has two sons, Michael, 4, and Peter, 2, and plans a big family. "Our next sons," she told me, "will be named, Paul, Christopher and Stephen in that order. And if I have a sixth son then Bill [her husband] said I could call him William."



"What would happen if you had a daughter?" I asked. "No, no," she laughed, "we just don't think about that! We just know we'll have a family of sons." She says Bill played a "trick" on her when she came out of the ether after their second son was born. "I saw Bill smiling at me and holding up two fingers. I thought he meant twins, and I shrieked with joy. But he meant a second son."

She says, "I wanted to have a baby every second year, but we skipped this year, so that I can build up my television career first."

She adds, "Mommy baby-sits for us often, and takes the children to the park, too." Her husband is tall, Italian-born, and works at NBC.

ARTHUR GODFREY'S ANGER: There've been hard feelings between Arthur Godfrey and one of his sponsors. Their latest run-in came when Godfrey didn't want Robert Q. Lewis to replace him. This had been a long-standing custom; each time Godfrey left the show, Lewis replaced him. But this time, Godfrey stubbornly refused to accept Robert Q. Lewis. Naturally this didn't sit too well with the sponsors, who insisted they, and not Godfrey, had the sole right to pick Arthur's replacements. Finally, Godfrey called in Lewis for a long, private talk. It's reported that Godfrey was annoyed at Lewis' having become "too Broadwayish" in his comedy style. Anyway, the sponsor won and Lewis *did* replace Godfrey . . . Arthur blew up again when a New York daily erroneously referred to singer Julius LaRosa as "Godfrey's successor." Co-workers say Arthur can't stand any suggestion that there might be somebody who's as good as he is! . . . And around CBS, Godfrey's temper and ego are so well known that he is referred to (behind his back) as The Great Man.



THEY'RE AFEUDIN': NBC executives are hopping mad at Frank Sinatra for walking out of the Martha Raye show, after he had okayed the script and signed the contract. Frank flew to London to see Ava, and left NBC with the problem of writing and putting on a new show on six days' notice! Around NBC now, the name Sinatra is poison . . . And, two weeks after this hectic show, Martha Raye collapsed from exhaustion and had to be hospitalized in Miami Beach . . . Myron Cohen and Milton Berle had a hot argument one night. (Continued on page 92)



From Out of Space...
*came hordes of
 green monsters!*

**EDWARD L.
 ALPERSON**
 presents

**Capturing at will
 the humans they
 need for their own
 sinister purposes!**

INVADERS FROM MARS

A General of the Army
 turned into a
Saboteur!



Parents turned into...
 rabid **Killers!**



Trusted police become...
Arsonists!



Told in a panorama
 of fantastic, terrifying

COLOR



Starring **HELENA CARTER · ARTHUR FRANZ · JIMMY HUNT**
With LEIF ERICKSON · HILLARY BROOKE · MORRIS ANKRUM · MAX WAGNER · BILL PHIPPS · MILBURN STONE
Production **WILLIAM CAMERON MENZIES** **Screen**
Designed and **by** **RICHARD BLAKE**
DIRECTED BY
 An Edward L. Alperson Production
 Released by 20th Century-Fox
 Associate Producer **EDWARD L. ALPERSON, JR.**



South American Pilar Pallete, 23, is the daughter of a Peruvian senator. First an airline hostess, then an actress, she met Wayne on location.

Has John Wayne gone again?

The guy's a push-over for
 Senoritas. That's a habit hard to
 break. Hollywood suspects The
 Duke is in for another dark-eyed duchess.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Marion Mitchell Morrison, who acts in motion pictures under the singularly simple name of John Wayne, is a rugged, gusty-lusty, two-fisted man of action who likes an occasional drink, an occasional practical joke, and a beautiful Latin-American female around the house all the time.

One of the major faults in Wayne's second marriage, this one to Esperanza Bauer, the Mexican actress known as Chata, was that his woman was unpredictable, not only in temperament but in geography, too.

One out of every four Wayne pictures is filmed away from Hollywood on location. When Duke returned from these jaunts, he never knew whether his Chata—the name means pugnose—would be at home in the San Fernando Valley or down in Mexico with her mother.

Things finally got so bad between these two that a divorce was the only solution.

(Continued on page 33)

You get all the news ...

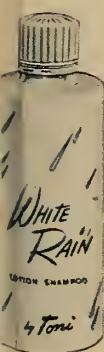
the **BEAUTY NEWS**

in just one stop at **WOOLWORTH'S**

cosmetic counters... says **SUSAN SMART†**



Be flower-fragrant all day with
DARCEL STICK COLOGNE
in the lovely purse-size case.
Only 39¢*



For hair that's as
bright as sunshine ...
as soft as a cloud ... try
WHITE RAIN
Lotion Shampoo.
30¢, 60¢, \$1.00



Check perspiration safely
and make beauty-freshness
last with **HEED SPRAY**
DEODORANT. 25¢, 39¢, 59¢*



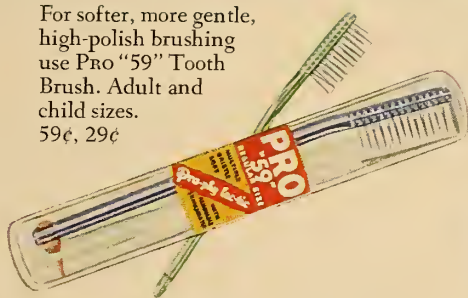
Blondes! Brunettes!
Brownettes! Your two most
becoming shades of **HAZEL BISHOP**
no-smear lipstick, \$1.10*



For a cleaner,
healthier mouth use
CHLORODENT, largest selling
chlorophyll tooth paste.
43¢, 69¢, 89¢



For softer, more gentle,
high-polish brushing
use **Pro "59" Tooth**
Brush. Adult and
child sizes.
59¢, 29¢



The **PROM**
Home Permanent gives you a
choice for normal, easy-to-wave or
hard-to-wave hair. Refills \$1.50*



... takes only
minutes for a
refreshing home facial
with **HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK**.
Try it. 49¢*



LADY ESTHER TALC
has a delightful "slip"
that makes easing
on girdles
a pleasure.
Try it. 25¢*



Bad breath? Sore throat?
Infectious dandruff?
Use **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**.
10¢, 29¢, 49¢, 79¢



To feel young ... right
down to your toes,
"satinize" with **PACQUINS**
SILK 'N SATIN LOTION.
25¢, 49¢*



New **Pink 'n Sassy**
Pink 'n Sweet ... two luscious
CUTEX colors for Spring.
Spillpruf 15¢*
Nail Brilliance 25¢*

*Plus Tax

†Woolworth's Shopping Reporter

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

BEAUTY

is my business

says stunning cover girl
SHEILA WALDEN

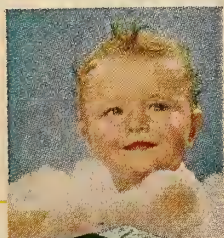


and SWEETHEART

is my Beauty Soap

Sheila says: "Because I make my living as a model and often pose in low-cut dresses, my skin has to be lovely all over. That's why I use gentle SweetHeart Soap—my daily SweetHeart beauty baths leave my skin beautifully soft, smooth and lovely all over!"

9 out of 10 leading cover girls use SweetHeart Soap



Get the luxurious bath-size SweetHeart for your daily baths! See, just one week after you change to thorough care, with SweetHeart, your skin looks softer, smoother!

Beauty is my business, too!

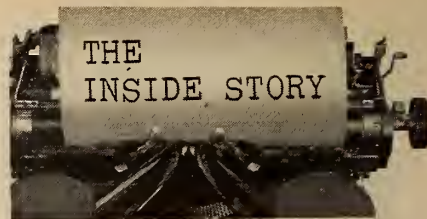
This little sweetheart, Joan Ruger, is a model at just 8 months. Her mother guards Joan's beautiful skin—she uses only pure, mild SweetHeart for Joan's daily baths.

**Get SweetHeart in the
Big Bath Size Today!**

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



THE INSIDE STORY



(Continued from page 4)

Q. Can you tell me when Liz Taylor first came to the U. S.?

—B.R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. In 1939.

Q. Is John Wayne's estranged wife, Esperanza, having him trailed by detectives?

—S.L., SEA GIRT, N. J.

A. No.

Q. Are the Jeff Chandlers having trouble again? Is a divorce scheduled pretty soon?—C.H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. No.

Q. What sort of a guy is that Jacques de Bergerac that Ginger Rogers married? Is he a playboy, a loafer, a car salesman, a hotel clerk, a lawyer, or what?

—H.G., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. He is a personable young man, currently employed as an actor, who was trying various pursuits when Ginger met him in Paris.

Q. I've been told that MGM has never offered to share the profits of a film with any movie star. Is that true?

—E.R., TERRE HAUTE, IND.

A. MGM once offered Clark Gable a percentage deal.

Q. Is the Bob Wagner-Barbara Stanwyck stuff friendship or love?

—S.S. SUTHERLAND, SASK., CAN.

A. From Miss Stanwyck's viewpoint, friendship.

Q. Which Hollywood actress owns and wears the most jewelry?

—B. I., MCKEESPORT, PA.

A. Paulette Goddard.

Q. If it's true that no Hollywood night club will serve a drink to anyone under the age of 21, how come Liz Taylor has been photographed drinking in night clubs?

—C. L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Miss Taylor has never had an alcoholic beverage in any Hollywood nightclub—only lemonade and fruit punch which are permitted minors.

Q. Which actors take permanent waves to keep their hair curly? I'm sure Gregory Peck is one. He sure had the waves in *David And Bathsheba*.

—P. D., HOLLAND, MICH.

A. No actors take permanent waves. When the makeup department wants a straight-haired actor to have curly locks for the screen, his hair is done up with ordinary bobby pins. Gregory Peck was thus made up for his role in *David And Bathsheba*.

Q. What was Dinah Shore's real name before she came to Hollywood?

—G. F., NASHVILLE, TENN.

A. Fanny Rose.

THIS SPRING HE'LL

Love you in Pink!



NEW *PINK'N SASSY*

A gay, party-going pink—feminine as it is fiery!
Wear it when you're in the mood for spur-of-the-
moment dates . . . lively music . . . a sudden kiss!

NEW *PINK'N SWEET*

Pink for a proposal! Marriage on your mind?
This is for you . . . a tempting, rosy-soft pink . . . so romantic,
it's practically guaranteed to make it happen!

STRIKE ME PINK...

dramatic, sophisticated!
For the moments when you feel very
"femme fatale" . . . in the mood for a
Paris hat . . . a new love affair!



CUTEX

puts your love-life in the pink with the
prettiest shades of the season! Try some of this
Cutex color-magic tonight . . . and listen
for these sure-to-be-whispered words
. . . "LOVE YOU IN PINK"!

Spillpruf Cutex, 15¢ plus tax

Stay Fast Lipstick, America's Creamiest Indelible,
29¢ plus tax

Lovely Cutex Trillium Case, contains 3 different
shades of Stay Fast Lipstick—color-keyed to your
complexion. \$1.25 value for only 89¢ (FTM) plus tax.

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such richness . . . such timeless beauty!



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A Product of
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New Heritage is the first and only silverplate pattern to bring you the richly elegant design that up to now you found only in solid silver. Note the deeply carved ornamentation . . . wrought with the jewel-like perfection that makes 1847 Rogers Bros. America's best-loved silverware.

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See it at your silverware store today. And ask to see the beautiful matching Heritage holloware, too.

He doesn't want money; he doesn't want laughs. Lanza just wants to sing—his way! And nothing in the way of debts, lawsuits or bad publicity'll stop him.



Who cares about suspensions when a man's first son is born? Damon Anthony arrived Dec. 12.

BY JIM NEWTON

He knows what he wants

■ Rex Cole, one of the few really conscientious business managers in Hollywood, shuffled into Mario Lanza's home in Bel-Air a few nights ago, his face crossed with lines of worry and care.

Ever since Mario broke irrevocably from Sam Weiler, his first personal manager who took from 10% to 20% of the tenor's tremendous earnings in addition to working as the producer on Lanza's radio show, Rex Cole has been trying to bring some order out of Lanza's financial chaos.

On this particular night he had come to discuss Mario's astronomical telephone bills. However, Mario was rehearsing—he practises anywhere from four to ten hours a day—and Rex Cole knew better than to interrupt.

Rex looked around, and he spied Mario's wife, Betty. She caught the worry in his eyes, rose, and tip-toed from the room.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Betty," Rex began, "but these

telephone bills puzzle me, especially the long distance tolls. They run into thousands of dollars."

Betty smiled, and her flashing brown eyes turned soft. "I know," she said. And then with a friendly shoulder pat, "It's all right, Rex. It's for the sick."

Rex Cole shook his head in puzzlement. "I'm sorry, Betty. I don't get it."

"It's very simple," Betty Lanza explained. "Mario sings over the telephone to sick people. If a man writes him, say from Omaha, and tells him that he's going into the hospital for an operation, and he'd love to hear his voice again, Mario can't help himself. He serenades the guy via long distance.

"Not only that. You've seen some of the doctors' bills? Lots of times Mario insists upon flying a specialist to the patient's bedside. Only a few days ago he had a cardiac specialist, a friend of his in (Continued on next page)

What makes them all like Tampax?



Take Nancy. The outdoor type. Always ready for any sport, from cycling to tennis, no matter what time of the month it is. Even goes in swimming on "those days."

How does she do it? With Tampax, the *internal* kind of monthly sanitary protection. Tampax does away with chafing and irritation; is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place.



Then there's Helene. Overwhelmingly feminine. Sachet for her bureau drawers and satin cases for her lingerie. Helene likes Tampax because it's so dainty. The highly absorbent cotton is easily disposed of, even

while visiting. One's hands need never touch the Tampax, thanks to the throw-away applicator.



Ann's a career girl. Efficient and practical. Naturally you'd expect her to use doctor-invented Tampax. Just the assurance that there can be no revealing outlines, *that there isn't any possibility of offending odor*, lets her feel

poised and sure of herself under any circumstances. And Tampax is so convenient to carry. A month's supply fits in the purse.

Get Tampax yourself. Drug and notion counters everywhere carry all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

(Continued from page 21) New York, examine one of his fans."

Rex Cole has been a business manager in Hollywood for 27 years—he's handled practically every big name you can think of; he's accustomed to the unique and the unusual—but this time he was really flabbergasted.

"I know about that Raphaela Fasana girl from New Jersey," he said, "but do you mean to tell me that Mario does this sort of thing regularly?"

Betty nodded. "The more you're around him," she said proudly, "the more you'll see that his heart is as big as his voice."

"All I can say," Cole muttered, "is that the public really doesn't know Mario Lanza."

What Cole meant was that a tremendous hiatus exists between the Lanza that really is and the Lanza people read about.

HERE is a man who was not only unemployed, but deprived from making a living from August 1952 to April 1953. He was not only suspended by his studio but prevented from appearing on the Coca-Cola radio show thus causing the cancellation of the program. In addition he was sued for more than \$5,000,000 and simultaneously informed by the crack accounting firm of Haskins & Sells that despite having paid the Government \$485,000 in taxes, he was still behind in his payments. Moreover, he was informed that his financial records, whose upkeep he had entrusted to others, were so incredibly confused that it would take months of detailed auditing to determine just how deeply in the red he really was.

With this sort of financial ruin hanging over his head, with the realization that he had sung his heart out for ten years and money-wise had nothing to show for it, Lanza still insisted upon answering each and every fan letter, still insisted upon using the long distance phone to encourage those who were ill or hurt, and to sing for anyone he might help with his voice.

No matter what the cost, he refused to break faith with a public that had given him its confidence.

Lanza, who is much more profound and philosophical than most people think—he is an omnivorous reader of catholic taste—once tried to explain how he felt about his talent and the public.

"The voice I have," he pointed out, "it's difficult for me to express myself about it exactly. I feel it belongs to the public, that it was given to me to entertain people, to make life a little brighter for them.

"That's why I never abuse it. People who tell you I do—they just don't know. When I was a kid in New York I quit the Celanese Hour because I knew the voice needed further training.

"I don't want to sound pretentious, but the voice is kind of like a sacred trust to me. If I don't use it wisely then I feel I'm cheating the public, and that's one thing I'll never do. They can sue me for fifty million dollars, a hundred million. I'll declare bankruptcy before I compromise the voice."

This is the man who six months ago was pilloried and described as "an ungrateful ham, a real madman." The barrage of insult has thinned down, but as a result of it, many people are still convinced that Lanza is an unstable character of little-boy moods, a sybarite who indulges himself in Farouk-like pleasures, or a bellowing bull who sweeps everything before him.

Actually he is a kind, hyper-sensitive, super-generous artist with a great love of people and an abiding sense of humility.

He may stalk his living room, shouting at one of the help, "I'm a tiger, Johnny. Don't mess around with the tiger!" But

these exclamations are manifestations of his sense of humor.

Johnny Mobley, the cook who works for the Lanzas, says, "You can judge a man by the way he treats his help. I can tell you Mr. Lanza treats us all fine. Everytime I bake some cookies, he says, 'The best, Johnny. The best.' I never serve him but what he's extremely grateful. And he treats everyone the same, makes no difference, white or colored, big star or newspaper boy. He loves people, and he loves to sing for 'em. I'm tellin' you. He's as nice a man as I've ever worked for. Fact of the matter is he's so nice you think maybe he comes from my home state of Arkansas."

Pages could be filled with similar glowing quotations; but they would all point up the same two facts: Mario Lanza is kind, and Mario Lanza is so trusting that he's frequently taken to the cleaners by the very ones he's been kindest to.

Here's an example. A few years ago, Mario was approached by a man who'd just been fired from MGM. The fellow was on in years, he'd seen a lot, and Mario without any fuss, put him on the payroll as a general assistant. A few months later, this same individual turned up at the studio and offered his services as a spy in the Lanza household.

Mario was told about this but he refused to believe it. Month after month he carried the guy on the payroll. Finally when it was no longer financially possible, he let the man go. You should have heard the vituperation, the slander, the insults.

This case can be multiplied half a dozen times, and the wonder of it all is that Lanza still retains his basic faith in the essential goodness of people.

However he has learned one lesson. Now before he hires new personnel, he is doing a bit of preliminary investigating. He's kissed off his former press agent, his old business manager, his old lawyer and surrounded himself with men of proven competence.

IT is no secret that Lanza refused to continue with *The Student Prince* last August because he could not see eye to eye with the studio on the way the production was being handled.

Mario felt that his fans as well as himself were entitled to the best not only in music but in musically experienced directorial personnel.

He just did not want to go through all the agony he had experienced in *Because You're Mine*, a picture he did not want to make.

People told him that he was being difficult, that he should "stop making it a Federal case," that he should "walk through" *The Student Prince* and not take it too seriously.

"What do you care about the director or even the assistant director?" he was asked. "Why eat your heart out about the script? The songs are great and that's all that counts."

Not in Lanza's book. He felt somehow that in *Because You're Mine* he had let his fans down, especially since *Because* was the film which followed *The Great Caruso*; and he was determined to make *The Student Prince* as great as it could be. Lanza knows more about his type of music, his type of singing, more about opera than probably any other man at MGM. When his suggestions were dismissed, when his requests were dismissed, when he felt he had been treated like a wayward little boy who chronically had to be chastized, he declined to continue with the picture.

That is the story, pure and simple.

He didn't go crazy. He didn't suffer a nervous breakdown. He didn't leave his

Six-feet-four of fighting man -to tame a wildcat beauty!

Explosive intrigue engulfing a reckless love
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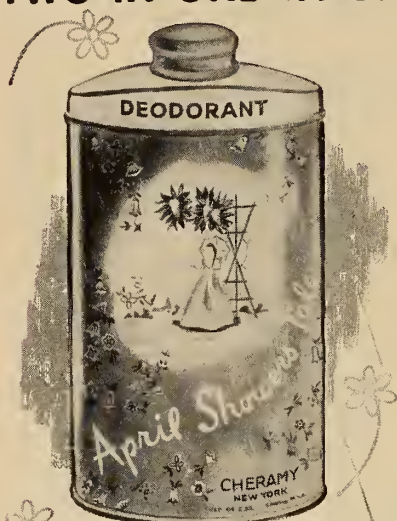
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by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

wife. He didn't go to a sanitarium. He didn't do any of the ridiculous things ascribed to him.

He thought over his course of action, and on the day his first son and third child was born, December 12th, 1952, he decided that he was right. There would be no compromise. The picture would be done extremely well, or he wouldn't do it at all.

While the columnists reported that he was racing "all over Hollywood like a chicken with his head cut off," Mario spent the first three months of this year down at Palm Springs.

"It was wonderful for Damon," he recalls—that's what the Lanzas christened their son. "We had him sleeping outdoors every day, and I honestly feel the fresh air and the warm desert sun really built him up. You know, he's not one year old but still we have to dress him in one-year-old clothes. He's really a bruiser. That boy of mine when he grows up—well, you'll see. He's going to be a big one. A man of integrity too."

WHILE they were down at the Springs, Betty and Mario tried eating out one night. Lanza was mobbed by hundreds of fans, many of whom kept clamoring, "What happened, Mario? Why are you and the studio fighting?"

After that, Mario remained on the Francis Ryan estate which he had rented for \$1,500 a month. At midnight when the village was asleep he and Betty would ride around town.

For a while Betty used to say, "You

know, Mario, maybe you should make a statement. Maybe you should explain your side. They're saying so many awful things about you." But Mario would shake his head and say, "No, Betty. Recrimination is a boomerang. Name-calling is childish. Let them call me anything they want to. I'm going to remain quiet. Eventually we'll get everything worked out. Then there'll be no hard feelings."

Lanza who is supposed to have no public relations sense but has more than any other singer with the possible exception of Bing Crosby, proved that he was right.

Early in March he drove up to MGM and had a small conference with Eddie Mannix, the genial general manager. Mannix was surprised. "I've never seen you look so well," he spouted joyfully. "You look like a 16-year-old kid."

Mario said nothing about the fact that for weeks he'd been in crack physical and vocal shape, nothing about the fact that he had brought his own musical conductor, Constantine Colonicos, down to the desert, that together they had rehearsed 175 arias in 12 weeks. He said nothing about the fact that he had memorized *The Student Prince* script word by word and knew it letter perfect.

Mannix was so pleased at seeing Mario in such wonderful shape that he called to his secretary. "Get everyone in here," he said. "I want them to see Lanza."

Dore Schary came into the office and all the rest of the big boys. Everyone shook hands and it was agreed to let bygones be bygones. *The Student Prince* would start with a clean slate. There would be one

easy money!

"What is so rare as a day in June?" same long-beard poet wanted to know. MS has the answer—in greenbacks. A free dollar bill! Here's how you can get one. All you have to do is read all the stories in this June issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Gaad News
- ☐ Lana and Lex (Lana Turner, Lex Barker)
- ☐ He Knows What He Wants (Maria Lanza)
- ☐ Has John Wayne Gane Again?
- ☐ Hollywood and Youth
- ☐ Our Rasie (Rosemary Clooney)
- ☐ At The Top and Quitting (Marlon Brando)
- ☐ Too Far, Too Fast? (Bab Wagner)
- ☐ Sex Is Not Enough
- ☐ Don't Blame Farley (Farley Granger)
- ☐ Hollywood's Youngest Mother (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ Bitter Triumph (Danald O'Connor)
- ☐ Haw Yaung Hollywood Lives
- ☐ Daes' Mather Know Best? (Debra Paget)
- ☐ Her Heart Won't Be Broken (Debbie Reynolds)
- ☐ Love's Young Dream (Barbara Ruick, Bab Horton)
- ☐ Chance Of A Lifetime (Richard Burton)
- ☐ New Faces
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- ☐ TV Talk by Paul Denis

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....
My address is.....
City..... Zone....
State..... I am.... yrs. old

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New! ... a magical non-roll top, *plus* tummy-flattening latex "finger" panels that echo the firm support of your own body muscles, slim you the way *Nature* intended! Magic-Controller acts like a firming, *breathing* second skin.



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New! See how the new boneless non-roll top and the latex "finger" panels are invisibly moulded in. The Magic-Controller itself is invisible under sleekest clothes.



New! Fabric lining inside, with textured latex surface outside. Magic-Controller is as comfortable as your own skin. And it washes in seconds, dries like a miracle!

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Magic-Controller is all *one* piece of fabric lined latex. Every inch reflects *firm* control. It does more for you than *any* girdle, and frees you forever from restricting, constricting corsets.

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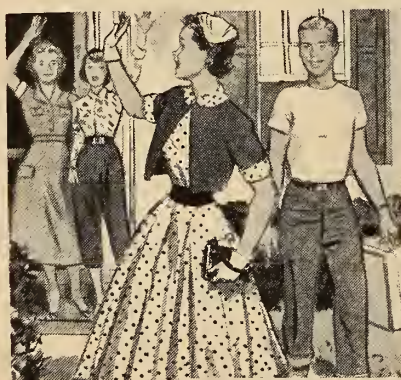
Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the **SLIM** tube.



To add "suspense" to a picnic outing?

- ☐ Auction the eats ☐ Rig up a rope swing

Sold to yon bristle bean in the yellow striped tee shirt!—one surprise package crammed with goodies for two. Auctioning the vittles puts bang in a picnic. And pays for Cokes. Keep bidders guessing as to which gal packed which supper box; later, each lad shares the fare with his "mystery belle." There's no mystery in how to keep *confident*—at calendar time. Simply choose Kotex: wonderfully absorbent—the s-o-f-t napkin that *holds its shape*. Made to stay soft while you wear it.



Should this departing guest write a—

- ☐ Thank you note ☐ Bread n' butter letter

"Dear Joanie—the weekend was *devoon*"—But wait; doesn't Joan's Mom rate your appreciation, too? Write her a bread and butter letter. Lines of thanks for all she did to make your visit fun. You know, there are some "lines" you never need fret about: the revealing kind that Kotex prevents. (Thanks to those *flat, pressed ends*!)

Are you in the know?



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- ☐ Put Sis to work ☐ Hit the talcum barrel

What though your face be dreamy, if your back is just a-drip? Don't let the humidity cancel your dance plans. Get Sis to pat you on the back—with an antiperspirant: one best for you. And for *problem-day* protection, find the best-for-you absorbency of Kotex. All 3 (Regular, Junior, Super) have that exclusive *safety center*.



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To stay dainty at "that" time, choose Quest* deodorant powder. Best for napkin use, because Quest has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. Safe. Soothing. Unscented. *Positively destroys odors*. Buy Quest powder today.

or two more conferences between the legal beagles, and Mario would go back on salary as of April 1st.

Everyone agreed that under the circumstances *The Student Prince* would have to be made with infinite care, and that whatever errors were committed in the past would not be re-made.

If, at this reading, Lanza is not working on *The Student Prince*, and there is a very good chance that he might not, the reason will be that Mario wants any musically experienced director, while the studio insists on one director and one director alone whose great forte is not music. Mario's representatives have advised him against accepting a certain director, and Mario will follow their advice even if it results in a long legal hassle and subsequent bankruptcy. His actions are always motivated by "what is best for the voice, and what is best for the public."

When Lanza returned to Palm Springs a day after that reconciliation conference, he was riding on cloud 69.

"Where's Damon?" he shouted, as soon as he rushed into the house. "Where's my son? He's got to hear the good news, too." Miss Brown, the nurse, brought little dark-haired Damon into the family conclave. Mario explained to his wife and three children—he was very guarded about this—that his chances of singing for the public again were very good. If the studio would just give an inch, he would give a mile. All he wanted to do was sing.

THAT's all Mario Lanza has ever wanted to do. He loves to entertain, and he was born to sing, and if he can't use his voice for the public, a terrible frustration seizes him and he plunges into despair.

There are many actors and actresses in Hollywood who genuinely hate to act—no names, please—and they perform for only one reason, money. They take the money and buy television stations, motion picture theaters, oil wells, and magnesium mines. Their hearts are not in their work; they're in the loot their talent brings.

With Lanza it's different. He's not interested in money. If he had been, the state of his finances would not be in their current, sorry condition. His primary interest is in singing, in bringing good music to the world, in popularizing the classical and semi-classical. And fortunately for him, he has a wife who agrees with his viewpoint. She wants security for her children—what mother doesn't?—but under no circumstances will she permit Mario to jeopardize his voice or his career for "an easy buck."

Friends tell the Lanzas they're crazy. "Look at Ezio Pinza," one agent told Mario. "He's getting 10, 15 grand a week. Maybe you won't believe this, but I can get you \$30,000 a week to sing at Las Vegas."

"I know," Mario said. "They've already called and made an offer, an even higher offer. I told them no. I just don't think the public would like it, not the people in Vegas, but music-lovers everywhere."

The booking agent was incredulous. "You got rocks in your head," he said flatly. "Nothin' but rocks."

MARIO Lanza is one man who knows what he wants; and it just doesn't happen to be money.

He wants the public's friendship and respect and following; and he knows he has earned that only through the proper use of his voice.

To mis-use that voice for the grasping of "the easy buck" either in gambling casino's or Grade B pot-boilers—well, as he says, "I'd sooner go bankrupt."

That's the attitude that makes Mario Lanza more than a rare talent—it makes him a rare human being.

END

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diately your hair has the modish beauty, the body, the casually lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And with Bobbi, your hair stays that way—week after week after week! Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin-curl—you'll love Bobbi.



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MOVIE REVIEWS

by florence epstein

picture of the month



The lady ombassador to Lichtenburg (Ethel Merman) and her press oide (Donald O'Connor), shore a common oilment: they're both in love! She, with the tiny Duchy's Foreign Minister (George Sanders); he, with the Royol Princess (Vero-Ellen).



Decked in diamonds, rather than dignity, Ethel Merman discusses affairs of stote . . . and the heart, with her guy.



Dan and the princess dance oway their troubles, end up happily morried, os da the ombassadors and the minister.

CALL ME MADAM

■ If you missed seeing *Call Me Madam* on Broadway this Technicolor version will more than make up for it. Ethel Merman's personality bounces off the screen with all the vivacity that made her famous. Donald O'Connor and Vera-Ellen are ideal dancing partners and George Sanders sings in a mellow lyric bass. Add to this the comic touch of Walter Slezack and you have everything you could want in a musical comedy. Ethel Merman plays the Washington party-giver who becomes ambassador to the mythical kingdom of Lichtenburg. No ambassador was ever so decked out in diamonds and so loaded with wise-cracks. Lichtenburg's ministers of finance expect her to be an easy mark. They're fishing for a huge American loan to facilitate the marriage of their princess (Vera-Ellen) to Prince Hugo of Mittedorf (Helmut Dantine). But Madam's no is pretty firm until she meets General Cosmo (George Sanders). By this time Miss Merman's press attaché (Donald O'Connor) has met the princess and would like to marry her himself. In the midst of all the diplomacy Madam Ambassador chats cosily with Harry Truman via long-distance, undergoes an hilarious presentation at court, attends the annual Lichtenburg fair and falls in love with Sanders. The color is riotous, the settings and costumes are magnificently lavish, the words are often witty and the songs you keep hearing were written by Irving Berlin. 20th Century-Fox. (More reviews on page 30)

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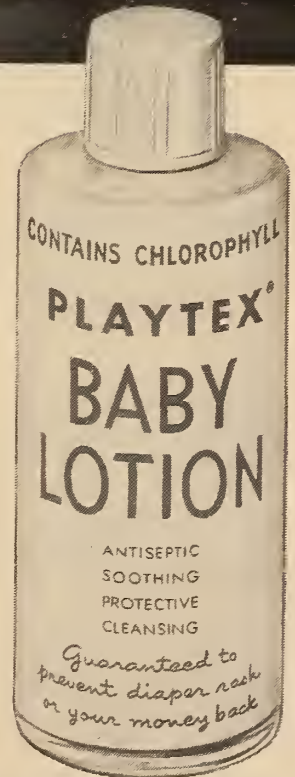


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So much depends on whether your charm keeps on working. Freddy's didn't. Freddy was going great at half-past-eight, but by ten his girl was giving him the definite brush-off. And who could blame her? No girl wants to put up with a case of halitosis (bad breath).



...or brush you off early?



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WHY TAKE CHANCES with lesser methods when Listerine Antiseptic instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end?

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this... instantly

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THE GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING

The title of this movie naturally refers to Liz Taylor who plays a proud young beauty, willful as the thoroughbreds they raise in Lexington, Kentucky, her home. Elizabeth's mother has long since died. Her father, successful lawyer William Powell, holds his liquor rather sloppily, and her boyfriend, Gig Young, is too well bred to be exciting. That's the set-up when Powell becomes counsel for rackets boss Fernando Lamas, who's ordered before a congressional committee. Lamas buys a mansion in Lexington to which he proceeds to lure Liz. Powell is shocked but he's a modern father and doesn't swing into action until it's too late. Liz decides to marry Lamas and help him evolve into a social butterfly. Marry my daughter, Powell finally says, and I'll tell the government about one or two corpses you've left lying around. Lamas retaliates with three or four rights to the jaw, then he turns to Liz and says, "You wanted a barbarian. Well, you got one, baby." True enough. This movie has an ending which you will have to see to learn.

CAST: Elizabeth Taylor, Fernando Lamas, William Powell, Gig Young, James Whitmore—MGM

SPLIT SECOND

Here's a suspense film that really grips you. It's tense, it's intelligent and it manages to make generally stereotyped figures seem interesting. The scene is the Nevada desert where the Army plans to explode an atom bomb. The area, containing a ghost town, is cleared days before the blast, and everything's ready to rip. A couple of escaped killers (Stephen McNally and wounded Paul Kelly) unwittingly head for the danger area. En route they hi-jack Alexis Smith (she's on her way to Reno), her boyfriend Robert Paige, a newspaper reporter Keith Andes (he's looking for the killers) and Jan Sterling, a stranded nightclub singer he picked up at a diner. Once in the ghost town the suspense mounts. The bomb's scheduled to go off at six in the morning and it's getting late. While they wait they reveal themselves and one of the party manages to be murdered by McNally. In the morning the bomb goes off even earlier than originally planned. Some of the people escape, some don't. The ones that survive are treated to a pretty grim view of that mushroom cloud.

CAST: Stephen McNally, Alexis Smith, Jan Sterling, Keith Andes, Arthur Hunnicut, Paul Kelly, Robert Paige—RKO

JULIUS CAESAR

William Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* is brought to impressive life in this beautifully staged, well acted production. When Caesar (Louis Calhern) returns triumphant to Rome the people want to make him emperor. Jealous Cassius (John Gielgud) spreads the fear to Caesar's loyal followers that too much power will corrupt him. The noble Brutus (James Mason) is swayed by Cassius and consents to Caesar's murder. (The murder scene is brutal but superbly dramatic.) In his stirring funeral oration Mark Antony (Marlon Brando) incites the populace against Brutus and all the other "honorable men" who did away with Caesar. More than a year later the small armies of Brutus and Cassius are defeated by Antony. James Mason is outstanding as a tragic hero motivated always by his conception of justice and truth. John Gielgud handles a less sympathetic role dynamically. And

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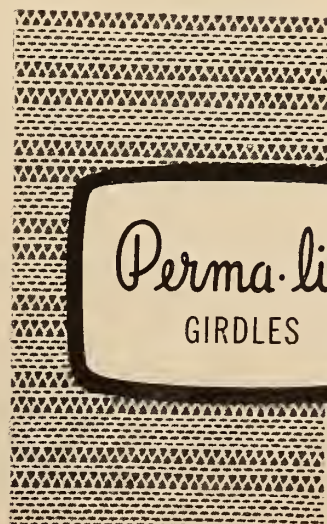
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EXCITING NEW MUTED SHADES

MUTED COTYROSE • MUTED BEIGE • MUTED SUN • MUTED BRONZE

Marlon Brando shows barely a trace of his *Streetcar* accent as the fiery ambitious Antony. Thanks to director Joseph Mankiewicz, cutting and changing of Shakespeare's original work was kept to a minimum.
CAST: James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando, Louis Calhern, Deborah Kerr, Greer Garson, Edmond O'Brien—MGM

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE

Man On A Tightrope is a strange, powerful tale about people struggling to free themselves from the decay around them. These people belong to the Circus Cernik which was owned by Karel Cernik (Fredric March) until the Czechoslovakian government took it over. March is planning an incredible feat. He is going to lead the entire circus caravan across the well-guarded border into the American zone. He has to work fast since he knows there is a spy in the troupe. Aside from this, March has other problems. His second wife (Gloria Grahame) has become slovenly, indifferent, and flirts continuously with the lion tamer. His daughter (Terry Moore) has fallen in love with a handyman (Cameron Mitchell) whose origins and political leanings are unknown. Filmed in Western Germany, directed by Elia Kazan, the movie is always gray, always eerie, as if it were all a nightmare. As, indeed, it is.

CAST: Fredric March, Terry Moore, Gloria Grahame, Cameron Mitchell, Adolphe Menjou, Paul Hartman, Robert Beatty—20th-Fox

DESERT LEGION

Why doesn't Alan Ladd make more pictures like *This Gun For Hire* and less pictures like *Desert Legion*? In this one Captain Ladd is leading a patrol on the Algerian desert; he's ambushed by the notorious raider Omar Ben Khalif, otherwise known as Richard Conte. Ladd's patrol is wiped out and he wakes up in a fancy tent inhabited by gorgeous Arlene Dahl. Naturally he thinks he's dreaming. He hastens back to camp but the face of Arlene haunts him and with Private Plevko (Akim Tamiroff) he make his way back across the desert. Hidden in that arid waste he finds a kind of Shangri-La called Medara, city of peace. Only it's not so peaceful. Richard Conte, known here as Crito, wants Arlene Dahl and Medara all to himself. Well, I'm happy to report he doesn't get either, although he manages to create a large bit of havoc. What puzzles me is how so many bloodthirsty cut-throats ever settled in that city of peace in the first place.
CAST: Alan Ladd, Richard Conte, Arlene Dahl, Akim Tamiroff, Leon Askin, Oscar Beregi—U-I

TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY

Charles Coburn, rector of St. Anthony's College in New York City, is informed by the higher-ups that unless he can raise \$170,000 in six months, the college will be closed. It comes to Coburn that what he needs is a football team. He hires John Wayne, an ex-coach who has been kicked out of all the big college leagues. Wayne's flighty wife, Marie Windsor, left him with a daughter to raise (that's Sherry Jackson and a more precocious 11-year-old you'll look far to find). Now, said wife is trying to get Sherry away from Wayne and so she sets a Domestic Relations Court officer on his trail. The officer turns out to be Donna Reed. It's a complicated story, all right, but aimed directly at the heart.
CAST: John Wayne, Donna Reed, Charles Coburn, Sherry Jackson—Warners

has john wayne gone again?

(Continued from page 16) Chata hired the famed criminal lawyer Jerry Giesler to represent her, and Giesler almost went nuts trying to determine from Wayne's business manager, Bo Roos, just how much Duke is worth and just how much of his wealth is community property. Not even Duke knows that.

After a while things got so intricate that Giesler resigned from the case, and Chata hired another lawyer to obtain what she considers an equitable financial settlement.

The legal haggling in this divorce mess—and potentially it's a nasty case with a good deal of soiled linen that had best remain unaired—will go on for many, many months, at least until October 19th, at which time a trial is scheduled in the California Superior Court.

When a man has been married twice, he becomes a creature of habit, especially where feminine companionship is concerned, so when Chata flew the coop and winged from Hollywood to Mexico, everyone around town knew that sooner or later, Duke would find a new heart throb.

Some of his friends said the supposition was ridiculous. "Look," one of them told me last August, "Duke has had enough of dames and marriage for a while. His heart is broken. He really loved that Chata. Now, he's gone out of the country for a while. He's down in Peru, just taking it easy, scouting around for locations."

In a way that was true, but while Duke was scouting for locations, he traveled into the Peruvian jungle to watch the first full-length motion picture ever shot in that South American country.

THE film was being produced by Edward Movius; it was entitled *Sabotage In The Jungle*, and it starred a buxom, gorgeous, fiery, insinuatingly beautiful Limaña (a native of Lima, Peru) named Pilar Pallete.

Pilar is 23 years old. She has the kind of figure men look at twice. They don't believe it the first time. She is the third of four sisters. Her father, who died three years ago, used to be a Senator in the Peruvian legislature. She is well-bred, well-educated, and well-traveled.

As a girl she was sent to a very swanky school, the Villa Maria, but her father, a worldly man, wanted her brought up so that she would know how to look after herself in a world of domineering men. He enrolled her in the Lima High School, and it was here that she learned how to speak English, a virtue which helped her when she met Duke and his friends, although Wayne does manage a pretty good sort of pidgin Spanish.

The first time I saw her she was a hostess for Panagra, the Pan American Airline subsidiary in South America, and she was even then a real beauty, on her way to full development, captivating most of the male passengers.

When Duke Wayne first saw Pilar in the jungle last August and got himself introduced to her, a sort of electric current of mutual attraction sprang up between them.

For some inexplicable reason, probably because opposites always attract, Duke has consistently chosen Latin-American beauties for his attentions. They arouse him.

His first wife, Josephine Saenz, is of Dominican ancestry. His second wife is Mexican. And now Pilar Pallete, the utterly delightful and charming actress, comes from Peru.

Duke Wayne is a pretty sharp *hombre*, and in his soft, unobtrusive way, he began making inquiries. Had Pilar done much acting? Was she really a professional?

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I arrived* in Paris* in my
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They told Duke that two years before she'd done some work for Sol Lesser in a film called *The Lost Emeralds Of Illatica*. She'd also studied and worked a good deal in the Lima Theater Workshop.

Duke then asked the all-important question. "Is she married?"

The answer came as no surprise. In Lima all beautiful young women are married.

"Yes," the informant said. "She's married to Dick Wedy, the fellow in charge of publicity for Panagra." Then the reprieve. "Only they're not doing so hot. Broken up like you and Mrs. Wayne, or about to."

Duke Wayne is an introspective man who rarely discusses his emotions. He feels things deeply, but the more profound they are, the less he talks about them.

Ask him, for example, how he feels about Pilar, and you get something like, "She's an extremely talented actress." Nothing more.

Ask him how he felt when he learned that his black-haired, heart-faced new discovery was on the verge of a break with her husband, and he'll shake his head and walk away from you. It's none of his business and none of yours.

He never trifles or talks lightly about women who mean something to him.

IN the case of Pilar Pallete, he said nothing when he returned to Hollywood. But Pilar knew that if ever she came north she had a friend who would use all his influence to help her. And Duke Wayne has plenty of influence in Hollywood. So much in fact that when he checked in at Warner Brothers after his Peruvian junket and they asked him to play the lead in *The Iron Mistress*, he read the script and promptly said no, and Warners said okay but will you please do something else, anything else.

Duke read the script of *Trouble Along The Way*, a story based roughly on Slip Madigan, the football coach at St. Mary's College in California, and agreed to do the picture.

Later, he wasn't too happy about his decision. But no one knew at the time whether it was because he was disappointed in the film, he had a subconscious, unrequited yen for Pilar, or he was irritated because detectives were on his trail trying to unearth a little embarrassing data that might be exposed in a divorce court. Duke was also upset because he had received a good offer to rent his ranch house, only Chata wouldn't hear of it. Added to that was the fact that while he was worth a fortune, it wasn't too easy for him to liquidate his assets into cash.

Anyway, Duke Wayne was not the easiest man in the world to get along with during the filming of *Trouble Along The Way*.

Once *Trouble* was finished, however, Duke took off for Mexico where his own production company, Wayne-Fellows, Inc., was shooting *Plunder In The Sun*.

Now it so happens that when Duke pulled out of Hollywood, Pilar Pallete pulled in, ostensibly to do a Spanish soundtrack for *Sabotage In The Jungle*. Since she is still legally married to an American, Pilar has no visa difficulties when it comes to entering the country.

When Duke learned that the exotic, well-built Pilar was in movieland, he thought of a story named *Pagoda* which his company owns, and the more he thought of that yarn, the more he felt certain that Pilar should play the lead in the production opposite him.

It was just a question of a few days before Pilar and Duke were in front of the cameras in Mexico. This was Pilar's screen test, and needless to say, Duke went all-out in helping her. Johnny Farrow, a director, was supposedly giving the test,

but Wayne knows a good deal more about picture-making than most directors, and he took over.

He posed Pilar in the best angles, saw to it that she got the best shots, made her feel very much at ease, and the result, of course, was a foregone conclusion.

Wayne-Fellows, Inc., signed Pilar Pallete to a seven-year contract, permitting her the privilege of making one outside picture per year for Movius Productions, the Peruvian Company that had given her her first screen opportunity. All of Pilar's other films, however, will be released through Warner Brothers.

Just how successful Pilar will be, how quickly the public will take to her, no man can predict at this point. It is safe to say, however, that if she co-stars with Duke in his films, her popularity will be assured, because Wayne's name on a marquee means top box-office.

The screen test completed in Mexico, Pilar eventually came back to the movie colony, moved into the house of a friend in North Hollywood, and now definitely estranged from her husband, began seeing a good deal of Duke who had taken a house on Valley Vista Road, not too far away.

They went driving together, toured the glitter spots, showed up at formal film functions such as the annual dinner of the Screen Writers Guild, and it was just a matter of days before Hollywood began to realize that Duke Wayne was happy again, genuinely happy.

At the Screen Writers Guild dinner, for example, he roared at Georgie Jessel's jokes, cracked his own, greeted everyone with a big hand, proudly introduced Pilar to all the big shots, and carried on like the Duke Wayne of yesterday. Smiling, exuberant, good-natured.

"Of course," one of his friends cracked, "he didn't know that Chata had flown in from Mexico that very night. But even so, I don't think that would've made any difference. There's absolutely no chance of a reconciliation. Duke wants a divorce as soon as he can get one. Then, I think he'll marry this Peruvian doll. That is, if she has her own divorce by then.

"Don't ask me why he goes for these Latin-American babes, either. He's Anglo-Saxon down to his very toes; you'd think he'd fall for some doll from Iowa. He just doesn't. Soon as a girl has blonde hair, his interest fades.

"He has a big yen for these black-eyed senioritas. With two of them he's struck out, at least marriage-wise. With Pilar, maybe he'll ring the bell. Anyway, he seems happier than he's been in a long, long time."

In Hollywood that's what counts. **END**

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LANA'S OFF ON A MARRY-GO-ROUND AGAIN—BUT HOLLYWOOD'S BETTING SHE'LL ONLY WIND UP DIZZY!



Loving Lex Barker is fun for Lana, but will her usual bad luck louse up this romance, too?

■ As of this writing, to the ever-growing list of lovers who have succumbed to the irresistible charms of Lana Turner you may now add the name of Alexander Crichtlow Barker of Rye, New York.

Known to his friends as "Lex" and recognized by the movie-going public as "Tarzan," the handsome, six-foot-four giant is currently the number-one man in Lana's constantly changing love life.

Ever since the beauty with the convertible top—Lana has dyed her naturally brunette hair 16 different shades in the past 15 years—gave Fernando Lamas his walking papers, she and Lex have been virtually inseparable, in Los Angeles, in Palm Springs, in New York, and now in Europe.

Lana has claimed that "I'm unhappy unless I have someone to love." And in her case the necessary adjunct of love has always been propinquity, so that during the past six months she and Lex have spent practically all of their spare time together, and a good deal of their working time, too.

During the making of *Latin Lovers*, for example, in which Lana plays the richest girl in the world and Ricardo Montalban acts a wealthy young Brazilian horsebreeder, Lex was an almost daily visitor on the set.

Not only that, but he also brought his two children along, Lynne, nine, and Alex, five. Lana would bring her young Cheryl to the studio, and a folksy little group consisting of Lex and the three kids would stand on the sidelines and watch with childish awe while director Mervyn LeRoy sent Lana and Montalban through their paces.

I was on the set one day and LeRoy was particularly anxious to have things go well. He had dined (Continued on page 105)

LANA AND LEX

by Marsha Saunders

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Sir Christopher, created by famed designer William S. Warren, has all the sweep and splendor of its inspiration—the work of the renowned architect Sir Christopher Wren, one of whose masterpieces is St. Paul's Cathedral, London. This pattern displays grandeur in sterling, exemplifies variety in design . . . for some pieces are decorated with carved blossoms, others with graceful clusters of fruit, still others with a combination of both. Sir Christopher is truly magnificent sterling, for it is given the ultimate in silvercrafting—Wallace's full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty" . . . beauty in front, in profile, in back . . . sterling perfection from every possible view.

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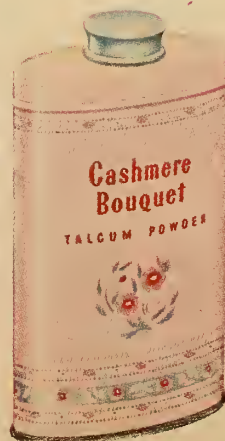
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FROM THE MOVIES

ANNA—title song by Silvana Mangano* (MGM); Paul Weston* (Columbia); Richard Hayman (Mercury); Three Suns (Victor); Ray Bloch (Coral). *I Loved You* by Silvana Mangano* (MGM).

BLUE GARDENIA—title song by Nat Cole** (Capitol).

HOUDINI—*The Golden Years* by Tony Martin* (Victor); Paul Weston (Columbia); Russ Morgan (Decca).

RUBY GENTRY—*Ruby* by Richard Hayman* (Mercury); Lew Douglas* (MGM); Les Brown (Coral). Richard Hayman, a gent of many talents, plays harmonica on this one, accompanied by a symphonic orchestra for an unusual effect. The Lew Douglas version (he's the fellow who provides Joni James with her musical backgrounds) is the only one with lyrics. They're sung here by a choral group and were added to the tune by Mitchell (Star Dust) Parish.

POPULAR AND JAZZ

ARTHUR GODFREY—*TV Calendar Show*** (Columbia).

If you happened to catch the Godfrey & Friends show on CBS-TV last Jan. 28 and were impressed by the ingenious month-by-month story unfolded musically that night, this 12-inch LP record is a must for you, for here's the entire program transferred to records.

Joan Edwards, formerly a big-time singer herself, and Lyn Duddy, reformed press agent, teamed to write the music and lyrics for these twelve tunes, one for each month, and they're well tailored to the requirements of the entire Godfrey family. Julius La Rosa, you'll be glad to note, is represented with *Everything That's Yours Is Mine*, done as a duet with Janette Davis, and *Summer's Symphony*, which he does solo. The Mariners, Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker, Haleloke, the Chordettes, Lu Ann Simms and the Archie Bleyer gang are all there too. This is the first really comprehensive representation of Godfrey and Co. on records.

DUKE ELLINGTON—*Ellington Uptown*** (Columbia).

Most exciting item in this 12-inch LP is Duke's Harlem suite, *A Tone Parallel To Harlem*. Louis Bellison is also featured in a drum specialty, *Skin Deep*.

DIZZY GILLESPIE, JIMMY McPARTLAND—*Hot vs. Cool** (MGM).

A novel album recorded at Birdland, New York's leading jazz club. The two bands, which we helped to assemble, both play the same four tunes, in contrasting Dixieland and bop styles. Buddy De Franco's terrific clarinet work on *Indiana* is the best of the "cool" numbers; Vic Dickenson's trombone on *Battle Of Blues* is "hot" highlight. Also heard: the first Dixie disc of *How High The Moon* and the first bop version of *Muskrat Ramble*.

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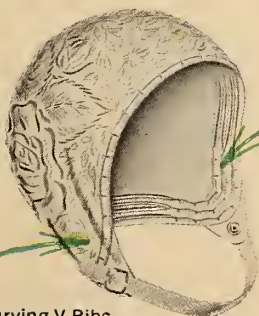
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- * Lather foams more quickly!
- * Easier to rinse away!
- * Cleans hair and scalp better!
- * Leaves hair more shining!
- * Does not dry or dull the hair!
- * Leaves hair easier to manage!
- * Hair has better fragrance!
- * More economical to use!

Prove it to Yourself...

Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form is the best liquid shampoo yet!

Yes! Now take your choice:

Famous Cream Form...or new Lotion Form



Famous Cream Form in jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$1.
(Big economy size, \$2.)

New Lotion Form in handy bottles, 30¢ to \$1.

POUR IT ON — OR CREAM IT ON! In Cream Form, *Lustre-Creme* is America's favorite cream shampoo. And all its beauty-bringing qualities are in the new Lotion Form. Whichever form you prefer, lanolin-blessed *Lustre-Creme* leaves your hair shining-clean, eager to wave, never dull or dry.

Special issue:
**SPOTLIGHT
ON
YOUTH**

Because today's brightest stars are Hollywood's youngest stars, the editors have devoted the contents of this issue to the lives, loves, successes and tragedies of filmdom's fabulous youngsters. For the real stories of how and why they live the way they do, MODERN SCREEN has assigned its entire staff of reporters—Hollywood experts all—to the job. On the following 45 pages we turn the spotlight on youth!

HOLLYWOOD AND YOUTH

■ A month before she gave birth to her chubby baby son, Elizabeth Taylor, the most beautiful young actress in Hollywood, ambled into the office of the Los Angeles County Clerk.

"I believe," Liz said politely, "that you've got something for me."

Harold J. Ostly, the tall, pleasant, bespectacled County Clerk, grinned. He opened the top drawer to his desk, took out \$47,100 in Government bonds, and handed them to Liz.

"You could've picked these up two years ago," he said.

Mike Wilding, dressed in open collar shirt and wearing the navy blue yachting cap he uses to cover his receding hairline, shook his good-looking head in puzzled disbelief.

Liz turned and blew him a little feather of a smile as if to say, "I am a naughty girl, aren't I?" Then she spoke to the County Clerk. "I've just been too busy," Liz explained, "to come down and get this stuff."

"This stuff" represented 15% of Elizabeth Rosamond Taylor Hilton Wilding's film earnings which a California Superior Court judge had ordered invested in bonds during her minority.

Under California law, Liz was entitled to manage her own financial affairs at the age of 18 if she were then married. She could have obtained her securities in May, 1950, after her marriage to Nicky Hilton, the semi-spoiled young son of a wealthy, capering hotel magnate—but no, she'd been too busy.

After Liz posed for pictures holding up her \$47,100 in bonds, a \$75-per-week photographer sidled up to a reporter. "This," the lensman said somewhat bitterly, "is what Hollywood's sense of values does to a beautiful babe. Too busy to pick up 47 grand. How do you like that?"

While Liz was giving out with her worldly, sophisticated, money-isn't everything attitude, another young married, a girl born in Portland, Oregon, who had changed her name from Suzanne Burce to Jane Powell, (*Continued on page 88*)

The Success Story of 1953! One song began it, one movie clinched it—and young Miss Clooney,

Gulping down coke between bites of a hot dog, a willowy blonde waited in the wings of a theater for her cue to go on stage. The show people around her were horrified. For years—for centuries—singers have been taught never to sing on a full stomach.

"Rosie," they pleaded. "Don't!"

"It's all right," she said, and the words worked their muffled way through a piece of roll.

"But suppose you burp in the middle of your song!"

Rosemary Clooney shrugged. "S'all right," she said. "I'll just re-phrase it."

This is an anecdote that any movie star would prefer to put in their bottom drawer, and a procedure that most singers would shun like the plague. Rosemary Clooney, however, is not one to wrap hot towels about her precious throat and insist on a handy cup of hot tea, nor is she likely to hedge when asked a question, whether it be about her age (25), her appetite (prodigious). She treats life and people the same way she sings—tenderly, honestly, without affectation, yet with plenty of what is known politely as intestinal fortitude and impolitely as guts.

The all-around result is that wherever Clooney goes she is immediately referred to as 'our Rosie'. There is a warmth to her personality that seeps out and enfolds everyone she meets, and willing victims include an assortment of elderly ladies, schnauser dogs, small boys, millions of big boys, what's even more remarkable, women of all ages.

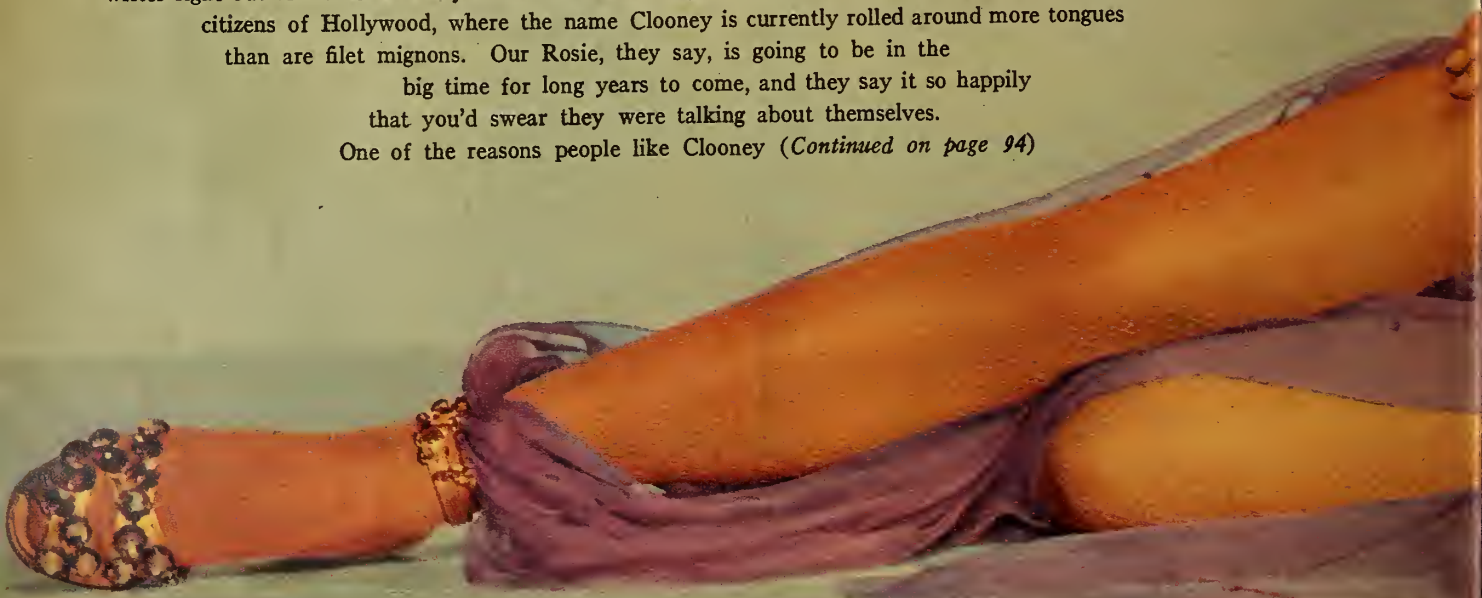
Rosie does not do this intentionally. She was born with the personality of the Pied

Piper, an indefinable something that could (and did) charm a *Time Magazine* writer right out of his derisive adjectives. The latest large group to fall under her spell are the citizens of Hollywood, where the name Clooney is currently rolled around more tongues than are filet mignons. Our Rosie, they say, is going to be in the

big time for long years to come, and they say it so happily

that you'd swear they were talking about themselves.

One of the reasons people like Clooney (*Continued on page 94*)



“OUR

BY JANE WILKIE

record maker, was everybody's Rosie, record breaker!



ROSIE"

at the top and quitting

Brando has Hollywood gasping again! After less than three years in films, at the height of his popularity, the peak of his career, the "Do-what-I-want-to-do" lad is setting another precedent: He's retiring!



Marlon's current film, *Julius Caesar*, is his fifth; he has earned \$400,000, enough for a lifetime.

■ Marlon Brando has had it!

After only five motion pictures, *The Men*, *Streetcar Named Desire*, *Viva Zapata*, *Julius Caesar*, and *The Wild One*, the 29-year-old acting genius from Omaha is kissing Hollywood goodbye.

"I came out to Hollywood for two reasons," the brooding, hawk-nosed eccentric recently explained, "loot and film experience. I've got 'em both, and there's no point in hanging around. Maybe I'll do *Pal Joey*, but right now I'm not sure.

"Only thing I'm sure of is that I'm getting out. I'm going to travel, maybe do some pictures in Europe. I want to go to the Far East, Siam, India, the South Sea Islands.

"Maybe later this year I'll blow back to New York. Maybe do a show for Cheryl Crawford. Maybe just keep going, just keep strumming that guitar.

"I've got nothing against Hollywood. It's been very good for me working here. It's broadened me socially. I've learned a lot about the business. But it is a business, and when you've made enough loot, the thing to do is pull out.

"I like to travel, and I'd just as soon spend some of my dough while I'm young and can enjoy it. I'm not finished with motion pictures. I'll make more of 'em, only maybe not in Hollywood. They make some pretty good stuff in Europe (*Continued on page 84*)





too far, too fast?

Bob Wagner hit the jackpot overnight, and strange things happened. Was it stardom . . . or stardust?

■ There's a standard gag about Bob Wagner that is going the rounds of the 20th Century-Fox lot: "I sure feel sorry for that Wagner kid. He's had to overcome an awful lot of obstacles in life. Do you know that when he was born he almost choked on that silver spoon in his mouth?"

The satirical reference, of course, is to the fact that young Wagner comes from a well-to-do family.

His father is a successful steel magnate who has seen to it that his two children have always had the best of everything—fine clothes, nurses, private schools, cars, country club memberships, the whole works.

Now this relatively high standard of living is the expected order in Grosse Pointe, Michigan, the Wagner home bailiwick, and no one gives it a second thought. But in Hollywood, for a movie star to be born into a wealthy family is an almost inexcusable error in tactics, an almost insurmountable obstacle in the obtainment of good public relations.

It is a tribute to Bob Wagner's warm and friendly personality that despite his background, he's managed to win the acclaim and interest of the movie-goers everywhere.

"I know it sounds impossible," one press agent really cracked, "but (Continued on page 72)



Bob squires storlet Barbara Darrow to a ball . . .



. . . chots cozily with Rodeo Queen Sandra Brott . . .



. . . relaxes quietly with Charlotte Austin



. . . exchanges dreamy-eyed looks with Susan Zanuck

Bob's a busy boy these days . . . and nights. He is acknowledged as the favorite escort of this season's crop of storlets, society debs and beauty contest winners.

Sex is not enough

by Jim Henaghan



Elaine Stewart, touted as MGM's answer to Marilyn Monroe, had a sizzling three-minute bit in a recent film. Whether or not she can act is still a moot point.

Fans go wild when Monroe appears . . . in person. But at the box office, they're more restrained. Studio execs learned it takes more than sex to sell a film.





Sex can do a lot for an ailing career. Terry Moore was getting noplacé fast until her press agent gave her a sexy buildup. Now, she's hotter than hot.



Laurette Luez' career has been built exclusively on sex. With such a start, nobody will be surprised if the "Flower of Delight Girl" withered on the vine.



Zsa Zsa Gabor, whose family makes a career of being female, may have mis-judged her talents. She draws as many laughs as whistles, could be a comedienne.



Already loaded with talent, Mitzi Gaynor is one of those rare individuals who just radiates sex appeal. She's even more attractive off than on the screen.

Monroe leads the parade . . . and every girl with a curve to her name is on the bandwagon. But they may learn the hard way that they've got to have talent, too.

■ The fat, white fingers of silver light, beaming from the cones of great searchlights, played tic-tac-toe in the night sky above Hollywood. Wilshire Boulevard, in front of the Ritz Theater, was a happy bedlam. Traffic was backed up for a mile, and in the glare of sputtering arcs sleek Cadillacs pulled to the curb and discharged ele-

gantly appointed stars and movie-makers who made their way into the building through an avenue of ropes that held back thousands of breathless fans.

One by one the big names of the movies made the walk past the spectators and each got applause and cheers. (Continued on page 97)

Young stars like Farley Granger and Dawn Addams aren't falling . . . for phony romantic buildups!

don't blame Farley

BY PAMELA MORGAN



Shelley's married now, but she and Farley still get a kick out of kidding around. Their "romance" was only a joke to them, but it taught Farley to be careful with new friends like Dawn Addams (far right).

■ The studio publicity man was visibly upset. "Look," he said, "the photographers all shot pictures of Farley Granger and Shelley Winters at Donald O'Connor's party. We're asking everyone to kill the pictures. They just can't be published."

"Why not?" the MODERN SCREEN editor retorted. "What's to be so upset about?"

"Well, you know how it is. They used to go together. With Vittorio Gassman in Italy and all, it's liable to cause gossip; maybe even stories. You know the kind—'Is Shelley's Marriage Failing?' 'Will Farley and Shelley Get Together Again?' These pictures could cause everybody a lot of trouble."

Oh yes?

Give the publicity man credit for being alert on his job, certainly. But as for starting a rumor that the paths of Shelley Winters and Farley Granger may cross again romantically, well, that's the best laugh of the year. Any journalist with an ounce of mixed common sense and honesty will tell you that the "Shell-Farl" romance was one of the neatest little hoaxes ever perpetrated on the public.

No offense, though. It was harmless enough and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone until Shelley lost her sense of humor when a reporter asked her who she thought she was kidding.

"I don't need Farley for publicity," Shelley shouted, way back in August, 1951. "If we weren't on the level, we might have gone on with it for a couple of months. But two years! I'm crazy about Farley and I don't care who knows it. If I wanted to go with someone just for publicity, I'd go with Francis, the mule . . . just because we didn't get married in June doesn't mean we're not in love . . . we'll get married when we can, and not when a lot of busybodies think we should."

The reporter, well-disciplined to the ways of Hollywood in which an actress may one day declare deathless devotion and on the next file suit for divorce, took all this with a straight face. He knew, however, that the bombastic pro-and-con announcements were just a prelude to their well-chaperoned romp through Europe which was expertly tied up with publicity for their latest picture efforts.

Then, like a bombshell, came Shelley's marriage to Vittorio Gass- (Continued on page 96)





hollywood's youngest

Yesterday's Liz was Hollywood's No. 1 problem child, but her escapades helped make her today's



mother

model mother ■ by JACK WADE

On the late side of one morning, a few weeks ago, Elizabeth Taylor Wilding stretched out her five feet, four inches and 123 pounds on her oversize bed, clad mainly in a mass of turkish toweling from which her home-cut, black poodled curls protruded at one end and her pink toes wiggled protestingly from the other. Between those extremities a *masseuse* kneaded her tissues like a pastry cook attacks dough. Having vanquished 20 of the 40 superfluous pounds acquired bearing her baby, Mike, Liz was on the homestretch of a reducing campaign with 15 more to lose before she'd be fit for the cameras in her next MGM picture, *Rhapsody*.

At this interesting juncture, a slightly pixy-ish male face with quizzical eyebrows and a little boy's grin—belonging to her husband, Michael Wilding—poked inside the door, coughed discreetly, said, "Oh, excuse me!" and started to pull back out again. But muffled laughter smote its ears and the face popped through the opening again, like a turtle's.

"What's so funny, Mrs. Birdnose?" Mike inquired.

"Everything," chuckled his loving wife.

"Correct," Michael approved, "but philosophy aside, what's especially droll this morning?"

"I was just thinking," explained Elizabeth, "that here I am, married, now a mother, and already having weight pounded off me like a dowager—but as of today I'm just eligible to vote for the first time!"

"You can now also be sued, run for office, and be hanged for murder, if that's any comfort," advised her mate. "Happy birthday!" And when she was presentable, he gave her a big kiss and a small gold buckle ring to celebrate the majority attained by the girl he had married.

The date of that intimate scene (*Continued on page 86*)



Morriage to Mike started working miracles with irresponsible Liz, and motherhood completed the cure. Today, Liz is the competent one, Mike the scotterbroin. But both shine at coring for Little Mike.

The O'Connor home rang with love and laughter . . . until Don's career gave him less and less time for his family. Now, asks all Hollywood, will the O'Connors ever be reunited?



Little girls love a nightly romp with Dad; but will Donna ever be sure of hers?



Don's collection of foreign cars is a hobby his wife and daughter shared.



Donald O'Connor's success has been

Bitter Triumph

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

■ "When is daddy coming home?" Sooner or later six-year-old Donna O'Connor had to ask that question, for in addition to looking like her famous father, she is the apple of his eye, and they love each other very much. Donna's mother, Gwen O'Connor, was prepared with a reply that she knew would be temporarily satisfactory.



But the ladies never got too excited over Dan's antics . . . they were pretty used to them!



Trooper Don used to give his best performance for the critical eyes of Gwen, Danna.



When one O'Connor collapsed another was always ready and willing to take over.



In happier days, Don and Gwen enjoyed parties together. First thing, Dan always whipped out his wallet to show his snapshots of Donna. Here, Don's ready to give Mel Torme a look . . . but finds he left his wallet home!



Immediately after the O'Connors separated, rumors spread that Gwen was dating Dean Martin. Pictures like this helped keep the reports alive, but Gwen, in tears, phoned Dean to say she had nothing to do with it.

won with hard work and brilliant talent . . . but three young lives are paying for it with heartbreak.

Daddy had so much work to do at the studio that he was staying in his dressing room for a few days.

All children of show business parents can understand their moms and dads being away for periods of time, but both Gwen and Don knew that sooner or later they would have to tell their daughter the real

truth. Children somehow have a way of knowing the secrets their parents try hardest to cover up, and Donna O'Connor is brighter than most.

Still, the heartbreak of separation was kept from their only child as long as possible. Gwen and Don had been through battles before. They always patched them up.

But this time Gwen was determined to force the issue. For the first time, she sought out an attorney and Don was served papers. He may have known what was coming, but the actual blow so stunned him that for the first time in his life he begged off from work on his newest co-starring picture, (Continued on page 102)

Mansions and imported butlers are as passé as Theda Bara's eyebrows. Good taste and good fun



ROBERTA HAYNES' sleek bachelor-girl apartment is gay with her own brand of contemporary, plus home-made, furniture. Wood, wrought iron, foam rubber are mainstays of her three-roomer.



Her box-spring and mattress were Roberta's first purchase. She had to wait for her next pay check before completing the bedroom! Roberta made the "cafe" curtains, her mother, the spread.

how young hollywood lives

by Marwa Peterson



are the keynotes of today's generation.

■ Tourists who visit Hollywood are constantly amazed by the large number of signs on fabulous Wilshire Boulevard that advertise auctions.

"TONITE—AUCTION OF LAVISH FURNISHINGS FROM THE MANSION OF MISS JOAN CRAWFORD . . . NEXT TUESDAY AUCTION OF FABULOUS POSSESSIONS FROM THE MANSION OF MISS BARBARA STANWYCK . . . FROM HEDY LAMARR'S MANSION, COMPLETE FURNISHINGS TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION."

One visitor from the East, after observing all these auction advertisements, turned to a friend of hers, a long-time resident of the movie colony, and said, "Surely, there must be *one* Hollywood star who *doesn't* live in a mansion?"

The truth is that there are dozens of actors and actresses who live simply, reasonably, and normally; and with few exceptions, practically all of these are under the age of 30.

The day has long since passed when an actor, on being signed to a contract, raced to a phone, (*Continued on next page*)



JOYCE HOLDEN believes one can be modern and still not lose the charm of antiques. The living room (*top, above*) of her two-bedroom apartment is comfortably contemporary—with practical leather chairs and shag rug. Quaint old prints spark up the dark walls. Her bedroom (*above*) goes definitely old-fashioned, however. It houses her collection of antiques, including four-poster bed and old-fashioned marble-topped washstand.



RORY CALHOUN and his wife, Lita Boron, hit the Hollywood jackpot with their home! Rory bought this eight-room Colonial house in Beverly Hills, *then* learned a swimming pool came with it, free!



The paneled bar in the Calhoun home is an example of Rory's skill as a cabinet maker. His other hobbies are ranching, gun collecting, foreign cars. Currently he's remodeling the garage into a playroom.

how young hollywood lives continued



JOAN EVANS, a bride of one year, believes this three-room furnished apartment is perfect for a novice housekeeper. It leaves her plenty of time to concentrate on her cooking. Joan planned the soft monochrome green decor.



JOANNE GILBERT, like lots of young actresses, lives at home. Her parents are separated so she shares an apartment with her mother, visits her father often.



JERRY LEWIS and his wife Patti adore their new playhouse, the most complete party room in all Hollywood. The 30 by 60 foot building cost over \$25,000. But Jerry, who earns about half a million a year considers it well worth it.

rang up an important real estate dealer, and shouted, "I've just signed a contract at Metro. Get me a house befitting my position. You know, gardens, swimming pool, the whole works."

The reason these days have passed is that starting salaries in the motion picture industry aren't very large. Janet Leigh began at \$43.80 a week, Debbie Reynolds at less than \$100, the same holds true for Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, Bob Wagner, Debra Paget, Lana Turner, Betty Grable, and so on down the line.

It takes anywhere from five to ten years before a star begins earning a four-figure weekly salary; so that for the most part they spend their early working days living in small but well-furnished apartments or in small but modest rented houses.

When they hit the big time and have proven themselves great box-office attractions, their salaries boom, and they begin to live accordingly.

Jane Powell has just bought herself a beautiful new home in Westwood. In addition to her large Metro salary, Jane averages \$8,500 a week when she goes out on personal (*Continued on page 107*)



URSULA THIESS chose watermelon couch and drapes, and green walls to set off her dark-haired beauty. Wilshire Boulevard, a popular neighborhood for young stars, is right outside her door.



A poodle named "Pappy" shares Ursula's three-room apartment with her. She maintains that every bachelor girl should own a pet—if only as an incentive to cooking a meal at home each day.

DAWN ADDAMS has plenty of ups and downs in her home life. Her apartment has three levels: three steps up to the living room, two down to the dinette, and a whole flight up to the balcony bedroom.

A jumble of mementos gathered along the way (Dawn's traveled all over the world with her father, an English Army officer) add to the colorful effect. Other bright touches are home-made pillows.





does Mother know

The Movie Mother is an ever-present problem. Today a new team of inseparables brings up the

■ You should watch Debra Paget's eyes sometimes when anyone suggests that she is still a mama's girl. They can slant down to the thinnest, unfriendliest tilted slits you ever saw. She might say a few cold words in denial, or, even more likely, do it with an even colder silence. She particularly resents such insinuations from boys. One such fellow talked along this line when trying for a date the other day. Not an effusive girl anyway, Debra gave him a look that told him exactly what to do but he refused to drop. He managed to stay on his feet, and alive, while she marched away. He wouldn't have gotten the date anyway, very likely, but if he had been more diplomatic there might have been an invitation to join the gang at her home some evening.

It is difficult to picture Debra as a meek and obedient daughter when you study her full-blown beauty, catch the flaunting fling her curvacious figure can achieve when she walks down the street in a bright ballerina skirt, (Continued on page 111)



Unspoiled by fame, or fortune (her salary is \$500 a week) Debra lives in this small rented house. She receives no allowance; Mom handles all pocket money.

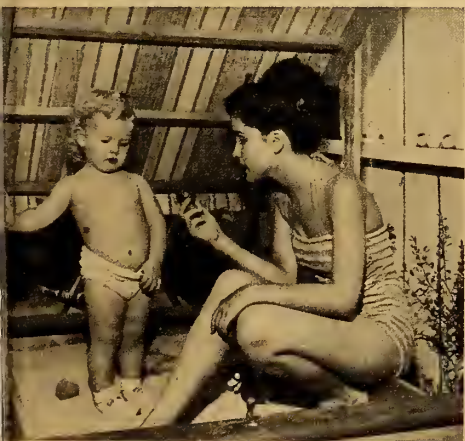


Whether it's work or play, Debbie's mother, Mrs. Frank Griffin, is right there by her side. They attend premieres and parties together, and, on set, Mrs. Griffin is just an inch or two out of camera range.



Is Mrs. Griffin living her own life over again, in Debbie's career? Once a successful vaudeville and stage star herself, she seems to glory in the attention and excitement surrounding her beautiful daughter.

old Mother-Daughter riddle: Is it good for Debra . . . or her mother? ■ BY ALICE HOFFMAN



Babysitting with 2-year-old Meg is Debbie's favorite chore. She spends her free time with her sisters, brother and, of course, mother.



Nobody's a pampered movie star in Debra's house! She has to take her turn with the dishes just like younger sister Lezlie who also wants to be a star.



Handsome brother Frank and Debra are close pals. They frequently appear in little theater plays together. Frank's an actor, too.

Her heart won't be broken!



Hollywood's young set loves to dabble in romance . . . but innocent pastimes for two often lead to heart-



Big-name movie stars, and next-door neighbors gather at Debbie's house often. As long as they like to laugh, and love to eat, they're welcome!



Debbie doesn't have much time to devote to just plain relaxing. Busy with her girl scout troop, French horn practicing, and her career, she has few minutes for her poodle "Tursey."



Burned once, Debbie's determined to guard her heart more carefully next time. She has many dates, won't go steady. Tom Morton gets the same attention as her other beaux.

*"If you see my darling with somebody new,
Keep it a secret whatever you do,"*

■ The misty, California spring night had given way to grey, early morning fog when a young girl, a small and pert young beauty, stepped out from the Los Angeles Airport waiting room onto the passenger loading apron. She wore a light, tailored suit, a gay, knitted cloche on her head and fingered an icebox-fresh corsage pinned at her throat.

With her came a middle-aged couple. The three stood for a few minutes in a fond, close grouping and then with a last, quick embrace for each of them the girl turned and ran for her plane. Motors roared. The DC-4 taxied slowly away. Debbie Reynolds was leaving Hollywood for an extended tour . . . leaving with a saddened heart.

There should have been another there, a tall, darkly handsome boy, but he wasn't . . . unless you count the memory of him which filled her mind. Once they had been close, once she would have had a right to expect him there, once his hand would have been the last to touch hers before she left. But that had been once. Now it was not like that. Now you hear of him being with others . . .

*"Why should you tell me and break my
poor heart?
Then foolish pride would just drive us
apart."*

Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner were never engaged. He never gave her a ring. They never announced that they were going steady. They were young and like the young made a lot of their independence. It's just that for almost three years they were a pair; they liked each other better than anyone else, they had regular Saturday night dates and many spur-of-the-moment weekday dates, they met each (Continued on page 82)

break. Buoyant Debbie Reynolds is learning that there is safety in numbers! ■ BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

Too many talented young people put off love for a rainy day. Not Bob and Barbara, who

Love's Young Dream

by SUSAN TRENT



know the way to face the future is together.

■ Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton are one of the brightest young couples on the Hollywood horizon. She is the daughter of radio actress Lurene Tuttle and radio actor Melville Ruick, and her two-year-old contract with MGM has put her in such pictures as *Above and Beyond*, *I Love Melvin* and *The Affairs of Dobie Gillis*. Barbara herself has put even more into her movies than was expected in the wildest dreams of studio executives, and as a result she is slated for the big time on that lot. A star dressing room is also waiting for Bob, whose portrayals in *The Arena* and *The Bright Road* mark him as an unquestionably fine actor.

Come August, all this talent is going to be lumped into one family, when Barbara and Bob exchange their vows in front of what they both agree will be a "small altar."

There has been plenty of time to discuss the wedding, the kind of house they want, and whether or not they'll install a garbage disposal unit, keep parakeets and have children. Long engagements versus short engagements make a frequent subject for debate, and Barbara admits she would have been willing to marry Bob 24 hours after Cupid let go with his arrow. Twenty-four hours, she figures, would have been more than sufficient (*Continued on next page*)



Barbara Ruick paid a visit to fiancé Bob Horton when he was on location in Arizona for MGM's *The Arena*. First thing Bob did was give his girl a trot around camp.



Livestock penned in a corral, to be used as "extras" in the film, make a local point of interest for Bob to show Barbara. She became so excited over the cattle she almost fell into the corral with them.



Time out for lunch. Food on location isn't as fancy as the Brown Derby's, but there's plenty of it. Barbara never liked cooking until Bob became a steady customer for dinner. Now she thinks it's fun.



Anybody looking? The engaged pair duck behind Bob's big-brimmed hat for a kiss. They've been planning to marry for almost a year, but must wait until August; Bob's divorce becomes final then.

MORE ➤



Back in Hollywood after his location trip to Arizona, Bob celebrates by taking Barbara out for dinner. But, it's home early for them . . . both have 6 A.M. calls at the studio the next day.



Barbara, who shares an apartment with her mother, gives Bob a good night kiss at the door. The night she got her engagement ring (below) was one of the most exciting in her whole life.



love's young dream *continued*

to gather up her wedding dress, the license and the dime for her shoe. But because Bob's interlocutory divorce decree will not be final until August, Barbara has been forced to endure an engagement period of almost a year.

"And you know, I've decided it's a good idea," she says. "It gives us time to iron out the kinks."

None of the so-called kinks are very serious, as their temperaments seem admirably suited to each other. They agree on many things, including the fact that the least likely way to spend an evening is a siege at a plush nightclub. If you really wanted to find them after working hours, the best bet would be any little restaurant where there is a torrid piano player. Barbara would be the brown-eyed blonde who is so engrossed in the music, and Bob would be the handsome man with red hair, the one wearing the patient, puzzled expression. The pianist comes to a highly stylized phrase, and Barbara half rises from the chair in her excitement.

"Now what did he do?" says Bob.

"Didn't you hear that?" she says. "About two bars back. Those were the licks I've been telling you about."

Bob shifts in his chair. "Now, go over that once more for me—lightly. You mean when he hits the keys in sort of an off-beat way—"

"That's it—that's it! Now, listen and see if you can tell me when he does it again. I'll make you a jazz fan yet!"

If you wanted to find them during the day, look around any sports stadium. Baseball, football, basketball, it doesn't matter—if it's a good game, they'll be there. Barbara is the one who is either staring intently at the field or plying Bob with questions about technical points of the game, which he answers as fast as she asks them.

Since last fall, when love bloomed between them, they have had a liberal education concerning each other. Bob wants desperately to be a hipster so that he can share her enthusiasm for jazz, and Barbara has discovered that he has an excellent singing voice which she thinks with a year's training could be slightly sensational. Bob has found out that his future bride can whip up an excellent dinner, and Barbara was pleased to find that while she never enjoyed cooking for herself, it developed into a pleasure when she was doing it for Bob. She likes Chinese food, which he loathes, and he likes Mexican food which sends Barbara's digestive system into a snit, so they compromise at Italian restaurants. They have discussed at length the affect of their combined careers on their coming marriage and feel they understand the other's work so well that they will be able to iron out any possible wrinkles.

The attraction that has grown between them has been a gradual thing. They first met more than a year ago in the office of MGM dramatic coach Lillian Burns, and it was a matter of "How do you do, Mr. Horton?" and "Quite well, thank you, (*Continued on page 100*)

* chance of a lifetime

Here are tomorrow's top twenty-two! On this and the following four pages MODERN SCREEN lifts the curtain, turns the spotlight on the newcomers Hollywood has been grooming for big-time. Now it's up to them—and to you.

**RICHARD
BURTON**



* at the sneak preview — they all said Burton!

■ A neighborhood movie house was the scene of a 20th Century-Fox preview some months ago. It was what is known in the trade as a "first sneak," which means the first opportunity the studio executives have to examine the picture with an unbiased audience. The movie was *My Cousin Rachel*, and during the screening the house was very quiet. As a matter of fact, you could tell it was obviously a

little too quiet to suit the taste of the nervous producers.

When the picture was over the audience filed into the lobby and dutifully walked to the temporary desks provided for the purpose and began filling in the comment cards. There was still little conversation, and none of the usual gayety audiences express at such a screening. When the last of them was gone the producers (*Continued on page 109*)

* chance of a lifetime

continued

Four brand new stars found the key to



KEEFE BRASSELLE



ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI

* a press agent's brain-storm came true

■ Keefe Brasselle was pretty blue the day he dropped by the office of his old friend, the publicist, Glenn Rose. He wasn't getting parts; he feared his option would be dropped. As he recited his miseries, Glenn suddenly pointed a finger at Keefe. "You are going to be Eddie Cantor." Keefe told him he'd lost his mind. "I don't look like Cantor; too many other actors are after the part." But Glenn's eyes were glazed with an idea that wouldn't let go. Keefe went home. Glenn grabbed a phone to tell Sidney Skolsky to stop worrying about a lead for *The Cantor Story*. Meantime the idea began to bother Brasselle. He had some pictures of himself made up to look like Eddie. Glenn hunted up a girl named Barbara Donahue, who worked for an optical company. Contact lenses were needed to change his blue eyes to dark Cantor color. He called Keefe and announced, "Boy, I got your eyes—for nothing." Then they button-holed producer Skolsky in the back room at Schwab's drug store. Miraculously, Brasselle had the part of his life. This is the true story of how one man's idea secured the future of a star. The talented boy from Elyria, Ohio, who clerked in a Hollywood shoe store, and sold automobiles to support his family—Keefe Brasselle—has clicked for good!

* talent scouts watch television

■ It just seems that every time Anna Maria Alberghetti opens her pretty mouth to sing, she gets moved. It happened on her home Island of Rhodes, before she was 12. She had concert engagements in Italy, and won passports for herself and her war-exhausted family when she sang her lucky song, "Cara Nome" for the military governor. A high C in Italy won her contracts in America at Carnegie Hall. One trill in that famous auditorium and music-devotee and celebrated MC, Ed Sullivan had her on his TV program. The camera had just focused on her golden throat when she was spotted by Adolph Zukor. She was whisked from New York to Hollywood to sing in a picture with another tune-hummer, Mr. H. L. Crosby. To complete this fairy tale that came true, Anna Maria got a contract at Paramount. In *The Stars Are Singing*, Miss Alberghetti proved she could act as well as sing. She'll be teamed with Rosemary Clooney again in her next, *Red Garters*. She never sings a note before 12:00 noon. Her father, a fine musician and her teacher, says because she is so young, not yet 16, it would harm her voice to sing before her body is fully awake. Once having heard her, nobody, not even the neighbors, can wait till she's old enough to sing all the time, from morning to night.

success like a present under the Christmas tree — one morning there it was. Just like that . .



JOANNE GILBERT



TAB HUNTER

* **all it took was a pair of scissors**

■ Joanne Gilbert is as flabbergasted as anyone else over her amazing leap from obscurity to movie fame without having appeared in a single picture. This newcomer, who's set to star with Donald O'Connor in *The Big Song And Dance* says, "I've had nothing but luck!" Part of that luck is the fact that although her parents are separated, her mother sensibly allowed her to see a lot of her dad, Ray Gilbert, Academy Award winning song writer. One day, tired of her 5-year career of modeling, Joanne told him, "I've got an idea. Would you write me some special material?" "Sure," he replied. He wrote. She sang. He listened. His eyes popped wide open. Then Joe Pasternak of MGM suggested she put on a charity performance at the Mocambo. Owner Charley Morrison was enthusiastic until she showed up in a man's white blouse and long black trousers. All was saved, however, when someone in a fit of genius produced a pair of scissors, snipped away the pants legs and behold! There were legs that would make Marlene Dietrich think twice. The results were startling. The sultry, emotion-filled voice, the big hazel eyes knocked Hollywood for a loop and Paramount for a contract. One critic said, "That voice—those eyes—the legs that never stop. WOW!" And Hollywood thinks fans will agree.

* **who's the tow-head in the tenth row?**

■ Tab Hunter is a lad who never bled to be an actor. As a matter of fact, he was plucked off the bleachers at an ice-show, and thrown into the arms of Linda Darnell. He was a spectator at an ice show the night Henry Willson, a top talent scout, spotted him all a'gog at the figure eights. Willson has picked people like Linda Darnell, Rory Calhoun, and Lana Turner before they knew the front end of a camera from the back, and helped them develop into stars. He wanted the same thing for Tab. And Tab didn't mind a bit. His first role was in *Island of Desire*, with Miss Darnell. Now he's slated for *Steel Lady*. Tab is the boy-next-door type, an ex-San Franciscan who doesn't believe that his profile is heaven's gift to movies. He works hard to keep in trim, riding and jumping horses; studies acting and singing diligently. He lives with his mother, but call him "Mama's Boy" and you'll collect a good sock on the nose. At 22, he's a bachelor and an ex-Marine. He ran away from home at 15 to join the Leathernecks. Now that he's home again the situation is still well in hand—including the social life of Hollywood. This boy gets around with the best—Susan Zanuck and Debbie Reynolds, for instance—and Hollywood predicts that Tab Hunter will stay around for a long, long time.

* chance of a lifetime

continued

Tomorrow's spotlight will shine on these new faces—17 youngsters hand-picked and ready for the big break.



ELAINE STEWART and Marilyn Monroe have something in common: Marilyn was married to a policeman, Elaine is the daughter of one. Something else, too—of all the girls in Hollywood, Elaine is Marilyn's closest sex-appeal competitor. She's in *Young Bess*.



RICHARD ALLAN majored in music at college till World War II came along. Drafted, he ended up in an overseas laundry unit. His first film break came when he doubled for Monty Clift's swimming scenes in *Place In The Sun*. His latest (same old water!) is *Niagara*.



PHYLLIS KIRK has been given a fast shuffle by Hollywood . . . but it looks like the time has come for a "new deal" for her, now. Under contract for a while, first to MGM then to Warner Bros., at last Paramount gave her a break in their *Iron Mistress*.



PALMER LEE's been called everything under the sun by casting agents: too short, too tall, too handsome, too ugly. But, like the patient Norwegian-American that he is, he stuck it out till U. I. took a second look and signed him up. His next: *The Cimarron Kid*.



KATY JURADO used to be such a tomboy she beat up all the boys in the neighborhood. She still floors 'em, but with her flashing dark eyes, now, instead of her fists. A native of Mexico, where she was a top star, she made a name for herself here in *High Noon*.



TOM MORTON's one chorus boy who made good. (Van Johnson's another.) Tom had the audacity to hire a press agent while still in the chorus. Paramount teamed him with another unknown (Rosemary Clooney) in *The Stars Are Singing*; has big plans for him.



LORI NELSON had to give up Hollywood at the age of eight. Rheumatic fever cost her a job in *King's Row*. But she lived in the movie neighborhood, and pretty soon the gal down the street was on the screen in the *Ma and Pa Kettle* series. At 20, Lori's on her way.



KEITH ANDES' best breaks have come with a germ. He met his beautiful nurse wife while sick-a-bed. Alfred Drake's illness in *Kiss Me Kate* gave Keith a chance to sing the lead 22 times. RKO scouts heard him, cast him in *Clash By Night* and *Split Second*.



SUSAN CABOT was born in Boston and raised in the Bronx. She's as American as a hot dog—but, oddly enough, until she was teamed recently with Audie Murphy in *Roughshod*, she played nothing but native girls and Indian princesses in her movie roles.



TOUCH CONNORS has been shooting for a screen career right along, but he's studying law on the side . . . just in case! He is registered under his real name, Joy O'Hanian, at Southwestern University. But, if his role in *Sudden Fear* means anything, he'll forget law.



BETTA ST. JOHN licked a serious speech impediment and went on to become a child actress at the age of eight. At 16, she danced herself into the chorus of *Carousel* on Broadway; next, she landed a job in *South Pacific*. You'll be seeing her in 20th's *The Robe*.



BYRON PALMER's performance in *Tonight We Sing* netted him such glowing notices that Darryl Zanuck signed him to a contract when studios were dropping, not hiring, actors. If "By," as his friends call him, ever tires of movies, he'll try newspaper work.



ROBERTA HAYNES' father used to be an electrical engineer . . . so maybe that accounts for the sparks that start flying when she's on screen! Her first bit role, in *High Noon*, wound up on the cutting room floor, but she made out better in *Return To Paradise*.



CRAIG HILL's big ambition is to buy a boat that will carry him away on a cruise to South America someday. If his screen career keeps zooming the way it's doing, he'll have the money for the trip in short order . . . but no time! He'll be too busy making movies.



POLLY BERGEN is about as different as you can get. She dances with a Southern accent; attended 45 different high schools; once got fired as a singer because she was "too sexy." She's still something special as a wife to Jerome Courtland—and a star in *The Stooge*.



HUGH O'BRIAN was the youngest drill sergeant in the history of the Marine Corps. Except for some amateur magic, his aptitude for acting seemed almost non-existent. But Hugh looks good, talks sense, and comes across the screen big in *The Man From The Alamo*.



AUDREY DALTON hails from Dublin, where she was schooled at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. She has more poise than the average 18-year-old, sparkling blue-green Irish eyes, and a smouldering temper she's never used. She's in Paramount's *Pleasure Island*.

too far, too fast?

(Continued from page 47) the fans like Bob even though he did come up the easy way."

Dale Robertson who has played opposite the 23-year-old star and knows him well, says, "Wagner's a regular guy, very likeable and down-to-earth, no airs or anythin', that's why everyone goes for him. A swell kid."

Debbie Reynolds' mother, who saw a good deal of the tall, brown-eyed Wagner when he was going more or less steadily with her daughter, generates the same sort of enthusiasm when she discusses Bob. "He's a wonderful boy," she explains, "well-bred and well-mannered, the kind of boy a mother knows she can trust her daughter with. He is every inch a gentleman and a wonderful reflection of good, substantial upbringing. He's always welcome in our house."

These quotations are typical of the high regard in which Wagner is held in Hollywood.

Throughout the country he rates similarly—that is, if his fan mail is any indication—and it always is.

When *Titanic* is released, and Wagner finishes *Twelve-Mile Reef* with Terry Moore down at Tarpon Springs, Florida, it is highly probable that his fan mail will double. All of which leads us to the vital point of discussion—is this friendly, good-looking young actor with the moneyed background and the winning smile becoming too famous too fast?

LIKE on every question in Hollywood there are two schools of thought on this one. Those who believe that Wagner should be held in check and those who think the boy is doing just fine and should be given his head.

Students enrolled in the first school claim that young Bob is feeling his oats, that fame has gone to his head.

A girlfriend of Debbie Reynolds says, "Debbie still thinks R.J.'s a dreamboat, but I'm not that gone on the boy. As soon as he got a little successful what happened? He bought himself one of those fancy racing cars, a low slung MG. He started seeing less and less of Debbie, more and more of Susan Zanuck and girls like that, you know the boss' daughter."

"He cracked up his car, bought a new one, moved out of his folks' home in Bel-Air. He started making the rounds with Dan Dailey, even got an apartment next to Dailey's. One of those bachelor setups where you can be alone and play records and show etchings."

"I like R.J. Don't get me wrong. He's a swell fellow, but I honestly feel he's reacting to success the way any other young man would."

"He doesn't want to get married, and he makes no bones about the fact. He's playing the field, and he's giving his career everything he's got—and that's plenty."

"I'm sure he's got enough background to keep both feet on the ground, and I certainly hope he's not going to move into Dan Dailey's league."

"Dailey's an operator, you know. He came to Hollywood out of burlesque, and he's strictly show business, and fellows like that—well, they're tough on girls. Look at what happened to Liz Dailey and Beetsy Wynn, and then there was Dan's first wife back in New York."

"I don't want to sound like one of those females who dips her tongue in sulphuric acid each morning, but I don't feel that the combine of Dailey and Wagner is such a hot combination."

"Dailey himself needs an older well-adjusted man to guide him, maybe a psy-

chiatrist, and R.J.—I know he thinks the world of Dailey. They go up to Arrowhead and Water-ski and all that—but let's face it, Dailey isn't the same basic type that Wagner is—in age, background or upbringing."

"I don't know if I'm making myself clear, but just want to go on record as saying that to me Bob Wagner is no young god. He's got all the foibles and weaknesses of other young men. I guess that's why we girls love him."

"I think fame has hit him in the head, and while he's trying awful hard not to let it run away with him, still, it's showing."

"Another thing. I'm no expert in the movie business; but I think it's best to go slow with a guy like Bob. Just because the public likes him, don't push him into too many pictures. Dale Robertson, he's another pal of Bob's—well, I think he's been put in one movie after another. I think he should be paced. I guess the studio's got to take advantage of an actor when he's hot, but the public is very fickle and tires very quickly."

"I hire R.J. won't make ten pictures in two years which is just about Robertson's record."

That particular opinion of Bob Wagner is biased and unobjective. The girl who

The British censor of public entertainment has for some time been issuing what are known as "X" certificates, denoting that a specified film may be viewed only by persons over 16 years of age. Last week, an exhibitor found a way to capitalize these limiting restrictions. He advertised a double-feature of French films as "The X-iest show in town."

Maxwell Drake in
Quote

gave it very much resents the fact that Debbie Reynolds and young Wagner aren't as close as Debbie would like.

Women gang up, even in Hollywood, and it comes as no surprise that a female press agent at MGM, Debbie's home studio, recently exclaimed to a writer. "Oh! That Bob Wagner! How could he break that little girl's heart! I'm telling you when he threw Debbie over, he broke her heart, broke it right in pieces. And what for? Just so that he could buzz around from one girl to the next. I thought he had more sense than that. I really did. He didn't know when he was well off. Well, I guess, he'll just have to grow up."

The simple truth is that Bob Wagner has already grown up. He has a pretty good idea of what he wants in life and how to get it.

WAGNER knows just where he's going. He's always wanted to be a movie star and now that he is, he hopes to work hard, maintain his popularity, level off eventually into an actor like Clark Gable or Spencer Tracy.

"I don't think I've gone any place in the industry yet," he says. "I've just had some lucky breaks. The studio took me three years ago and signed me, \$150 a week. By April I'll be making \$350, and I'll have been in nine, ten pictures."

"I'm glad I've caught on with the public, but there again, luck's had a lot to do with it. The movie magazines have been real socko to me. They've given me one break after another, and I sure am indebted to them; columnists have been great, too."

"Maybe I'm wrong but it seems to me that I'm the same guy I was ten months ago. I can't control how much or how little the public likes me. I just try to go along with the tide."

"I figure if I work hard, and mind my own business, if I continue to get good

pictures then I've got a fair chance of amounting to something in this game. If I goof up, then it's my own fault."

"As for getting my own apartment, heck I'm not a kid anymore. I'm 23. I'm earning my own living, and it's only right that I should be self-supporting and not living off my folks. That's why I have my own place. Also it's very convenient. Only a few blocks from the studio. Nothing to write home about, just one of those bachelor jobs."

"When am I going to be drafted? There again I've been lucky. I was in the Marine Reserves but I transferred out. Now I'm with the 311th Logistics outfit, part of the National Guard setup. When they get called up, I go along. Nothing I can do about it."

"As to the effect my little success has had on me, I can honestly say I'm very grateful for my luck and for all the help the people at the studio have given me. I'm working harder than I've ever worked before and loving every minute of it, but on \$250 a week—and you know movie contracts call for employment in only 20 out of every 26 weeks—after I get through paying my agent, taxes, insurance, rent, food, car upkeep, and the rest of it, I give you my word, there's not enough left to be any kind of a playboy."

WHERE Wagner is concerned the truth really is that he lived more of the Hollywood routine before he got into the business than he does now.

During those years he dated girls like Virginia Reed, Sue Moir, Melinda Markey, Gloria Lloyd, Michele Farmer, the daughters of wealthy industrialists, or famous movie stars. And he took them dancing and playing tennis at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs or any of the swanky hotels around town.

He was sent to one private school after another, Urban Military, Fairburn, Black Foxe Military, Harvard Military, Cal Prep—in all of which he was an infinitely better athlete than scholar. He also attended a few public schools, Emerson Junior High and Santa Monica High where he was elected President of the senior class.

He also went through the hot rod stage, buying a souped-up Channelled roadster with a high-powered motor. "Later," he recalls, "I bought a Chrysler from my dad—it was a '46, and I traded that for a '50 Ford convertible." It was in this particular car that Wagner and Susan Zanuck, daughter of Darryl Zanuck, chief of 20th Century-Fox, were riding when it was crashed by another car on the Pacific Coast Highway two Easter Sundays ago. Luckily, neither of the kids was seriously hurt.

Bob's next motor outfit was an old Cadillac convertible which he turned in for an MG, then wrecked the light little British car.

You can see from this that our boy has had it, that he's really been around, that \$250 a week hasn't changed him from a shy, underprivileged, callow youth into a jaded, rah-rah playboy.

BILL Wellman, the director who gave Bob his first chance in a picture, says, "This kid's got too much character to be spoiled by money. Money usually spoils those youngsters who've never had any. This kid has had enough all his life."

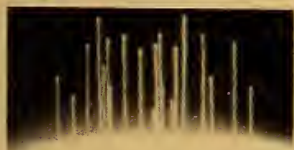
The prevailing opinion in Hollywood is that young Bob Wagner has enough common sense to take anything in stride—work, women, fame, and money—no matter what their rate of speed.

In the words of Clifton Webb who acted with him in *Stars And Stripes Forever*, "This young man has both feet on the ground. In such circumstances he can't ever get into any serious trouble." END



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hollywood approves your 1953 swim suits

"Mother may I go out to swim?
Oh, yes my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on a hick'ry limb
But don't you go near the water."

With a lush pool steps away, not a swimsuit model plunged into the cool, clear water but—rather, suits concealed, they paraded swathed in mink coats and smothered with rhinestone jewelry before MODERN SCREEN's delighted Hollywood Fashion Board and guests. At the M.S. Summer fashion luncheon held on the estate of James and Pamela Mason, the models surprised all as they slipped the mink coats off to reveal the season's outstanding swimsuits. From the vast collection of swimsuits modeled, the stars on the board (see photo page 79) voted their favorite styles.

The orchestra played sweet, mellow music during the gala luncheon and fashion show. Hit dance tunes and request numbers by the stars were played later.

Esther Williams emceed the swimsuit show from the sidelines. While the models paraded before members of the Board, Esther pointed out the beauty and swimability of each suit. (Continued on page 76)

1. Guests Virginia Mayo, Mona Freeman, Rod Cameron and Dress Designer Elois Jensen open party gifts—favorites among them were Seven Test nylons in very pretty turquoise boxes (see table foreground).

2. Ann Miller: Catalina's California Hand Print swimsuit of soft dull satin (Lastex). About \$18.*

3. Anne Baxter: A smart pearl-trimmed faille (Latan) Form Control suit by Surf Togs. About \$17.*

4. Corinne Calvet: Sea Nymph's suit of doeskin (Lastex)—embroidered in lazy-daisy motif. About \$15.*

5. Helene Stanley: Cole's cotton print inspired by the Tartan Lotion label. About \$13.*

*For details of these swimsuits turn to page 80

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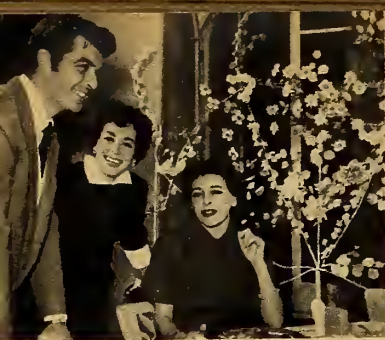
modern screen fashions

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED
FASHIONS MAY BE
BOUGHT FROM THE STORES
LISTED ON PAGE 80



All fashion photographs by John Engstead
Casual shoes by Risqué of St. Louis





Board Member Rory Calhoun chats with his wife and Pamela Mason.



Jan Sterling, Charlton Heston are fascinated by the ultra satin corset suit modeled for them.



Fernando Lamas adds more glitter to model's jewel trimmed suit—Ledo's rhinestone necklace.

hollywood approves your 1953 swim suits continued

Swimsuits a-glitter with jewels and tulle drew ooh's and ah's from the glamor-conscious Board. Esther convinced the bedazzled MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board Members that these glamorous suits were just as successful in deep water as on the sea-shore. All the pretty bathing costumes—all-over embroidered, sophisticated stripes and plaids, ornately jeweled or cunningly printed—were deftly designed for active sports as well as for their rightful place in the sun.

In between the time the models passed before the Board and returned to the dressing room, waiters carried large trays of gift packages beautifully wrapped. They served each Board Member a surprise package. Wrappings were quickly disposed of and boxes and boxes were opened revealing the surprise gifts of Dana 20 Carets perfume and cologne. Cole of California swimsuits, Ledo rhinestone jewelry, Holeproof hosiery, Tartan Suntan Lotion,

Luxite lingerie, Rose Marie Reid dolls with gift certificates, Volupté compacts, Seven Test nylon stockings and Risqué casual shoes. All gathered around June Haver to watch her unwrap her gifts—to wish her happiness in the new role she chose. This was June's last Hollywood party before entering the convent.

See the stars who reviewed your 1953 swimsuits in the following films: Jan Sterling and Charlton Heston, Paramount's *Pony Express*; June Haver, 20th's *The Girl Next Door* (in Technicolor); James Mason and Leslie Caron, MGM's *The Story Of Three Loves*, (in Technicolor); James is also in 20th's *The Desert Rats*; Rod Cameron, Republic's *Ride The Man Down*; Virginia Mayo, Warner's *Sulu Sea* (in Technicolor); Mona Freeman, RKO's *Angel Face*; Elois Jenssen, Academy Award Dress Designer; Michael O'Shea, now in 20th's *Bloodhounds Of Broadway*.



Above: Zsa Zsa Gabor in Gantner's glamorous princess-line satin Lastex swimsuit of bold black and white strips called *Carousel*. Sizes 32 to 38. Colors: Black, flame or marine blue stripes on white—or pink stripes on black. About \$15. Zsa Zsa is appearing in MGM's film *Lili*; also U.A.'s *Moulin Rouge*—both in Technicolor.

Left: Esther Williams, fashion commentator of the M. S. party, poses in Cole of California's siren suit fashioned of striped cotton. Deep plunging front, low cut back and Matletex shirring. S. M. or L. Black, red, blue or green stripes on white. About \$11. Esther stars in MGM's new Technicolor film *Dangerous When Wet*.



Anne Francis poses in *Black Beauty*—a swimsuit of nylon and acetate *Lastex* faille that features Spanish-type lace panels with startling contrast lining beneath. Sizes 32 to 38. Black with lime or coral lining. About \$9. By Surf Togs. Anne will appear in the Warner Bros. production *A Lion In The Streets*.



Figure flattery is assured with this *Lastex* faille Sea Nymph suit worn by Penny Edwards, now in 20th's *Powder River*. Sizes 32 to 38. Black, red, navy, yellow, green, fuchsia, pink or turquoise. About \$9. Penny is sure to keep her hair glamorous while swimming with a U. S. Rubber swim cap.



Guests June Allyson and Deborah Kerr exchange their ideas on swimsuit trends.



Esther Williams and Fernando Lamas compare ballots on favorite styles.



Dancing after the fashion show—lovely Anne Francis and husband Bam Price.



Above: Feminine and breath-taking, Elaine Stewart in Rose Marie Reid's Hourglass suit of elasticized Antique satin. Styled with a flatteringly draped bra and bloomer, it is accented with a sculptured long-boned bodice. Sizes 10 to 16. Pink, blue or gold. About \$25. Wedgies by Risqué. Elaine is in the MGM film *A Slight Case Of Larceny*.

Left: Hayride—Catalina's clever one-piece swimsuit of Sanforized Fuller cotton bandana print posed by Mona Freeman. It has an elastic shirred front, Puckerette back—polka dot trim. 30 to 38. Navy background with red and white print or white background with navy and red print. About \$11. See Mona in RKO's *Angel Face*.



Glamor is the order of the day as models parade swimsuits before the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board—l. to r.: Jan Sterling, Charlton Heston, June Haver, James Mason (M.S. host), Leslie Caron, Rod Cameron, Virginia Mayo, Mona Freeman, Dress Designer Eloise Jenssen and Michael O'Shea.



Above: Janet Leigh, currently in MGM's *Confidentially Connie*, poses in a halter-neck swimsuit of plaid acetate cotton and rubber. The smart deep plunging neckline and low cut back (with zipper closing) give a very new look to this classic style. Sizes 32 to 38. Available in black and white plaid only. About \$19. By Jantzen.



Right: Leslie Caron, star of MGM's Technicolor film *Lili*, chooses a light-weight denim *Plastique* print swimsuit by Maurice Handler of California. The back of this suit is elasticized for snug fit—piqué trims the bra cuff. S. M. or L. Available in light rose, blue or green—also charcoal or brown, all with white. About \$9.

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COLE OF CALIFORNIA Page 76

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SEA NYMPH Page 75

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Buffalo, N. Y., Sample Shop
Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirle, Scott
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Syracuse, N. Y., Chappel & Sons
Syracuse, N. Y., L. A. Witherill
Worcester, Mass., E. T. Sherer
Worcester, Mass., Filene's

SEA NYMPH Page 77

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SURF TOGS Page 77

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Westchester County, N. Y., Genung Stores

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74—
DESCRIPTION OF SWIMSUITS
SHOWN ON PAGE 75.



Ann Miller—Catalina: Sizes 32 to 38. White, pink, green or blue with contrast Hand Print leaves. Suit is styled with high zipper back. Ann's next is MGM's Small Town Girl, a Technicolor film.



Anne Baxter—Form Control: Sizes: 32 to 40. Black, purple, coral, peacock blue or lime. This suit features the built-in Phantom girdle. Anne is next in Blue Gardenia, a Warner release.



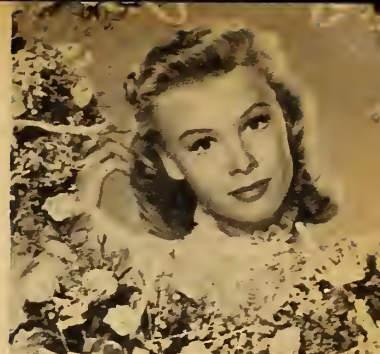
Corinne Calvet—Sea Nymph Sizes 32 to 38. White, fiery red palm green, pink, all colors with black embroidery. Corinne, a Ha Wallis star, is now in Paramount's Thunder In The East.



Helene Stanley—Tartan bloomer swimsuit by Cole of California: Sizes 32 to 38. Yellow, navy or red. Helene is in Allied Artists' Roar of the Crowd. On the step—sunglasses by Grantly.

"WHEN YOU POWDER YOUR NOSE,
THINK OF YOUR LEGS,"

says *VERA-ELLEN*



"Klieg lights often cast ugly highlights on shiny stockings," says Vera-Ellen, star of M-G-M's **THE BIG LEAGUER**. "So we make sure our legs look as freshly powdered as our faces." And that's what Bur-Mil Cameo nylons can do for your legs, too!



- "A woman powders her nose to eliminate unflattering shine," says alluring Vera-Ellen. "And, in Hollywood, we know a shiny stocking can be just as unglamorous as a shiny nose."

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- *Sheerest of them all! Bur-Mil Cameo's new, fabulously sheer 12 denier nylons in full-fashioned or seamless styles.*



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BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER AND
LEG-O-GENIC ARE TRADEMARKS
BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION

her heart won't be broken

(Continued from page 63) other's folks and approved of each other's folks and were in turn approved by them. All of this, you might say, building in their lives . . . and then, nothing.

Maybe it hurts more than it should because Debbie, before she met Bob, was a laughing bubble of a girl; too happy about being just young to be bothered about being young and wanted. Debbie was the kind of miss who wouldn't give you a plastic penny for all the lovey-dovey in the world. She preferred to talk bop through her gum and park herself in any position she liked and the heck with ladylike decorum or much-minded escorts. She used to insist that as far as boys were concerned, "I can go along with a good-night kiss but, frankly, it doesn't do a thing for me."

She used to have a way of saying she wouldn't think of marrying, then, after a pause, adding, "Not until I'm at least 24, at least." Life was too full of movement to hold still for mooning. There was dancing—that really "stoned" her. There was swimming—she "flipped her lid" about swimming. There was volley ball and playing her French horn and leading her girl scouts and camping and making pictures and, for that matter, just the big kick she got out of talking and eating and sleeping. "Anything's fun if you give it a chance," she would say, meaning it didn't have to be boys.

The Debbie of those days? Well, there was the time her brother, Bill, prevailed on her to go out with a buddy of his. Bill had been after her to do this for a year because this friend was "real gone" on her.

"Well . . ." said Debbie, skeptically, and finally went. That night she didn't come home until near midnight. She stamped into the house angrily, walked over to Bill's room and banged the door open.

"Ah-h-h! What a shmoo!" she cried. "What a shmoo your pal is! So I've been sitting in his car for an hour. So he's been breathing in my ear and kissing the back of my neck. I hope you're satisfied!"

But then she met and began dating Bob. They mostly did the things Debbie liked to do. They went bowling on those Saturday night dates. They went dancing . . . but rarely to those intimate, night spots; Debbie liked well lit halls. Generally they had a ball and Debbie began to change her tune—as if her old ideas were beginning to clash with new dreams. She let it be known that she might marry at 23; and only last year, while she and Bob were still dating, she announced that maybe 22 would be a nice age for wifehood. But that was the last remark on the subject. Quietly, very quietly, it began to be evident, not too long ago, that she and Bob weren't seeing each other any more. Almost everyone who knew them felt badly and hoped otherwise. But it was true.

The ending, it is pretty well established, was Bob's idea. Debbie, it is quite clear, didn't make a fuss about it. And it is Bob who has seemed able, more easily, to pick up with a new life . . . and with new girls. (For the full story of Bob Wagner's "new life" read *Too Far, Too Fast?* on page 46) And wherever he goes with them, dancing at the Mocambo with this one, cutting up at a Beverly Hills party with that one—so often on the Saturday nights that used to be Debbie's Saturday nights—there is always someone who has to make sure it reaches Debbie's ears. As if she wants to know. As if she doesn't repeatedly plead

that she would much rather not know. " . . . If you see my darling in some rendezvous, Painting the town with a girl he once knew . . ."

Those who know Bob refuse to believe that he isn't still crazy about Debbie. They say that when Rory Calhoun and his Lita Baron gave a birthday party for him last February and he learned, on arrival, that Debbie had volunteered to be a co-hostess, he was deeply touched. It was a surprise party. Bob came alone. When he entered Debbie was there with a trumpet and blowing him a fanfare salute. Lita was unrolling the red carpet. Bob and Debbie quickly paired off and talked for a long time. But after the party was over . . . nothing had changed. Bob went back to his new ways. They spoke again only a few times, and these times over the telephone. When Bob went out it was again with someone else.

HOLLYWOOD always has to explain things to itself in down to earth terms, and in Bob's case there are any number of stories to account for his defection, some of them perhaps more vivid than accurate. More simply it could be said that at 23 Bob is beginning to find the social level of his dates with Debbie (a level which she set), too immature for him . . . or

read the hollywood
love story of
the year in the
july issue of
modern screen
on sale june 9
with the beautiful
bride, ann blyth
herself, on the
cover.

thus it seems to him. He feels he is growing up past the dancing at the Palladium, the jitterbugging (which she taught him), the weenie roasts at the beach, the picnic jaunts to the mountains, and the whole round of bobbysox cavorting. Spending more and more time with such comparatively blasé companions as Dan Dailey Jr., and Dale Robertson, even to the point of getting a new apartment near them, his tastes are said to be changing.

Dan and Dale, and others of his older friends, are supposed to have kidded him for "playing with little girls," and Bob is reported to have suffered the mortification of the young male whose maturity is questioned by his seniors. He was caught between two outlooks on life; with Debbie he could not be a man of the world, with his more sophisticated pals it was uncomfortable, let alone unsuitable, to be anything else.

That Bob felt such a thing may be inferred from some of his more recent activities. How else could you explain such an extreme departure from normal routine for a 23-year-old boy as to go night clubbing with a 45-year-old woman . . . grey-haired Barbara Stanwyck? If this illustrates his inner compulsion to escape the brand of juvenility, breaking with Debbie seemed necessary for Bob.

In justice to Bob it should be admitted

that this is a challenge that all youths face sooner or later. In Bob's case it has been intensified, not only by his position as a star, and a darn good looking one, but by another personal involvement. He may be called any time now to go soldiering for Uncle Sam. The prospect of having to go to war has sharpened the appetite for life of many a boy before him. Manhood is like that.

Even more than a year ago Bob was giving evidence of wanting to spread himself as an eligible bachelor around Hollywood. Debra Paget began to be conscious of his attention during the shooting of *Stars And Stripes Forever*. Bob sought for her favor with a line that was half kidding and half serious. She resented it on two counts: he knew she never dated, and also, as far as Debra was concerned, Bob was Debbie's boy friend and she valued Debbie's regard. Eventually Debra got so angry at Bob's persistence, particularly at columnist's reports about them that she attributed to Bob, that she wouldn't talk to him for a week.

Debbie is 21 now. She was 21 last April Fool's Day she will tell you with a smile that, maybe has a little bitterness to it. She never talks about Bob as a rule unless someone else brings up his name.

" . . . Pay no attention and just let it be, But keep it a secret from me."

Once, when someone asked why they aren't seeing each other any more, tears were reported to have come into her eyes and she replied, "Well, I guess he doesn't like me any more."

WHAT worries her friends more than this is the kind of talk that makes them think Debbie might fall for someone on the rebound, words like this which she spoke not long ago: "I know my family and my friends would be happy if I fell in love—and they would trust my judgment. But until I can announce my engagement and get married within a few months I'm not even going to go steady."

Debbie is not unaware of Bob's thinking, his motivations. She understands him because she has an older brother, after all, and is not unacquainted with the thinking of the young male when he becomes of age. And as her mother has told her, she is still young: "There is always time for love when you are 21." Bob may want a change now but her best bet is to stay herself—by no means the old thoughtless and frivolous Debbie, but the kind of girl she is intrinsically, in contrast to the kind of girls he may be discovering in his new quests. For one thing she can't help being herself, for another thing her instinct tells her this is the right thing to do.

But in the meantime Debbie is out to forget Bob. There may come another day but it is silly to count the minutes, the hours.

That was why she thought it wise to leave Hollywood for a series of radio and personal appearances. As a matter of fact, she planned two jaunts. After a three week trip through the east she was to be back in Hollywood—but only for two days. A South American tour with Pier Angeli and Carleton Carpenter was to follow. And after that, Debbie might not be adverse to more travel—if needed. But in the back of her mind as she took off from Los Angeles was perhaps a strong hope; deeply hidden, but nevertheless there.

By the time she returns to Hollywood (and she will have been back some time when this is being read) Bob may have done with his "traveling" too. And maybe he'll be "back" . . . back where he belongs.

END

(Debbie can be seen in MGM's *I Love Melvin* and *The Affairs of Dobie Gillis*.)

Show-Off



*Anne Baxter, star
in Warner's I Confess
and Helene Stanley, last seen in
20th Century's Snows of Kilimanjaro,
make their choice of
Risqué shoes.*

Capistrano



hollywood stars award

Risqué the fashion Oscar!

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vacation and stay-at-home fashion and fun.

And remember, every Risqué is soft as down,
thanks to Risqué's exclusive Airsol construction!

Monogram Footwear, St. Louis,

895

Toni



Martini



at the top and quitting

(Continued from page 44) and I wouldn't mind working over there. Also wouldn't mind taking a crack at directing.

"I just don't dig this Hollywood routine any longer. When I first came out here, I was very shy, didn't know what gave. Bunch of people started asking me wacky questions. I didn't tumble to 'em. I just mumbled or kept quiet. Right away, they pegged me a screwball. Made up the most preposterous stories about me. A bunch of scuffling hucksters, nothing else.

"All that stuff about my clothes, blue jeans and T-shirts. Must be a million guys in this country wearing blue jeans. They're nice and comfortable. I've got suits, ties, shirts, things like that. I'm not out of this world. Just because I keep a raccoon. What's wrong about keeping a pet? What's wrong about playing with a raccoon? I just happen to dig animals."

In three years of film work, young Brando has managed to save approximately \$200,000, a sum prudently invested for him by his father in a holding company aptly named Marsdo, Inc. (Marlon's dough).

This company has interests in several Indiana oil wells plus owning outright 800 head of class A cattle in central Nebraska. It is estimated that Brando's dividends will now bring him an annual income of \$10,000 which is more than enough "loot" for the most unHollywood-like actor in existence. Thus, if he never works again—and for him this is an impossibility since acting is really the great passion of his life—Marlon will still have enough of the green stuff to get by comfortably.

Brando has been able to amass this financial nest egg by being honest, sensible, thrifty, frank, earthy—and you may not believe this—but completely unaffected. This boy believes in the essentials—nothing else.

Brando's opinion of the "glamor life" is unprintable, and he saw through the glitter of Hollywood at once. He recognized immediately what a perfect environment this was for a fool to be quickly separated from his money.

First thing he did was to move in on his aunt, Mrs. Betty Lindemeyer, who owns a two-bedroom bungalow in a small community called Eagle Rock. He slept on her sofa.

Now, oddly enough, many Hollywood actors wear blue jeans and T-shirts and dress most informally—Dale Robertson, Bob Wagner, Dan Dailey, John Derek, many others—but the Press typed Brando "a wack" very early in the game and never let up on him; and as evidence of what they termed a strange behavior pattern, they pointed to his scanty wardrobe, also his incommunicability.

None of the reporters who first interviewed Brando entertained the possibility that he might be afraid. After all he was so broad-shouldered and masculine. He seemed to generate so much animal sex. But the truth is that he was plenty afraid. "One columnist started to talk to me," he recalls. "She was very nice but she chattered so much I couldn't follow her, so I just didn't say anything."

Then, there was the time Brando was playing in *Streetcar Named Desire*. A friend brought another Hollywood columnist, backstage to meet him. At the time Marlon was busy taking his make-up off. Catching only a quick glance of the news-woman, he turned to his friend and said, "Your mother, Jesse?"

The reporter is far too young to be the mother of a 30-year-old son, but on this particular night she looked worn, and

Brando hadn't gotten too close to her. As a result of his offhand remark, Brando is not one of these ladies' favorites in print.

Actually, Brando is so honest he's amazing. He says many of the things most people wish they had the courage to say. A few years ago, for example a newshen began to interrogate the young actor about his sex life. Brando was so genuinely shocked, this seemed like such a flagrant invasion of his privacy, he could call to tongue only one answer. "None of your damn business," he rightfully said. Whereupon the writer next day described him as "a strange, withdrawn mental recluse."

A studio chauffeur once called for him in a limousine, offering to drive him from the railway station to his residence. Brando looked at him quizzically. "Been sitting a long time," he said. "Rather walk." He detests any ostentatious display of wealth.

What many people don't seem to realize—it doesn't fit into the build-up and they refuse to accept it—is that Brando is blessed with a highly imaginative and romantic sense of humor although basically it is more adolescent than adult.

When he was making *Viva Zapata* he



Mexican octrss Movito typifies Morlon's choice of Hollywood girls; she's forthright, intelligent.

told one of the crew, "You know when I was in the Belgian Congo I used to eat gazelle eyes everyday. The natives mash them up into a paste. Very good."

Brando has never been in the Belgian Congo but he was secretly tickled when members of the crew fell for the story. Later he admitted, "I just made that up."

IN New York, very early in his acting career, when he played the role of Nels in *I Remember Mama*, he was asked for some biographical notes to be printed in the program. Brando thought for a while, then announced that he'd been born in Calcutta, that his father was an itinerant geologist, that he'd been educated in India.

Later, when he acted in other plays, he changed his birthdate, altered his birthplace to Bangkok, spun a romantic story of how he had lost a passport in France and had been compelled to earn a living disguised as a Turkish beggar.

"Reason I did it," he explains, "is that those programs are always so dull. Wanted to jazz 'em up a bit."

Dozens of stage actors have long confided that they, too, hoped one day to fabricate romantic autobiographies; but to date, Brando is the only one with sufficient courage to be seduced by his impulses.

Reporters cannot understand other facets

of the Brando behavior. Why, for example, does he steer clear of the Hollywood beauties? Dozens of glamor girls have tried their best to date him. They've worked through intermediaries and friends of Marlon, but the boy won't give them a tumble. He is more interested in the mind than in the body.

He goes with the actress, Movita, more than he goes with any one movie star, but that's because he doesn't consider her the typical product of the Hollywood beauty belt-line. He likes simple, forthright girls and is more interested in their manner and attitude than in their fame or beauty. Also, he cannot abide publicity-seekers, male or female.

"He always used to go with a cross-eyed girl or an ugly-duckling in school," his mother recalls. "He's a boy of great sympathy and rare compassion." And this is no maternal exaggeration, either. Brando is inherently kind.

Actresses who have worked with him say that he gives every scene his best, never essaying to steal a scene with a clever little distraction or to block someone else out of the camera. He is completely devoid of deceit or narcissistic thinking.

TERESA Wright, who played opposite him in *The Men*, says, "Marlon is one of the finest, most thoughtful actors in the business. I love to play opposite him."

Elia Kazan, who's directed Brando both in New York and Hollywood, describes him as, "the greatest young actor in a century."

Mary Murphy, his leading lady in *The Wild One*, claims, "He's the tops. He'll do anything to help you. In this whole picture I have yet to hear anyone say a single bad word about Marlon. He's cooperative in everything."

The girls who speak in derogation of Marlon are usually those he's spurned. Before she got married to Vittorio Gassman, Shelley Winters was sweet on Marlon. For a long time he refused to look at Shelley because he felt she was putting on. A few weeks later when they met at Motion Picture Center and Shelley came down to earth, Marlon took to her very nicely.

A few months ago, Brando was at a party where one young actress—she's popularly referred to as Hollywood's newest sex queen—tried to attract his attention by showing more and more of her neckline. Brando has a powerful sense of concentration, the result of studying Yogi, and he refused to flatter the doll with even a sideward glance. Later, the offended sex queen described him as, "the most insufferable prig I've ever met." To this very day, Marlon doesn't even know she was at the party.

When he likes a young woman, however, he makes no secret of the fact. During the making of *Viva Zapata* which was shot on location in Del Rio, Texas, he got on famously with Jean Peters. To show exactly how fond he was of this beauty, he climbed a treetop and serenaded her at three A.M.

Brando is a free soul who has always believed in obeying his impulses. He was expelled from school because he felt he simply had to wire the classroom doors with explosives. Next morning his teachers were duly shocked. His classmates, however, thought so much of their quixotic colleague that they signed a petition demanding his immediate reinstatement.

By this time, however, Marlon was fed up with school and took a job north of Chicago digging irrigation ditches. A few weeks later he moved on to New York where his sister Frances was studying art in Greenwich Village. He decided to become an actor and enrolled at the New School for Social Research where his dramatics instructress was Stella Adler.

After a year at the New School and a season of summer stock on Long Island Brando was signed for *I Remember Mama*. Four plays later he was cast as the lead in *Streetcar* and after that, Hollywood beckoned and he came.

Brando was paid \$45,000 and ten per cent of the profits for his work in *The Men*. In *Streetcar* he got \$65,000. *Viva Zapata!* was good for \$75,000. *Julius Caesar* and *The Wild One* brought him \$100,000 each.

In five pictures, Marlon has grossed close to \$400,000, approximately half of which he's given to the government in taxes.

When Marlon is working, all of his salary is sent to his father in Chicago. His father, in turn, sends him \$100 each week. Added to this, Brando gets \$50 a week from MCA, the talent agency that represents him.

"On 150 bucks a week," the actor says, "I get along very well. I have everything I want in the way of food, shelter, and entertainment. When I want to travel that's when I dig into the big loot. In Hollywood I try to rent a place, a house or something, that gives me a little privacy. In New York I have an apartment on 57th Street near Sixth Avenue. Nothing very big."

Actually, Marlon comes from a fairly well-to-do family. As a child in Omaha, Evanston, and Libertyville, these last two cities in Illinois, he always lived in large homes—there were never less than two in service—and he was sent to Shattuck, an expensive military academy.

With this sort of background it's a tribute to his sense of values that he understands the worth of a buck in this world. He believes more in the luxury of the mind than in luxurious material possessions of which he has practically none.

A FRIEND who's known him for many years says, "They can call Bud a wack, a screwball, a bum, anything they want to, but do you know any youngster in Hollywood who's handled himself better? In three years this kid has been starred in five of the best films. He's won all sorts of critical accolades. They gave him an Academy Award nomination for *Zapata*, and I predict he'll get another one for *Julius Caesar*."

"In three years he's earned enough dough to take care of himself for the rest of his life. He's never been mixed up in the slightest scandal. He's never been arrested for drunken driving or slugging a cop or any of the mistakes young guys are more or less expected to make."

"His head hasn't swelled one-eighth of an inch. If anything, success has made him more kind, more thoughtful, more considerate. He's been a good son to his parents, a good brother to his sisters and a good friend to his friends. The only people who dislike him are reporters he refuses to see on the grounds that they're 'scuffling hucksters'."

"I'm not saying he's perfect. He's got a lot of blind spots. Like he's death on movie magazines, hates them, but not without reason. A lot of them have made him look like a silly jerk, and the truth is that he's not."

"In a town of sophistry and sophisticates and snow-job artists, he's managed to hold his own by being honest, frank and outspoken. By being Brando, nobody else."

"If you know any other kid who's got a better record than Bud, who's made a better showing than him, I wish you'd speak up."

"This guy doesn't miss a trick. He's got all the right instincts. He's leaving Hollywood exactly at the right time. He's 29, and he's on top. That's the time to pull out—when you're on top."

END

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Get a jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream today—give yourself your first 1-Minute Mask tonight. You'll see encouraging results right away.

"Young skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!
A sheer touch of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a fresh, un-shiny powder base.

hollywood's youngest mother

(Continued from page 53) was last February 27th, at which time Elizabeth Taylor turned 21 years old and became at long last officially, legally and irrevocably an adult. Later in the afternoon she slipped into her latest Amelia Grey dress and snapped on her pearls. Michael Wilding poured a round of very special champagne cocktails for his wife, himself, and Liz' brother, Howard and wife, Mara, who strolled in from the pool house where they've been staying ever since Private Taylor came back from Korea last Christmas Eve. After special toasts were drunk, they all set out for a special evening—Mrs. Wilding's first one out since her baby arrived and her first appearance in public.

They went to Romanoff's in Beverly Hills and as they entered, the tables buzzed. They buzzed again as the quartet strolled out, after Liz had gorged herself on a lean lamb chop, a spoonful of unbuttered peas, melba toast, tea and a reckless slice of high caloric birthday cake.

THE prevailing myth about Elizabeth Taylor is that she's the helpless, flighty, spoiled, beautiful-but-dumb child bride of a sophisticated, worldly wise British actor who knows all the answers.

People are funny that way. Often they prefer outworn fiction to current fact. But the up-to-date truth about Elizabeth Taylor Wilding's present existence is twice as interesting as her lingering legend—and that truth is that at an age when most girls are still toying with fraternity pins and chanting rah-rah songs, Elizabeth is already a purposeful and mature young woman running her own house, caring for her baby, making herself and the man she married ecstatically happy, and continuing her adult screen career. In the face of doubts, relentless publicity and head waggings ever since she flew to England to marry Michael Wilding, all Elizabeth has done is to record the most personally successful, fruitful and meaningful year of her entire life. As such she rates a 21 gun salute from MODERN SCREEN—not only as Hollywood's youngest mother, but its most triumphant young mother. Because Elizabeth's victory has been won against odds and under harrassing fire, with the weapons of courage, confidence, good sense, and the native wisdom and sure instincts of her sex. And with the help of a husband who as a close friend puts it, "is the first man Liz ever knew who treated her like the woman she was instead of the kid she was not."

"Liz has always wanted a home and children," says another girlhood friend. "She always mothered everything that came her way, whether it was birds, mice, kittens or puppy dogs. She was a little woman in a lot of ways before she ever had a date. Nobody ever called her domestic or mother's helper, because she was raised with servants, she's still untidy in a lot of ways and has no idea whatever of time. But emotionally she was prepared for motherhood the minute that was possible."

"As for Nicky Hilton and his complaint that he wanted to have kids but Elizabeth didn't, that's probably right. But the reason Elizabeth didn't was because she didn't want to have Nicky's children. She knew only too soon that her marriage couldn't last. She discovered her mistake on her honeymoon. Nobody in the world could have guessed that Nicky wasn't the nicest, steadiest, most sincere boy in the world before Elizabeth married him. Then almost the minute he shook the rice off his collar, he changed into a wild Indian whom

Liz didn't recognize. But you notice what happened when she met a real man and married him, don't you?"

"It was hard for us who'd watched Elizabeth grow up the petted darling of the lot," says Helen Rose, her close friend and studio dress designer, "to believe that she was having her first baby. She acted as if she'd already had six."

But there was one thing Liz was particular about at that point—a home for her baby. Until Mike joined her in Hollywood she stayed with her secretary, Peggy Rutledge, in a furnished Beverly Hills apartment and Mike replaced Peggy when he arrived. The minute he did, the house hunt began. "I'm not going to bring my baby back to any furnished flat," Elizabeth stated. "I'm going to bring him home." But the search went on until a spare two months before the big event. They didn't find the right place until last November.

The reason was that in this project Elizabeth exhibited a surprising new trait. She set a strict price limit, very modest by Hollywood standards, from which she refused to budge, and she amazed brokers and Mike as well with her shrewd sizeups of properties which as any young couple knows, are deceptive to figure, unless you've had tons of experience or are an expert. For example, at the same time that they spotted their mountaintop eyrie, Elizabeth and Mike discovered another place for sale right on the beach at Santa Monica, a beautiful house with the right rooms and a front yard running down to the waves. Both the Wildings are beach bugs, especially Mike who looks on Southern California as the next best thing to his favorite spot, the French Riviera. Actually, both preferred the ocean front site, and besides the price was appreciably less. But Elizabeth thought beyond the seaside lure and shook her head.

"No, sir," she decided, "we can't afford it," which statement didn't make sense to the broker. "I know," explained Elizabeth. "We had a summer beach house once. You have to paint every year. Everything rusts. Your clothes fall apart. The linen mildews. The sand ruins your carpets. Too expensive."

She was just as sure-footedly practical about the prospective arrival of her son. Much to the confusion of her dithering mate. "Before, during and after her baby none of us worked up a wrinkle over Liz," smiles Barbara Thompson. "But we've had a few anxious moments about Mike."

That's always the way it is with first fathers. Michael Wilding was no exception. On the other hand, having babies is what little girls are made for and very obviously Elizabeth is not styled inadequately there, although she had the bad luck of a Caesarian delivery. Before that news broke however—three weeks before little Mike was due—his prospective dad had things meticulously figured out for the hospital dash. He'd already made a dozen speed trial runs up and down the twisting road, but there are some turns with sheer drops on the steep descent for which Liz's Cadillac had to slow down. He wasn't quite satisfied. One day Mike burst in with an inspired look on his face.

"I've got it," he cried, "the Jaguar. It's tiny, it really holds the road, and I can whiz you down with that in no time!"

"Have you figured out how you're going to squeeze me in the Jaguar?" inquired Liz.

THAT'S how impractical husbands can get in the emotional stress of approaching fatherhood, and that's the way it was with Mike Wilding—nervous as a witch while Liz stayed relaxed as a tabby cat. When the doctor summoned her for X-rays at last and announced that the baby was

turning, that a dangerous breech-birth might develop, that a Caesarean seemed wise, Mike almost had to be carried out of the place, while Liz stayed as cool as a cucumber and the only complaint she made was, "I wanted five children and now my limit's three!" As if to comfort her, her poodle, GiGi, had the same trouble and had to have a Caesarean first.

Caesarean sections, of course, are no joke; in every respect they're a major operation. But while Mike rented a special room next to Elizabeth's for himself at the hospital saying, "I don't want him in the nursery. You know, they do mix up babies at hospitals now and then," (once in maybe 500,000 times!), Liz travelled for her *encouchement* as if she were going out to a party. Besides her own family and Mike, their good friends Michael and Maggie Rennie, and Barbara and Marshall Thompson gathered festively in her hospital room to wish the stork a happy landing. At that time, Elizabeth was scheduled for her delivery the next morning at eight. But at ten o'clock the doctor came in, shooed out the guests and rather apologetically asked if Mrs. Wilding would mind having her baby an hour from then. "Some emergency cases are coming in tonight. Tomorrow the operating room will be busy," he explained.

"Sure," said Liz, without batting an eye. So at 11 o'clock Michael Howard arrived, got obstrically spanked and let out his first protesting squawk.

He's emitted plenty of those since then, you can bet, and 99 per cent of them his

different ways they both rely on her completely and need her. This has given Liz a confidence she used to lack and wiped out her long-standing inferiority complex better than a squad of psychiatrists could. Elizabeth has always been wanting the chance to prove she's more than a beautiful face and now she has it.

"I know this may be a hard opinion to sell," says one of their best pals, Marshall Thompson, "but between the two, Elizabeth actually seems more grown up to me than Mike—a funny thing to say maybe about a chap who was raised in the biggest city in the world, has lived all over Europe, and looks as sophisticated as Leslie Howard used to on screen. But Mike's so disarming, ingenuous and naive in his manner that sometimes, even I have almost a paternal feeling toward the guy."

The key to Michael Wilding's Ponce de Leon personality perhaps lies in what Stewart Granger said about his pal: Mike's an artist, not only in temperament but in fact. He was a professional artist before he ever turned actor, as he states blithely, "to make an easy living." He admits he doesn't like acting, he loves painting. Artists are notoriously young in heart and ageless in outlook.

Mike paints beautifully (he's done a knockout oil of Liz) when he isn't drinking in the view from the terrace through a spy glass which Liz' Uncle Howard gave him, a view that takes in half of Southern California including Catalina Island on a clear day. Or dipping every hour on the hour in their new pool. In her first chance to catch up on leisure hobbies in years Liz has cleaned up her brushes, too, and started some canvases. This mutual art kick, oddly enough, is what brewed the lone spat between the Wildings since they made a team. One day, when Mike left the unfinished portrait of Elizabeth lying around, Liz, lonesome and bored, grabbed a brush and finished it. Coming home that night Mike really hit the low roof of their home. "Don't ever do that again!" he raved, and Liz hasn't. Artists are funny that way—loving husbands or not. Your most devoted pup will bite you if you grab his bone.

OF course, their idyll is over by now and both Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding are back in circulation and in movie make-up, Liz happily, Mike comparatively so. She's making *Rhapsody* at MGM, he's there in *The Scarlet Coat*. Whether that first Hollywood starring job will make Michael Wilding the standout success in America that he was in England, no one yet can say. Nor at this point can anyone accurately predict what two active careers in one household will do to a marriage which hasn't run into that hurdle before. But the smart Hollywood money is betting on continued bliss.

Elizabeth, of course, is really just getting started on that adult career and the only thing which seems likely to slow her down is what did last time—another baby. This, she says, is exactly what she intends to have soon, maybe next year, if the Good Lord wills it, so little Mike won't grow up a lonely, only child. And anyone who knows Liz is pretty sure she's not just popping her pretty lips on the subject, career or not.

Meanwhile, Mister and Mrs. Wilding are sitting pretty in a pretty little nest over which the Hollywood magpies don't fly much any more—or the mocking birds, either.

Maybe in time the scatterguns will stop rattling birdshot on the window panes of the girl who has everything—for the love of Mike. In only a year she's proved pretty satisfactorily that if she had any pin feathers left, they're gone by now and her wings are spread to match her mate's.

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Marilyn Monroe is always late for appointments. The Monroe was like this before she became a star. One day Marilyn arrived late on a set and the assistant director reprimanded her, ending with: "You know, you can be replaced." Marilyn replied: "You can be replaced, too, but they wouldn't have to re-shoot you."

Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat

mother has heard. She had him right in the bed with her the morning after he was born, even though groggy with sedatives for the pain. "She really shouldn't have her baby yet, you know," the maternity nurse told Sara Taylor when she peeped in. "I've seen lots of mothers in my time, but I've never seen one so in love with her son as this one. I just couldn't deny her."

But while Liz is indeed foolish about Little Mike or "Boy," as his dad still calls him (from the lettering beads 'Boy Wilding' on his identification bracelet) she's not foolish with his kid. Not half so much as his Old Man is, and has been ever since he carefully steered the Cadillac with the bassinette inside back up the hill and home. Until recently he hadn't missed the awesome sight of a feeding. Recently when Liz and Mike started to get back in circulation, they were asked to an early dinner at the Thompsons one night and showed up at a quarter to six. But no sooner had they stepped inside the front door than Mike shot a look at his wrist watch, gasped, "I forgot—say, I've just got time!" and whirled again out the door to leap in his gray sports car. Politely, he yelled back, "Sorry, but he's getting his first solid food tonight at six. Can't miss that, you know. Be right back," and roared off. Liz watched him go with a smile—but she stayed where she was.

"Having both Mikes, Junior and Senior, is the most constructive and developing experience of Elizabeth's life," her best friend, Barbara Thompson, believes. "In

(Continued from page 41) was inspecting an apartment house with her insurance agent husband.

Jane knows something about apartment houses. Her parents, before they were separated, used to manage one, and Janie has a good idea about overhead, expenses, the cost of linen, and taxes. As a girl she had to be careful with money. There was never any to throw around.

She and her husband looked at this apartment house in North Hollywood.

"Let's buy it," Jane said after a while. "It's good income property."

Geary Steffen, son of Willie Ritchie, the lightweight boxing champion of the world, 1912-1914, nodded. "I think you're right," he agreed. "We'll sign the papers."

Now, these two incidents, involving two young actresses of equal fame and popularity, point up the difficulty in dogmatically charging Hollywood with any definite, irrefutable effect upon the lives of young actors and actresses. For while it will pervert the sense of values in one player, Hollywood will strengthen it in another; so that it becomes specious to level a finger at the movie Mecca and accuse it with sweeping, denunciatory, all-inclusive charges.

If may well be, after all the circumstances are considered, that Hollywood is no worse for young players than New York, Chicago, London, or Peoria. In one sense it is certainly better, for it consistently provides young men and women with an unparalleled opportunity to acquire money and success, two factors which in turn, provide them with the opportunity of revealing their true characters.

If a young actress has enough strength of character to resist the temptations and pitfalls which are an integral part of show business, she will lead a good and substantial life.

If she doesn't, she will find herself tumbling from one marriage to another, from one love affair to another infatuation, from neurosis to neurosis, and finally into a state of perpetual wretchedness.

Over the years, however, it has become *de rigueur*, it has become fashionable to blame Hollywood for all the crimes, indiscretions, misdemeanors, and excesses of its constituents rather than blame the individuals themselves.

A few months ago, for example, New York City was rocked by a booming vice scandal. A prominent young café society playboy was accused of inducing several attractive girls to become prostitutes. The playboy was tried and found guilty. No one blamed New York City for this crime.

In Hollywood, however, when John Agar was arrested once again for drunken driving, people said, "Poor guy! Look at what Hollywood has done to him."

When Judy Garland, after falling in and out of love a dozen times, nicked her throat with a broken glass in a childish attempt at suicide, Hollywood was again charged with "lousing up that poor kid's life."

ACTUALLY, Hollywood is a loud, changing, tradition-less, exhibitionistic community which beckons to its bosom, no questions asked, any personality or talent who can help fill the coffers at the box-office.

In trying to determine what Hollywood does to youth, certain basic questions must be answered.

Would today's young stars have developed the same behavior and character patterns had they not come to Hollywood?

Is the motion picture industry responsible for perverting their sense of values, aging their minds, jading their lives, and

incontrovertibly corrupting their morals?

Is it true that for years now Hollywood has taken impressionable and malleable young players and moulded them into narcissistic neurotics who have little regard for the sanctity of marriage and the stability of the family?

Is it true that Hollywood consistently spoils young actors and actresses?

To answer these questions intelligently—and by their sociological nature none of them may be answered with finality—it is best first to divide the players into two groups: those young stars whose formative youths were lived in Hollywood and those stars whose adolescence was spent elsewhere.

Shirley Temple, Margaret O'Brien, Liz Taylor, Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Judy Garland, Jackie Coogan, Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Mitzi Gaynor, Peggy Ann Garner, and possibly one or two others belong in the first group. These are Hollywood-bred products.

The vast majority of contemporary

Hear about the tourists in Hollywood who asked for a tour of the cemeteries? They wanted to visit the stars they've been seeing in old movies on TV.

Erskine Johnson

young stars, however, were not raised in Hollywood. Doris Day, Dale Robertson, Bob Wagner, Rock Hudson, Scott Brady, Van Johnson, June Allyson, Ava Gardner, Jeanne Crain, Anne Baxter, Leslie Caron, Esther Williams—even though one or two of these attended school in Los Angeles—they were reared away from the motion picture business and did not go to school on the studio lots.

Is there any appreciable difference between these two groups? Is one happier or better adjusted than the other? Is the divorce rate higher in either of these two categories?

You will discover that with half a dozen exceptions, practically every well-known Hollywood actress has been divorced at least once.

Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Liz Taylor, Shirley Temple, Judy Garland, Mona Freeman, Marilyn Monroe, Esther Williams, Shelley Winters, Terry Moore, Rita Hayworth—the list is endless.

Many of these young stars were divorced long before they came to Hollywood, but Hollywood is still blamed for the relatively high divorce rate these players have established; and yet as we know, Janet Leigh, Dale Robertson, Dan Dailey, Doris Day, Esther Williams, and Shelley Winters were all one-time marital losers before their movie careers really began to get underway.

What Hollywood has done—and it is in the nature of the business to do it—is to mature its child stars too quickly and to spoil them rotten in the process. This is unavoidable.

When Liz Taylor was a child at MGM, she was being fawned upon by adults who catered to her slightest whim.

When she attended classes at the studio school her classmates were other precocious children. In her workaday world she had little contact with the normality other girls of her age were living every day. Wherever Liz went she was surrounded by adults. Scarcely in her teens she was playing love scenes with Robert Taylor.

Whether constant contact with adults, particularly adult males, hastens the maturation process in young girls this writer doesn't know, but it is a statement of fact that practically all Hollywood child stars bloom physically at a relatively early age.

When Lana Turner was 15, she looked

so physically provocative that Mervyn LeRoy cast her in highly seductive "older" parts.

As for Liz Taylor, she always had more girlfriends than girlfriends. Vic Damone, Stanley Donen, Arthur Loew, Jr., Bill Pawley, Glenn Davis, Montgomery Clift, Tom Breen, Jerome Courthand—these are just a few who come quickly to mind. She has always been the Queen Bee from whom the men have wanted some honey. She has always been a classic example of beauty, glamor, and sex appeal, Hollywood's three outstanding marketable commodities.

Had Liz Taylor never come to Hollywood, had her mother, a frustrated actress in her own right, never put the child in movies, the chances are that Liz would have developed more normally, in a slower tempo.

She might have gone on to college, furthered her education, broadened her ken. She probably would have had just as many boys in her life, for after all, she's irresistibly beautiful, but the adoration would have begun at a much later age.

Gary Cooper once said, "It's darn hard kissing a beautiful woman 20 or 30 times and not feeling anything, even though it is play-acting." And Coop was a grown man when he said that. Take a 15-year-old girl and let her play tempestuous love scenes with handsome, well-developed leading men and you're going to stimulate her whole glandular setup and change her whole outlook on life. To her, love and sex and men and marriage will soon become the beginning and the end of all existence.

THE simple truth is that you cannot introduce a young girl into the motion picture business and expect her to lead a normal life. (The same holds for young men.)

It was tried with Shirley Temple who fortunately had intelligent, well-balanced parents; but even they failed. They put Shirley in an exclusive finishing school after she had made a million as a child star. But it was the same old story. Shirley was physically and mentally precocious. She was anxious to become a part of the adult world that had for years revolved around her.

Obsessed by the great goddess, Love, spoiled and long-accustomed to adults and their ways, she fell quickly in love with a schoolmate's brother, John Agar.

Her parents tried to delay the wedding. They knew Shirley was too young for wifehood. But Shirley had earned a fortune. Studio employees had pampered and petted her for a dozen years. Hollywood had made her financially independent of her parents.

She wanted to marry Agar, and come hallelujah or high water, that's exactly what she was going to do. Neither Shirley nor Agar knew what marriage was all about. Neither of them had been prepared for the compromise, the give-and-take, the mutual consideration involved in a partnership. The divorce was inevitable.

The same thing happened to Lana Turner, Betty Grable, and Loretta Young. They entered the motion picture game at an early age. They all were very beautiful. Men old enough to be their fathers—agents, casting directors, cameramen—flattered their egos, made passes, whispered sweet nothings. At an early age the sex instinct was aroused.

A year or two of this, and a girl is sure that she's become an authority on men, that she can discriminate between the real thing and the phony.

Loretta Young's mother advised Gretchen—that's Loretta's real name—not to marry Grant Withers. Only Loretta felt at the time that she knew much more than



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mother. Later, she had the marriage annulled.

Lillian Grable was dead set against Betty's marrying Jackie Coogan and her later escapades with fighting George Raft. But Betty was the breadwinner, and she was determined to lead her own love life, and she loused it up considerably until she found real happiness with Harry James.

Mildred Turner had many a spat with daughter Lana about love and men—in fact, she moved out of their apartment—but impetuous Lana went right ahead marrying Artie Shaw and Steven Crane. "I asked for it," she said later. And she got it, too.

Ava Gardner when she first arrived in Hollywood, was warned from many sources about Mickey Rooney. She wouldn't listen. As a result she wound up with \$25,000 and a broken heart. Also a master's degree in disillusion.

ONE of Hollywood's shortcomings is that it throws young actresses into contact more or less exclusively with show-business characters. Unfortunately, actors and entertainers make the world's worst husbands. They are interested too much in themselves.

When Ava was going with Frank Sinatra, she was asked if her intentions were honorable. "Do you think I'm nuts?" she cried. "Marry Sinatra? Why should I do a thing like that? I've learned my lesson. I've been married to two guys in show business." A few months later the doll from North Carolina became Mrs. Frank Sinatra and has been fighting with the Thin Man ever since. It is popular to say that Hollywood ruined Ava Gardner. The truth is that Ava has always been her own worst enemy.

A director who has been in Hollywood 25 years and therefore prefers to remain nameless, says, "It's been my experience that parents and especially mothers, do more to ruin young players than Hollywood ever does. These movie mothers are career-crazy.

"Who puts a young girl into the movies in the first place? Usually it's the mother. Why? There are two reasons. One is money. The other is that the mother wants to enjoy stardom vicariously. Usually she's loused up her own life and now wants another chance through her daughter.

"Talk to Betty Grable. She'll tell you that she never wanted to become an actress. It was her mother who planned it for her. Betty has a sister who lives in the valley, happily married and all of that. Doesn't have as much money as Betty but never had her sad experiences, either.

"Take Peggy Ann Garner. Her mother wanted Peggy to become a movie star so badly that she passed bad checks, did everything in the book, finally wound up in the clink.

"With Judy Garland, it was the same bit. Her mother wanted the girl to get ahead, to become a big movie star. All of these cases follow a pattern. Mother takes daughter and puts her in movies. Daughter is besieged by men who like her looks, like her figure, like her youth. The mother becomes alarmed. She tells the young girl to stay away from men. They're heels. They've got bad intentions. By now that daughter is supporting the mother, so she tells the old lady to go whistle. Next thing you know mother and daughter are fighting, and the daughter runs off and gets married.

"Right away Hollywood's to blame. That's a lot of bunk. We're not here to build character for young actors and actresses. That's a parental job and an educational job. We're here to build and develop and exploit talent. Our primary purpose is very simple—to make money.

"You get a young actress who's been reared well, who comes from a good family—not a broken home—who's had a little religious training—girls like that never go wrong. Jane Russell, Jeanne Crain, Leslie Caron, Susan Hayward, Debbie Reynolds, Esther Williams. These kids have character.

"I've been around this town a long time, and I've yet to see one young girl of character corrupted by this environment. The bad girls have been corrupted long before they got here.

"I remember how Esther Williams was once propositioned by a big executive who promised to make her a great star. 'If I've got what it takes,' Esther said, 'I'll be a success. If I haven't, you're not going to help me.'

"In the final analysis, it's the public that makes the star. A girl who is willing to relax her moral scruples may encourage some unscrupulous producer into giving her a picture. But if the public doesn't go for the girl, she's out and there's nothing the producer can do about it. He can't afford to lose the stockholders' money in order to satisfy his own love-life.

"HOLLYWOOD, despite its many detractors, is a very wonderful place. Nowhere else in the world do youngsters get the opportunity we give them out here. What we're looking for is talent and personality. We're not interested in background or family connections. The salaries we pay are higher than in any other line of business. Those few stars who've ruined themselves out here would've ruined themselves anywhere. Never forget that!

"Every man carries the seed of his own destruction. If he plants it in fertile soil—and I concede that Hollywood is fertile soil—it will burgeon. If through proper parental training he is taught to lead a clean, decent, upstanding life, you can place him in a den of thieves, and he will emerge an honest man."

It is a mistake, of course, to try to pass judgment on Hollywood youth by employing the yardstick applied to residents of the average community, for Hollywood is an atypical district peopled by ambitious, self-centered, emotional, exhibitionistic youngsters who crave and hunger for the immediate recognition of their talents.

Under the circumstances, it is remarkable that in the past ten years only two or three of these youngsters have irreparably muddled their lives. Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, Shirley Temple, Mickey Rooney, Lana Turner, Betty Grable—all these headline-makers are currently living in wealth and happiness, which goes to prove that Hollywood isn't such a bad place after all, not even for *les enfants terribles*. **END**

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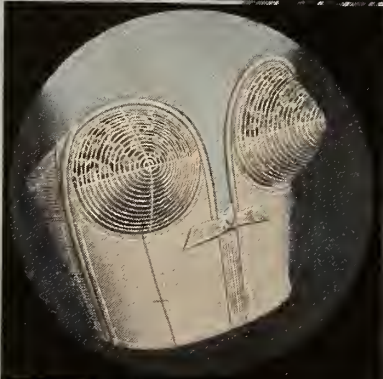
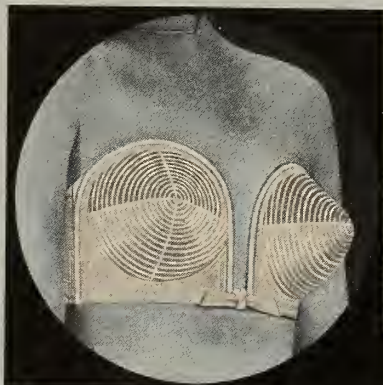
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TV TALK

(Continued from page 14)

Myron accused Milton of slighting him when Miltie was in Miami and went to all the local night clubs except the one featuring Myron... NBC officials are sore at Paulette Goddard, for walking out of a TV show and claiming she had the flu. Then she confided to columnist Earl Wilson that she wasn't sick at all. She just didn't like the script given her. Joan Blondell, who substituted, had no trouble at all with the same script!

RENDERING UNTO CAESAR: For the past few years, Sid Caesar has been quietly collecting his \$10,000 a week for his work on "Show of Shows" and commuting to a modest middle-class apartment on the outskirts of New York City. But with his recent raise (to \$14,000) he and Florence have decided they can afford to move—to an eight room suite on Park Avenue. It's a cooperative apartment building, and Sid explains that the \$13,000 purchase price could easily be reclaimed if he wanted to sell.

He's given up collecting guns since killing his first deer in the Catskills and turned to golf and collecting modern paintings. The whole family has the art bug—Sid browses through the 57th St. galleries whenever he has an off afternoon and Florence and five-year-old Shelley—short for Michelle—are taking a mother-daughter course in water-colors at the Museum of Modern Art.

The new apartment has an unlisted phone, and the address is carefully protected. Sid gets off from daily rehearsals in time for a typical businessman's homecoming at 6:30 every evening, practices putting in the living room (as does Shelley with her midget clubs) and even Robert (now one, and a hefty 34 pounds) swings a mallet.

Two years of psycho-analysis has made Sid a little more secure and calm, but he still isn't able to really relax and enjoy vacations. A few summers ago he and Florence planned an easy-going eight week tour through Europe. They sailed on the SS Liberté, spent three days in Paris and took a plane back home. "We missed the kids," Sid explains. "There was no one to talk to." During the winter Sid and his brother Dave tried it again at a mountain lodge in the Catskills. Sid lasted a week. "I went crazy! Too much quiet," he says. "I went home, lay in bed for four days sleeping and got up only for consommé and steak. Greatest vacation I ever had!"

Imogene Coca and her husband, Bob Burton, are close friends of the Caesars; the foursome went to Florida together last March for the most recent attempt at a Caesar rest cure.

DENNIS JAMES' NARROW ESCAPE: I went up to New Rochelle to see Dennis James' "dream house." It's a 10-room \$150,000 granite house on Echo Bay, and Dennis bought it for his bride, the former Margaret E. Crawford of Newcastle, Pa. He tells me how, one day, as he was working in the garage, the overhead door collapsed on his head and sent him reeling across the garage and into the kitchen entrance. He was found later in a pool of blood, and rushed to a hospital, where 16 stitches were required on his head. Dennis has since installed an electronically-controlled garage door that lifts when he presses a button in the car, as it approaches the garage.

JIMMY BOYD SEES THE STATUE: Jimmy Boyd,

whose recording of "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" brought him a fortune, went to New York for TV work. And there he realized his life's ambition: to see the Statue of Liberty. When he got to the Battery, to take the boat to the Statue, he wanted to swim it. He insisted he could have swum it easily! But he was persuaded to go the normal way.

Jimmy tells me he is already accustomed to being interviewed about his life. "But when I'm with kids my age, I want to play. And when they want to talk about my records, then I know they're not real pals."

THE MEN: Tom Ewell, a big hit in *The Seven-Year Itch*, is selling his farm house in New Hope, Pa., and renting a New York apartment. Busy with his new TV show, he relaxes by playing poker, and confesses, "I always lose. Sometimes when a poker game is going and I don't have much time, I just push my money under the door and leave. Save time that way." . . . Roger Price, recently divorced from actress Anita Martell, has rented an apartment in New York and is finishing his second book, a satire about an ape that's mistaken for a human . . . Paul Winchell is the latest TV personality to come down with a stomach ailment that's the result of tension. Ed Sullivan, Red Skelton, and Eddie Cantor have had similar troubles. There's no doubt that TV is a killing medium . . . The hot rod craze is sweeping TV. Robert Montgomery, Herb Shriner, Dave Garroway, Ernie Kovacs and Herb Sheldon have gone in for foreign speed and odd-shaped cars. Not only that, but Shriner has become a promoter of motor car shows. . . . Jackie Gleason organized an orchestra and went into *La Vie En Rose*, for a much-publicized two weeks, as a favor to an old pal, Monte Proser. Jackie, who can't read music, drew union scale of \$225 a week. It was fun the first week, with all the other comedians coming around for laughs. But, during the second week, the kicks were gone and Jackie got bored with the whole affair. So he just walked out.

THE WOMEN: Marguerite Piazza, whose second husband died suddenly Christmas week, seems to have recovered her good spirits. She's brought back her sons, Gregory, 4, and Graves, 1, from New Orleans, where they were staying with Marguerite's mother. And she has gone on a jewelry binge. She has switched to rather severe dresses so she can wear the maximum number of heavy bracelets, huge rings, jewel-studded leather belts, charm chokers, and cameo brooches . . . Gale Storm was hospitalized with flu the same day that Hollywood was flooded with heavy rains. Local papers carried a story headed, "New Storm On Way," with a picture underneath of Gale in hospital. Friends who read the papers hurriedly came to the wrong conclusion and started sending her congratulations on her new "baby." . . . Joan Davis has been sending 16 mm films of her TV show to her parents near St. Paul because their TV reception is poor. So many neighbors dropped in to see the films, however, that now Papa Davis runs the films in the local school auditorium, for all to see . . . Because so many fans believe Marie Wilson is, in real life, what she portrays in *My Friend Irma*—a stenographer—CBS has had to hire two stenographers to decipher fan letters written in shorthand. Marie, of course, knows nothing about steno. . . . Lucille Ball, busy with the new baby, relaxes by playing the Hammond organ that Desi gave her when their son was born. So far, she has mastered only, "Home On The Range."

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"our rosie"

(Continued from page 42) is that Clooney likes people. She isn't truly happy unless she is surrounded by at least three other human beings, and when she first arrived on the Paramount lot she asked rather shyly if she could have the corner dressing room. This particular 10' by 30' space is assiduously avoided by other actresses, as it is situated at the junction of two studio streets that must be passed by everyone who enters the lot. This is precisely why Rosie wanted it and nowadays if it contains Clooney it also contains a round dozen other people. They pass by in countless numbers and every one of them yells, "Hey, Rosie!" And Clooney always bellows, "Come on in!"

When she walks down a studio street the windows go up as though a Manhattan parade were approaching. Seamstresses, cutters, carpenters, messenger girls—all of them have to call a greeting, and Rosie grins wide and roars, "Hi, Dad!" to the men and, "Hi, Mother!" to the women. The expressions are typical of Clooney who is amusing when she talks. Her conversation is sprinkled with such ticklers as, "I was out of my skull", referring to a headache, and, speaking of a dramatic role she had done on a radio show, "I was pretty awful. You may consider that I am no longer the Mary Pickford of song."

ROSIE likes to kid herself, and it is the firm opinion of those who know her that she will be the absolute last to lose her head over the success that is pouring in upon her so fast. Two years ago she was practically an unknown, recording songs for Columbia that consistently missed being hits. Then came the famous "Come On-A My House" and the Clooney craze began. Despite the raucous jiggle of "Come On-A My House" it was suddenly discovered by her new fans that Rosemary could spin a ballad with such heart that listeners were mesmerized into utter adoration. Disc jockeys began talking about her in their sleep, theater managers clamored for her presence on their stages, and the kids who were lucky enough to be given her records for children included her in their prayers. More than a year ago the manager of a large record shop said, "There's an awful lot of popular junk we have to stock all the time. People buy it—I don't know why—but even though I've studied music seriously for years, after listening to this stuff all day long I'm happy to slip in a Clooney record. That girl is a real artist, and remember when I say that I'm pretty jaded where singers are concerned. For my money, she's the only one worthy to record a song. And she can sing anything." Then Rosie hit Hollywood, via Paramount Studios, and when her first picture *The Stars Are Singing* was previewed, audiences knew a star had been born.

There has been an overpowering storm of adulation, yet Rosie remains untouched by it. She has not even bothered to keep a set of her own records for herself. She takes the success, particularly the Hollywood part of it, with a great deal of sense, for she knows that a movie career is a lot more consistent than that of a recording artist who is only as good as his or her last release.

She also accepts Hollywood much in the spirit of a wide-eyed kid, and with two pictures behind her and two planned for the future (*Red Garters* and *White Christmas*, the latter with Crosby), still goggles at other celebrities. The first time full movie make-up was applied to her face she was as delighted as a kitten with

a ball of string, refusing to wash her face until the last minute before she climbed into bed that night. "I only wished I could have had eight recording dates that day." The first time she met Bing Crosby, who is the idol of other singers as well as run-of-the-mill citizens, she stood speechless and unable to move. Bing made a stab at conversation. "I understand we're going to do a show together soon." Rosie nodded dumbly and Bing tried again. "What's the date of that show, anyway?"

By now Rosie's eyes were glazed over. "Oh, sometime in the 20's," she said.

Later she explained to him that she was not a complete idiot, that she had only been stunned, for later Rosie was to learn that nothing embarrasses Bing quite so much as people who refuse to relax in his presence. It was after she had learned to talk with him easily that Bing dealt Rosie her favorite compliment. "I think you're the best singer in the business," he said.

It has remained her favorite because it can't be topped, for according to Rosie's lights, singing a song well is the best thing that can happen to her. She does it constantly in a busy schedule of perpetual personal appearances, guest spots on radio and television shows, recording the tunesmiths' products, and making movies. She is busier than the old woman who lived in a shoe, yet always takes time to talk to people.

Last February she left for New York after finishing *Here Come The Girls* with Bob Hope, then returned to Hollywood for a week of engagements which included a premiere in her honor, four radio programs, assorted TV shows, interviews, posing for art and taping two radio shows with Bing. There was plenty to think about on the plane winging its way toward Hollywood, but as we've already stated, Rosie likes people. She sat down next to a young girl and immediately started a conversation. "What's your name?" Rosie wanted to know.

"Rosemary," said the girl.

"Honest?" said Clooney. "So's mine!"

The girl smiled and said, "I know." It came out that she was flying to California to be married to a trumpet player in Hildegard's band. It was her first plane ride and her first trip to the west coast.

Clooney bounced happily in her seat. "Tell you what—why don't you and your Jerry have lunch with me the day I'll be spending at Paramount? I think it's Tuesday."

That was to be the couple's wedding day, but they weren't going to miss Clooney. They took their blood tests at 11 o'clock in the morning and were told to come back for their marriage license after a two-hour period. So they hot-footed it to Paramount where they had lunch with Rosemary, and then slipped into the retinue of people who follow her around the lot. At four that afternoon they were still in the gallery and watching Clooney pose for a barrage of cameras. In a free moment she galloped over to where they sat, seemingly more enchanted with her than with each other. "Hey, today's almost lost! When are you kids going to get married?"

The other Rosemary beamed. "I've waited three years—what's one more day? We'll get married tomorrow."

The compliment might well have sailed unnoticed over the head of another movie star, but not Rosie. She put her arms around the reluctant bride and said, "That's the nicest thing anybody ever said to me." And Clooney meant it, every word.

If Rosie is warmhearted toward strangers she is naturally more so with her own family. The telephone wires hum between Rosie's current location and the dress shop

WE SAW IT HAPPEN

Two days after Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh were married, we were looking out of the window of a dress shop close to the famous "Club 21" in New York. A young couple passing down the street stopped to kiss.



We realized it was Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis and when they finished kissing they looked up and saw us watching them. Tony whispered something in Janet's ear, they both smiled, and waved at us before walking on.

Jean Rothstein and Elaine Zuriff
Bronx, New York

managed by her mother in Wilmington Delaware, her younger sister Betty who records for the Coral label, and her still younger (19) brother Nicky who is a disc jockey on a Wilmington radio station. Recently Nicky went to New York to spend a week-end with his now famous sister, and in the process of conversation showed her a clipping about himself. It stated that Nicholas Clooney, disc jockey, aspired to writing the whole book, music and lyrics of a musical comedy. Rosie whooped at her kid brother. "The lies you tell!"

"I'm serious," he said. "Here," and he took from his pocket the music and lyrics of a song he had written, among others, for his planned show. At this point Rosie can pick her own songs for recording, and she considered that she would drop an atom bomb into Nicky's lap.

"This is nice," she said. "You know—I just might record it."

And Nicky threw a hydrogen bomb back at her. "Uh-uh," he said. "It would break up the score."

The Clooney family is Irish, pure green on both sides, and there ensued an argument that any Englishman would have steered clear of. The Clooney kids never argued about anything except music, and when that happened they made up in quality for what they lacked in quantity. Each one of the three was blessed with a good voice, a fact which is slightly mysterious as none of their forebears could trill anything more complicated than "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Pop Clooney did all right according to Rosemary, but, "Mom is a stylist—she sings out of tune." Back in Maysville, Kentucky, when the kids were little, they'd latch on to a new tune and learn to sing it and from then on it was considered solely his or her property. If either of the other two sprouts dared to sing it, he or she was promptly clobbered by the proprietor.

At any rate, Rosie won this particular tangle, and her latest record release is "It Happened To Happen To Me"—composer, Nicholas Clooney.

MUSIC—popular music—just comes naturally to Rosie. She is frank to admit that she knows little about classical music. "I've just never been exposed to it," she says in understatement. From the beginning her life was filled with ballads and blues, and there wasn't a symphonic recording in the house. From the time she began to sing in public there has been no time to do anything except sing some more. Mitch Miller, top tune picker at Columbia, has given her a fine library of classical recordings, and when Rosie has had a half hour in between engagements or planes she has spent the period lis-

tening to Brahms or Sibelius. "You know," she says, wide-eyed with the pleasure of discovery, "it's beautiful. I hope I have time to learn more about it."

Rosie's honesty is no small part of her charm. "People are always asking me whether I prefer golf or tennis. I can't do any of those ladylike things. I can't even swim—not a stroke. But ask me about baseball or football. I was a whiz at those. Back home I played shortstop on the local nine." She flatly declares she's tired of seeing *The Stars Are Singing* (seven times for various business functions), and says she hated school. "I dodged math all the way through high school and finally had to put up with it in my senior year." She speaks candidly about her attempts to charm the 3,600 disc jockeys in America. "I phone and write about 150 of them, I guess. The poor guys get 64 new releases in a week, and you can't expect them to play yours unless there's a personal touch somewhere."

Her appetite has already been chronicled by dozens of writers who are happy at last to find a girl who's willing to admit that she loves food and lots of it . . . and who states she has to be careful about weight. Most movie stars exist on half-hearted salads and black coffee, and would sooner lose an eyelash than confess they gain weight at the drop of an hors d'oeuvre. Not Rosie. She pats her imaginary paunch woefully and says, "I've got a singer's diaphragm, and if I'm not careful, that's where the spaghetti goes." She has a penchant for Italian food, created in the days when she sang with Tony Pastor's orchestra. Most of the boys in the band were of Italian parentage, and whenever they hit a home town the resident musician would invite Rosie over for Mom's lasagna or fettucinni. Rosie hasn't been able to resist Italian dishes since,

and tells gleefully of the time she was foiled.

"You know how, when photographers take pictures of you with food, they just half cook it so that it looks fresh? Once during my ignorant days they put a bowl of lasagna in front of me and I couldn't wait until the picture was finished so that I could dig in. Well, I dug in. And, Mother, they had to pry my mouth open."

ROSEMARY even acknowledges the fact that she smiles at a lot of people at times when she couldn't feel less like smiling. "When you're on the way up they make excuses for you, but when you've arrived you're expected to be Miss Enchantment of 1953. It's hard sometimes—very hard."

She was amazed at the shrewdness of her grandmother on this score when she talked with her recently back in Maysville. Grandmother Guilfoyle has never been closer to show business than the local movie house, yet she put her finger on the burden that is hardest to bear.

"You're working too hard, Rosie," she said.

"Poof," said Clooney. "I like it this way. You know that."

"Rosie . . . how many people have you been nice to today when you were too tired to be nice?"

Perhaps she gathered the idea from the reception given Rosie by Maysville when *The Stars Are Singing* was premiered there. The town's normal population of 6,600 was swelled to 20,000, and the streets (one of them named Rosemary Clooney Street) were festooned with flags and banners. There was a parade, and there were speeches and it was one of the biggest days in Maysville's history. Rosie was the heroine and wherever she went there was a crush of people, all of them shouting hello and trying to grab her hand. For

Rosie it was the thrill of her life, and her smiles that day came from a grateful heart.

Maysville was the only home she has ever known. Since childhood it has been a series of one night stands, graduating to weekly engagements, and by now she is harder to pin down than an ounce of mercury. "Home" to Rosie is either her apartment in New York, which she used to share with best friend Jackie Sherman, or the Beverly Hills home she has rented. Unfortunately, the friendship between Jackie and Rosemary has cooled considerably, because Jackie could never get along with Rosie's favorite beau, José Ferrer.

Between the two homes are 3,000 miles, and she covers them continually. When she makes it to Beverly Hills she is greeted effusively by her cocker spaniel Sam, who for no particular reason is a man hater. Sam will make up to anything in skirts, but disdainfully ignores any male who enters the house, a mental habit that will have to change with a girl as adorable as Rosie.

She seems to have captured the country, from the farmer's daughter to the tycoon's son and including the editors of Time Magazine. The cover portraits painted for the magazine of statesmen, royalty and scientists inevitably stay with the artists, who prize them for their own showings each year. To our knowledge this has been the fate of every painting except that of Rosemary Clooney, for which she sat from 9:30 one night until 2 o'clock in the morning, the only time she could wiggle out of her schedule. That one was bought by Time Magazine, who paid painter Boris Chaliapin the sum of \$2,000 for it, and then proudly presented it to Clooney.

If love and affection, professional respect and admiration are music to our Rosie's ears, it looks very much as if she shall have music wherever she goes. **END**

Your mouth will feel
SO FRESH!



DOES A THOROUGH JOB

SO PLEASANTLY



don't blame farley

(Continued from page 50) man. What the press knew all along now became painfully apparent—that, whether by accident or deliberate intent, Shelley and Farley had parlayed a fast friendship into a romance that really was a mirage.

All of this was fine for Shelley, but mighty embarrassing for Farley. Stuck with all the promises of undying devotion between them, some of which were thrust into his mouth by irresponsible columnists, Mr. Granger made a few terse statements congratulating Shelley. Then he withdrew into silence. He was not heartbroken by any means, although a great portion of the public looked upon him as a defeated warrior being carried off the field of romance on his own battered shield.

Many months passed. Apparently Farley had come to the realization that he must use considerably more restraint. At least, he carefully avoided public appearances with numerous little starlets who had in mind becoming Farley's next "big moment" for the sake of hitting the headlines. One flashy little number told this reporter: "If I can get this guy to date me a few times I may wind up with a nice studio contract. All I have to do is tell my boy friend to get lost. I'll date Farley for dinner and meet my guy later." Unfortunately for her grandiose plans, and fortunately for Farley, her plot didn't work.

STILL more time swept across the calendar. Then, as in a well-written play, the curtain came up again. On stage came the lissome figure of Dawn Addams, pert, blonde and looking a lot like Janet Leigh. The first time Farley Granger appeared with her in public no one paid any attention. Then, after the third date, photographers began to take notice. "This," they told their editors, "looks like a romance."

Wires flashed across the country. Magazines went to press with an odd assortment of stories. Dawn Addams was the girl who would cure Farley's broken heart. Dawn Addams was going to give Farley the publicity romance a romantic movie star needs. Dawn Addams was a clever little girl who was going to do a lot for Dawn Addams.

It so happens that none of the stories were true. Like Shelley Winters, Dawn might shout, "I don't need Farley Granger for publicity!" Unlike Shelley, she might add, being a highly intelligent girl, "If I wanted publicity Farley would be about the last man I'd date to get it." No offense to Mr. Granger, a wise girl would know that the public probably will never again really believe a romance in his name unless he should suddenly elope and show up the next day in Hollywood with a bride.

Frankly, the situation is one that can reflect considerable undeserved talk about Dawn Addams. True, she is fond of Farley. She openly admits it. What is more to the point is that Dawn Addams is a good friend of Shelley's. They are so close that Shelley, after she married Vittorio, suggested to Dawn that she start seeing a little of Farley, who was getting very lonesome.

Shelley and Dawn are such good friends that just before Mrs. Gassman's baby was born, Dawn borrowed some of Shell's luggage for a trip to New York. They first became friends during the now-lamented jaunt Shelley and Farley took to Europe. Dawn, an English actress, was engaged at the time, and was working in a picture called *The Hour Of 13*, with Pete Lawford. She liked Farley very much, but not romantically. And that's the situation as it stands right now.

"To be truthful," she says, "I don't know 96 or care what anyone else thinks of Mr.

Granger. I like him because I believe he is a sincere boy. You know, I frequently have people come to my home for an evening. Frequently they'll say, 'What are we going to do?' If I say, 'Oh, nothing much—maybe we'll just sit around and talk,' they seem disappointed. I don't know why Hollywood is a place in which everyone has to be 'doing' something every minute, but that's the way it is.

"Farley is different from most young men. He enjoys a group of people who may sit around until six A.M., just talking about anything that may come to their minds—politics, religion, acting, sex. His company is always stimulating."

On the other hand, Farley has this to say about Dawn: "I love to take her to parties because she's resourceful and self-sufficient. I don't have to dance constant attendance upon her because she enjoys others at affairs as well as she enjoys the group she's with."

All the elements of romance seem to be present; yet anything you may read in columns or magazines about blossoming love between the two is strictly for the birds.

Joe E. Lewis was asked what the "E" in his name stands for . . .
"I took it," he gagged, "from Lizbeth Scott."

Walter Winchell in
The N.Y. Daily Mirror

Sure, they date two or three times a week and their activities are a little reminiscent of the old days between Shelley and Farley. For instance, one night Farley arrived to call for Dawn, impeccably attired in black tie and tux. Dawn came racing downstairs in blue jeans, all set for the Venice Pier Amusement Park.

"We made every shooting gallery and rode on every dizzy contraption in the joint," Farley says. "Dawn in dungarees and I in full dress. Believe me, I never had such a terrific time before in my life."

Right here it would be very easy to twist the facts. If he never had a more terrific time, that could mean that he has more fun with Dawn than he ever had with Shelley. And if he had it bad for Shelley in the romance department, he could be about ready to get down on his knees to Dawn.

THAT'S not going to happen for a couple of big reasons. In the first place, Dawn is not naive, nor is she an opportunist. True, she has had enough difficulty gaining recognition in Hollywood to make a publicity romance with a star of Farley's proportions an attractive temptation. But this is one mistake she is not going to make, unless over-zealous editors make it for her.

When she first came to Hollywood, and signed a seven year contract with Metro, she thought she was on her way. "Do you know what a seven year contract can mean?" she asks. "Almost nothing. When the first option comes up in six months you may be 'dead.' At first, I was all excited. I played a couple of small parts; then I discovered that almost everything that was ideal for me was also ideal for Janet Leigh. We don't really look alike, but we're the same type. I haunted the casting department. A wonderful part came along in *Ivanhoe*. People stopped me on the studio streets to congratulate me on my test. Someone else (Joan Fontaine) got the part. Another fine opportunity went to Diana Lynn. I'm not blaming the studio. The things I could do were turned over to people with 'names.'

"Then I went on a personal appearance tour. When I came home, I was called into the office of Mr. Big and congratulated on doing a fine job. A few days later came the news that I was being dropped. It was tough to take at the time."

Shelley Winters helped to bolster Dawn's spirits. She could have told her: "Look, I have a swell idea. Since they want people with a name, why don't you get yourself one by having a hot romance with Farley Granger?" She didn't. But she did help Dawn meet people who could help her. One of these was the publicist, Russell Birdwell. They had a long talk. Dawn told him many things, including the fact that when she first went to Metro, she felt that she wanted to develop strictly on the basis of her talent alone. For instance, when the studio press agents asked her to give them a bathing suit sitting, she demurred. "I don't want leg art," she told them.

For Mr. Birdwell and the outstanding photographer, Johnny Engstead, she climbed into a bathing suit. The results were gratifying. She did other things that previously had been on the order of "revolting." People began to pay attention. Not only did this girl have talent. She was real gone in the sex appeal department. This, plus a good job of pounding by her agent, Charles Feldman, produced results. Author F. Hugh Herbert, in writing the stage play, *The Moon Is Blue*, had included a character named Cynthia, who was talked about by the whole cast, but who never appeared in the flesh. When he did the movie version, he wanted to bring Cynthia to life. He and Director Otto Preminger conducted a long search for just the right girl to play the pixy-ish, wanton Cynthia. One good look at Dawn Addams convinced them, with the result that the public will get its first real look at this promising actress when she hits the screen, playing the lusty temptress.

Then, free of a forbidding contract, Dawn was signed to play the role of the bank president's daughter on the new Alan Young Sunday CBS television show. But, the most important thing that has happened to Dawn Addams—considerably more important than being Farley Granger's girl—is her assignment to play a small but potent part in *The Robe*.

ALL these things have come about without the knowledge of those who may start accusing her of "doing a Shelley Winters" with Farley Granger. As anyone can plainly see, the trend of events can do a grave injustice to this 23-year-old girl who very apparently has every opportunity to reach the popularity proportions of a Piper Laurie or a Janet Leigh in another year's time.

But don't blame the "romance" on Dawn Addams for just one more important reason. She happens to be in love. Not with Farley Granger, but with the terrific French actor, Claude Dauphin, whom you may have seen in *April In Paris*, with Doris Day, and certainly should see with Bing Crosby in *Little Boy Lost*. Claude is in Paris now. When he returns, this romance might suddenly end in marriage.

It might end another way, too, unless Mr. Dauphin is wise enough to discount the things he may be reading in the papers these days about Dawn and Farley.

Perhaps Farley Granger is aware of all this. Perhaps he isn't. One thing, however, is certain. If he wants to keep the friendship of Miss Addams as she most certainly wants to keep his, he'll have to take a leaf from his past experiences with Shelley Winters and make it very plain to everyone that this is only companionship.

The Shelley Winters-Farley Granger romance is now a legend, almost as ancient as the brief Greta Garbo-John Gilbert affiliation of a generation ago. May both rest in peace. And may the Dawn Addams-Farley Granger friendship remain exactly that as proof to the rest of young Hollywood that honesty is the best policy.

(Farley Granger can be seen in MGM's *Story Of Three Loves*.)

END

sex is not enough

(Continued from page 49) Some signed autograph books and others hurried inside self-consciously. It was a gala night, for it was the world premiere of 20th Century-Fox's *Call Me Madam*.

The picture was scheduled to go on in a few minutes and the electricians were just about to cut off the lights when a long studio limousine pulled up and Marilyn Monroe, alone, as usual, got out and stood uncertainly on the curb. She was dressed in a white gown, cut just a little below the accepted level, and as tight as the skin on a sausage. She carried a white fox stole casually, none of it covering her bare shoulders and back; and with her blonde hair glittering, her eyes doe'd to the fashion and her parted lips luscious-red, she was a sight to behold.

Well, the fans went wild, not just mildly or politely wild but crazy wild, boys and girls alike. And rightfully so, for we were there and must admit that Marilyn made the girls who had preceded her look like hens next to a peacock. As she posed for pictures, her chest high and heaving, one knee pushed provocatively forward and her lips quivering gently, she was just about as sexy a picture as even Hollywood has ever seen—and the fans threatened to riot in their tumultuous appreciation of the moment and the girl.

An executive from another studio stood just inside the lobby chewing an unlit cigar and glowering. He turned to an aide.

"Son," he said, "why can't we find somebody like that. Sex is what they want in the movies now-a-days. Sex with a big S."

"Yes, sir," the aide said, "sex."

In the calm light of the next day, however, an executive at 20th Century-Fox had an entirely different point of view. He had on his desk figures on the business being done by *Niagara*, and he was almost weeping.

"I can't understand it," he moaned. "We're top-billing Monroe. I was afraid they'd close down the picture in some places because we played her so sexy—but the picture's flopping. How do you figure it out?"

His immediate superior sat with his feet propped up on the desk. "There's only one way to figure it," he said. "Sex is not enough."

And it isn't. It might sell pictures to newspapers and magazines. It might make a star better known than Eisenhower. It might drive fans mad at public gatherings. But sex alone has never, in the history of Hollywood, been enough of an attraction on its own to fill movie theaters or keep a star's name in lights.

There is at the moment a fresh crop of sex queens being readied in Hollywood, presumably to steal some of Monroe's thunder, and all are expected by their studios to make the companies rich. But they won't. Not, that is, unless they have something more on the ball than the ability to create desire—and are handled as actresses rather than attractions.

The most promising new sex queen, most Hollywoodites admit, is Elaine Stewart of MGM, whom you may have seen as the ambitious bit player in *The Bad And The Beautiful*. Elaine is, photographically, everything that could be desired in a screen beauty. She is a tall, willowy five feet-six inches. She has copper-auburn hair that falls to her shoulders seductively, and velvet-brown eyes. She weighs 118 pounds, and it is allotted elaborately in the proper places. Elaine also has that intangible that might be



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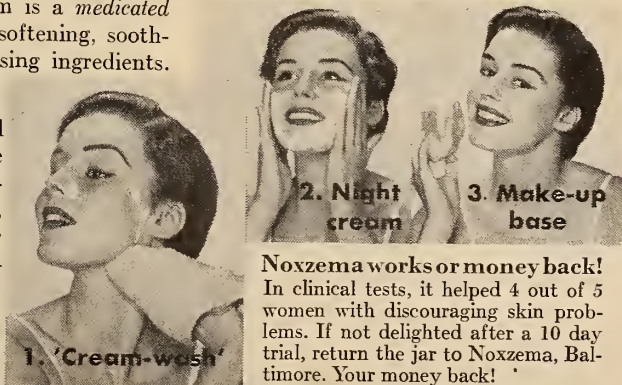
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called "stance," the thing that allows a girl to provoke sex without movement.

Elaine Stewart, though, for all her loveliness and possible talent, is, at this time, purely a sight attraction. Her theatrical background includes just a few appearances on TV and a Martin and Lewis picture in which all she was required to do was look sexy. Her fame lay, before she came to Hollywood, in the magazine field as a Conover model and cover girl. In *The Bad And The Beautiful* she was used purely as a sex image, a representative of Hollywood fluff that could take a producer's mind off his work and his sweetheart. It is true she spoke her lines well and there was a glimmer of promise of better things if she is given a chance, but in her debut she was a sex attraction and nothing more.

ANOTHER current example of side-show sex is Universal's Mamie Van Doren who is admittedly that studio's answer to Marilyn Monroe. Mamie, until a few months ago Jack Dempsey's favorite date, and well columnized under her true name Joan Olander, is a blonde sprite with a full mouth and curvy figure who bears a remarkable resemblance to Marilyn. However, at this writing, it does not appear that Mamie will be put into the front lines immediately. Her resemblance to Monroe is superficial, according to the reports from picture editors, not enough oomph, even when she holds her mouth open, so Universal has put her into the talent mill to learn to act before springing her on the public in a movie. That is sound judgment.

Roberta Haynes is another newcomer who has been plunged into the sex race. She, if you remember, is the girl plucked from nowhere and given the lead opposite Gary Cooper in *Return To Paradise*. Her publicity had been pretty run-of-the-mill until she fell into the hands of Russell Birdwell, the dean of Hollywood publicists and a man of ideas. One morning all of Hollywood choked on its coffee as they looked at a picture of Roberta on the back of *The Hollywood Reporter*. She was as sultry as Cleopatra, and she wore what appeared to be a slip and bra, which was obviously not her size. The picture itself was the end, but the text was stunning. Credits for the photo, wardrobe, etc. and the last line read: "Body by God."

There was the devil to pay, but Birdwell took it in stride. He planned this publicity for shock value—and it worked. Roberta, maybe as a result of the ad, was signed to a contract by Columbia Studio. Miss Haynes, by the way, has an edge on her fellow sex gals. She has a solid background in the theater and is rated a first class actress by her contemporaries, such as Marlon Brando. She may do well.

Another up-and-coming young lady due to dent the crown of the current holder, if all goes well from this point, is Laurette Luez, a newcomer Columbia is grooming for sex-stardom. Miss Luez is a tall, dark curvy amazon, half Portuguese and Irish, who seems to have been endowed with the best beauty points of both races. Her hair is raven-black, her eyes brown and she has a peaches-and-cream complexion.

Laurette is not a complete newcomer, having starred as the Panther Woman in *Prehistoric Women*, an independent film made a couple of years ago. She was highly publicized at that time and made more girlie magazine covers than anyone else ever did. But she considered this sort of thing a little undignified and refused to pose after a few months. Her background, as an actress, is good. Both her father and mother were on the stage for many years, and as a child of four she made her debut dancing for the Sultan of Jabore in Singapore when her parents visited there.

She has been tabbed by newsmen who met her on a tour for MGM's picture, *Kim*, in which she played Errol Flynn's seldom-seen leading lady, as "The Flower of Delight Girl," and other such extravagant names. The Hollywood press once gave her a Mickey Award for being the "Best low-cut cleavage on a movie billboard" a couple of years ago. Her startling measurements are 5' 7", 37-24-35. She went to school with Marilyn Monroe.

The one actress, and there should be a question mark after that, who may reach the heights of Marilyn Monroe is a lady known professionally as Lili St. Cyr, a bump dancer from the burlesque circuits. Miss St. Cyr, a tall, magnificently proportioned blonde with emerald eyes and a pouty mouth, has been the queen of the strippers for several years—as well as the toast of the Hollywood night life crowd. In a couple of appearances at Ciro's here she jammed the place every night with an exhibition of a lady undressing, taking a bath and dressing again. She did nothing more. Spoke not a word. But she was a smash.

Naturally the producers asked her to make movies, but didn't get her. Jerry Wald once announced her for one of his films and when she didn't appear he stated he couldn't get her name on a contract because he couldn't afford her salary. That was quite true, because Lili makes more money in night clubs and burlesque theaters than most movie queens and didn't want to take a cut in salary. She has been signed, however, by producer Albert Zugsmith to star in a Technicolor epic that will also feature a moon, a sarong and a lagoon. Then Lili will be better known. If she can act she may cut the mustard. But if she can't, she will no doubt go back to the runways assured that in the movies sex is not enough.

FOR the past couple of years Terry Moore, who used to be practically a child actress, has been working up a storm in the papers using sex as a gimmick. We recall her press agent trotting into our office with pictures of Terry in a bathing suit, trying to tout us on the proposition that Terry was the busiest child in the land. He succeeded in getting some of these pictures into print, and this, coupled with interviews in which Terry is reported to have said she'd give Marilyn Monroe cards and spades and still top her measurements, put Miss Moore into the running in the sex derby.

But all that has changed. Terry got an Academy Award nomination for her work in *Come Back, Little Sheba* and probably a talking-to by a wise man and is frantically trying to recall all the past publicity along the sex line. She appeared at a party recently in a dress that covered as much as the average sweater. She wants no more of it.

No symposium on sex queens can be complete without a mention at least of that pioneer Jane Russell. Jane was the fore-runner of all our modern skin specialists.

As long as 12 years ago she was heaving her bosom for the movie cameras and pulling down the neckline for the stills. And for sheer beauty and grandeur of form she may never be topped. There was a period of several years in which she never made a picture, but the papers and magazines ran her art anyway. She didn't need a news peg to get into print. Jane, she admits herself, was not much of an actress, but no one expected it of her. All she had to do was appear in a room and the audience got the idea the leading man had in his mind.

But Jane, possibly because she was the pioneer, saw the handwriting on the wall before the others got s'arted and began

to brush up on her acting. And nowadays if you mention her obvious attributes to her she sneers at you. Unfortunately she can not start all over again without the low neckline, but she will not make a deal until she knows it's an acting part these days. She, too, has had it. At the present time she is negotiating a new contract with Howard Hughes, who has been her boss since she started, and one of the main articles in the pact will be that she is not required to continue as the national emblem for sex.

A girl can't help growing up, so a new sex attraction is headed our way now in the person of Mitzi Gaynor. Mitzi also came to the movies as a kid and a very talented one at that. She is one of the very best dancers Hollywood has, can sing very well and is a fair actress. But during the past year, personally and professionally, she has matured with a capital M. She appears at parties in gowns that are adult to be sure—and she is the object of every male eye. She used to be a mouse, shy and inhibited in public, and dressed like a dancing school graduate. Now Mitzi waltzes into a room like a young duchess, her almond eyes flirty and her movements the sort that drive strong men mad.

At a recent party a wife began looking for her husband. He wasn't within sighting distance, so she asked her hostess if she knew where he was.

"I believe," the hostess said, "he's talking to Mitzi Gaynor."

"Good," said the wife, "generally he's hanging around the neck of some glamor girl."

The wife should have seen her husband at that moment. He wasn't talking to Mitzi, but he was trying to. He was on the fringe of a mob of males who had Mitzi backed into a corner—and if his wife

had taken a look at the way Mitzi had them all panting that night she'd have dragged her old man out of there by the ear. Mitzi has an aloof type of sex appeal, not at all obvious on the screen, that may be the combination required to sell sex at the box office. And as a top-notch dancer she has talent, too.

ACTUALLY, it was sex that really put movies on the map. Valentino can be credited with being the prime assist and he was noted for his ability to ooze passion from every pore as he dragged a panting captive across the Sahara to a lonely tent. The public, it seemed, wanted sex in those days. Maybe they've become bored with it, or maybe they've come to appreciate acting and a good story.

Sex really grew up in the movies, though, with Jean Harlow, also a Howard Hughes contribution. Hughes put meaning into it. And if he wasn't a designer of loose garments he certainly was aware of what was provocative. The dress that Jean Harlow wore in *Hell's Angels* ought to be in the Smithsonian Institution. It was as much an invention in its day as was the first mixmaster. From the first moment she appeared on the screen in that rag Jean Harlow was destined for greatness—in sex. And until the day she died she never played a part that didn't call for an exhibition of flesh and lust. MGM just recently made *Mogambo*, a reshuffling of *Red Dust*, the film that made millions pay to see Jean take a bath in a rain barrel, under the watchful, eager eyes of Clark Gable.

There are some who will deny that Jean was ever a good actress, but most Hollywoodites, after a moment of thought, will say she was. But it was something that had to be considered, for Jean's name was synonymous with sex, not art.

There have been others, too, who today

are substantial performers, who were once considered sexy as all-get-out. Barbara Stanwyck, for instance. Now the public thinks of Barbara as one of the reigning artists of the screen, but in her early pictures she was a lusty, lip-biting half-tart that seldom took no for an answer. Barbara learned early in her career, though, that sex is not enough and raised her sights. In doing so, she's become an all-time great.

Some time ago Joan Crawford gave an interview to one of the major wire services in which she was reported to have said that she considered the exhibitionism of some of the younger players of this day slightly revolting. She particularly selected Marilyn Monroe as an example of how not to publicize a movie star. When it was printed there was quite a fuss. Marilyn's studio thought it was unkind, to say the least. Marilyn herself was said to have considered it catty. And the town took up sides.

When Miss Crawford was approached by other reporters for more details, she expressed herself as being sorry she had put her thoughts quite so strongly. She thought back, maybe, to the days when she first came to Hollywood—a Charleston dancer from Texas. She remembered *Our Dancing Daughters* in which she wore a dress that wouldn't make a fair handkerchief for a grown man. She remembered, possibly, the scene she'd played dancing atop a table, with the Crawford legs showing to the tan line, and the mouth-trembling way she'd look at a prospective lover for a close-up. And she didn't take back what she'd said, but she did reconstruct her opinion, from a wisdom she learned the hard way.

"Maybe," she said, "I should have said that I am concerned, because I know now that sex is not enough." Or words to that effect.

END

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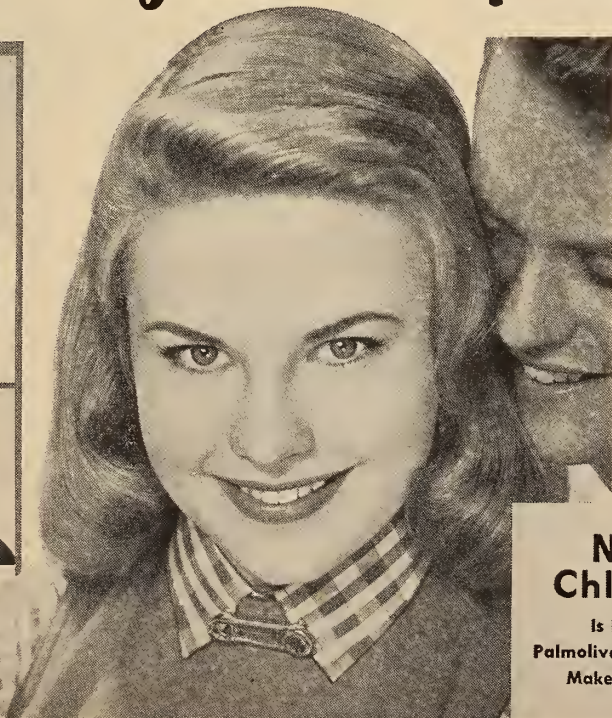
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love's young dream

(Continued from page 66) Miss Ruick." They worked together for several weeks in *Apache War Smoke*, and although her mother had once told her, "If an actress doesn't fall in some small way for her leading man, there's something wrong with her," Barbara felt nothing but professional respect for Bob. The picture was finished in June and it wasn't until two months later that they had their first date. Barbara was so unimpressed at the time that by now she barely remembers the evening. It is her dim recollection that he came for dinner to the house shared by her with studio publicist Jean MacDonald, and that they talked afterward and he went home early.

Their dates grew more frequent and slowly Barbara began to notice his sincerity, his truthfulness and above all, his complete respect for her. She decided that here was that rarity in this modern world, a gentleman; and soon realized she was happiest when she was with him. Following his proposal of marriage they discussed architecture and found that both like "comfortable modern"; then weddings, which both agree should be small but definitely inside a church; and then babies, which both want in quantity, but only after they have enough financial security that Barbara can take a year away from work to stay home and care for each new addition.

Barbara has learned to distinguish a feint from a dodge, an infield fly from a Texas leaguer, and a touchback from a safety. Bob has found with delight that she is an avid sports fan, and last March when she visited him on location for *Arena* in Tucson they not only went riding every day, but when the cast and crew organized a disorganized football game on the set, Barbara got into the act.

"I will now," she announced, holding the ball daintily between her hands, "do a drop-kick."

"Be careful!" yelled Bob. "You're wearing flat shoes—you can't dig in! Honey, you'll go flat on your—"

Which she did. It was one of the things that have proven to Barbara that she should listen to Bob's advice. Before she met him she had always felt rather maternal toward the men she dated. Secure in her personal life as well as her new-found career, she tended to be self reliant and so was forever on the lookout for ways in which she might help other people. Mr. Horton has modified all this, and now Barbara realizes that she tends to be high strung, to fly off the handle quickly, and Bob's comparative calm and good sense have a leveling affect on her own high spirits.

THERE was good reason for her self-confidence. Barbara grew up in the world of show business, the daughter of two highly successful professionals who were famous not only for their talent but also for their charm and their circle of delightful friends. The friends were also in show business, and it was only natural that Barbara should develop at an early age into a mite-sized performer.

She inherited acting ability from both parents, and at five was already dreaming up her own skits. "I must have bored everybody to death in those days. I'm still a ham—I should never eat pork."

From her father, who once played the violin and had his own band, Barbara was endowed with musical talent, and from her mother, who is still an avid jazz fan, a love for all kinds of music. As a result, today she is equally valued as both an actress and a singer, and Barbara loves both so

well that she is incapable of choosing between the two.

A lot of practice went into both fields. Her girl friends were enlisted in the production of her plays and soon found themselves relegated to making backdrops out of old sheets and bright crayons. If any of the other girls had ideas of their own they seldom had time to put them across, as the small Ruick was a whirlwind director who scurried everyone else to routine jobs while she took the spotlight. Audiences were drafted from the neighborhood and, as Barbara puts it, "they looked whether they wanted to or not."

Lurene Tuttle had never pushed her daughter into theatricals—Barbara fell into them by herself. Her parents were naturally delighted, but they continued their attempt to seem disinterested and periodically suggested that it would be nice if Barbara grew up to be something distinguished, like an editor of *Vogue* magazine. All along Barbara knew, despite her youth, that if she had turned into anything other than an actress her parents would have been crushed.

As Barbara persisted in her thespian interests, Lurene Tuttle began coaching her daughter, beginning with pantomime, and Barbara feels that such fantastic and rigorous assignments as being a squeezed lemon or a tree in May were a valuable beginning for her education in dramatics. When she was eight she battered her way into the billing of a recital and chose for her stint a rendition of "Waiting At The Church," a la Beatrice Kay, for which she was to be frocked in her mother's wedding dress. It was bad enough having to hitch up the dress so that she wouldn't trip over it, and even worse when the air raid sirens cut loose and the house lights went out. But her father, sitting in the front row, trained the beam of a flashlight on her, and the small Miss Ruick went through her performance with the nonchalance of a seasoned trouser.

WHEN she was 14 she began singing with the high school band and organized a singing group that appeared twice weekly on a San Fernando Valley radio station. The accompanying skits were written by, naturally, Barbara Ruick. She never went to a party or a prom when she didn't sing, and always returned home with the seven-dollar scale wage tucked away in her evening bag. When she was 15 she fluffed for the first time, in a local little theater production of *Stage Door*. She delivered her lines, "I don't really want to leave. I don't know what to say." Following that she really didn't know what to say, and solved the situation by walking off the stage.

She wasn't so shaken by the experience that she lost confidence. Less than a year later her mother, who played "Effie" on the Sam Spade radio show, became too ill to go on, and Barbara marched into producer William Spier's office. "You just have to let me do it," she said. "I'm the only one who sounds like mother. And besides, it's the only thing that'll get her out of bed. If I do it this time, she'll have to come to your rescue next week."

She got the job, and it was the last time Barbara was nervous during a performance. It gave her a confidence which has never left her, except perhaps for the times when her mother has been in the audience. Barbara can't explain these reactions—she thinks it may be because she's trying so hard to please, as she did when she was a small girl. She recalls the day she marched two miles in a Girl Scout parade as the flag bearer. All went well until she came to the corner where her mother stood. Then Barbara tripped and went flat on her face. Lurene Tuttle was

in the audience the night Barbara forgot her lines in *Stage Door*, and stranger still, she gave a top-notch TV commercial one day until toward the end of the spiel, when her mind went blank. When she got home she learned that her mother had turned on the program at the precise moment Barbara had fluffed.

Barbara reached the age of 12 before her parents were divorced, and those years of living with show business parents have given her a wisdom that may well help in her own marriage. She feels that she knows the pitfalls of a marriage which combines two careers, what to say and what not to say at the right moments. She was and still is extremely fond of her father, who has remarried and lives in New York, but the divorce itself did not affect her nearly so much as the death, a year before, of Lillian Johnson. Miss Johnson had been Barbara's nurse since babyhood, a wonderful woman who, childless herself, poured out her maternal love on Barbara. She taught the child to love people, she was a second mother to her and her most appreciative audience all through Barbara's childhood. She died on August 15th, and for this reason Barbara has set her wedding date on that day. She intends sending a little prayer up to heaven, in the hope that her beloved old nurse will be able to look down and see Barbara on the biggest day of her life. It is her deepest regret that Miss Johnson cannot be here to see the children that will come some day.

FOLLOWING the divorce Barbara lived with her mother, who continued to guide her through an adolescence that was devoted almost entirely to theatricals. Their relationship is extremely close, and even when Barbara decided to learn about drumming, Lurene Tuttle didn't complain. It all

started when Barbara sang with an orchestra made up of college boys, and when drummer Gene Estes left his stand to do a vocal, Barbara would hop up behind the drums and beat out the rhythm for the band.

Two days after her 17th birthday Barbara took off for New York. Determined to make the grade on her own merits she purposely avoided letting anyone know her relationship to her famed parents. She moved into an apartment with four models and proceeded to pound pavements like a novice from Hatsoff, Texas, but her talent shone through. Out of 800 applicants she was chosen with only nine others to appear on Chico Marx's "College Bowl" TV show. Soap operas and commercials followed, and after a highly successful year she returned home to Hollywood, where she shortly copped a contract with MGM. There she went to work with such zeal that studio employees weren't surprised when, during the filming of *The Affairs Of Dobie Gillis*, Barbara insisted on completing her dance routine despite an attack of flu, and stopped only when she fainted from exhaustion.

At first she lived with her mother, who had remarried, then moved to a small apartment in Hollywood, another in North Hollywood, then to Westwood, then shared a house with Jean MacDonald, then, because the landlady didn't cotton to Barbara's boxer puppy, the two girls moved to another house. Barbara currently is living with her mother again, and has stored a pile of furniture collected in the last two years in the last six residences. There will be enough, she says, to fill any house she and Bob might buy on his GI loan, and she promises that, for a change, she will really settle down for keeps when she gets married.

She has already begun to settle. An in-

curable mimic, Barbara comes back from New York dropping her R's, back from Alabama accompanied by a southern drawl. She imitates anything, including the makeup worn these days by New York models. When living in Manhattan with the quartet of mannekins, Barbara was enchanted by their black slipstick and penciled lines beneath the eyes. She had arrived in New York with a healthy, scrubbed look, but by the time she came back to Hollywood a year later she was all but suffocated in cosmetics. Lurene Tuttle met her at the airport and couldn't help smiling. "My word," she said, "You have been sick, haven't you?"

AFTER a year of doe eyes, and after a few dates with Bob Horton, Barbara decided to give up the ghostly look, that this was not really for her. The next time Bob called for her at the house, he was met by a pert face that boasted nothing but lipstick—red lipstick. He took an appreciative look, but said nothing.

Barbara couldn't stand it for long. They hadn't been in his car five minutes before she turned to him. "Well—do you like me better this way?"

He reached over and took her hand. "I liked you the other way, too. But this is fine."

"You see what I mean," Barbara says to anybody who will listen. "Bob is a gentleman, a real gentleman. And furthermore, my red-haired mother is charmed right out of her shoes at the idea of a red-haired son-in-law. I was obstinate—I didn't have red hair—but now she has more than a 50-50 chance of having carrot-tops for grandchildren."

Everybody's happy, including MGM, future in-laws, the growing legions of Horton and Ruick fans, and most of all, Barbara and Bob.

END

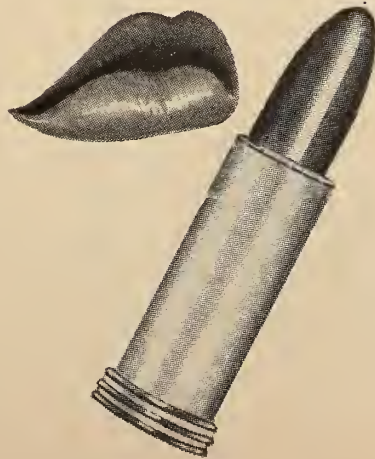
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bitter triumph

(Continued from page 55) *Walking My Baby Back Home*, with Janet Leigh.

Then, he disappeared. Studio executives and friends couldn't locate him for three days. Just before the situation had reached the "missing persons" alarm stage, someone thought to check at his Van Nuys home. Sure enough, there he was, where he had been for almost three days, playing with Donna.

The next day newspaper columns were filled with predictions that the O'Connors would make up, or had already forgiven each other for real and imaginary transgressions. The curtain, however, had just gone up on the embarrassing drama that is so often repeated in Hollywood. Before the week was out it was reported that Gwen was now dating Dan Dailey. Supposedly they had been holding hands in a quiet corner at the Encore, a La Cienega boulevard restaurant to which many film celebrities go to publicly display their grief over a broken romance or their joy over a new love.

Gwen O'Connor was furious. The report is that she had her attorney call the columnist and demand a retraction, a reluctant one which was published a few days later. This was not enough, for newspaper folk are now calloused when it comes to denials. Reporters began to choose up sides. On the day that Sheilah Graham stated that, "the Donald O'Connor's are quietly making up," Hollywood Reporter columnist Mike Connelly had a different version: "Dan Dailey threw a punch at Murray Garret at Peggy Lee's Grove opening. Dailey didn't want the photog to shoot him and Gwen O'Connor, who were NOT celebrating Donald O'Connor's gala *Call Me Madam* preem, same night and miles and miles from the Grove."

Who is right? Is Dan Dailey a *cause celebre* in the O'Connor marriage rift? Or was it true that Don had regularly been dating several of the hundreds of cute girls who make the studios a romantic stamping grounds. Why isn't the truth printed? It will be, here and now.

Let's go back to happier days to find the answer. Back to the time that Donald was a carefree young actor more preoccupied with his collection of foreign cars than he was with his career. To the time he proposed to beautiful red-haired Gwen Carter, a Los Angeles High School student, and gave her a two carat diamond ring, payable on time at \$50 a week for the next two years.

Gwen was no innocent child who fell head over heels in love with an actor at 15. She had friends in show business and was not star struck. She'll tell you that she didn't think much of Don at their first meeting when they were introduced at a Paramount commissary table. She was 12 and he was a wacky 13. A little more than two years later, it was a different story.

Donald had by then skyrocketed to fame with Bing Crosby in *Sing You Sinners*, grown out of his briches in a few months and was tossed back into vaudeville, traveling the country with his family. Tragedy had made a man of him, for his beloved brother Billy had died suddenly of scarlet fever, not many days before Hollywood summoned him back for a second crack at stardom. Billy, of whom Don had often said, "He could have been a greater comedian than Bob Hope," meant more to the young actor than he has ever been able to satisfactorily explain. He can only say, "Billy died when I was just getting to know him."

Of course, it may be said that everyone

knows sadness in life and that it takes an actor to dramatize his grief. But this was not so with Donald O'Connor. The loneliness of his youth was magnified by the fact that his father died of a heart attack when he was about a year old. Before that, outside a theater in Hartford, Conn., his five year old sister, Arlene, had taken him out for an airing in his baby carriage. Unable to resist the temptation of a candy store across the street, Arlene left the infant Donald at the curb and scurried to buy a sack of sweets. In a few seconds, she was lying dead, run over by a speeding car.

Knowing as we do that the mind of a child retains impressions from early childhood on, and remembering that Donald grew up with no real home other than a long list of theatrical hotels, it becomes a simple, understandable fact that what he always has needed most was a love and security of his own.

His second meeting with Gwen Carter took place backstage at the El Capitan theater. Don had gone there to help a friend named Julia Curtis to audition her ventriloquist act, and ran into Joyce Duffin, another vaudeville acquaintance who was there with Gwen.

"Gwen and I took a look at each other," Donald remembers, "and the whole theater lit up."

Joyce, however, wouldn't give Don Gwen's phone number. A few days later he ran into the two of them in a drug store. This time Gwen was with a big handsome guy. Don took Joyce aside and tried again for the phone number. No soap. That night might have been the end of it if a fellow Don knew hadn't dropped in to watch him work out at a Hollywood gym. Don went two rounds apiece that day with a couple of professional fighters. They stood toe to toe slugging at each other, much to the amazement of the friend, who later said to Don in the dressing room, "If you want Gwen Carter's phone number, I guess it's okay to give it to you now."

"Well thanks," Don replied, "but why all the mystery up to now?"

"Well, the truth is," the friend explained, "that Gwen's boy friend is a very jealous guy. Also exceedingly tough. He knew you two liked each other and he threatened to beat the tar out of you if you tried to date her. None of us wanted to see you murdered, but after seeing you go in the ring I know you can take care of yourself."

Don rushed for the nearest phone booth to make a date. That night he and Gwen held hands at the Casa de Amour restaurant and agreed that people their age, if they should fall in love, should wait a long time before marrying. From that moment on, Gwen never dated another boy, and they would have waited, too, except for circumstances over which they had no control.

It was Don's ambition to become a fighter pilot. He had already taken one test for Air Corps Cadet Training and flunked it. After some months, he tried again, passing with flying colors. On New Year's Eve of 1944, they spent much of the night talking about the question of whether or not they should marry before Don entered the service. They decided to stick to their original promise to wait, but a few evenings later, while visiting at the apartment of their friend, Ally Kirk, the emotional upheaval of impending events was too much for them.

On the spur of the moment, they agreed to elope to Mexico. They jumped into Don's car and took off, stopping for dinner at the Tailspin Restaurant. Here their plans made a crash landing. They fell into an argument about whether or not to tell their mothers. Don decided that if he was now man enough to enter the Air

Corps, he certainly was man enough to tell his mother and hers in advance that he was marrying the woman he loved.

They postponed the event for a couple of days. Both mothers agreed that their children would be unhappy if they had to face the anxious days and perhaps years ahead, alone. So, on February sixth, they took off for the border city of Tiajuana, Mexico. They hadn't counted on the difficulties of strict wartime regulations. Border guards insisted that Gwen give up her address book and that Don change the \$65 he'd brought along into two dollar bills, no easy trick at four o'clock in the morning. While Gwen argued with the guards to prove that her personal telephone numbers were not the secret codes of a spy, Don hustled off in search of an all night gas station. With these delays, it was almost five A.M. before they reached the main street of Tiajuana, numb with cold, but still grimly cheerful.

Back in the U. S., they found a small hotel which jugged out over the Pacific Ocean, and they'll never forget the cold lobster wedding breakfast.

This was just the beginning of a series of adventures, which if reenacted would make a swell comic movie. Don was shipped off to Texas, eager to start his Air Corps training. To his dismay, the entire cadet program was suddenly called off. All he saw in the future was an endless round of KP and latrine duty. As luck had it, the Air Corps suddenly needed more women than they did men, and Don helped to create a WAC recruiting show. Gwen, like thousands of women at the time, became a camp follower.

Somehow, though, the O'Connors were incredibly happy during these two and a half years. When almost all WACS were being shipped overseas, the recruiting show in which Don was being starred needed a leading lady. Officers in charge pressed Gwen into service and she wowed 'em.

When Don came back to Hollywood and civilian life, everything brightened up. There were those big pay checks again; back income taxes were paid up, and the baby came.

They never loved each other more. On the day of the blessed event, Gwen was so worried about Don's condition that she kept crawling out of her hospital bed to visit him in the father's room.

"Poor guy," she remembers, "he sat there for almost 12 hours, white as a sheet. He must have smoked a whole carton of cigarettes. When it was all over, I looked up through a haze to see him, announcing that we'd had a baby boy."

"No," I told him. "You're hysterical, honey. I saw it. The baby's a girl!" By this time he was the same old Don. He was playing it so straight with the boy routine that it was a couple of days before I realized he was kidding."

UNLESS one is a veteran on the Hollywood scene, it is difficult to understand how merciless the demands of success can be, or why it is that the more famous a man becomes the less chance he has for happiness in private life. Despite the casual atmosphere of show business, the demands of its backstage discipline are terrific, effecting even a thing so small as a man's hobbies. Speaking of his sport car hobby, Don recently dismissed it by saying, "I either had to give up the cars or my career." What he subconsciously meant is that the requirements in time alone caused by doing four major pictures in the period of a year, plus a monthly television show, had cut deeply into his private life.

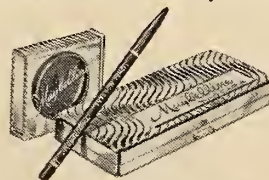
When Don was doing pleasant little pictures requiring little effort, his home was always filled with friends. He might, as



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on one occasion, come galloping home with all four Williams brothers from the Kay Thompson act for an impromptu supper.

However, Don's popularity brought incredible demands on his time. It reached the point best illustrated by the time Gwen's maid, to her great surprise, brought in the morning coffee while she was still in bed. The maid had a complaint to make, hardly believable in this modern age. "I'm a good cook," she explained, "but I'm getting rusty. I'm going to have to change jobs unless you and Mr. O'Connor do more entertaining." Gwen promised that they'd try to reform. She planned a dinner party for the following Friday. She called all of Don's friends, but with a single exception, they were all too busy. It was just as well. An emergency rehearsal came up for Don, so he wouldn't have been there anyway.

Such things may seem trivialities, but a happy marriage demands every bit as much attention as a successful career. Recently, Gwen has been very much alone, with the result that any appearance publicly without Don stirred comment. If, while Don was busy talking business at a Palm Springs dinner, Gwen seemed to linger too long in the company of Dean Martin, it was nothing to her. When the story broke that Gwen, immediately after the separation from Don, had been dating Dean Martin, she was in tears. She called Dean on the telephone to make certain that he knew that she didn't have anything to do with the linking of their names. Dean, who had never liked Gwen too much (not all Hollywood personalities are bosom pals), was impressed with her forthright honesty. At this writing, they have never been together, except for a few moments at a time at crowded parties, and although no one expects to give out affidavits that they will never have a date in the future, they most assuredly have not had one up to the present time. Nor has Donald ever dated Mitzi Gaynor, even though they have had their pictures taken together. You can expect, however, that this false rumor will crop up too, if it hasn't already in some irresponsible column. Even so small an item as Gwen's acquiring an agent—at the suggestion of Don, incidentally—seemed to indicate to the gossips that she was more interested in a career than in a home.

ex-wife), she planned to join a troupe of performers headed for Korea to entertain our troops there. Gwen had already been accepted as a good trouper on the Colgate Hour. There was nothing wrong with her carrying on, even though she might never expect to become as famous as her husband. However, she never made that trip. The undercurrent of gossip mounted. One evening Gwen and Don had a lulu of an argument over some infinitesimal matter neither can remember. It may even have been the tone of voice of one or the other that set off the fuse. All they knew was that they were tired; weary of trying to discover where and why they had lost the rich meaning of their life together.

Don moved out.

Today you need only to bend a casual ear to the wind to hear people who know them only slightly to hear phrases like this... "It should have happened a long time ago"... "Gwen wants to be a play girl"... Or, "Don gets around himself."

The rising tide of Hollywood opinion hurries home to the Donald O'Connors more swiftly since their definite rift. But it hasn't prevented them from having dinner together on several occasions, still seeking to discover why it is that, after they attained the goals they set out to achieve nine long lean years ago, they are no longer together to share a triumph now turned bitter.

Currently both Gwen and Don are having a fling on their own, dating other people. But the more they are apart, the more they like each other's company. Gwen came home at four A.M. one morning after a date with a Hollywood playboy, and termed night life a real nothing. Next night she and Don went to the Circle J Ranch, and both declared they had a real ball, and were getting tired of their so-called freedom from domestic woe. That's why real intimates are predicting an early reconciliation despite columnists' reports.

Nor can one fact be denied. Gwen and Donald O'Connor privately admit that they still love each other. If this is so, and they can look at each other across the chasm created by a suit for divorce, they

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Before he went into the Army, Vic Damone was doing a personal appearance in Washington. A bunch of us went backstage to see him and when he came out, he said he didn't have time for interviews and told us to come back after a later show.



One little girl remarked sadly that she didn't have the money to come back on. So what did Vic do? He took five dollars out of his own pocket and gave it to her and told her to take a taxi.

Jean Rossini
Washington, D. C.

THE "little things" which have destroyed many a marriage, both in and out of Hollywood, have been gnawing away at the O'Connor marriage for over two years. Finally, at a friend's suggestion, Don broached the subject of consultation with a psychiatrist. It must be pointed out that young married couples all over the country have done the same thing—not because they are mentally deranged, but simply to try to achieve a better understanding of the science of living. Gwen O'Connor, anxious to make whatever corrections were necessary in her thinking as well as Don's, agreed to the idea.

To their mutual dismay, the news leaked out. There would be little purpose in mentioning any of this here, except that it is important to the O'Connor marital story. A lot of folks in Hollywood laughed at the idea of their seeking psychiatric aid. To them it was one more case of another actor and his wife going a little nutty. The truth was that these consultations brought the two back together, if only temporarily. After a few months during which they earnestly sought to resolve their problems, Gwen and Don went to Honolulu for a second honeymoon.

Meantime Gwen was doing all right with her own career plans. With her good friend, Ann McCormick (Jackie Coogan's

may be able to retrace their steps and hold on to the happiness they built for each other.

And they don't need this honest attempt to evaluate their lives to realize the most important thing of all: Technically they still will remain man and wife for almost a year. All it takes to assure little Donna O'Connor that Daddy will indeed be home tonight is a couple of telephone calls to a pair of attorneys.

Let's hope they do it!

END

(Continued from page 36) with Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt the night before at Romanoff's. Vanderbilt had come out to California with his horses for the opening of the Santa Anita race track, and Merwyn, an old friend of his, had said, "Look, Alfred, I want you to come out to the set tomorrow. Lana Turner and Ricardo Montalban are going to dance a samba in this particular scene, and I think you'll like watching it."

Bright and early the next morning, Alfred Vanderbilt was out in Culver City watching Ricardo Montalban as he rehearsed with Rita Moreno. These two did a few introductory steps. The camera moved in and the focus was fixed. Director LeRoy turned and muttered to an assistant. "Ready," he said. The assistant shouted, "Ready, Miss Turner."

Dressed gorgeously in an evening gown, the top half of which consisted of a form-fitting jersey trimmed with sequins, Lana emerged from her portable dressing room. Behind her came Lex and the three children.

They congregated at the left of the camera as Lana took her place by Montalban. Graciously Rita Moreno bowed out of the picture. "Okay," said LeRoy, "let's try it."

He walked back to the camera and winked at Vanderbilt. One of the assistants thundered, "Quiet!"

"Okay," LeRoy said softly to his cameraman. "Roll 'em."

The music, a special samba entitled "A Little More Of Your Amour," and especially written for the picture by Mario Lanza's good friend, Nicky Brodsky, was struck up. Montalban took Lana in his arms. They started to dance. They looked into each other's eyes.

On the sidelines, Lex looked on, enthralled and fascinated. What a difference between a musical and the Tarzan pictures he makes.

Lex's two children looked at each other and grinned. Lana's daughter, Cheryl, who has seen her mother in action many times, seemed to grow restless very quickly. She wandered off.

When the "take" was over, Lana came over to Lex. "You were wonderful," he said. She blew him a little feather of a smile, then called out to her child. "Cheryl," she said, "I'll be finished after one more shot. Now you stay here with the other kids. Don't run off." Cheryl, who is nine, the same age as Barker's daughter, nodded and returned to Barker's side. Lex ran his hand through her hair. The camera was rolled back for a medium shot, and Lana and Montalban went into their samba again. Lex grinned as he watched his love-light.

When the Christmas holiday was over and the children returned to school, Lex used to show up on the set himself, or if he had things to do, he usually would arrange to pick Lana up after work. She rarely rode home alone.

It got so that the gatemen at the studio used to kid Lex and call him Stagedoor Johnny.

LEX makes no bones about being daffy over Lana. "She's a wonderful girl," he says, "and I'm more than fond of her. Maybe some people don't think so, but Lana's got an awful lot of depth. She's been around. She knows a good many things, and, insofar as I'm concerned, her friendship is an extremely worthy thing. I can tell you that she's a much higher-type young woman than a lot of the girls you come in contact with back home."

"Back home" for Barker is Westchester County in New York and Fairfield County



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in Connecticut. Lex is a typical product of suburban life, and he pretty much knows all there is to know about stag lines, coming-out parties, and the Junior League.

His younger sister, Frederica, was for many years one of the outstanding beauties at the various country clubs in and around Westchester; and the Barker family is directly descended from Roger Williams, the dissenter who founded Rhode Island. So that in his young life Lex has really mixed with the cream of suburban society, and when he says that Lana has much more on the ball than the girls back home, you can bet his opinion is founded on actual experience.

Lex is the first of his family to desert the world of high finance for the acting profession. To be perfectly honest about it, his father still considers the deviation as a part of growing up and expects that eventually Lex will get into some thriving business venture, Lana Turner or no Lana Turner.

When, after leaving Phillips-Exeter Academy, Lex decided to become an actor, his father looked upon the entire experiment with a jaundiced eye. He agreed to give Lex his head for a while if eventually the boy would join his engineering firm.

"I tried to learn the business from the ground up," Lex says. "I worked around blast furnaces and hot strip mills, but my heart just wasn't in it. I enlisted in the Army, and when I got out, I decided to resume my acting career. Probably if I'd listened to my father I'd be worth a good deal of money today, but I like show business and the people in it. Where in civil engineering are you going to run into a girl like Turner?"

When Lex first arrived in Hollywood—it was in 1945 that he was invalidated out of the Army with the rank of Major—Lana Turner was just a name to him. He was married to an attractive girl named Connie Thurlow. He had a two-year-old daughter, and he was looking for a start in pictures.

The post-war era of 1945-1948 will go down in the history of the cinema as the age of extravagance. Business was so good, motion picture companies were making so much money that they could afford to expand their list of contract players with almost reckless abandon.

Lex was one of them. Fresh from the Army, he'd had very little acting experience, a few years of summer stock, two bit parts on Broadway, nothing else. And yet MCA, a talent agency, got him signed by 20th Century, then Warners', then RKO, and finally, when Sol Lesser was looking for a new Tarzan, switched him from RKO to enact the character fathered by the late Edgar Rice Burroughs.

THERE is an old saying in Hollywood that frequently the price of fame is heartache. Certainly this was true in Barker's case. The more successful his career became, the faster his marriage began to founder. By 1949 Lex and Connie both decided they'd had enough. Six months after the final decree was issued on November 2nd, 1950, Lex Barker took a second wife, actress Arlene Dahl. The willowy redhead was never too sure about the eventual success of the marriage but after changing her mind a couple of times, decided to go through with the wedding ceremony.

As you know Arlene used to be under contract to MGM. So, of course, is Lana Turner. Occasionally when Lex drove over from RKO-Pathé, where Sol Lesser has his headquarters, to see Arlene, he would run into Lana. There would be an exchange of polite greetings and nothing else.

Lana was married to Bop Topping at the time. She had a heart full of troubles, and

she wasn't at all "on the make." Only when Topping packed his bags and moved out did she snare Fernando Lamas in a fast three seconds. In 1951 when Lex and Arlene Dahl were first married, the possibility of Lex getting together with Lana was about as remote as a marriage between Margaret O'Brien and Mickey Mouse.

Career trouble is what broke up the Dahl-Barker marriage. That, at least, is what Lex says. He thinks in retrospect that Arlene was more interested in becoming a movie star than in becoming a good wife.

"The best part of our marriage," he says, "was when Arlene left Metro and sat around home for six months doing nothing. Then someone came along and offered her a deal selling lingerie. She thought she'd get into it just as a sideline. It wasn't a sideline at all. It became a big thing. Then her career started up again. She was offered movie jobs. Naturally, she took them. We had one break-up and then decided on a reconciliation. I went out of town on location for three weeks and when I came back she hit me with the divorce idea. She said she had decided that our marriage wouldn't work. Boy! What a reconciliation!"

You have probably heard or read somewhere that Lana first "picked up" Lex at the Marion Davies party, that wild extravaganza thrown in honor of Johnny Ray.

All that Lana did was to ask Lex for a dance since her own date, Fernando Lamas, was none too attentive. Lex was not a stag. He had come to the party with Susan Morrow, but when Lana asked for a dance he gallantly consented.

By now, everyone knows what happened. When Fernando saw his Lana snuggled up in the arms of Lex Barker, the fiery South American from Buenos Aires blew his top.

Two days later the Lamas-Turner love affair was a thing of the past and Fernando was bounced out of *Latin Lovers*, the film he was originally scheduled to star in opposite Lana.

"I'm sorry," Fernando said, "that Miss Turner refuses to be my friend but I respect her wishes."

A week later, Lamas was dining in public with Arlene Dahl, and Lana Turner was dining in private with Arlene Dahl's ex-husband. In short, the two beautiful actresses had exchanged lovers. By-gones were by-gones.

Arlene and Lamas made no secret of their mutual affection. They were seen everywhere together. Lana and Lex were a bit more circumspect. It took three weeks before their companionship became public property. When it did, it blazed brightly, especially in Palm Springs where both of them spent their vacation.

Not too long ago, Lex, who has a comfortable little apartment a mile or so from 20th Century-Fox, was visited by a family friend from back East. This woman, an elderly lady in her 50's, was touring the studios, and Lex told her to please use his apartment as her Hollywood headquarters.

"During the course of the day," he explained, "you're liable to get tired. I want you to come up to the apartment and rest any time you feel like it. Here's a key."

One afternoon the visitor from back East did exactly that, whereupon the phone in Lex's apartment rang and the lady answered it. Lana Turner was on, and when a woman answered, the actress boiled. When Lex phoned for a date that night, Lana wouldn't talk to him. Presently she did, demanding to know, "Who is the girl you had in your apartment around four this afternoon you two timer, you!"

Lex explained everything satisfactorily, but this merely shows that when Lana gives her heart to any man she expects him to play fair. She has always been a one-man-at-a-time woman.

Oddly enough when you ask Lana about Lex, she weighs her words very carefully. "He's an extremely nice gentleman," she says, "and great fun to be with—or I wouldn't be with him."

When you ask if there is any chance of her marrying Lex, she says, "I've had enough of marriage to last me for some time." Lana has said this before, however, so it doesn't mean much. What does mean a lot is that Barker will not be free to marry until October 15, 1953, at which time Lana will be living somewhere in Europe, probably in Monaco where she is

in residence at the time of this writing. Despite the fact that she has earned close to a million dollars in the past 15 years, Lana doesn't have very much money. If she works in Europe for the next 18 months, she can earn approximately \$350,000 tax free.

Lana insists, however, that the tax-exemption is not why she left Hollywood. "I just wanted to get away from around here," she explains. "I needed a new outlook, a new environment, to meet some new people."

And being the Lana she is, she also needed a new heart interest. In Lex Barker she has found a most avid one—and as they're saying in Hollywood tonight, "Here are two fine people who really deserve each other."

END

how young hollywood lives

(Continued from page 59) appearance tours.

Marge and Gower Champion own a lovely hillside home equipped with swimming pool because their salary is \$2,500 a week and night club appearances bring them another \$7,500 a week.

Liz Taylor and her husband Mike Wilding can afford to own a swank modern home overlooking a picturesque canyon, because after ten years in the business, Liz has managed to save more than \$40,000 and has signed a new contract which brings her close to \$150,000 a year.

But these are the exceptions.

How about youngsters like Roberta Haynes, Joanne Gilbert, Terry Moore, Joyce Holden, Debbie Reynolds, Debra Paget, Janet Leigh, Farley Granger, Bob Wagner, and Dale Robertson?

Let's take a look.

Dale Robertson owns a house out in Reseda, a middle-class community 20 miles from the studio, which he bought on the G.I. loan—nothing down and around \$55 a month. It's a simple stucco job, two bedrooms, one for Dale and his wife, and one for their baby daughter Rochelle. Robertson is one of the boys who likes cars, especially convertibles, but no Cadillac or big job for him. He has a business manager who limits him to spending money of \$20 a week even though Dale is currently earning \$1,000 a week.

Young actresses like Debbie Reynolds, Debbie Paget, Mitzi Gaynor and several others either live with their mothers in small establishments or rent conveniently located apartments.

Typical of the smart young career girl is Joyce Holden. Ever since she came to Hollywood from Kansas, Joyce has lived in a series of bachelorette apartments, one larger than the other. Right now she occupies a two-bedroom garden apartment in the San Fernando Valley. With each move, Joyce adds to her collection of antique furniture by haunting the second-hand antique shops and attending the auctions. Her interest in Early American furnishings began on a farm in Colony, Kansas, where she spent every summer until she was 12. Her aunt and uncle, Vern and Jesse Nichols, owned the farm, and when Joyce grew up and came to Hollywood, they gave her the four-poster canopy bed she had slept on as a little girl.

Like most of the young actresses in town, Joyce likes lots of company. She often invites eight, ten, twelve guests home for dinner. She also believes that every girl living alone should have a pet. In her own case the lease on her apartment expressly prohibited pets of any sort, but when Joyce moved in she found a for-

lorn, copper-colored cat squatting right in the middle of the living room. The cat still resides in that apartment.

ROBERTA Haynes is another apartment-dweller. Even though she was raised in Encino, not too far from Hollywood, she talked her parents into letting her furnish her own apartment near Columbia Studios. It was this organization which signed Roberta after she had finished *Return To Paradise* opposite Gary Cooper.

The dark-haired, exotic-looking young beauty began to furnish her three-room flat by buying a box spring and mattress. After that, as she earned more money, she spent it on modern furniture made of wood, wrought iron, and foam rubber. Finishing touches are products of her own handiwork. Drapes, curtains, a few paintings. Because her salary is relatively small, Roberta, who likes to read, buys 25-cent paper-covered books. The money she doesn't invest in clothes, she spends on records and art prints, only she can never decide which prints to frame.

Dawn Addams is another young actress who likes to re-decorate her studio apartment. Dawn is the petite English girl who made such a startling first impression on moviegoers when they saw her in MGM's *Plymouth Adventure*. Like her own colorful background—her father is an English Army officer and she's lived all over the Empire—her place is unorthodox. It consists of a series of rooms on different levels. The living room is three steps above the street. The dinette is two steps down from the living room, and the bedroom is up one flight on a gallery overlooking the whole apartment. In the tradition of a soldier's family, Dawn has filled her small apartment with mementoes from home, and also a piano, on which her current boyfriend, Farley Granger likes to practise.

Another European who's made a good go of things in Hollywood is German-born Ursula Thiess, one of actor Robert Taylor's great heart interests. Ursula's apartment on Wilshire Boulevard is a far cry from the bombed-out rubble that was once her home in Hamburg.

As you probably know, Ursula's picture on the cover of "Life" is what got her an RKO contract in this country. When she arrived in New York two years ago, she knew no English so that the studio had to arrange for a series of interpreters to go around with her in Manhattan as well as Hollywood. Ursula's Hollywood interpreter was a young girl of her own age named Rosalie Harding. With the bond of language between them, a close friendship sprang up between these girls, and in a little while, Rosalie asked Ursula to leave her lonely hotel room and share a room in the Harding household. When her English was fluent enough, Ursula was sent to India to act in *Monsoon*. (Continued on next page)

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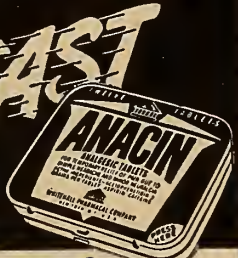
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After three months she returned to the Harding house, but then decided that if she was ever going to make the break, she had best make it then. She was convinced that her English was good enough, so she and Rosalie went apartment-hunting. They found a modern suite of three rooms with porch overhanging Wilshire Boulevard. Ursula then bought "Pappy," a French poodle to keep her company.

Like most German girls Ursula loves to cook, and since Bob Taylor doesn't particularly like to make the rounds of night clubs or to be seen in public, many of their dates consist of home-cooked meals.

JOANNE Gilbert, the young nightclub singer who made such a sensational debut at the Mocambo that she was signed by Paramount for *Red Garters*, represents the school of young girls who live with their mothers.

Joanne's parents are separated which is true of Mitzi Gaynor's, Peggy Ann Garner's, Jane Powell's, Margaret O'Brien's, and many others—and Joanne and her mother occupy a one-bedroom apartment in the heart of Hollywood. "It's really too small," Joanne says, "and now that I'm making a little money we're looking for a larger place. I also drive a '49 Chevy—it's crumpling, it really is—and I guess I'll have to get a new car."

Practically the only young Hollywood star who doesn't own a car is Ursula Thiess, and that's because she doesn't know how to drive.

Joanne Gilbert's night club act is booked in at \$3,000 a week, so that it shouldn't be too long before the Gilbert gal winds up with a Ford convertible and at least a two-bedroom apartment.

The youngsters who have the biggest and swankiest apartment in Hollywood are Janet and Tony Curtis; and they certainly deserve it. For five years they've both worked long and hard and have finally reached the point in life where a monthly rental of \$400 doesn't tax their financial setup too heavily. Their combined weekly salary is close to \$2,500—that is, when they're working. Before they found their current penthouse apartment, Janet and Tony lived in a small furnished job a few blocks away.

As a matter of fact, Joan Evans and her husband Kirby Weatherley occupy that same sort of furnished apartment which is typical of what Southern California has to offer young marrieds in the way of housing.

When Joan and Kirby decided to get married last June, over Joan's parents' objections, the bride-to-be had exactly 24 hours in which to find an apartment. "I think we did the right thing," Joan says, "in renting a small furnished unit to start with. I was making *Column South* after the wedding and still I could manage to cook and keep house without any extra help. If we had bought a house we'd have had to hire people to run it. I think a small place during the first year of marriage gives the bride more time to devote to cooking and fixing things up."

Joan has another theory that not having to do housework before you're married makes the job more interesting after you've got a husband to take care of. At least it's worked out that way for her.

She had a separate wing in her parents' home, but her grandmother or the family housekeeper was always on hand to cook and pick up after her. Not burdened with the pre-wedding task of cooking, she now loves to prepare three meals a day. According to Kirby, his wife is an inventive and very clever short-order cook. Once she expects guests for dinner, however, Joan is a meticulous planner. A list of reminders to herself reads like this: "Toasted

cheese fingers, page 8 in recipe book, make spread before; avocado salad, make before; Beef Casserole, p. 121, ready by 6:00; French peas p. 184, allow time to shell; rolls, don't forget, melt butter; sherbet; coffee, make early."

Or all the young marrieds in Hollywood, the Rory Calhouns seem to have hit the jackpot insofar as houses are concerned. A year ago, Rory asked his Lita what she'd like for a fourth anniversary present. She said a house of their own with grounds and swimming pool.

Rory has the luck of the Irish. He found a family that was moving back East and was ready to take a loss on their 8-room colonial in Beverly Hills. Rory snapped the bargain up without reading the complete terms of sale. Later, much to his amazement, he learned that a swimming pool from the old Will Rogers' estate went with his purchase.

Rory is a crack wood-worker and has already transformed one guest bedroom into a beautifully-pannelled bar. He also hopes to remodel the unfinished structure atop his garage into a large playroom.

The Calhouns, and this is true of most young acting couples, have no full-time cook or housekeeper; so that they run their home on a very casual basis. Their door is always open and it's recognized as a paradise for free-loaders. You can always get a free meal and drink at the Rory Calhouns, practically no questions asked.

In contrast to the old Hollywood standards where butlers and formality ruled the household roost, today movieland goes in for pleasant, relaxed, and informal living. Nowhere is this motif, this way of life, more conspicuous than at the home of Jerry and Patti Lewis.

Jerry, of course, earns more money than any youngster under the age of 30 throughout the world. He averages half a million a year. Thus, when Patti talked him into buying a brick colonial house with pool in the Pacific Palisades, he insisted that he must have one small wing where he could indulge himself in his various hobbies, gun-collecting, movie-making, photography, hell-raising, and so forth.

Jerry decided to build a small, separate rumpus room. The idea carried him away. When construction costs on this small rumpus room hit \$20,000 wife Patti called a halt. But not for long. What started out to be a hideaway developed into a de luxe playhouse, and it's here that Jerry and his gang make their wild movie shorts, satirizing well-known film hits.

Right now the playhouse is valued at \$120,000, that is with photographic equipment included, but Jerry says it's worth every penny in fun and relaxation.

GENERALLY speaking, Hollywood is neither a country club nor a night club town. Its youngsters are shrewd, intelligent, career-wise and in some cases genuinely cultured. They appreciate good art, good music, and good clothes. But most of all they appreciate their homes on which they lavish a large portion of their earnings.

They feel that their residence and its decor reflects their standard of taste which is why they're always re-modeling, re-decorating, searching for new furnishings, new architects, new modes of expression.

Essentially, they are all artists with a love of beauty and a high regard for style, and more than any other element they are responsible for transforming the old-time sickening, roccoco-ish, ornate, overbearing Hollywood way of life into one that is simple, modern, clean, and stimulating.

In short, the young householders are a credit to the community; much more so than many of the old-timers. **END**

chance of a lifetime

(Continued from page 67) picked up the cards, took them into the manager's office and began looking them over. They were almost unanimously complimentary. But something else was much more important, and the studio men were as excited as kids.

On every card there was one name. Burton. Burton. Burton. "More of this man Burton." "That Richard Burton is something!" "Where has this Richard Burton been?" In their own way, in their own words that theater audience that night made a new star. The studio people were excited because audiences have never been wrong. The movie makers have, but never the audiences. The film went back to the cutting room for minor editing, but the order was out: Don't cut a foot of Burton!

Subsequent events, such as the casting of Richard Burton in the leading role in *The Robe*, have proven that the movie industry think he's the greatest import since Laurence Olivier, and that he is that rare item in British actors, a he-man morsel for American women. A rugged lad with the fire it takes to sweep American girls from their living room chairs right into the movie theaters.

Now something about the man himself, for you will be seeing a good deal of him.

Richard Burton has no traditional background that could qualify him to be an actor. He was born in 1925 in Pont Rhydyfen in the south of Wales, coal mining country. He was one of 13 children, the tot in a household that depended for its bread on the work its men did in the pits and a youngster of 13 is a man in the coal country. From his earliest childhood, Richard Burton was aware of the poverty about him, but his lot was no different from his neighbors'. He knew the pinch of hunger, the dreadful chill of insecurity, but, he says, he never knew unhappiness in his home, or at any time as a child. The Welsh have backbones that stand up under strong adversity—and they know how to smile.

The Burton boys were all sturdy lads, and as tough as they were rugged.

"We lived in the slums, right in the heart of the slums of our town," Burton says. "My real name is Jenkins, and we were called the Jenks, the scourge of the top end" of the town. There was an Irish family, equally as violent as we, and they were the scourge of the 'lower end' of the town. The two families were in a constant feud.

"When I went to school, being the youngest of the Jenks, I had the full protection of my brothers, and not a teacher dared lay a hand on me—although Welsh teachers are known for their corporal punishment of pupils. But even so, I always considered it an insult to be called a Jenks."

There was actually never any encouragement given the Jenkins boys to get out of the mines and into other lines of work, certainly not into anything cultural. Richard's father, now a man of 80, had been a miner all his life, and just retired a couple of years ago. The boys did, however, take off on their own and today they are scattered about the world working at everything from professional football (soccer) to soldiering. Richard is the only one in the theater.

While he was still an infant, Richard Burton's mother died and he went to live with a sister who was then 22 and married to a coal miner. He remained with her for more than ten years. As he

says himself, he was a "rough" boy, and if it hadn't been for meeting a man by the name of Meredith Jones he might still be so today. Very few boys in Richard's district spoke English. Welsh was the common tongue in the homes. Jones discovered that Richard had an ear for English and tutored him. Consequently, when it came time to take the entrance examination into what corresponds to our high school (it was in English, of course) Richard passed—and became the first boy from his district in 35 years to do so.

When he was 13 years old, a double crisis came into his life. His sister's husband came down with an attack of silicosis, the disease which attacks the lungs of miners, and a depression hit South Wales. It became necessary for the boy to go to work, so he became a shop assistant in an establishment dealing in men's suitings and worked there for almost a year until the family's financial lot improved.

This breach in his education was in reality something of a Godsend, as it was to prove later, for when he went back to the halls of learning a new teacher had arrived, a man named Phillip Burton, who has had a tremendous influence on Richard's life ever since. As a matter of fact, when Richard became an actor he took Burton's name.

"Phillip Burton didn't see anything in me at first," Richard says. "I saw something in him. He was an erudite man and seemed to possess all of the qualities I wanted to develop in myself. At that time I wasn't sure just what I wanted to be. I used to admire the eloquence of the preachers at the churches I attended, and I sometimes thought I, too, wanted to be a minister. And then I learned that Burton was a writer and had been an actor, so I went to him one day and told him I wanted to be an actor and asked him to help me."

The announcement that Richard wanted to be an actor may not have been astonishing to Phillip Burton, but it most certainly was to Richard's family. In the district he lived actors were considered "sissy" to say the least, and Richard's brothers could not have been more taken aback.

"I had a vast ego by this time," Richard says, "and it was somewhat deflated when Phillip Burton informed me there were a number of things against me. There was the district. I'd get no help there, as the natives thought the proposition that people got paid for prancing about on a stage fantastic. I had a tendency toward chubbiness; and I was short at 14. But I was persistent, so eventually he gave me a small part in a school play—and later on a larger part. I imagine I was appalling, but it was a start."

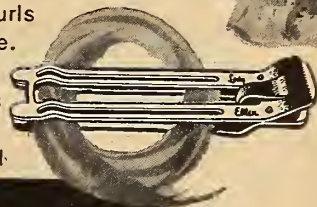
Phillip Burton must have seen something of the spark that was to hold legitimate theater audiences in London entranced later on, for suddenly he began a strict supervision of the young man's theatrical activities, having him come to his home a couple of hours each evening for tutoring. He began with a general cultural course of education and then carried on through with speech and the rudiments of stagecraft.

"There were times I thought I'd go mad," says Richard, "but Burton never let up on me. My Welsh accent was very thick, and he'd take a speech from a play by Shakespeare or Shaw and make me learn to speak it exactly as he did. It was very difficult for me. I'd stand in front of him by the hour repeating after him exactly like a parrot. He was in advanced middle age and tended to be pedantic, and he never once, during the first two years he worked with me, ever said he thought I'd be a good actor." (Continued on next page)

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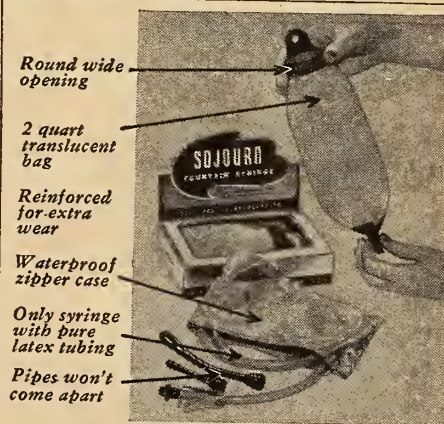
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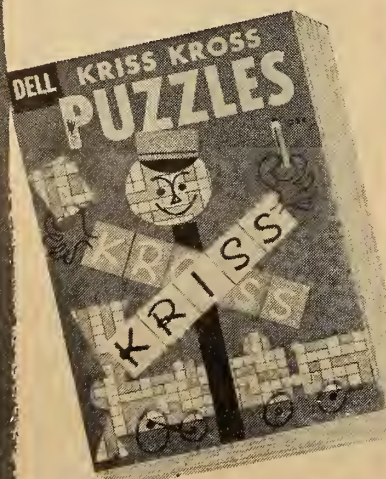
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At the conclusion of his high school education, at 16, Richard got an opportunity to take an entrance examination for Oxford. It was the turning point in his life, but it seemed certain he would flunk out.

"I could tell you what two and two were," he says, "but beyond that mathematics were a total mystery to me. That's when Phillip Burton came to the rescue again. He began to teach me, and one day put his finger on the kink in my mind that made figures difficult. The result was that I breezed through the examination."

It was while waiting for Oxford that Richard Burton's big break came. He read an ad in a Cardiff newspaper stating that an actor was needed for a role in an Emlyn Williams play, and he had to speak Welsh. Richard was only 16, but he was aware that there was a shortage of actors due to the war, so he applied for the part and got it.

Although Cardiff was only 14 miles from his home town, young Burton had never been there before he applied for that job. The trip itself was almost the peak of a boy's career, but when he found himself in the West End of London a few weeks later, rehearsing on a real stage with celebrated performers he thought he was in heaven. That was nothing compared to the notices. The critics were unanimous in their praise of Burton's talent, all saying, in effect, that he had a "remarkable quality" on the stage.

It is a fantastic thing for a Welsh mining boy to escape the pits, but it is equally odd for any young British actor to escape the years of repertory and make his professional debut in London's West End. Richard Burton had done both. But at the end of seven months, Richard left the play to go to Oxford. At the time he was earning a slim 30 dollars a week. It may not appear so much to Americans, but it was exactly double what his father was making, after spending 60-odd years in the Welsh coal mines.

When he was 17 years old, with a year of Oxford behind him, Richard Burton became eligible for military service, so he enlisted in the RAF, where he stayed for the duration of the war. He is not much of a military man, so he remained an enlisted man all during his service, a period of three and a half years.

Discharged from the Army, Burton found himself at loose ends, much as many young men of his time did. He had to make up his mind if he wanted to remain on the stage or get into some more stable occupation. The stage won, for a try anyway, so Richard took his last bit of money, went to London, and called on a man named Binkie Beaumont, a producer who had seen him act before the service, and barged into his office like a star come to pick up his script.

"It was pretty funny," Richard says. "Although he had asked me to look him up, I knew he didn't remember me. After we had talked a few minutes he excused himself—and I knew when he came back into the room that he had been out looking me up. Well, the result was that that very afternoon they brought in a contract, which I eagerly signed, agreeing to pay me ten pounds a week."

A lot of experience was crammed into that year, which was the term of the contract. Burton appeared in half a dozen plays and in one movie, which he didn't particularly enjoy making. And at the end of that time, feeling he had the world by the tail, he went out and applied for a job as a free-lance actor.

"I'll never forget it," he says. "It was the first and only time I was ever fired. They said I was too young, but I believe they

thought I was incompetent. I am glad to be able to say, though, that the director who fired me has since offered me any number of parts, none of which I have been able to take."

It was in *The Lady's Not For Burning*, a play by Christopher Fry, that Richard Burton first became a real hit, and it was in this play that he made his debut on the American stage in New York. From there on he went great guns. His next job was playing ten months of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon and his reputation was made as far as British audiences were concerned. It was while working at Stratford-on-Avon that Richard got his first big-money movie contract. Alexander Korda came to see him and signed him to a multi-picture deal, which, by the way, Burton is still working out. It calls for a picture a year for five years. It is odd, incidentally, that although Burton has made four of these films none have been made by Korda. He has been loaned to other producers.

Richard Burton is married to a tiny elf of a woman with prematurely greying hair who was formerly named Sybil Williams. They met while he was making his first film, *Woman Of Dolwyn*. Sybil, still in school, had gotten a job working in the movie during her vacation, and their meeting could reasonably be called love at first sight, for they were married shortly after they met on February 5, 1948. Sybil, too, is Welsh, and was raised in a town just a few miles from Richard's home, but they never met until they came to London after they had grown up.

ALTHOUGH many miles separate Richard Burton from the Welsh mining town that was his home as a boy, he has never lost touch, and each week he writes a letter to his sister, Cecilia James, who raised him, and she reads it to the rest of the family. He is not in touch with most of his brothers, though, claiming, rightfully, that he'd have to have a mimeograph machine to accomplish this. It is an odd arrangement, this letter writing, because to this day none of the family has ever answered one of Richard's letters. But they know he's all right.

Money is not one of the important things in Richard Burton's life, although his current contract to make *The Robe* is one of the best in Hollywood.

"I have a respect for money, though," Richard says, "because I have seen what the lack of it can do to people. My sister, who is only 45, looks 65 . . . all because of the years of poverty, the malnutrition, the constant need and struggle for money. I think it was for her I've done all this. I wanted her to have money. But I also wanted to conquer the world and make her proud of me."

Life in Hollywood is a lot of fun for Richard Burton. He likes America. He likes people. He likes fast cars and the free and easy way of life. He spends a good deal of his time in the company of other British actors, the James Masons, the Grangers and Robert Newton—but he is making American friends fast. He is a rather shy man until you get to know him, but he warms to people and he appears to be the kind of man who once a friend will remain a friend always.

Off-screen his appearance is vital. His head is large, covered with a shock of dark brown hair, worn long for his role in *The Robe*. His eyes are intense and probing, and the other features masculine and rather classic. The marks of some childhood pox are on his skin, and he enjoys referring to them as a mark of ugliness. His humor is quick and earthy, and he likes to drift into the male jokes of his

boyhood, told in the vernacular of a Welsh brat. He's not a tall man, probably slightly under six feet, but he gives the impression of massive strength when he enters a room. He is, in truth, a splendid figure both on-screen and off.

As he looks back on the strange story that is his own life, Richard Burton would change few things. Life was hard in Pont Rhydyfen, but it was never without love and a laugh. The rowdy character of his formative days made him a man able to cope with any problem of his manhood.

He carries in his heart a great respect and gratitude for Phillip Burton, who, by his interest and hard work, saved the youngest of the Jenks from the pits. He is eager to use the knowledge he struggled to come by so his enthusiasm is boundless. His mind is filled with memories of the boosts given him, so he is a man other actors will find ready to give them a leg up when needed.

All of these things are seen in the man's personality and in his work. Richard Burton is indeed a star who will add to the quality of American movies. **END**

does mother know best?

(Continued from page 60) the woman she can be or see in one of her romantic screen roles. Even three years ago when Debra played opposite Jimmy Stewart in *Broken Arrow* her femininity seemed lacking nothing in maturity. Jimmy turned way once from a clinch with Debra to mutter to Delmar Daves, the director, "You can't tell me that this girl is just 18." "She isn't," Delmar agreed. "She isn't even 16 yet!"

The whistle which came from Jimmy Stewart's lips at that rejoinder has been echoed admiringly many times since, but also despairingly by would-be boy friends who always find themselves getting nowhere in their attempts to get anywhere with her. Just to catch a few minutes alone with Debra is something practically none of them can boast about. Debra may be 19 today but it is still one of Hollywood's rarities to see her anywhere without her mother, Mrs. Margaret Griffin.

In fact, if Debra should ever be asked that standard courtroom query, "Where were you on the night of (or the morning of, or the afternoon of) . . . et cetera?" she can always tell the truth by replying, "With my mother."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We were visiting the Kellogg Arabian Horse Ranch and our nine-year-old with his first box camera was anxious to get some pictures. We saw a crowd gathered around one of the stalls and hurried over to see what was happening.

Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor (who were still Mr. & Mrs.) were there taking delivery on an Arabian colt. They were surrounded by autograph seekers on all sides.

Our nine-year-old wormed his way through the crowd until he was right in front of the two stars, then calmly turning his back on them, he took a picture of the horse!

Fern Hill Colman
Orange, California



Mother is with her when she arrives at the studio in the morning. Mother is with her when she leaves. In between mother is with her at make-up, hair-dressing and every minute on the set. Mother is there at conferences, at luncheon, during interviews. Mother is not only always there but except for the moments when Debra is actually in front of the camera mother does most of the talking. It is

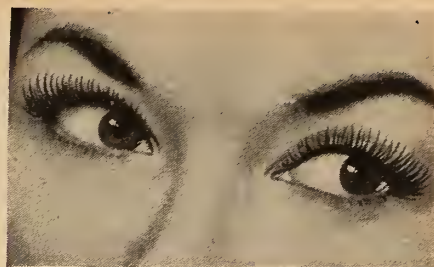
getting so that people who ask Debra a question automatically turn to mother for the answer.

Thus her professional life. Ditto her personal life. It is spent mostly at home with her sisters and brother, their friends, and, of course, always mother. On those occasions when she attends a party (usually one which has publicity implications or is otherwise blessed by her studio) it is always with the same combination escort-chaperon and shadow . . . mother. On arrival, mother's presence is sometimes resented by the host, hostess or guests, but she is so breezy, so full of easy camaraderie, that before long she is hailed as the life of the party. The joking and the laughter centers around her; Debra, the star, the celebrity, is content to sit quietly by, basking in her mother's temporary popularity.

ACTUALLY, since the days of Shirley Temple, whose mother left no doubt that she, and only she, made Shirley's decisions, Hollywood's screen mothers have tended to stay in the background of their children's careers. Mrs. Griffin is one of the few exceptions to the rule. Another was Margaret O'Brien's mother, Mrs. Gladys O'Brien, who once declared, very emphatically, that "A movie child is a child who does as she is told, immediately, the first time." (This was some years ago when Margaret was her studio's prize possession. Nobody seems to know what to tell Margaret these days.) But the mothers of such contemporary stars as Barbara Ruick, Terry Moore, or Debbie Reynolds, for instance, are not at all inclined to such an attitude.

Terry Moore's mother, Luella Koford, the writer, is mainly concerned with how Terry is represented to the public; she simply wants to be of use to her daughter and the best way she can accomplish this is by giving Terry the benefit of her own experience in public relations. "I've done nothing since Terry has been in pictures but watch out for her art," she said not long ago, referring to exerting a restraining influence on Terry's bathing suit pictures in general, and a couple of flesh-colored ones in particular. "I realize the need for sexy art but there has to be a stopping place somewhere."

Mrs. Maxine Reynolds, mother of the bouncing Debbie, is a natural homemaker and has refused to let her daughter's prominence interfere in any way with that most important and warming duty. And as far as Barbara Ruick is concerned she has had parental carte blanche to live her own life practically all her life. As a tot she was permitted to meet the guests when her folks gave parties and show off by reciting for all "with gestures." The guests used to get sick of it, the story goes, but Barbara did acquire a self-confidence and poise that has stood her in good stead before the public. Her mother, Lurene Tuttle, now acting in radio, and her father, Mel Ruick, of the New York stage, have since been divorced, which, of course, has minimized whatever home influence Barbara



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might have had. Yet her mother approves of Barbara's independence, of her right to make her own decisions no matter whether these involve going off on USO trips or accepting or rejecting the kind of social or professional life she wants to lead. "Barbara can take care of herself," Lurene says.

Debra's mother has actually said these very same words in talking about her. But while she may speak the lines of a modern Hollywood mother, she doesn't play the part. She insists, "The only reason I am with Debra a lot is because Debra wants me around." And Debra always nods in confirmation.

Mrs. Griffin goes even further. She tries to play friend to every boy who wants her to speak a good word for him with her daughter. She has never been known to discourage one; she gives every evidence of enjoying being known as a good sport. She even seems to make a practice of being heard arguing with Debra along this line. "Soandso's a nice kid," you can hear her tell Debra about some fellow. "If I was your age and unmarried I'd love to go out with him." Debra seldom replies.

Is it an act?

A reporter once asked Mrs. Griffin about this. (Debra was right there, sitting dutifully alongside her mother as always.) "You say that Debra has all the freedom she wants, if she wants it. But isn't that just a picture you are painting?" he wanted to know. "Isn't it true that you never let her out of your sight?"

"Oh, somebody's been kidding you!" she scoffed. "Who have you been listening to? I'm not straight-laced. Why, I married when I was three years younger than Debra is right now. It's just Debra's way. She is more interested in her work than anything else right now, that's all. Tomorrow it might be different. Even her sisters rib her about it all the time; keep telling her she's a natural old maid type."

Debra was already nodding in agreement. No reporter can recall any instance when she and her mother ever disagreed—not in public, that is.

The one outstanding truth about Hollywood mother-daughter relationships, an almost unvarying fate, is that they cool; the thicker the pair, the more prominent the star, the quicker and more solid the frost. The latest case involves Elizabeth

Taylor and her mother, Sara. It's sad but it is true. Mrs. Griffin is not unaware of this; no one in her position could be. Maybe it was fear, maybe she was kidding, when she said once, "If Debra gets uppity I'll sit on her." Maybe she was kidding because she weighs close to 180 pounds and doesn't mind joking about her plumpness. But she is so much a part of Debra's affairs that it must be frightening to her to contemplate the day when she will have nothing to say about them. In Debra she lives again the thrills and great moments she once knew herself on the stage. When that is taken away from her . . . ?

Debra always explains her preference for her mother's company along personal lines. She says she has Victorian ideals about romance and is not interested in being with young people just for the sake of getting around. "I'm a firm believer in love at first sight," she has said. "Until that happens I have no intention of dating even casually. Being with my mother, my family, is much more enjoyable to me than being in the company of some man in whom I have no permanent interest."

Some boys who have tried to get to know her, and failed, don't think she has told the whole story here. "It's hard to believe," said one, "but there is a lot of little girl in that big girl."

HOWEVER, there are friends of the Grif-fins, studio people close to them ever since Debra got her movie start at the age of 13, who have a more simple explanation for Debra's loyalty to her kin.

"Her parents have a tremendous investment in Debra," said a woman who is associated with Debra's rise to stardom. "It is an investment not only in money but in the sacrifice and hardship that any family finds it must undergo to finance the career of a beauty. Why even after Debra starred in several pictures the principal source of support for the family was not her salary but the steady wage earned by her father as an ordinary painter. Only three years ago Debra was getting \$100 a week, with a take-home pay, after agent's commission and all other deductions, including court-ordered savings, of hardly \$40 a week! Even now, with a salary of \$500 a week a surprisingly small part of it can actually be used for upkeep. The family

is still paying off for her first good fur.

"Debra realizes all this. She saw the penny-saving that went on, the scrimping that meant, and still means, living in small, cramped homes, and she wants to make sure that all this effort is justified. And it's because she doesn't want to make any mistakes that might jeopardize this goal, in her personal life as well as her professional one, that she wants the benefit of her mother's judgment always.

"Some people think her mother is foolishly trying to shield Debra from contact with life. They forget Mrs. Griffin was on the burlesque stage for years and that Debra was raised in as raw an environment as you can find in this country. Even if she tried, her mother could hardly keep her in ignorance of life, and she doesn't try. Nor is Debra ignorant. She isn't afraid of unknown pitfalls; it's the common mistakes she doesn't want to make; the ones any young actress knows about and can still trip over. That's where Mama comes in—to help Debra make sure."

There is no doubt that Debra is a serious girl. A good proof are all the "A's" she got as a studio scholar, snatching her lessons on the set between acting sessions. Schooling doesn't come easily this way, as any educator will tell you; there are not only too many interruptions, there are too many glamorous distractions.

Everyone around the Fox studios remembers a weird algebra answer Linda Darnell turned in early in her career when one afternoon she was summoned to class by her teacher right after a tempestuous love scene in front of the camera. Linda finished an equation by writing that "X" equals "TP." It seems she was still thinking of Tyrone Power, whose arms she was just left.

Debra has impressed her teacher with her power of concentration. Once, during some location shooting in New York she had to take an examination in a publicly parked taxicab which the studio had rented for a classroom. Again she got her "A."

ODDLY enough, Debra may be getting some freedom soon from mother's supervision whether she wants it nor not. One of her sisters has become a screen hopeful at another studio. Some weeks ago Universal-International developed a strong yen to have Debra co-star for them with Donald O'Connor in *Walking My Baby Back Home*. They had a tentative talk with Debra (and mother) and were told that 20th had an exclusive contract.

"But why don't you try my sister, Lezlie Gae?" suggested Debra. (If you like the name Lezlie Gae you might as well know that in the Griffin family colorful names do not happen by accident. Mrs. Griffin, with show-minded foresight, christened all her children with names she thought would look good on theater marquees. Debra's full name, for instance, is Debra-lee. Another grown daughter, now married, is called Teala Loring. Then there is Debra's older brother for whom Mrs. Griffin really reached high, wide and dramatic. He is known as Ruell Shayne.)

The studio took a look at Lezlie Gae and liked her very much. She didn't get the role offered to Debra but she is off to a good start. The only trouble is that which looms ahead for Mrs. Griffin. Universal-International is about ten miles from 20th Century-Fox. She can't be in two places to watch two daughters!

So maybe some changes are in order. But as of this date Debra and her mother are still a going concern. Even when night falls, and Debra pulls back the luxurious, red velveteen, quilted spread over her extra-sized bed and prepares for sleep . . . mother is still there. They even share the same bed!

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THE
COMICS
SERIALS
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COPY



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Why not wear stars tonight? All it takes is one quick shampoo—and your hair will be winking with these starry highlights, silky soft, silky smooth. The sight of it, the feel of it will put you in seventh heaven!

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There's silkening magic in Drene's *new lightning-quick lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

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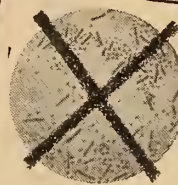


This is a
New
Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

Important- especially if you can't brush after every meal!

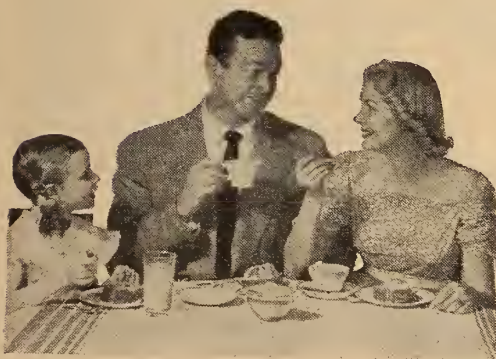
New Ipana Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria



... and scientists proved that regular after-meal brushing with new Ipana reduces mouth bacteria — including bacteria that cause decay and bad breath — by an average of 84%.

Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!*

Every brushing fights tooth decay!



Clean sweet breath - even after eating

*Yes, a single brushing with new Ipana lets you eat and smoke with amazing freedom from unpleasant mouth odor (except, of course, from onions or garlic). In tests, it stopped most cases of unpleasant mouth odor for even 9 hours after brushing.

Dentists say it's best to brush your teeth after every meal... and we agree. But when this is inconvenient, you can still get wonderful results with new white Ipana.

For instance, when you use Ipana in the morning, you don't have to worry about your breath for up to 9 hours... even after eating or smoking. Tests by an independent laboratory proved it.

What's more, every brushing with new Ipana fights tooth decay. It removes bacteria that form the acids that eat into your teeth and cause cavities. So to fight tooth decay effectively, use

new Ipana regularly—after meals when you can.

And here's how to take care of your gums before gum troubles start. Brushing your teeth with new Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

With all these benefits, Ipana now has a new, more refreshing flavor. Thousands of families who tried new Ipana liked it 2 to 1 for taste.

We're sure you and your children will like it, too. Why not try a tube of new, white Ipana today? Look for the yellow-and-red striped carton.

New, White—



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modern screen

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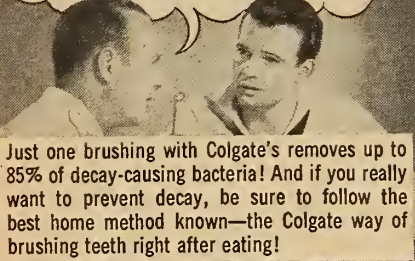
All she seems
to know is 'NO'!



ZOWIE! YOUR LIBERTY
SURE IS FOGBOUND, EDDIE!
BETTER CHECK IN AT YOUR
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WOW! SO KATE'S HUNG A
BAD-BREATH TAG ON ME,
HAS SHE? HIT THE DECK,
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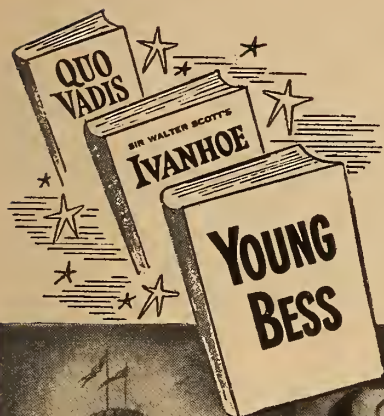
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Screen Play by **JAN LUSTIG** and **ARTHUR WIMPERIS** Based On the Novel by **MARGARET IRWIN**

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by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER



Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Elizabeth Taylor doesn't really like to act?

—T.R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. True.

Q. I understand that the Federal Government plans to jail Frank Sinatra because of back income taxes. How much does Frankie owe and can the Government honestly jail him?

—V.R., HOBOKEN, N. J.

A. Sinatra owes the Government \$110,497.97. There has been no talk of jail. Unless Sinatra pays up, the Government will attach his recording royalties, his salary, his property until the delinquency is satisfied.

Q. When Carole Lombard died to whom did she leave her very large fortune?

—C.J., BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

A. Her husband, Clark Gable.

Q. Does Dan Dailey wear false teeth?

—F.E., WILSON, N. C.

A. Yes.

Q. Does Janet Leigh hope to have some babies in the near future? I heard she and Tony don't want children.

—C.O., CORNWALL, N. Y.

A. They would like children but not right now.

Q. I have heard that Esther Williams is notoriously bow-legged. Is this true?

—G.R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. No.

Q. I've been waiting more than three years to see John Wayne and Janet Leigh in *Jet Pilot*. When will this picture be released?

—K.L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Probably in the Fall.

Q. Who are the two most generous young actors in show business?

—F.L., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

A. Our guess—Mario Lanza and Jerry Lewis.

Q. Would you please settle this argument about Roy Rogers. Will he ever see forty again?

—M.V., ATHENS, GA.

A. No.

Q. Who is the famous Russian nobleman hired by Warner Bros. years ago to look after their top star, Rin-Tin-Tin?

—K.D., WELLS, NEB.

A. "Prince" Michael Romanoff, the Beverly Hills restaurateur.

Q. I know that Scott Brady and Lawrence Tierney are brothers. But is Gene Tierney their sister?

—E.S., SANTOS, N. M.

A. No.

Q. I understand Elizabeth Taylor is pet crazy. What sort of pets does she have now that she's married?

—D.H., ITHACA, N. Y.

A. Four dogs, four cats.

Q. Vivien Leigh has a 20-year-old daughter who is an actress. Is Sir Laurence Olivier the father of this child?

—D.R., RALEIGH, N. C.

A. The father is a previous husband of Miss Leigh's.

Q. How come Vera-Ellen was in *Call Me Madam* and yet her name doesn't appear on the record album?

—F.T., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Her songs were dubbed by Carole Richards who gets the vocal credit on the records.

Q. How much older is Patti Lewis than her husband, Jerry? Is it true that he is of Greek ancestry?

—B.D., SEA GIRT, N. J.

A. One year older; Lewis is of American ancestry.

Q. Why doesn't Orson Welles return to the U. S.? Doesn't he have any paternal feelings for his daughter Rebecca?

—V.J., MADISON, WIS.

A. Welles has tax trouble.

Q. Isn't it a fact that Gwen O'Connor filed for a divorce from Donald O'Connor originally because she fell in love with Dan Dailey?

—T.O., TROY, N. Y.

A. No, she and Dailey began seeing each other only after the breakup.

Q. How come we read so few stories

(Continued on page 25)

THE BEST-LOVED OF ALL MUSICAL ADVENTURES!

The wind-swept sands of North Africa...

Screaming Arab terror-raids... The Harem Dance of Desire...

The embattled Foreign Legion... The sheik's palace stormed

- AND THE GLORIOUS MUSIC OF THE NEW

"DESERT SONG"

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**



**YOU'LL HEAR
THEM AS
NEVER BEFORE!**

"ONE ALONE"
"THE RIFF SONG"
"THE DESERT SONG"
"ROMANCE"
and all its
immortal melodies!

EL KHOBAR
The wild-riding
desert lover
and his willing
captive!

PRESENTED BY
**WARNER
BROS.**

AND
STARRING

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WITH
RAYMOND MASSEY · DICK WESSON · ALLYN McLERIE

DIRECTED BY
BRUCE HUMBERSTONE

SCREEN PLAY BY
ROLAND KIBBEE · PRODUCED BY
RUDI FEHR

BASED UPON A PLAY BY LAWRENCE SCHWAB, OTTO HARBACH, OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2ND, SIGMUND ROMBERG AND FRANK MANDEL
MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED & DIRECTED BY LEROY PRINZ · MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF



Wonderful news about
Virginia Mayo . . . Shelley
goes sleek . . . new "headlines"
for Rita . . . Young Mr.
Wilding steps out . . .
And young Mr. Arnaz
gets censored.



Rosemary's home town turned out *en masse* for the premiere of *The Stars Are Singing*. The celebration started with a motorcade.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Wayne Bell of WFTM, Maysville's local station, crowned Rosie "Queen of Song" in the name of disk jockeys the country over.

WHEN YOU read this, Jane Powell will be touring this country and Canada with her night club act. And by the strangest coincidence, Gene Nelson's public appearances take him to the same towns at the same time Jane is playing!

The rift between Janie and Geary Steffen was a body blow to her fans, to the whole industry, in fact.

The public is more or less used to the romantic failures of the Lana Turners, Ava Gardners, et al. But Jane and Geary and their two children stood for something solid among the younger married set.

Apparently, everything was okay until Jane was loaned by MGM to Warners' to make *Three Sailors And A Girl* with Gene. So simon-pure was Jane's reputation that even the usually suspicious co-workers thought little of the fact that she and Gene lunched together daily.

The first jolt came when Gene admitted that he and his wife of nine years were separating. (They have a son.)

Two weeks later came the thunderbolt that Jane and Geary had had "trouble" and were attempting to hold their marriage together.

But just before Jane left on her tour, taking

her two children and a nurse, she said, "Unless I have a change of heart, I'll divorce Geary when I return to Los Angeles in six weeks."

She had "no comment" to make about Gene Nelson (as though one were needed!).

Somebody tried to tell me that the trouble between Jane and Geary is that he is a business man and she is an artist; and the attraction between Jane and Gene is that they speak the same language, showbusiness. That's a lot of nonsense if you ask me.

What gets into these young people—the Donald O'Connors, Gene Nelsons, the Steffens, Jane Withers and her husband and all the rest of them? Do they think a change of partners will solve the problems that can only be handled by more inner strength and patience and understanding of the individual?

DESI ARNAZ was all over the Racquet Club in Palm Springs the Saturday night of his and Lucille Ball's first vacation since Desi IV was born, showing a whole set of nude pictures of his son and heir.

"Some boy, eh?" squealed Desi bustin' his buttons with pride over his four-months-old boy. "Already the glamor girls are tryin'

to date him—but he gives them all the brush. Some boy!"

Lucille called from their table, "Desi! You bring those pictures right back here! Can't poor little Desi have some privacy?"

Obediently, Desi returned the nudes to his red-headed Lucy. She gave him some others to show of the baby with clothes on.

Desi exhibited these, too. "But they don't do him justice," he sighed.

FRANKIE SINATRA JR., age 10, had his first fight with a kid at school who said that Frankie, Sr. "couldn't sing."

Scratched up but victorious, Frankie reported the battle to his mother.

Nancy said, "Darling, you mustn't fight. Don't you know that if Daddy couldn't sing we wouldn't have this lovely home and all the good things he gives us even though he doesn't live here anymore?"

"From now on when a boy says your father can't sing, just ask him if his father has done as well in his business as your father has done in his."

Little Frankie thought this over.

"All right," he conceded, "and if his father hasn't done as well, I won't fight. But if



Griming excitedly, Rosemary is interviewed in front of the theater. She was guest of honor of the gold teen-oge donce that followed.



Elected an honorary member of the Moysville Boy's Club, Rosemary receives her membership cord while the Club, ordent admirers oll, looks on.



Rosemary gratefully acknowledged the honor done her when a street was named for her, Maysville's lady mayor, Mrs. Rebebeh Hord, stands by.



Back in Hollywood once again, Rosie relaxes with her favorite beau José Ferrer, and gives him a report on her triumphant return to her home town.

he has done as well—I'm gonna beat the stuffin' out of him!"

THE LAW of compensation really paid off for Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea.

After six years of a childless marriage, they expect a baby in November and they're just about the two happiest people in the world.

This wonderful blessing came at a time when Virginia and Mike thought the breaks were going against them. Mike's career hasn't been going well. And a California court handed down a decision that Virginia (because of our state's community property laws) had to pay the first Mrs. O'Shea \$25,000 in back alimony.

When things looked blackest came confirmation of their dearest hope—a baby is coming to them. They're nice people, Virginia and Mike. I'm so happy for them.

I'M NOT losing any sleep fearful that the "scoop" of Terry Moore's "elopement" with Robert Wagner will elude me.

This little gal has a plenty hep press agent. He never misses a chance to get Terry in the papers as the burning heart interest of

some very attractive gentleman or another.

Bing Crosby sat down at her table briefly following a golf match. The next day the gossip columns were flooded with news of this newest "romance."

The truth about Terry and young Wagner (a much sought after guy) is that they were in Florida making a movie together. And they went dancing a couple of times.

So, this is blown into a "big story" that Terry and Bob are on the verge of eloping. (I'll wait.)

LISTEN TO THIS: psychiatrists have diagnosed Marlyn Monroe's frequent colds and asthmatic attacks as "psychosomatic" (meaning an illness brought on by a frustration).

"She needs to feel that she is loved and wanted," say the mental-medics. "She suffers physically from a subconscious yearning for affection!"

Wait 'til the Army, Navy and Marines hear this!

I WONDER WHAT Janet Leigh thinks if she happens to remember the interview she gave not too long ago in which she said, "It may seem cold-hearted, but when a couple in

our set starts quarreling and having trouble, we just don't see them anymore. It's too dangerous to the happiness of the young marrieds we know to associate with couples who are fighting or divorcing!" Now look what's happened.

The first couple in the set of "happy young marrieds" to turn in their badges were Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney. When their marriage break came, no longer were they among the gay group headed by Janet and Tony Curtis and Jerry Lewis and Patti, invited to barbecues, to make home-made movies and to share vacation trips to Palm Springs or the mountains.

Then the Dean Martins had a serious break before they decided to try again.

Now it's Jane Powell and Geary Steffen on the skid list.

And, horror of horrors, Janet and Tony have spent a great deal of time recently heatedly denying that they are having their problems.

Pretty soon, the only couple left of the "original" group of friends still permitted to join the barbecue-home-movies group, may be Patti and Jerry Lewis!

The "cast" is rapidly pffitting out!

(Continued on next page) 7

A SOLDIER IN KOREA SENDS HIS THANKS TO LOUELLA AND TO YOU.

Dear Louella,

I wish to express my thanks to you and to MODERN SCREEN for the wonderful response to my request for mail. At first I answered every letter but they arrived in increasingly large numbers. Today I got 62 letters and find it impossible to answer them all. A lot of the letters are being passed on to other GI's and I sincerely hope each letter gets answered.

If there is some way you can convey this information to the many nice people who have written me, I will appreciate it.

As for myself, I couldn't be better. The food is good, we have warm clothing, and I also have 30 points for rotation. What more could anyone ask?

In closing, I again say "Thanks." You have boosted my morale 100 per cent. If you have time to drop me a line, I'll be only too glad to read and answer it.

Sincerely,

John Hughes,
0995645, Btry A.
160 FA MN APO 86.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

AFTER BEING the dowdiest-dressed pregnant woman ever to have a baby in Hollywood, Shelley Winters is absolutely startling the natives by showing up at social events a bloomin' fashion plate. She's very, very chic these days.

She came to the Diner's Club cocktail party at Ciro's in a cinnamon-colored cocktail suit with jet buttons, black gloves and, believe it or not, a very chic cocktail hat with tiny jet beads on the veil. It's the first time the oldest citizen can recall Shelley wearing a hat.

When she was kidded about how smart she looked, Shell flipped, "Why should I have spent money looking like I did before Vittoria was born? Now I've got my 'figger' back there's some sense in going overboard on buying pretty clothes."

Another gal at the same affair who looked surprisingly different was Jeanne Crain, who showed up with her hair violently red and very short. And her husband, Paul Brinkman, looked "different" because he had shaved off his mustache.

While we're on the subject of fashions, Ann Blyth's wedding garters will be the most original ever donned by a bride: they are blue-lace with tiny bags filled with rice decorating them.

PURELY PERSONAL: It's touching and a little sad the way Greta Peck (Mrs. Gregory) tries to pretend that all is well between her and Greg. She explains her return to Hollywood while he remains in Europe making movies, by saying "It's better for our children to be here." . . .

Robert Taylor, who has always criticized people for necking in public, necks in public with Ursula Thiess. . . .

Nothing is sillier to me than the argument defending the stars in Europe for 18-months to dodge income taxes, "an actor's career in the big money is so short." Errol Flynn has had a short career? Clark Gable has had a short career? Claudette Colbert? Gene Kelly? Gary Cooper? Gene Tierney? Oh, come now. . . .

No girl ever took sudden, dizzying success with more modesty than Rosemary Clooney. Just love this gal. . . .

Mona Freeman's torch for Bing Crosby is lighting up Sunset Boulevard. I still say, no matter how many dates Bing has with a pretty girl, he ain't thinking of marrying again. . . .

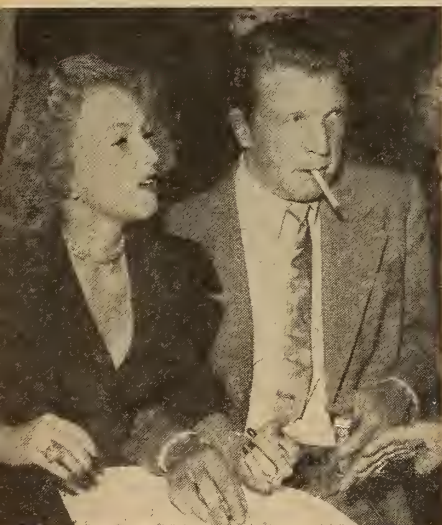
You may not think of "Schnozz" Durante as the ideal lady's man, but his cute, redheaded girl friend, Marjorie Little, cried her eyes out when she (mistakenly) thought he was at a night club with another gal. Guess we better start calling him "Romeo" Durante. . . .

THE SIGHT-OF-THE-MONTH was the Paramount Studio gates opening to permit a sporty Jaguar car onto the lot. The driver was Michael Wilding in bright yellow slacks and sweater and beside him sat a nurse holding three-months-old Michael Howard Wilding on her lap.

Just like his old man, baby Mike was also done up in yellow, but it was a paler shade; a little embroidered yellow cap and matching jacket.

The Wilding "men" were on their way to visit Mamma Elizabeth Taylor who was emoting in *Elephant Walk*—her first movie since Mike, Jr.'s birth.

THESE FOUR ROMANCES ARE NOW THE HOTTEST TOPICS OF HOLLYWOOD.



Since this first date, Gwyneth O'Connor and Dan Dailey have been fair game. Dan's been blamed for plenty, Gwen's said to long for a career.



Geary threw a birthday party for Jane. But Jane pairing off with Gene Nelson threw all Hollywood for a loop. Only temporarily, says Geary.



Terry Moore and Bob Wagner were supposed to be a "thing" in Florida. But it turned out to be hotter in print than in person. They're just pals.



Wedding plans for Jeff Dannell and Aldo Ray were in the blueprint stage before Rita Hayworth came along . . . now everything's sketchy.

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME

The way you demanded them...in a picture that was made for them—the way they were made for each other!

Their real love
spills over on the screen!




TONY CURTIS JANET LEIGH

...as the great Houdini, master escape artist! ...as the girl whose love was his real magic!

HOUDINI

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**



with **TORIN THATCHER** • Produced by **GEORGE PAL** 
Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL** • Screenplay by **PHILIP YORDAN**
Based on a book by **Harold Kellock** • A **PARAMOUNT PICTURE**

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued



The Tyrone Powers and daughter Romina examine a gift basket during a recent stay at N.Y.'s Savoy Plaza. Another baby is expected soon.



Louella Parsons, guest of honor at a Masquers' Club dinner, was the first person outside the acting profession ever to be so honored. She was dubbed "Hollywood's leading columnist." Here, she's congratulated by Pat O'Brien and Edgar Bergen.



A beaming Shelley Winters gets a kiss from Susan Boll as Dawn Addams waits her turn. Both Susan and Dawn, along with all of Shelley's other friends, were delighted when tiny, premature Vittoria, pronounced out of danger by the doctors.



Jan Sterling and her husband Paul Douglas are rarely found night clubbing in Hollywood—but when they're visiting New York, that's another story! They really do the town! Jan's latest is Paramount's *Pony Express*; Paul's in *Forever Female*.

He is just about the huskiest little fellow you ever saw and so cute that director William Dieterle insisted on shooting a whole minute of footage showing young Wilding in his mother's arms.

He was very blasé about it but kept trying to push Liz' face to the side.

"Hm-mm-mm," observed papa Wilding from the sidelines, "a born actor!"

MARIO LANZA flies into such tantrums that I'm sure the only real solution to his problem is medical care. His latest antic was tearing the mail box off his Palm Springs house when he failed to receive a letter he expected.

And he's re-gained a great deal of weight, although he tries to diet.

I believe that some people are born to be plump and that it is dangerous for them to diet too strenuously.

Judy Garland had all her trouble when she was trying desperately to get thin.

And, everything had been all right with Mario before he took off 75 pounds.

Mario is a great artist. If keeping his physique in shape means losing him on the screen, for heavens sake, let's have him plump.

RITA HAYWORTH'S hair-do for Miss Sadie Thompson is said to be the sexiest yet. Hair stylist, Helen Hunt, created it and it's a halo of soft, loose curls which sway with the Princess' body movements. They "wiggle" when Rita dances. Sounds like Medusa and the snakes in her hair to me—but I'm willing to see it on Rita.

THE LETTER BOX: A wonderful sympathetic letter from Vera Marshall, of New York, about Bing Crosby: "He never in any way revealed or indicated any personal unhappiness in his life. Can others, with less serious troubles, say the same? I say Bing is entitled to a little happiness." You are a fan with rare understanding, Vera.

"Alela," St. Louis, wants to know why Dale Robertson's publicity has dropped off. It was his own idea—and I'm not sure it was a good one.

That's all for now. See you next month.

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Amazing
New Neutralizer
acts Instantly!
No waiting!
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far softer . . . far more natural than any other home permanent!

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Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:
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A wonderful *wave conditioner* beautifies your hair...makes it softer, more glamorous!

Beauty experts say you can actually *feel the difference!*

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave . . . even on the very first day. The best, long-lasting wave too!

Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed . . . plus extra glamour for your hair!

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HOLLYWOOD ABROAD

AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND



THE WORLD

LONDON, ENGLAND Vivien Leigh, confined to a sanatorium in Surrey is "getting along nicely" according to Mr. and Mrs. David Niven who are living in the Oliviers' house in Chelsea. Vivien's 20-year-old daughter, Suzanne Holman, recently made a one-line debut in a London show; most of the family missed it. Her lawyer father, Leigh Holman, Vivien's first husband, was rehearsing his role of footman at the Coronation. Ever since 21-year-old Liz Taylor replaced 38-year-old Vivien in *Elephant Walk* moviegoers everywhere have wondered what sort of role it is that can be played by two such different stars. The script calls for an average English girl, 27 or 28, who goes to India and gets involved with two mean men and an elephant stampede. . . . James Mason has become a disc jockey for the British Broadcasting Company; plays mostly jazz.

PARIS, FRANCE Despite the mounting gossip, Gregory Peck is still seeing an awful lot of young, beautiful Veronica Passoni. He tells reporters: "Nothing to this, only friendship." But it would surprise no one here if eventually Miss Passoni becomes the second Mrs. Peck. (In Hollywood, Greta is reputed to be very worried, although she is confiding in no one.) The film Peck was supposed to make in India, *The Purple Plains*, has been cancelled, affording him more time in Paris. . . . The British and Scandinavians are shocked that Lana Turner and Lex Barker should be touring the Continent unchaperoned, but fans in the Latin countries don't seem to mind. When Lana and Lex first arrived in Paris they were invited to a cocktail party by someone who had last seen Lana while she was engaged to Fernando Lamas. At the party he turned to Lex and said, "Glad to see you and Lana together again, Mr. Lamas." Lex and Lana left very early.

RAVELLO, ITALY The Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini love affair has subsided from hot poetry to cold prose. Reason for this, according to intimates, is that Ingrid's movie career—her basic love in life—has slumped sharply. All the pictures she has made with husband Roberto have been flops. Domestically, the Rossellinis are content but not ecstatic. Rossellini, who owns nine racing cars, says, "Ingrid is much more ambitious than I am. Basically, I am a lazy man." Ingrid also feels that she is no longer welcome in the two countries she loves best—Sweden and the United States. However, there is a strong possibility that Bergman may arrive in New York very quietly late in June to see her daughter Pia (renamed Jenny) who lives happily and sedately in a small suburb outside Pittsburgh.

NICE, FRANCE The marriage of Gene Tierney to Aly Khan is expected momentarily here. Aly's financial settlement on Yasmin, Rita Hayworth's daughter, is a court secret, but confidentially, Aly has told friends he settled one million dollars on the little girl. Rita asked for and got nothing.

ROME, ITALY Humphrey Bogart, who has just finished filming *Beat The Devil* here, endeared himself to local newspapermen when he gave out with a barrage of salty quotes on his favorite subject—Hollywood. Samples of Bogart's interview: "Take it from me, nobody in Hollywood knows how to have fun except me and Errol Flynn. A couple of the girls have the old spark, too. . . . Watch the old hypocrites land on us every time we cut loose. They are always reminding me of my responsibilities to my public. . . . I don't owe my public anything but a good performance. That's what they pay for."

PARIS, FRANCE Charles Boyer, back home again, is trying to live down his movie reputation as a Great Lover. Now 51, the balding Boyer insists he is too old to discuss love, women or passion. "I just want to be known as an actor," he says. "After all, you never hear of Sir Laurence Olivier discussing love." . . . At the hotel George V in Paris where Jacques de Bergerac used to work as a clerk before he married Ginger Rogers, employees say they always knew he would end up with a wealthy wife. "He used to specialize in mature, beautiful women," a friend of de Bergerac explained. Incidentally, it was Evelyn Keyes who first introduced Ginger and Jacques to each other. Jacques, in fact, was Evelyn's friend but she gave him up without a struggle. Evelyn is currently very much occupied with producer Mike Todd in Hollywood.

**NEVER BEFORE HAS AFRICA
REVEALED HERSELF LIKE THIS!**

"How do you love a Goddess," he asked?
And her lips gave him the answer as
Pygmy Drums echoed the chant of the
Bakuba...telling the jungle the White
Hunter had won the titian-haired

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR

STARRING

**SUSAN
HAYWARD**

**ROBERT
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TECHNICOLOR

with WALTER SLEZAK

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Produced by **OTTO LANG** Directed by **HENRY HATHAWAY** Screen Play by **IVAN GOFF** and **BEN ROBERTS**

picture of the month



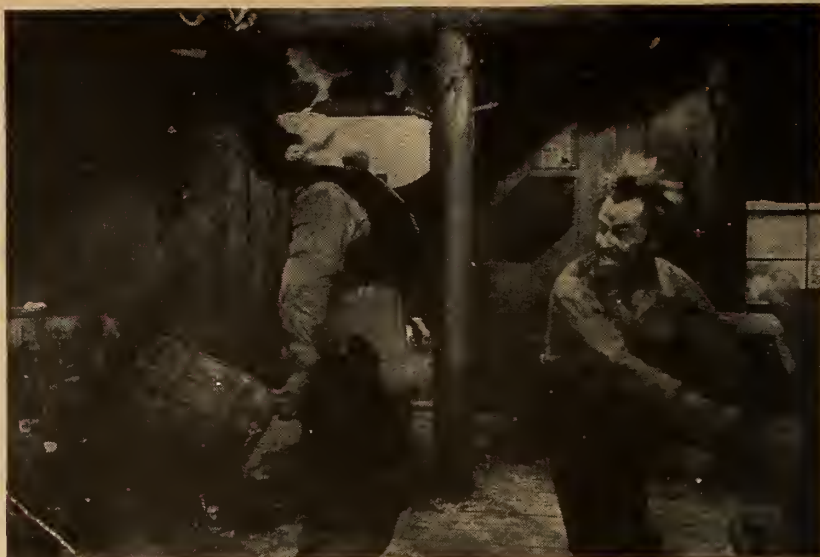
Starrett (Van Heflin) and his family (Jean Arthur and Brandon deWilde) find that their homestead is being threatened by an ambitious cattle baron.



Shane rides mysteriously into town one day, and conditions strangely begin to improve. His placid mood is broken only by action in crisis.



The champion of the frontier leaves as quietly as he came. A heartbroken, hero-worshipping little boy vows to himself that he will be like his idol.



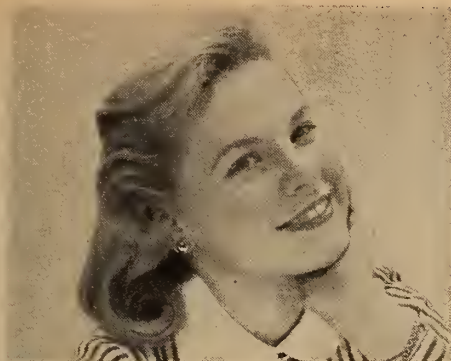
Shane (Alon Ladd) kept his agility with gun and fists a secret from the people of the small frontier town in Wyoming. But injustice and a murderous feud between settler and cattlemen force him to put down violence with violence.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by florence epstein

SHANE

■ *Shane* is a beautiful movie, a poetic recounting of the days when bitter feuds raged between cattle barons and homesteaders. Filmed in Technicolor, set in Wyoming with the Grand Tetons forming a vast and awesome backdrop, the movie captures the passion and glory inherent to the American frontier. It is more than a Western, it is a classic with dramatic use of music, fine rhythm of action, tableau effect of photography. The presence of Brandon deWilde, a little boy who observes all through hero-worshipping eyes, transforms the familiar heroes, villains and struggles into symbols of a romantic era in our past. Brandon's hero is Shane (Alan Ladd) a mystery man with a shiny gun in his holster who appears out of nowhere on a proud horse. He stops briefly at the homestead of Brandon's father (Van Heflin) and mother (Jean Arthur). Heflin is the leader of a small group of farmers bullied and threatened by a cattle baron (Emile Meyer) who wants their land for his beef. Ladd is moved by Heflin's courage and determination to stay put. He takes off his gun, changes into work clothes and for a long while conceals his facility at shooting and fighting. But the suggestion is always there that Ladd will prove, to Brandon at least, that he is the bravest man in the West. Ryker hires a gun fighter (Jack Palance) a lean figure in black who lures a brash but honest homesteader (Elisha Cook Jr.) to his death. But Ryker's sights are on Heflin, as everyone knows. The final gun fight occurs in a dim saloon. It is tense, powerful in its quiet approach toward doom and the epitome of all Western gunfights with Ladd twirling his gun magnificently before the dazzled deWilde. There are other scenes, more poignant, less dynamic, but each fits nicely into the whole. Directed and produced by George Stevens, shown on a "panoramic" screen, which is wider and slightly higher than usual, *Shane* is a complete success. Paramount.



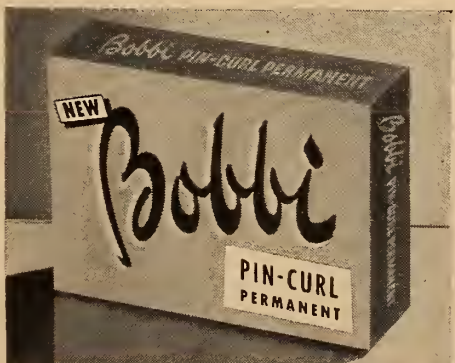
See how the ends curl gently under for this "Miss Coquette" style? With Bobbi you can easily get curls and waves like these—without help.



"Holiday" hairdo for career girls. Imagine a wave as natural-looking as a temporary pin-curl, but without nightly settings. It's yours when you use Bobbi.



A real compliment collector—the "Sun Sprite" hairdo! Bobbi pin-curl permanent is just right for all casual styles. Gives waves where you want them.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. **\$1.50 plus tax**



Like this "Angelic" hairdo? Note the little angel wings that sweep back from her brow. With Bobbi, a natural wave is yours right from the start.

Swing to casual hair styles demands new kind of home permanent

Tight, bunchy curls from ordinary home permanents won't do. Now here's the happy answer... Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent! The only permanent that waves so softly...so permanently...so easily.

At last you can get the casual hair styles you want in a permanent... as easily as putting your hair in pin-curls. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners. Just pin-curl your hair the way you always do. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all*. Imme-

diately your hair has the modish beauty, the body, the casually lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And with Bobbi, your hair stays that way—week after week after week! Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin-curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.

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Zonitors can easily be slipped into your purse. They deodorize, help prevent infection and kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure Zonitors *immediately* kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors extra convenience and protection. Inexpensive, too!

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TITANIC

The biggest marine disaster of our times occurred in 1912 when the R.M.S. Titanic, a luxury liner on its maiden voyage, struck an iceberg and sank. Only 712 people survived. The rest—1,517—went down with the ship. This movie is based on that tragedy. Remembered incidents are repeated; actors recreate the roles of known passengers, and the sets are actual reproductions of the ship's interior. But the bulk of the movie is fictional. There's the story of Barbara Stanwyck who is fleeing to America with her children (Audrey Dalton, Harper Carter) as a protest against the snobbish values of her husband, Clifton Webb. But Webb unexpectedly joins them on board and in those few hours before the disaster, the tragedy of their marriage unfolds. There's the story of Richard Basehart, who's returning home in shame, an unfrocked priest, because he can't shake himself free of alcoholism. There's the young college boy (Robert Wagner) who falls in love with Barbara Stanwyck's daughter. There's the rich widow (Thelma Ritter) and the social climber (Allyn Joslyn). The diverging lines of these people's lives are all drawn together in a common nightmare. And as the Titanic founders, each reacts from the depths of his nature. Fox has taken advantage of the real tragedy by superimposing a drama destined to flood you with tears. Maybe that's unfair, even corny, but it works.

CAST: Clifton Webb, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Wagner, Audrey Dalton, Thelma Ritter, Richard Basehart—20th Century-Fox

HOUSE OF WAX

Here's 3-dimension's first full-length feature film. That's reason enough to see it. That's almost the only reason. The story is an old horror tale you'd expect to find on television but certainly not in this bright new medium. Vincent Price owns a wax museum. His partner sets fire to it just to collect the insurance. He also succeeds in horribly disfiguring and completely maddening Mr. Vincent Price. Vince retaliates by murdering his partner. Then he murders whoever else he thinks will look good in his museum. What he does is immerse the corpses in boiling wax and when they harden and cool he arranges them in artistic tableaux. Phyllis Kirk wanders in one day and comes face to face with an old friend (Carolyn Jones). It's only wax, says Vincent, eyeing her hungrily. Phyllis goes there once too often and soon finds herself about to be immersed. Luckily detective Frank Lovejoy arrives to turn off the heat. But you'll love the 3-dimensions (they hand out polaroid glasses, without which you are sunk). The corpses are in your lap, so's the fire and a few dancing girls (yes, they have dancing girls, too). The Warner-Phonic sound, however, is likely to blast you out of your seat coming at you, as it does, from all sides. Somehow you never connect those sounds with the people on the screen. You connect them with some wise guys in the left balcony. But time ought to do something to improve 3-D, or it's liable to turn into a monster.

CAST: Vincent Price, Frank Lovejoy, Phyllis Kirk, Carolyn Jones, Paul Picerni—Warners

NEVER LET ME GO

Romance, daring, intrigue—that's Clark Gable's meat. That's *Never Let Me Go*—the adventures of an American newspaperman in Russia who falls in love with a ballerina (Gene Tierney), marries her, and is forced to

leave the country alone. His English friend, Richard Haydn, has also married a Russian (Belita) and must also leave her behind. Gable lights on a fantastic idea. Why not sneak the girls right out of Russia? He decides to buy a fishing boat, sail it from England to a beach resort near the town where Gene is performing. At night the beach is crowded with bathers. No one would notice if two of those bathers swam out beyond the breakers to a rowboat, were taken by that rowboat to the fishing vessel, and freedom. Haydn's skeptical, but what—besides his life—does he have to lose? Gable has a friend, a radio broadcaster in Russia, whom he contacts and together they devise a code enabling Gable to make rendezvous plans with their wives. Everything works—up to a point. But there's a run-in with a Russian patrol boat, and after that there's Gable masquerading as a Russian Army officer, and after that there's a chase right into the ocean. After that—well, see it for yourself.

CAST: Clark Gable, Gene Tierney, Bernard Miles, Richard Haydn, Belita, Kenneth More—MGM

PICK-UP ON SOUTH STREET

Fox calls this "a hit-and-kiss drama." They're not kidding. If it were 3-dimensional the whole audience would be down for the count. Opens in a crowded subway train. Jean Peters (a dish of questionable character) is having her pocketbook picked by Richard Widmark (he has no character). As it happens, Jean is carrying some micro-film marked for Communist agents. Jean's tough, but no Red—she's being used by her boyfriend (Richard Kiley). Widmark's no Red, but for money he'll do business with anybody. Later, though, love turns him into a patriot. The FBI has been trailing Jean, but now they have to find Widmark, too. And Jean's boyfriend forcibly suggests that she locate him and recover the film. Thelma Ritter, a necktie peddler and stool pigeon, plays all sides against each other. She knows every pickpocket in the city and—like Widmark—for money, she'll inform. Jean buys her way to Widmark's shack on the river. (The FBI buy their way, too, but Widmark knows that Thelma has to make a living, and bears no grudge.) Whenever Jean and Widmark meet they're not sure if they feel like necking or knocking each other's brains out—he uses his fists, she rallies with beer bottles. Between him and Richard Kiley it's no wonder Jean winds up in a cast. The plot's awfully tricky, but it sure isn't dull. Like Fox says—"it throbs with raw emotions."

CAST: Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, Thelma Ritter, Murvyn Vye, Richard Kiley—20th Century-Fox

THE GLASS WALL

Vittorio Gassman plays a displaced person who's barred from the United States because he's a stowaway without papers. Immigration officers plan to ship him back to Trieste, but Vittorio has spent ten years in concentration camps and is pretty fed up with the Old World's charms. He escapes to Times Square, hunting a clarinet player named Tom who'll vouch for his character. (Tom, an ex-paratrooper, owes his life to Gassman.) Broadway's garish background provides the people and the excitement of the chase. There's Gloria Grahame—she's taken to stealing doughnuts in cafeterias, but when she hears Vittorio's story she feels like a millionairess; she also falls in love with him. There's Robin

More than a Girdle... better than a Corset!



New! ... a magical non-roll top, *plus* tummy-flattening latex "finger" panels that echo the firm support of your own body muscles, slim you the way *Nature* intended! Magic-Controller acts like a firming, *breathing* second skin.



See how it firms and flattens your tummy. Hidden "finger" panels and non-roll top firmly assist your body muscles, control you in *Nature's* own way!



Look how magic "fingers" lift and mold your figure. They're invisible—like the waist-slimming non-roll top that stays up without a *stay*.



Feel the fabric lining inside, new textured latex surface outside. Magic-Controller washes in seconds—and you can almost *watch* it dry!

Amazing *New* Playtex Magic-Controller!

With new non-roll top and hidden power panels, it slims and supports you as *Nature* intended!

Here is *natural* figure control! *Natural* control that works *with* your body, not against it... *resilient*, firm control that revitalizes your proportions, your posture, your pride!

Simply hold Magic-Controller up to the light and see the hidden latex "finger" panels that firm you without a bone, stay, seam or stitch. Playtex slims, supports, *never* distorts!

Magic-Controller is all *one* piece of fabric lined latex. Every inch reflects *firm* control. It does more for you than *any* girdle, and frees you forever from restricting, constricting corsets.

Dramatic proof of its power to "fashion" your figure *naturally*, comes when you wear it under slender new styles. You'll think you've lost a *full* size... no matter what *your* size!



Playtex Magic-Controller with 4 sturdily reinforced adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest *SLIM* Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, **\$7.95** Extra-large size, **\$8.95**

Fabric Lined PLAYTEX GIRDLES from **\$4.95** FAMOUS PLAYTEX GIRDLES from **\$3.50**

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the *SLIM* tube.

Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo
tonight—tomorrow your hair
will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in
softest rain water! This new gentle
lotion shampoo pampers your hair...
leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as
sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN

Fabulous New
Lotion Shampoo by Toni



Raymond, a hard-working burlesque dancer—she's willing to hide him from the police but her cowardly kid brother won't let her. And there's Tom (Jerry Paris)—he's ready to fight for Vittorio, only his fiancée (Ann Robinson) keeps telling him "not now." Now he has to audition for Jack Teagarden. The law is closing in, Tom's blowing his head off on the clarinet and Gassman's practically dropping dead in the streets. Finally, he makes his way to the UN and the building looms before him like a glass wall, a symbol of a world he yearns for but isn't allowed to touch. His desperation re-awakens you to the promise America holds for all such men. As for Vittorio, he's one of the lucky people who manage, in the end, to get over that wall.
CAST: Vittorio Gassman, Gloria Grahame, Ann Robinson, Douglas Spencer, Robin Raymond, Jerry Paris—Columbia

IT HAPPENS EVERY THURSDAY

What happens? The Eden Archive press starts rolling and shakes the foundations of the house in which live Loretta Young, her husband John Forsythe and their two children. To begin with, John was a New York reporter, night shift. His wife was expecting her second child and the way they were existing had no future. Through an ad they bought a weekly newspaper in California. Only that was no newspaper, that was a broken down press with hardly any circulation. As for the seven room dwelling (also in the ad) those were seven rooms above the office, of which two were rented out to pressmen (Edgar Buchanan, Jimmy Conlin). Well, Loretta had her baby in a hurry—it made the first edition—and pretty soon she was out getting ads with the baby tucked under one arm and a briefcase under the other. Eden, California turns out to be a very small town where public opinion is extremely important. Just when the press is really beginning to roll, public opinion almost closes it down. Then there is the problem of rain. The farmers need rain. John decides to go up in an airplane and seed the clouds with dry ice. Only he has to wait for the right cumulus formation. Just when his plane is about to take off the rains came and the town hails him as a miracle maker. A couple of weeks later, though, they are threatening to sue him for damages. It's a busy movie, full of busy people, dreaming up gimmicks, raffling autos, saluting Boy Scouts, selling papers. But there's a nice gay feeling about it. It looks like fun.

CAST: Loretta Young, John Forsythe, Frank McHugh, Edgar Buchanan, Palmer Lee, Harvey Grant—Universal-International.

THE JUGGLER

Kirk Douglas, once a famous juggler, now a DP, arrives in Haifa with only bitter memories. His wife and child were victims of a gas chamber and he himself knew the horror of concentration camps and complete despair. He has an abnormal terror of confinement and when a doctor suggests that he needs psychiatric treatment he runs away from the DP camp. Mistaking an Israeli policeman for a Nazi, Kirk attacks and nearly kills him. Then he becomes a real fugitive, traveling through the back roads of Israel. Along the way he acquires a companion—12 year old Joey Walsh, and they tramp together. Finally they reach a remote kibbutz (communal farm). The boy is injured by a mine blast and is carried into the home of Milly Vitale, a beautiful young girl. For the first time in a long while Kirk feels close to another human

being. Eventually, the police arrive and in a wild surge of panic Kirk barricades himself in Milly's house threatening to come out shooting. The strength of Milly's love crumples his resistance and he surrenders to arrest, rehabilitation and—perhaps—a new life. Kirk handles his part sensitively and well, and is surprisingly adept as a clown-juggler. But what really sets the picture apart is the fact that it was filmed in Israel and all of the backgrounds are fresh and exciting. The plot, unfortunately is often found lagging way behind the scenery.

CAST: Kirk Douglas, Milly Vitale, Paul Stewart, Joey Walsh, Oscar Karlweis—Columbia

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

June Haver's last movie before she entered a convent, recently, is a tender little triangle concerning a night club singer (June), a cartoonist (Dan Dailey) and Dan's son (Billy Gray).

Billy is one of the few child actors you don't mind watching—that boy has charm. They all live next door to each other. June's a new neighbor, celebrating her own arrival with a huge garden party. Suddenly a flock of pigeons swoop down over the guests followed shortly by billows of smoke. Seems that father and son are cooking hamburgers on their outdoor barbecue—the pigeons are theirs, too. June marches over to give them what for—and not much later, it's love. Billy objects. He wants exclusive ownership of his father for purposes of hunting and fishing in the North Woods. While the romance is working itself out June's friend, Cara Williams, is unsuccessfully resisting the advances of Dennis Day. The story's slim, but that's all it's supposed to be. The glow's in the Technicolor, the singing, the dancing and, happily enough, there's enough of that to keep everybody in good spirits.

CAST: Dan Dailey, June Haver, Dennis Day, Billy Gray, Cara Williams—20th Century-Fox

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

This is a family affair full of old-fashioned song and sentiment. You keep thinking you've seen all this before, and you have. Nevertheless, the picture's full of chuckles and warmth. Setting's a small town after the first World War. Leon Ames and Rosemary DeCamp are the parents of Doris Day and 12-year-old Billy Gray. Mary Wickes is the faithful but sarcastic maid. They live in a comfortable home, Doris plans to marry her childhood sweetheart (Gordon Macrae), Billy is full of growing boy mischief (he has a turkey he pretends to kill for their Thanksgiving Dinner, but he swipes the neighbor's bird instead) and everybody's happy. Until scandal strikes. Father, after 20 years of wedded bliss, seems to be involved with an exotic actress—Maria Palmer. Seems to be right, because he's as innocent as a babe, but his children don't think so. His children valiantly set about to save him from himself. Naturally, they get all tangled up in their own web and Doris has weepy spells. But one moonlit night at Miller's Pond when the ice is hard and the spirits light, the happy truth is revealed. That actress was merely a business acquaintance of Dad's, kids, so you see, life is beautiful. Especially in Technicolor. This is a sequel, incidentally, to Doris and Gordon's hit *On Moonlight Bay*. CAST: Leon Ames, Rosemary DeCamp, Billy Gray, Mary Wickes, Russell Arms, Maria Palmer—Warners

Dummies don't perspire

...but real live girls need MUM

MUM

CERTIFIED

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.



Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed! Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Stay as Sweet as you are

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

The rumors that Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis were tiffing were spreading as we went to press. As a matter of fact, the neighbors claim they can hear Hollywood's prettiest couple battling! . . . Same stories were circulating about Kay and Brod Crawford, and about Jeff and Marjorie Chandler—again! . . . I've heard there'll be no divorce for Ty Power and Linda Christian—that they'll merely reach a mutual understanding not to "get in each other's way."

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Elizabeth Taylor Wilding's time out to have her baby cost her \$60,000 in salary from her studio. And when a magazine offered her \$3,000 for an exclusive story about the infant, together with exclusive photographs, she turned it down . . . Jacques Bergerac signed a property agreement under which he will have no claim on Ginger Rogers if their marriage doesn't pan out . . .

Lana Turner is trying to sell the \$95,000 mansion in which she lived as Mrs. Topping. She can use the money . . . Lex Barker

and Lana have been telling everyone they're SO in love—and yet they act so bored when they're out together. Funny, huh? . . . John Wayne is dickering to buy two hotels in Mexico City. The thing he's most mad at ex-wife Chata about is that she won't let him rent their unoccupied home in the San Fernando Valley. He claims he can get \$1,000 a month rent for it and split with her but that she won't come across with an okay . . . It's been just 24 years since Gene Autry recorded a song called "That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine" and started on his first \$1,000,000.



Wayne

FUNNIES:

. . . Gene Nelson's four-year-old son refused a quivering dish of gelatine. "I can't eat it!" he wailed. "It isn't dead yet!" . . . Marilyn Monroe took a deep breath for a scene in *How to Marry a Millionaire* and David Wayne said: "It makes Marilyn feel good but it makes me feel better!" . . . Ed Wynn's definition of The Monroe: "A posterior for posterity."

. . . When Zsa Zsa Gabor unveiled her new nightclub act in Las Vegas, Mrs. James Mason sent her this telegram: "No matter how lousy you are, you're still prettier than anyone else" . . .



Monroe

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Terry Moore and Bob Wagner started practicing their love scenes for *Twelve Mile Reef* long before anybody asked them to! . . . Before Bing Crosby left for France he told me this: "Disregard all the rumors you hear about me and Mona Freeman and three or four other girls" . . . Would anyone be surprised if Mitzi Gaynor and Richard Coyle got together again, despite her dates with Hugh O'Brian? . . . Ann Blyth and her "Doc," Jim McNulty, are buying their household furnishings one at a time . . . Columbia prexy Harry Cohn ran a private screening, at his home, to which he invited Rita Hayworth and Manuel Rojas, her hottest romance since Aly Khan. Manuel is a Chilean who came to Hollywood with a polo team and liked it so well he decided to stay . . . Anyway, as I was saying, Cohn ran a screening of Rita's picture, *Salome*, and she and Manuel sat throughout the whole thing holding hands . . . Dick Haymes has been dating Rita, too, but it's Manuel who's her real heartbeat.

Anne Miller fell for Mario Cabré's line in Spain, just as did Ava Gardner before her . . . Divorces of both Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas (Continued on page 22)



Moore

Only Mavis keeps you flower-fragrant, flower-fresh, alluringly feminine all over. This velvety imported talc, exquisitely perfumed, insures your daintiness . . . absorbs moisture, helps prevent chafing. With Mavis you are always your loveliest self . . . in 29¢-43¢ and 59¢ sizes at all toiletry counters.



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TALCUM

You're Irresistible!
ready for romance when you wear exciting, heart-stirring Irresistible perfume and creamy, non-drying, color-right Irresistible lipstick. Try this irresistible combination tonight — and see.



Irresistible
PERFUME ♥ LIPSTICKS at all 10¢ stores



No. 146 Self-conforming
and super comfortable with
new split wire construction.
In Cotton & Eyelet
Broadcloth \$3.00
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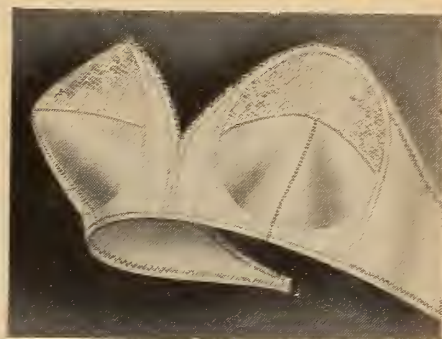
Look for the Magic Inset—You'll love the difference



No. 191 Stitched Cup Wired Strapless in cotton \$4.00



No. 88 Wired Strapless in Embroidered Nylon Marquisette \$2.00



No. 46 Self-Conforming Wired Bra in Nylon \$1.00

Love it, of course you will, when you wear your "Perma-lift"* Strapless Bra.

Now you can enjoy the same uplift—the same feeling of security of a conventional brassiere, yet all the charm and freedom of a strapless style. The wonderful difference is in the Magic Insets in your "Perma-lift" Bra.

Designed in the base of each bra cup, the Magic Insets support your bust from below, guarantee a lovely, lasting uplift, no matter how often your bra is washed or worn.

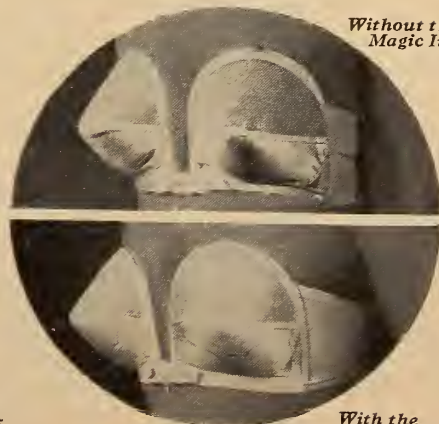
Try on a "Perma-lift" Strapless Bra at your favorite Corset Department today—you'll love the difference.

Upper semi-circle: An actual photo of an ordinary bra **without** the Magic Insets.

Lower semi-circle: Change to a "Perma-lift" bra **with** the Magic Insets and enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort.

*"Perma-lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company

Chicago • New York • Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



*Without the
Magic Insets*

*With the
Magic Insets*

Richard Hudnut reveals two secrets of Truly beautiful hair



60c and \$1.00

Luxurious RICHARD HUDNUT ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO

is the first secret. It's made with real egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier for hair. This rich golden lotion creme cleanses so quickly, rinses out so completely, it leaves your hair dandruff free, shining clean, extra manageable. Dull dry hair, limp oily hair, shine up like bridal satin. Permanents take better. Then: after each shampoo take one minute more to give your hair a beauty finish with Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse. This pretty pink liquid creme rinsed through just once makes hair lustrous, fragrant, easy to comb and set. Pin curls take shape smoothly, are bound to last longer. For truly beautiful hair: after each shampoo, home permanent, treat yourself to **RICHARD HUDNUT CREME RINSE**



60c and \$1.00
Plus Tax

by **RICHARD HUDNUT** of Fifth Avenue

hollywood report continued

are final this fall, when they can get married if they still want to. But who knows in this off-again-on-again town? . . . Season's hottest romance: Farley Granger and Dawn Addams . . . Interrupted only occasionally, of course, by Farley's dates with Susan Morrow! . . . Kirk Douglas surprised everybody by dating Jeanmaire in Paris . . . Whereupon Pier Angeli started going out with Arthur Loew, Jr. . . . Let's remember this, where Pier and Kirk are concerned: it's not only Pier's momma who's the problem in their romance, it's also a matter of Kirk's divorce from Diana Douglas and the fact that Pier is a Catholic.



Angeli & Douglas

LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

Esther Williams has wanted SO much to have a baby girl this time. And a bathing suit manufacturer promised her that if she did have one he would put out a new set of mother-&-daughter swim suits in their honor . . . Pev Marley, who has been directing Guy Madison's first movie in several years, says: "Give him three years and there'll be no bigger name in movies than Guy Madison" . . . Meanwhile, it looked like Guy and his estranged wife, Gail Russell, would never get together again—unless Gail NEEDS him by her side! And then watch Guy go running to her . . . One will get you five, despite all the rumors, that Byron Palmer won't wed this year.

Loretta Agar, John's wife, went looking for steady work while he served his jail sentence for drunken driving. She has been modeling. After all, a gal's gotta eat! . . . Judy Garland says she wants four more kids . . . People were saying that Vittorio Gassman "better hurry home from Italy to Shelley Winters or Shell isn't gonna be waiting for him!" I lunched perched atop a stool at Schwab's with her two days before her baby was born, and she showed no sign of being angry that he wasn't here to welcome his child. But I happen to know she wasn't too happy about it . . . On a quick trip to Europe this spring, I spent time with Alan and Sue Ladd. Alan was fed up with the life over there and wanted to come home immediately after *Hell Below Zero* finished shooting. But practical Sue insisted on staying 18 taxfree months.

HOME FIRES BURNING:

June Allyson is AGAIN out of the mood to continue her career, and where have I heard this before? Says she just wants to stay home and take care of Dick and the kids, and this time MGM just might let her! . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor's quick trip to Rome was to determine whether she would continue as Mrs. George Sanders or return to Hollywood and file the divorce papers . . . Patrice Wymore, complete with 30 pieces of baggage, arrived from abroad. But without Errol Flynn . . . Gary Merrill gave Bette Davis an album of photos from her 80 movies for her 45th birthday . . .



Allyson

ODDS BODKINS:

When Barbara Stanwyck's in the dumps she makes transatlantic phone calls to the Mon-seigneur Café in Paris and gets Roger Baurieux and his 17 fiddle-players to play "My Heart's a Violin" for her . . . Rosemary Clooney thinks her decision to marry José Ferrer is under fire. She thinks her friends and fans disapprove. And if there's anything else that'll make a gal hold on for dear life I haven't heard about it! . . . Maggie O'Brien is still too young for boys, according to those who've asked her mother to okay a date . . . Monty Clift has been running around Hollywood High School's track every morning at seven for his role in *From Here to Eternity*. Great body-building, this . . . Somebody swiped Nancy Olson's monogrammed panties from the set of *So Big* at Warners, and she's not amused.



Clooney

Leslie Caron goes shopping in tight matador pants and a black jersey sweater that are STRICTLY from Hallowe'en. Gosh, this gal dresses peculiarly in public . . . And does Debbie Reynolds have to be so all-fired effervescent at ALL times? Wears a guy out, she does . . . The Sister of Charity at Xavier, Kans., don't use hair-cutting as a ceremony, as do some religious orders, so two years from now when June Haver takes her final vows her curls will be topped by a nun's square cap . . . June, by the way, is waiting on tables for her room, board and schooling, having given up a \$3,000-a-week contract at 20th Century-Fox to enter the religious life. One of the nuns she waits on reports: "June is light on her feet and a good worker."

QUICK QUOTES:

Lauren Bacall says she doesn't even look at other men while her Humphrey Bogart is abroad making pictures. Says Baby: "There's no one like him!" . . . Anne Baxter, just back from Texas, said, "The only millionaires I ran into were 76 or over."

SEX APPEAL:

Katie Grayson finished *So This Is Love* at Warners and told me: "I'll never go blonde again for any reason, not even to star in *The Lana Turner Story*!" . . . Jean Peters leaned over a table at Ciro's to whisper to me: "I'm ready for romance." The right guy for Jean still hasn't come along . . . Shirley "Little Sheba" Booth is now a tangerine blonde. Looks 30 and sexy. Shirleeeeeeeee! . . . Janet Leigh is, me-thinks, too thin.



Peters

Latest Hollywood fad for fingers: nails encrusted with rhinestones and emeralds . . . Doris Day is getting good enough at tennis to challenge Ginger Rogers, who's still the best in town . . . Lex Barker settled for a new car instead of a house. He'll continue to rent Patricia Neal's apartment . . . Anna Maria Alberghetti celebrated her 17th birthday by buying her first lipstick . . . Mexican bulls chased 15 pounds off of Oscar winner Tony Quinn . . . John Barrymore, Jr., and his bride, Cara Williams, were playfully shaking spoons at each other at the Mocambo when a photographer rushed up to snap a picture of them. Yelled John: "Oh no—now everybody will say we're fighting again!"

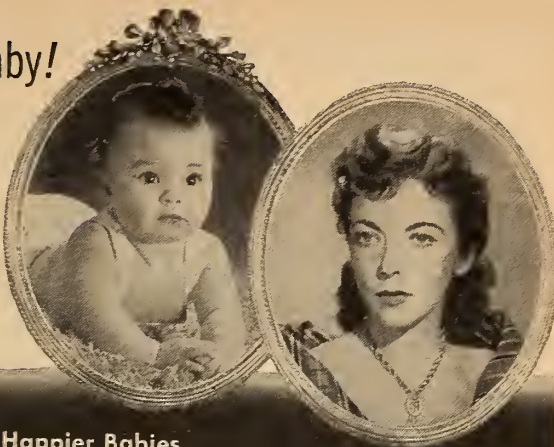
Just look at her baby!

Ida Lupino

and her daughter, Bridget

"I've used PLAYTEX for my baby from the start...and I know it's the best!"

Says Miss Lupino, distinguished actress and the only lady director in the film capital. Her latest release is "The Hitch-Hiker."



PLAYTEX Babies are Happier Babies
...Neater, Sweeter and Cleaner



Only Playtex® Panties

Fit so gently . . . Protect so safely . . . Waterproof so completely

Your precious baby enjoys a whole new world of comfort with PLAYTEX. Only PLAYTEX Panties let your little darling roll so readily . . . crawl so comfortably or toddle so freely. Made entirely of creamy latex, without a single stitch or seam, PLAYTEX Panties actually *stretch all over to give all-over comfort—as no ordinary baby panties do*. PLAYTEX Baby Panties stay soft, snug and attractive . . . are accurately sized by baby's weight. They slip on in a jiffy, rinse fresh in a wink, and pat dry with a towel. Get several pairs today—and let PLAYTEX Panties keep your baby "Socially Acceptable"* always!

Featured at your favorite Department Store and wherever Baby Needs are sold.



MOTHERS, HERE'S PROOF!

Prave to yourself right at the store counter that no other baby panty fits so gently, yet so snugly! Simply slip your arm through a leg apening and feel why PLAYTEX Panties never cut circulation; never bind or irritate... are stretchier than any other baby pants made.



(Prices slightly higher outside the U.S.)

More babies wear **PLAYTEX** than any other baby pants!

Love blooms easily in sultry Africa. But intimates are wondering how it will stand up in a cooler climate.

Gable and a girl named Kelly

by Alice Hoffman



■ If he had not become an actor, and a darn good one, Clark Gable would have made a superb diplomat.

He is charming, tactful, smooth as nylon, and so sincere when denying an allegation, so altogether credible and downright that to doubt him seems like heresy.

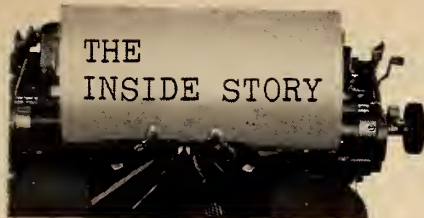
You say to him, "What goes with you and Grace Kelly? I understand the two of you were virtually inseparable all through Africa and London? There's even a rumor that you and Grace have some sort of understanding, maybe an engagement?"

Gable fixes you with a manly stare, shakes that handsome temple-gray head of his and says flatly, "That's absurd. The whole story's fantastic. Just because we've made one picture together and we've been out a few times. She's a very lovely girl and a fine actress, but that's all there is to it."

If his history with women were not so replete with similar denials, one might accept Gable's protestations and admit that his friendship (*Continued on page 72*)



Clark Gable and Grace Kelly met while working on location for *Mogambo*, 750 miles inland in the bush country of Africa. In this dangerous, lonely environment the two stars found there was little to do after working hours but inspect the animal compounds (above) and sit around the fire and fall in love.



(Continued from page 4)

about Susan Hayward and her husband?
—P.W., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Miss Hayward is zealous in guarding her private life.

Q. Is it on the level that Judy Garland has dyed her hair jet black, weighs 155 lbs. and is making the rounds again with Frank Sinatra?
—H.F., OMAHA, NEB.

A. Judy's hair is currently black. She, Sinatra, and her husband, Sid Luft, are a regular threesome at Hollywood night spots. She weighs 130 lbs.

Q. Lots of times I'd like to get the titles of the background music used in motion pictures I see. Where can I obtain these titles?
—B.D., ATLANTA, GA.

A. Write to the music departments of the individual studios.

Q. Is Loretta Young a millionairess? Does she wear braces on her teeth?
—J.V., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

A. Yes to both.

Q. I've been told that Marlon Brando's real sweetheart is Jean Peters, not Movita. How about it?
—L.T., LINCOLN, NEB.

A. Movita looks after Brando's heart, Miss Peters after his pet raccoon.

Q. Isn't Marilyn Monroe on the verge of a nervous breakdown?
—T.T., RUMSON, N. J.

A. She pretty nearly was; is better now.

Q. Has Fernando Lamas promised to marry Arlene Dahl or are they using each other for publicity purposes?
—R.R., EL DORADO, ARK.

A. Their mutual affection transcends publicity.

Q. Is it on the level that Stewart Granger's first wife was much older than he, and that he is almost twice the age of Jean Simmons?
—V.T., LONDON, ENGLAND

A. Yes.

Q. For years now I've read that the reason Bing Crosby dresses so sloppily is because he's color-blind. Is that really why?
—N.T., ELKO, NEV.

A. Crosby is color blind; has unconventional taste in clothes.

Q. Why were Marge and Gower Champion dropped by MGM?
—T.T., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

A. The studio is economizing by reducing its list of contract players

Q. Will Aldo Ray marry Jeff Donnell this year?
—K.R., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A. Probably.

“Soaping” dulls hair— HALO glorifies it!



Yes, “soaping” your hair
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove Halo does not dry . . . does not irritate!

*Halo glorifies your hair
with your very first shampoo!*



DO

go near the water

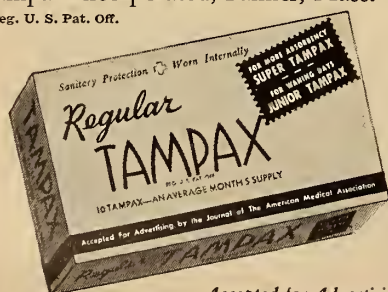


You can go swimming wearing Tam-pax*. Even when the bathing suit's wet and clinging, internally-worn Tam-pax is the kind of monthly sanitary protection that doesn't reveal its presence. Doctor-invented Tam-pax is made of compressed, long-fibered cotton in throwaway applicators. It's so easy to insert that the user's hands need never even touch it. And it's just as easy to dispose of—a boon when you're away from home.

You can sit on the beach wearing Tam-pax. What if you don't want to go in? There's nothing to betray it's one of "those days"—no belts, no pins, no odor. In fact Tam-pax is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it once it's in place. Worn by millions of women, Tam-pax is really a "must" to help you get every ounce of enjoyment out of Summer.

Buy Tam-pax this month. At any drug or notion counter. In your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, or Junior. Month's supply goes in purse. Tam-pax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

where to find the stars in hollywood

by Nancy Streebeck

■ If I had a dime for every star I've pointed out to tourists I'd be rich. However, if I had five cents for every time they have called me a liar I could retire.

If John Tourist stands on the corner of Hollywood and Vine chances are his attempts will be fruitless and he will return home very disappointed with a huge grudge against Hollywood and all it stands for.

What most people fail to know is that within a one-mile radius of Hollywood and Vine can be found countless numbers of stars.

The El Capitan Theatre which is located one block from the famous corner is now one of N.B.C.'s television centers. On most any Sunday afternoon one can catch the performers from the "Comedy Hour." If they arrive at lunch time they can find the stars going to lunch, probably in their TV costumes. They will either eat across the street at Tips or Dupars, or will walk down to Hollywood and Vine for food at Melody Lane.

The same day (Sunday) will find the stars rehearsing for the Lux Radio Show which is one block south of Hollywood and Vine, across the street from the famous Hollywood Brown Derby.

At approximately two o'clock the stars break for lunch and make their way across the street to eat. I've often seen tourists taking pictures of the Derby with the stars in the background. I've often wondered if they discovered them when the pictures were developed. One day two ladies were posing by the Bamboo Room and Fred MacMurray came out. With a small shrug the lady said, "Why, that man looks just like Fred MacMurray," took their pictures, and continued to talk about the stars they *hadn't* seen.

During the week there are various places to see the famous, the best place probably being the movie studios. By waiting outside the main gates between five and six-thirty P.M. you can see most every star that is working in a picture at that studio. R.K.O. is the easiest for getting autographs. The stars have to cross the street to get to their cars. Best advice: wait in the parking lot.

During the week an excellent place to find stars eating is Lucey's Restaurant, located at Melrose Avenue and Winsor Blvd. Here the stars from R.K.O., Paramount, and Columbia eat when working on a picture. Between twelve and two o'clock you can usually expect five to 20 top stars either walking or driving in.

During the week many stars eat at Romanoff's in Beverly Hills. Here you can see the stars come out as they wait for their cars to be brought around the block. Frequent noon patrons include Paul Douglas, James Mason, Humphrey Bogart, and Ray Bolger.

At night there are always the famous night spots on the Sunset Strip; Ciro's, Mocambo, and LaRue Restaurant. The stars arrive at LaRue anytime after eight o'clock and at the other nighteries usually after eleven o'clock. The best night is Thursday.

Premieres are always loaded with movie personalities. However, if you aren't outside at least two hours in advance your chances of seeing all the stars are very slim. Best bet is to wait until it is over and go to the Sunset Strip. The stars return there for dinner. You can catch them unrushed, happy, and looking their best.

If you want to meet the stars informally during the wee hours of the morning stop in at Googies which is the restaurant connected to the famous Schwabs' drugstore at Sunset Blvd. and Laurel Canyon. Here you can drink ten-cent coffee next to them.

Some evening when you want to spend a little more of that vacation savings and eat in finery stop in at the dining room of the Knickerbocker Hotel. There you will be greeted by their hostess Betty Brown (wife of actor James Brown) and will probably spot some star close by. It's the favorite eating spot of Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe.

Here's hoping that your trip to Hollywood will send you home happy and successful. And if you have trouble spotting celebrities just remember to see if they have sunglasses on (or in their pocket), note if their car is foreign or Cadillac, and if they look half as good as they do on the screen. If all these things check then chances are you've just seen another top Hollywood personality.



Louis Hayward, Lucey's.



Danny Thomas at El Cap.



Jane Russell at R.K.O.



Jeff Hunter at Ciro's.



Diana Lynn at the Derby.

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

FROM THE MOVIES

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVER MOON—album by Doris Day* (Columbia).

One of Doris' best LP discs to date, this includes the title song as well as *Your Eyes Have Told Me So*, *Just One Girl*, *Ain't We Got Fun*, *If You Were the Only Girl*, *Be My Little Bumble Bee*, *I'll Forget You* and *King Chanticleer*.

There's also a good album by Gordon MacRae doing most of the same tunes on Capitol with June Hutton.

DREAM WIFE—*Ghi-Li Ghi-Li* by Barbara Ruick (MGM).

MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY—*There's Music In You* by Bill Hayes* (MGM).

TAKE THE HIGH GROUND—title song by Johnny Green* (MGM).

A stirring performance from the sound track by Johnny Green, the orchestra and chorus; coupled with it is the *Triumphal March* from *Quo Vadis*.

MOULIN ROUGE—*The Song From Moulin Rouge (Where Is Your Heart)* by Arthur Fiedler—Boston Pops Orch.** (Victor); Mantovani* (London); Buddy De Franca* (MGM); Victor Young (Decca); Percy Faith* (Columbia); June Hutton-Axel Stardahl (Capitol); Stan Fisher-Bobby Hackett* (Okeh); Joe Laca (Tico); Henri Rene (Victor); Nick Perita (Caral); Marshall Royal (Mercury).

This song has an unusual story. Originally it was brought to the publisher just the way it was sung in the film; its title at that time was *It's April Again*. He decided it was too long, and needed a new title. While he was having it rewritten he showed it to Percy Faith, who made the original record. As you all know, it eventually became a big hit with the new *Where Is Your Heart* lyrics, and there are at least a dozen interesting versions on record now.

POPULAR

ROSEMARY CLOONEY — MARLENE DIETRICH — *Dot's Nice, Donna Fight! and It's The Same** (Columbia).

Two more slightly screwy sides by this strange team, with bright accompaniment by a rhythm group that includes two guitarists and Stan Freeman on harpsichord.

EARTHA KITT—*Uska Dara** (Victor).

This one's nothing if not unique! The much-traveled Eartha sings this one in Turkish. The other side, *Two Lovers*, is a fast and weird thing in English.

JACKIE PARIS—*Only Yesterday** (Brunswick).

Jackie is a young singer (he's also a talented guitarist) who has been a favorite among musicians for years, but never quite made the grade in the popular record field. We think you'll like his style.

** Highly Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars: Average

Add Spice to Dad's Life

FATHER'S DAY—June 21

Old Spice

FOR MEN



SINGLE ITEMS: After Shave Lotion, 1.00 • Shaving Mug, 1.25 (Refill, .75)
Men's Talcum, 1.00 • Shaving Cream, Brushless or Lather, .50

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Shaving Cream, Travel sizes Lotion, Talcum, 1.50 • Lotion, Mug, Talcum, 3.25

Other sets and single items from .50 to 5.75

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Iridescent

High-fashion hues with a
star-like twinkle! White, Pink,
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LORR LABORATORIES
Paterson, N. J.
Created by E. T. Reynolds

MORE THAN ONE BILLION HANDS ARE GLAMORIZED EACH YEAR BY DURA-GLOSS—Sold in 28 foreign countries

What's Rita up to now? The princess finally came out of her ivory tower and ran smack into the arms of fourteen eager men.

■ Hardly a week goes by that Rita Hayworth's name doesn't pop up in the gossip columns as having been seen around town with two or three men, and scarcely a month passes that the list doesn't drop old names and add new ones. It is confusing, but to Hollywood citizens it is delightful. Keeping Up With Rita has been, for almost ten years, a favorite pastime of the town. During the months and years she resided in Europe Hollywood didn't seem quite the same, but nowadays the gossips sit back comfortably and chew the latest Hayworth rumor.

To those who follow the game, Rita is the definition of a gay divorcée. She seems always restless, always on the move, and always merry. There is no malice in the interest she creates, for Rita is an exceptionally well-liked person. She gets into occasional small tiffs with the press when she periodically clams up regarding her personal life, and there are sometimes arguments with her studio bosses, a fact which proves nothing except that she is a good businesswoman. By and large, she is fondly regarded as one of Hollywood's longstanding favorites, and her amours add considerable sparkle to her basic reputation as a gentle, thoughtful and easy-going girl.

The current reaction is that Rita's back and the boys are baying. Her marriage to Aly Khan, the split and the ensuing retreat into seclusion created a hiatus of about three years, but as of now things are back to what Hollywood likes to consider as normal.

Among the names mentioned are Dick Haymes, Aldo Ray, Dale Robertson and polo player Manuel (*Continued on page 81*)



The Gay Divorcée

BY JIM NEWTON

DANGEROUS CROSSROAD



Jane Powell and Geary Steffen don't deny trouble. But Geary says there's a 50-50 chance of reconciliation in a couple of months.



Jane's name was linked with Gene Nelson's when she co-starred with him in *Three Sailors And A Girl*. Nelson was recently separated from his wife.



Music-man Dick Stabile and Gene discussed Jane's night club tour. The timing of her trip was fortunate, giving Jane and Geary a "trial separation period," though she often met Nelson en route in the meantime.

Can Jane Powell and Geary Steffen save their flickering marriage that used to be known as "Hollywood's happiest"?

by Consuelo Anderson

■ "Our marriage will succeed. I know the tragedy of separation, because I've seen it with my own parents; I know, too, what it has done to the lives of some of my friends. And, if it were necessary, I'd give up my career to save my marriage."

Jane Powell said that with deep conviction. She said it, not just a few days ago, but shortly after her marriage to Geary Steffen began, in November of 1949. At that time, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, she couldn't possibly have conceived that she would have occasion to recall those earnest words, some four years later. But now she knows, as does Geary, of the tremendous pressures which can well up against an apparently impregnable union. With one voice they exclaim, "Why can't we be left alone to settle our personal problems?"

It is a harsh contradiction to, face, this discovery that Hollywood reporters, who constantly hailed their marriage as "perfect," should now after one brief quarrel be so apparently convinced that these two are headed directly for the divorce court. Yet, Jane Powell should hardly find it in her heart to blame her reporter friends, for they were not the first to break the news. Hollywood's 300 news correspondents, reading the abrupt announcement from her studio that she and Geary had "tiffed" and "hoped" to work things out, were both shocked and surprised.

Jane, never having been through a situation like this before, was only trying to be her honest self. Unfortunately, however, it was not possible for the press to accept this somewhat questionably worded statement and then sit back calmly to wait for another "handout" that never came. As matters stood, (Continued on page 97)



JOAN AND MARILYN TALK

ANOTHER MODERN SCREEN EXCLUSIVE: HOLLYWOOD'S TOP REPORTER REVEALS WHY CRAWFORD BLASTED MONROE IN

■ Hollywood loves a feud better than a blood brother. It welcomes any sort of a fight—a battle always makes for exciting copy. So, when Joan Crawford blasted Marilyn Monroe in the bitterest interview one glamor girl has ever leveled against another, the town was torn apart.

I waited until the fire was smoldering and practically out before I talked to the stars of the now famous feud, Joan and Marilyn.

"Why did you do it?" I asked Joan, whom I have always known to be warmhearted, kind and never before too violently

critical of anyone. "Why did you tear Marilyn apart publicly? If you thought she needed your help, why didn't you give it to her in private?"

"You'll be surprised," Joan said, "but that's exactly what I wanted to do. I thought, when Bob Thomas came to get an interview with me on the subject of the Academy Awards—which is what he had asked for—that we were finished after we discussed this topic.

"He was half way out the door and on his way to an appointment at MGM, when suddenly he stopped and said,



This is the original Associated Press release which started the fireworks.

TO LOUELLA PARSONS

PUBLIC . . . AND WHAT MARILYN'S DOING ABOUT IT!

'Don't you think Marilyn Monroe was too sexy in *Niagara*—and don't you think that dress she wore at an awards dinner was disgusting?'

"Because I was sure our conversation was now off the record, I answered his questions. I was shocked when I later read the interview which contained two lines about the Academy Awards and the rest was all a blast at Marilyn.

"I wish I could say I didn't say those things, but I *did* say them! I was *not* misquoted! But, believe me, in the future I will think twice before I (Continued on page 92)

JOAN CRAWFORD GIVES MARILYN MONROE A TIP

By Bob Thomas

Joan Crawford today aimed this curt message at Marilyn Monroe: Stop believing your publicity.

The curvaceous blonde has been the subject of a hot controversy during the past fortnight. Women's clubs have protested about the nature of her publicity and the advertising photos for her pictures.

Adding fuel to the fire were reports that her latest picture, the first with which she could demonstrate her box-office pull, was doing disappointing business. Then there was her much-publicized appearance at an awards dinner.

Miss Monroe showed up in a zipperless metallic gown into which she had been sewn. When she stepped up to get her award as the outstanding personality on the screen, she put on a hip-swinging display that brought the house down.

"It was like a burlesque show," said the horrified Miss Crawford, who was present at the affair. "The audience yelled and shouted, and Jerry Lewis got up on the table and whistled. But those of us in the industry just shuddered.

"Certainly her picture isn't doing business, and I'll tell you why. Sex plays a tremendously important part in every person's life. People are interested in it, intrigued with it. But they don't like to see it flaunted in their faces.

"Kids don't like her. Sex plays a growingly important part in their lives, too; and they don't like to see it exploited.

"And don't forget the women. They're the ones who pick out the movie entertainment for the family. They won't pick anything that won't be suitable for their husbands and children."

The durable Miss Crawford, who has lasted longer than any film star in history, said the Monroe buildup was clever and well planned. It was the work of master exploiters, she remarked, but it got out of hand.

"The publicity has gone too far," she said. "And apparently Miss Monroe is making the mistake of believing her publicity. Someone should make her see the light. She should be told that the public likes provocative feminine personalities; but it also likes to know that underneath it all the actresses are ladies."

The Crawford comments were read to Miss Monroe and she was asked if she cared to say anything about them. Miss Monroe started to make a statement and then changed her mind and replied: "No comment."

Discussing other glamor build-ups, she remarked that Jane Russell had managed herself well.

"Howard Hughes tried to make her out a sexy dish at first," she said, "but Jane managed to keep her feet on the ground."

Then there was Jean Harlow, who was first painted as a platinum blonde vamp. When that novelty wore off, she became a successful comedienne. Apparently 20th Century-Fox has the same thing in mind for Monroe.

Miss Crawford, who is up for her second Oscar with *Sudden Fear*, added: "I think she'd better become a comedienne—or something."





"People say I'm a
flirt, and they're right,"
confesses Mitzi, who
jolted all Hollywood
by blossoming
into one of its most
tantalizing women.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

TEMPTRESS

■ One day last fall three very fancy young ladies marched out of an alley on Main Street in Los Angeles and started walking toward the center of town. Main Street in Los Angeles is not like Main Street in your home town; it is skid row, an avenue of gaudy saloons and pawn shops and cheap restaurants and burlesque theaters. The alley led to the stage door of one of these burlesque palaces—and the three fancy dolls were what you might call dancers, if you weren't familiar with the word stripper.

A few minutes later, attracting considerable attention, the girls halted at the box office of the Philharmonic Auditorium, an emporium of the finer things in stage entertainment, and picked up three tickets for the afternoon performance of a show called *Jollyana*. A fellow smoking a cigarette in the lobby smirked at the doorman as the girls entered the theater.

"Those kids are from the Follies," he grinned. "What are they doing up here, learning some tricks?"

"Yes, sir," said the doorman. "They come every matinee—to see Mitzi Gaynor."

"Mitzi Gaynor?" said the smoker. "*Mitzi Gaynor!*"

"Yes, sir," said the doorman.

The customer flipped his cigarette into the street and hurried inside. This he had to see. And he did.

Jollyana didn't travel out of Los Angeles, so you more than likely didn't see Mitzi Gaynor in that show, but if you had you would have understood why strippers from all over the Southern California area came time and again to see Mitzi, to learn a number of things. One was how to strip without removing any garment. Another was how to tantalize a male audience and still remain a lady. But most important, in *Jollyana* Mitzi Gaynor was giving lessons in how to dance sexy and still be a wholesome, healthy young girl; how to combine apple cheeks and a naughty wink.

Just the other day we spoke to her at length (*Continued on page 99*)



Mitzi's most sizzling romance at present is with Hugh O'Brian, a young actor who'll soon be seen in *The Man From The Alamo*.



But Mitzi still hasn't made up her mind about marriage to Hugh. "We've both got a bit more living to do," she admits.

ON HIS OWN

■ The news of his firing came to Mario Lanza like a thunderbolt.

He had just finished a transatlantic telephone call to a friend in London. "Look," he'd said, "it's definite. It really is. I go back to MGM on May 5th. Exactly when the studio will start up *The Student Prince* again I don't know. Joe Pasternak, the producer is going to Italy to do *Flame And The Flesh* with Lana Turner. But it's all set. I go back on salary May 5th. When Joe comes back from Italy, probably in July, that's when the picture begins.

"Oh, yes, another thing. I spoke to Vic Damone today. He told me that he and Jane Powell had been testing for *The Student Prince*. This I can't understand unless the studio feels I'm not to be trusted, that I'll walk off the picture. They don't have to worry. I'm going to give this one everything I've got. I've told that to all the executives, and I'm sure they believe me."

While Mario was talking with such unbridled enthusiasm and happiness, his mother-in-law was trying to get through to him from Chicago. She works at Marshall Field, the well-known department store, and as soon as any news or gossip about her famous son-in-law breaks in the papers, any one of half a dozen salesgirls comes running to her with it.

Five minutes after he finished his London call, Mario picked up the phone in the study of his Bel-Air mansion. His mother-in-law had gotten through. Her voice was charged with emotion.

"It says in the papers," Mrs. Hicks began, "that the studio has fired you."

Mario laughed. "What papers?"

"All the papers, Mario. The Tribune. All the papers."

"It must be a joke, Ma. I just finished a long legal hassel with the studio. Everything's fine. I'm going back to work in a couple of weeks."

"But the newspapers . . ." Mario's mother-in-law insisted. ". . . it sounds very official."

"Okay," Mario said. "Read it to me."

Mrs. Hicks read the official studio announcement to the effect that MGM could no longer put up with Mario Lanza's demands and was terminating his employment contract.

Mario refused to believe it. After all, the papers had been carrying erroneous stories on him for months. This was probably another fantasy conjured up by an imaginative reporter. He handed the phone to his wife, Betty, (*Continued on page 83*)



Mario and Betty Lanza both adore their son Damon. To Mario, having a male child was the fulfillment of a long-time, deep, desire. Damon was six months old in June.



Ever since Mario and MGM parted, he has had much more time to spend with his children. Long walks and story-telling session are fun for Elissa (left), Colleen, and Poppa.

Mario finally got his freedom, the hard way, from MGM. Now Lanza's on the outside wondering—was it triumph

These are the only color pictures taken of Mario Lanza's family since the birth of his son, and are exclusive to MODERN SCREEN



Usually a boisterous, noisy person, Mario is always strangely subdued when wheeling Damon in his carriage. He has a very protective attitude towards his baby son.



Little Elissa and a playmate pose for our camera on the Lanza lawn. The children and their friends enjoy having Mario sing to them, and he often obliges.



Full of plans for free lance films, a radio and TV show, and a concert tour, Mario is now a happy man again. After a farewell hug for Colleen (above) he hands her back to Betty (below) and goes off for a conference to map out his new career.





MARRIAGE, ANYBODY?



Dick: I like a girl who doesn't need fancy entertainment. Piper and I can have a good time just tripping through the tulips, together.



Piper: Seeing stars is fun—especially if they're tall, dark and handsome, like Dick! But my career usually interferes just at the wrong time.

AN OLD MAID AT TWENTY-ONE?

■ PIPER LAURIE: Well, I'll tell you, it's getting to be like this in the family. I'll say to my mother, "Mom, I've got something to tell you," and she'll drop everything to turn to me instantly. "Yes? Yes?" she'll urge, and her reaction is unmistakable; always the one-track mind, if you know mothers . . . mothers of daughters, that is.

She thinks I'm about to tell her that I've met someone—the one—and it looks like marriage is in the air. But all I've got to

among them attractive Dick Long (below) . . . but only dashing Carlos Thompson looks like her current serious heart interest.



Dick: You can learn a lot about people just yakking, particularly if you're working with them. Piper and I have spent hours talking about everything, especially show business.



Piper: My mother isn't pushing me to get married; it's just that she thinks I'm getting to the stage where I should sort of concentrate on it. She likes all my beaux equally.



Piper's romance with Carlos Thompson may last longer than her others . . . he's planning to be in Europe the same time she is, so they won't have to cut their courting short. Carlos, the first Latin in Piper's life, comes from Buenos Aires.

WHO SAYS SO? HERE, IN DIRECT QUOTES, PIPER, FAMILY AND FRIENDS SPEAK OUT ON THE SUBJECT!

tell her usually is some such piece of news as just being put into a new picture or having to leave on some trip. And when I do her face falls and she says, "Oh, *that*."

"Yes, mom, that."

"Oh, well," she says (meaning "you call *that* news") and, "that's nice" (meaning "hurry back and let's get down to the real business of your life").

You see, my mother would expect to know soon, very soon, after I made up my mind. We're a family kind of family, I'm a

family girl, perhaps even more so than a career girl, I suppose. I don't think I've ever gone out with a boy who hasn't been to my home and whom mother hasn't met. So she feels she would know the boy all right. All I have to do is identify him.

The thing is, if we talk boys, why, mother can take them up with me one by one. And, of course, like all mothers, she has her own point of view. Sometimes we agree about a boy, sometimes we don't. I say she judges them by the way they eat.

She says I judge them by the way they tie their necktie (if they wear one). As you can tell, so far all three of us haven't agreed—I mean mother, me *and* a boy!

It's not that mother is always pushing me. Not that at all. But I feel she thinks I'm getting to the stage where I should sort of concentrate on this prob . . . well, this issue. If you know what I mean. I mean *she* is concentrating.

For instance, when I told her about going to Korea (Continued on page 89)

ONCE A TOMBOY!

CYD CHARISSE USED TO PLAY SHORTSTOP FOR THE BOYS . . . NOW THE BOYS ARE STOPPING SHORT FOR HER!



Cyd adores husband Tony Martin but rarely sees him.

■ When Cyd Charisse blew into the movies in 1944 people asked "What is Cyd Charisse?" It sounded more like a dessert than a name, and Cyd lives up to the analogy. Tall and willowy, she is topped off by a swirl of dark hair that suggests the color of smoke. Her brown eyes are wide set and tilting at the corners, and her teeth are perfectly rounded white gems that flash in a disarming smile. The combination adds up to a dish that anyone would consider luscious, and a bit beyond reach, too. Cyd looks expensive and her manner on first meeting seems aloof, almost haughty.

If this is true, it is possibly because she is expecting the usual opening gambit—an inquiry about her name. Cyd figures that in all her life she has met perhaps a dozen people who have not immediately inquired as to the nature of and the reason for her appellation. The answer is quite simple. The "Cyd" comes from her older brother's abortive attempt to say "sister," and the Charisse part of it comes from her first husband, dancing instructor Nico Charisse. (*Continued on page 88*)



By JANE WILKIE



CROSBY AND SON



Under Bing's guidance (here at Versailles, France), Lindsay is adapting to life without a mother. He and Bing pal around, and help each other adjust.

This trip to Europe
was the first step for a father
whose biggest purpose
in life is his devotion to
four sons . . . Lindsay, the
youngest, needed him most. . . .

BY STEVE CRONIN





Bing planned the European jaunt with Lindsay because he felt the youngster's grief might be lessened by foreign travel and new interests.

■ Bing Crosby and his traveling sidekick, a sharp, polite, well-bred boy of 15 who happens to be his youngest son Lindsay, will return from Europe to Hollywood on June 25th.

This knocks into a cocked hat once and for all the rumor that Bing was planning to remain abroad in order to rendezvous in peace with beautiful Mona Freeman, his sometimes dining companion.

When Bing arrived at Cherbourg aboard the Queen Elizabeth last March, reporters descended upon him and asked first, "Is it true, Monsieur Bing, you are engaged to Mademoiselle Freeman?" and second, "Is it not true that you plan to marry Mademoiselle Mona Freeman?"

Lindsay, who loves to see his old man wriggle out of a tight spot, wisecracked with Sue Robertson, Bing's secretary, as the old groaner, momentarily perturbed, collected his wits for a denial.

"Now, look," Bing said, "I've known Mona ever since she was a kid. There's absolutely nothing to that story. Once in a while down at Palm Springs we took dinner. That's all."

And when Bing said, "That's all," he meant it, because in the three months of his European sojourn, Mona Freeman was the one subject he would not discuss.

"We just came over to play a little golf," Bing explained. "I also thought it wouldn't do Lindsay any harm to get around a little, you know, see (Continued on page 95)



Reporters on the Continent, respecting Bing's bereavement, left him alone as much as possible. During the few interviews he did grant, Bing answered all the questions they asked him except those dealing with his rumored romances.



Noodling around with some local musicians, Bing proves that one antidote for sorrow is constant activity. While in Europe, he and Lindsay steered clear of the big, fancy hotels, preferring the anonymity of lesser-known hostleries.



Natural stone and bleached mahogany combine to give the Wilding's living room walls a modern, rough-textured look. Pieces like the 16th

Liz and Mike's ranch



■ Liz Taylor's voice, softly muted by the deep pink carpet and the yards of pink chintz in her bedroom, wafted through the open glass doors to where Mike Wilding was seated on their small private patio.

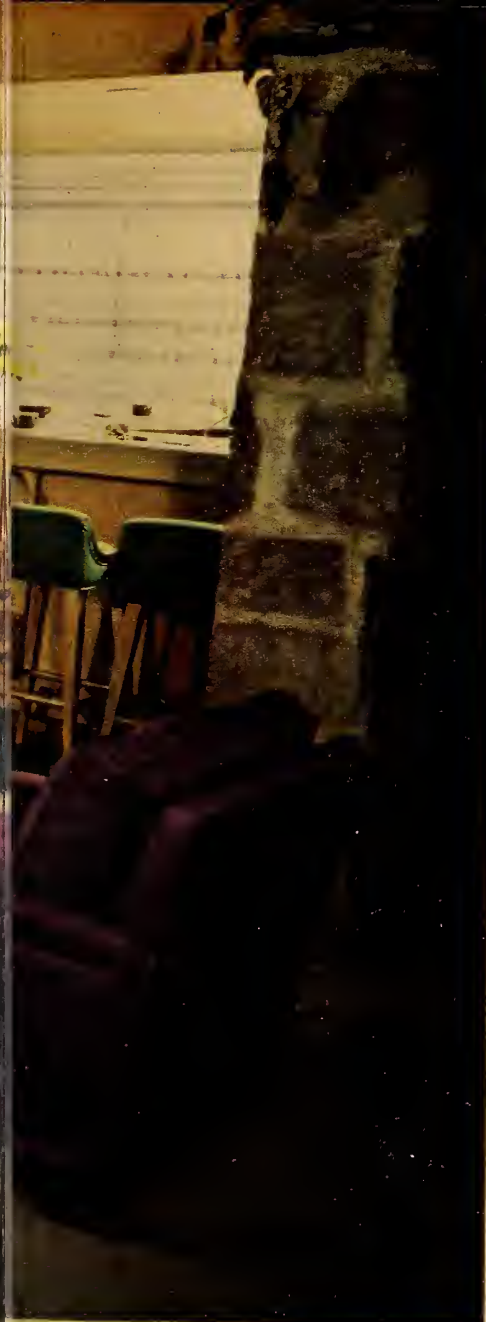
"Darling," the voice cooed, "you want to know the two most delicious smells in the world?"

Mike Wilding grinned. "Tell me," he shouted.

Liz shuffled up behind her husband and ever so lightly pressed her lips against his

cheek. "Babies and bacon," she mumbled. Then she pulled back. "Let's eat some breakfast."

Each morning before she eats, Liz always runs into the nursery and supervises the splashing bath of her only child. While she does this, husband Mike relaxes on the patio, usually reading the papers and drinking in the California sun he loves. In about 15 minutes, Liz joins him with the early morning report on their heir. Sometimes it's about little Mike's eyes, sometimes it's



Century Tang horse add a rich decorative note.

house

about his funny cackling. On this particular morning the report concerned itself with their baby's clean, fresh smell.

"Tell you what," Mike, senior, suggested, "if he smells so darn good this morning, why don't you get Chanel to bottle him? We could call it Attar of Baby Porker' or Chanel Number Five Months."

Liz giggled. "Why, that's a marvelous idea!" She sank her gleaming teeth into a crunchy slice of bacon just as the phone rang.

(Continued on next page)

EXCLUSIVE TO MODERN SCREEN

Home on the range was never like this! Liz Taylor's \$100,000 ranch house is in a class by itself, even in Hollywood.

BY MARVA PETERSON



The one change Liz and Mike made in the home they bought was the addition of this "lanai" or enclosed patio. The structural stone wall in the living room was extended, a bar built, and the new corner glassed in.



Liz selected the periwinkle blue couch, then decorator Jim Favour added the purple chair and black tables. The matchstick bamboo curtains are threaded with purple, green, gold and blue wool. The bust is by Epstein.



The dining area is set apart by a low stone wall, and all the furniture for both dining and living areas was custom built. The paintings by Augustus John and Benton Scott are from Liz' father's art gallery.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

Liz and Mike's ranch house

continued



Liz and Mike Wilding's guest house is a separate and complete unit, joined to the main building by a covered walk. In addition to this comfortable living room, the house has its own bedroom, kitchen, bath.



The latest in modern equipment can be found in Liz' white oak panelled main kitchen. Cabinets were designed for a specific use—narrow file for trays, a deep closet for pots, a felt-lined drawer for silverware.

Mike Wilding answered it. He spoke a few pleasantries into the mouthpiece, then handed the phone to Liz. "It's your agent, the illustrious Mr. Goldstone."

Liz shook her head and tightened her robe. "Oh, nuts!" But she got up and hurried to the phone, and in less than a minute her face was wreathed in smiles. She put down the phone and her violet eyes glistened. "They've offered me Vivien Leigh's role in *Elephant Walk*. The studio's agreed to loan me out. Aren't you surprised?"

Liz laughed and whirled herself around the white wrought-iron porch furniture, landing finally in her husband's lap and kissing him twice.

"I've never known you to be so enthusiastic about work," he said.

Mike Wilding was being truthful, because ever since he and Liz bought their mountain-top lovenest, and a baby son came along to round things out, Mrs. Michael Wilding hasn't cared a fig for screen work. She's been quite content to fill her life with pure domestic bliss, keeping house, taking care of little Mike, swimming in her pool, riding around with her husband in their low-slung Jaguar.

Compared to this paradise-like existence, no movie script seemed quite tempting enough so that in the weeks following the birth of her baby, Liz returned to MGM as unsuitable all the scripts sent to her. The studio, in turn, suspended their number-one beauty, stopping her weekly salary check of \$3,500. Not even this made Liz change her mind about returning to work. She was happy at home and at home she was determined to stay until she got the right part.

You all know what happened. Vivien Leigh suffered a nervous breakdown on the Paramount lot while doing *Elephant Walk*. Paramount had already sunk a cool million into the production. A new leading lady was a must. So as it does to all movie mothers, the moment came when Liz had to leave her idyllic laziness and incorporate the new role of mother-wife into the old familiar framework of acting, the only occupation she has ever known.

"It hasn't been too easy going back to work," she admits with resignation. "But now that Michael is working again, well, it isn't too terrible."

"She hated to think of me," Mike explains, "lounging around the house, doing absolutely nothing while she had to (Continued on page 76)



↑ This heated pool, set in the landscaped patio right outside the bedroom windows, is Liz' favorite place for relaxing with her son and husband. Now back at work she has little time for loofing.

↓ Liz had her heart set on a pink bedroom, but Mike, naturally, wasn't keen on a frilly one, so softly draped pink walls ore a happy compromise for both. Liz' passion for pink even led to a pink bathroom.



Modern Screen finally



weekend in the Alps.

At home Abroad



My Swiss Miss misses me.

■ Across the Pont Neuf, one of the smaller bridges that span the Seine in Paris, you find the Place Dauphine, a quiet, respectable, middle-class French neighborhood.

On the sixth floor of an old-fashioned apartment house, overlooking this picturesque tree-filled square, Gene Kelly lives with his talented, outspoken, beautiful young wife, Betsy Blair, and their only offspring, a charming, bright-as-a-new-penny ten-year-old girl alliteratively named Kerry.

The Kellys live in a five-room flat sub-leased from a lady who used to reside at the American Embassy, which is why when you ask around the Place Dauphine where Gene Kelly lives, the French children in the neighborhood giggle, do a little dance step for you, then point to the sixth floor and shout, "L'appartement Americain."

The three Kellys have been living in Europe for more than a year now, and while they're unusually (*Continued on page 94*)



Betsy at work in Paris!

catches up with the three galloping Kellys. by Tom Dancy



How many dollars in a Franc?



Kerry's Roman Holiday



anybody here speak Bop?



If she could only yodel.



Ski for two and two for ski

Ann Blyth's Wedding



It's here—the day all who love Ann have hoped and prayed for, the day her every dream comes true!

■ Now if you happen to be reading this on the last Saturday of this month of June it'll be the moment that Ann Blyth, wearing the wedding dress she dreamed she would, is kneeling before the marriage altar with the boy she prayed she would. At St. Charles, in the San Fernando Valley in California, Ann is becoming the bride of Dr. James V. McNulty. And if you asked her anything about anything else she'd tell you it didn't matter.

"Ann," she can only think to herself, "you are marrying in the church of your devotion to the man of your devotion." And it is true. For though this dark-haired, 24-year-old Irish girl has walked in high places she has been known always for her yearning for simple happiness. She did pray to her St.

Anne that there would be someone someday like the tall, young doctor at her side; quietly strong yet gentle like him, and with a ready smile and an understanding way. And she is not above telling you, "My prayers were answered."

To every girl belongs such a moment as is now taking place at St. Charles—and this is Ann's to remember forever; solemn with the song of the mass, festive with the flowers and further music, and then, with dear friends and relatives looking on, the fateful hush of the ceremony itself.

Yet it is a moment shared by others; not only do those who fill the church know why they have come, those who crowd the street outside for a glimpse of the bride know why they wait. They are caught by a fairy story. (*Continued on next page*)

Day





Ann, who was feted at many showers during her engagement, is a spectator here as Terry Moore congratulates Dr. James V. McNulty.

Ann Blyth's Wedding Day continued

Ann Blyth's folks had no riches when she was born. Hers was a childhood of big city nonentity, of bread and milk in the kitchen, ordinary schooling and, seemingly, limited opportunity. But she had riches to give; in beauty of form and beauty of manner as an actress. And here is the magic that touches this wedding—in this country a colleen can become a queen!

None in the church doubts it when she comes down the aisle on the arm of her Uncle Pat Tobin. She seems to move in the white aura of her veil of diaphanous illusion tulle which is as long as the train of her gown of mousseline de soie over white satin. On her head is Chantilly lace, a bonnet embroidered with pearls. Those whom she passes by closely note the tight bodice of the gown, the long sleeves, and that she carries a rosary and a bouquet of lilies of the valley. If they look at her eyes they know that her soul has risen into them and shines through, luminous with tears and love.

Behind her is her court of bridesmaids and by their names you can recognize some of these, too, as princesses; not hereditary, but risen as Ann in their own personal right through democracy's processes and public (*Continued on page 96*)



St. Charles Church in North Hollywood is the place Ann chose for her late June wedding; she and Jim decided to have the ceremony at 10:00 o'clock Mass. Jane Powell was wed here, too.

Ann Blyth's wedding day marks the end of past loneliness, and the start of a glorious future!



Dennis Day, who's responsible for introducing Jim to Ann, receives his reward!



A long-time friend, Jack Benny was among the first to wish Ann good luck.



Her beloved Aunt Cissy and Uncle Pat helped Ann pack her trousseau. Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, who adopted Ann when her mother died, highly approve of Ann's Dr. Jim.



This is the home in which Ann and Jim will start their married life. It's a Connecticut style farmhouse at Toluca Lake. Ann describes it as "the kind of house that just reaches out and puts its arms around you."



Ann's home cooking will be the kind her husband boasts about. She's been taking lessons, so there'll be no burnt toast and fallen angel cakes in *her* kitchen! Jim's a lucky man in lots of ways.

GETTING TO KNOW

■ A basically unhappy, fear-ridden beauty, Ava Lavinia Gardner is today happier than she has ever been before. And for three reasons.

She is living in Europe. She is convinced that she and Frank Sinatra can make a go of their marriage, and she is content with her work.

This marks the first time in a decade that Ava has been satisfied with her geographical location, the condition of her love-life, the state of her finances, and the progress of her career.

In short, the belle of Grabtown, North Carolina, now has pretty nearly everything she's clamored for, everything, that is, except children, and with a little luck, they may be forthcoming in the future, especially since Frankie has been touring the Continent, flying to Ava's side at every free moment.

Ava's current peace of mind is very much in contrast to her state of misery when she left Hollywood last November. At that time, you'll recall, it was touch and go as to whether Ava and her crooner would separate or stay together.

Frankie had caught his wife and Lana Turner in his Palm Springs house "cutting him up," to use his own expression, and it looked very much as if this might be the swan song to their marriage. But fortunately, there was a reconciliation, the umpteenth reconciliation between the lovers, and Frankie eventually flew all the way to Nairobi in British East Africa, to be with Ava while she was preparing for work on *Mogambo*.

Ava says she liked working in *Mogambo*. "At least," she explains, "I understood the part. It wasn't the same old thing."

It was also good having Frankie around for moral support. When Frank flew back to the States, and Ava went out on location in Kenya, the setup wasn't perfect but Ava made the best of it.

John Ford. the crack (Continued on page 67)



Rodiantly happy today, Ava finds it hard to recall the shy, bumbling girl she once was. For the first time the actress is perfectly content with her place of residence (Europe), state of marriage (ecstatic) and the progress of her career (zooming).

THE WORLD ADORED HER—BUT AVA ALWAYS FELT OUT OF PLACE. NOW SHE'S LEARNING TO UNDERSTAND

YOU



Their early married life was a trying one for the Sinatras. Friends of Nancy Sinatra blamed Ava when Frank divorced her, and there were many times when Ava (far left) and Frank (far right) despaired.



Absence *did* make the heart grow fonder in Frank and Ava's case. Frank, shown here with pal Van Heflin and his wife, found life just wasn't much fun without Ava. He couldn't wait until he joined her in Europe recently.



Ava's friendship with Lana Turner helped mess up her marriage. Frank accused the girls of "cutting him up"; once called the police to oust Lana.



The Sinatras' joyous reunion in May proved to them once and for all how much in love they are. Both feel that their marriage is on stable ground now.



Ava, with a model at a Parisian fashion show, is now as inwardly composed as she looks on the outside. She's complete mistress of herself at last.

HERSELF—AND FRANKIE • BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

MAKING UP



Newlyweds Jane and Fred chat on set of *Let's Do It Again*. She's the stor, he's the musical director; they fell in love between scenes.



Jane hasn't much time these days for her favorite hobby, painting. She has to squeeze it in between making movies, keeping house, mothering her children, attending parties, and just plain having a good time!

Her career's zooming,
her love-life's blooming, and
Janie's strutting on
top of the world these days.
Everyone's wishing her
luck and saying: Keep it up!

BY RICHARD DEXTER


■ The Cadillac limousine—one that was almost as long as a bus—purred up to the door of Jane Wyman's home. Six men, all in tails and top hats, got out and stood in a single file from the doorway to the car while their leader rang the bell. When the maid arrived, she grinned a little foolishly, then excused herself and summoned her mistress. Jane appeared in a moment, elegantly strutted to the car, got in, followed by the men, and the limousine slipped into the traffic headed for downtown Hollywood.

Fifteen minutes later the car pulled up before a rather large but modest building on a side street just around the corner from Grauman's Chinese Theater. The alighting procedure was the same. The men got out, formed a line, removed their toppers and stood like wax images as Jane walked into the building. Then they followed as formally as ushers at a wedding. The door shut behind the lot of them—and a ceremony unique to Hollywood behind that closed door.

(Continued on page 91)

FOR LOST TIME





DOWN, BOY!

WHAT IS THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT HOLLYWOOD'S

by Jack Wade

■ Scott Brady, his long right leg flung over the arm of a chair, his fingers drumming an angry tempo on the edge of the table, sat quietly glowering. He got up a couple of times and walked around the room, apparently in deep thought. Finally, he pointed a long finger and shook it.

"There's a lot of baloney going around about me," he growled. "You reporters, and a lot of people in this town are messing up my life. The only reason I haven't complained before is that I don't want people to think I'm crying. If you want to know the real truth about my love life—and a few other things—just shut up and listen for a few minutes." Brady stalked around the room gathering his thoughts. His trousers clung neatly to his narrow hips and were cut all right, but it seemed they should be tucked into high heeled boots, regular Tombstone pants. His tweed jacket appeared to be an excellent hiding place for guns, and his shirt was open at the throat, the way a man would wear it if he expected action.

We sat back and did as he said.

As Brady walked up and down he began to look very sorry for himself.

"How do I get this kind of a reputation?" he said. "I hear I'm fickle. Well, I'm a single man and I go out with quite a few girls. But many of the girls I date have been pals for years. I might meet a new girl, like her, and try to get her to go out with me like any other guy, but I'm not fickle when it comes to my old friends. Why, I've never even dated a girl for the publicity department—and darn few actors can make that statement. And that includes Ann Blyth. That rumor was really unfair. I like Ann very much, (Continued on page 74)

A date with a different girl every night earned Scott his reputation. But, he protests, he's not a wolf!



Sharlee Hudson rates a dinner date . . .



A sultry glance warms up Peggy Castle . . .



Bev Mitchell gets a dance with Scott . . .



Susan Ball gets some heart-to-heart talk



Lucky Anita Ekberg winds up with good-night kiss→

← But Dorothy Malone, the one girl Scott really wants, won't tumble . . .

NO. 1 PLAYBOY AND TROUBLEMAKER—AND HOW DID HE GET THAT WAY?

"Religion is something I've accepted in sure trust, without knowing its full meaning, just as I've accepted the beauty of a blue sky, my daughters' smiles, or the quiet happiness of a day with Harry."

THE QUIET HAPPINESS

by Betty Grable

My parents drove me to my first Sunday School session back in St. Louis when I was five years old. They let me out in front of a synagogue, which was just across the street from the Episcopal church to which they belonged, and told me to wait there until they parked the car. When they got back I was gone. Nor could they find me with the other children in church. They hunted around the streets and eventually my mother looked into the synagogue. There were no services that day, of course, yet there I sat, all alone in the dark, but unfearful and quite content. Spiritually I have sat thus ever since, boasting no sure knowledge, bathed in no great light, but a believer, trusting and content.

I am still an Episcopalian. My children, whose prayers I hear every night, are being brought up in confidence that there is a Guide who also gives ear (and sometimes it takes them almost an hour to squeeze in all for whom they ask His blessing). Yet I cannot say that I am one to whom religion has come with sharp, clear definition. It is something that I, like most of us, have accepted in such trust, without knowing its full meaning, as I have accepted the beauty of a blue sky, the smiles of my little girls, or the quiet happiness that can fill a household of an evening. There is more to faith than this, I suppose, but for what there is for me, I am grateful. And . . . content.

It may be that I have yet to come to serious thinking in my life—a life that without much credit to myself has brought me far more, (*Cont. on opposite page*)



in material success, I feel, than I deserve. When and if such thinking comes, and with it a deeper meaning of the mystery of existence, I shall welcome it. Yet it is not something that I feel can be hastened. And, of course, I cannot be dogmatic about my belief, I do not feel it has given me a special distinction, I cannot presume in such a direction in any manner.

There are some people who are extremely self-confident and this confidence often extends to every phase of their activity, even to their religion. They seem to know their way in the spiritual world as they do in the temporal one. I have seen such in my profession, moving surely and oblivious to anything which questions the correctness of their attitude. I can wonder at them, admire them, but I cannot emulate them.

I am reminded of an actress with whom I have worked who was such a person. When it was suggested after a rehearsal that she needed further study of her lines (something that would send me flying to my script) she merely replied, "That remains to be seen." And when this girl, as it happened, turned to religion, she did so intensively, even militantly, and sought to convert all whom she knew to her form of worship. Some people can move with such certainty in all they do . . . and others, like myself, must feel their way.

I don't think that in my whole life I have ever planned anything. It just hasn't been that kind of a life. Even today, when my husband starts off something he has in mind by saying, "Two weeks from today I think we ought to . . ." I always come back with, "Let's don't plan, Harry. Let's just see what happens."

I AM not an actress because I planned it—or particularly wanted it. And I was singularly devoid of ambition. I didn't care for dancing school when my mother brought me to it. It was her idea for which I'll be eternally grateful. I honestly feel that she has had more satisfaction from whatever success came my way than I have. And her instinct is still the same. "You can be a better dancer, a better singer," is a steady refrain from her lips. I know; but I am content. When my elder daughter, Vicki, wanted to take ballet I agreed. When she got over the notion, I forgot about it too. I don't consider a career essential to happiness however much happiness it has given me.

I have never pressed for anything with a desire so strong that it shut out everything else, and, I suppose, it is a form of irony that such a girl should have so much. I admit it. My own reaction, in fact, is to compensate for the good fortune by thanking God for it and refraining from swinging my weight around to the disadvantage of others. It is the least I can do . . . now. Perhaps some day a way will open up to do more.

A friend once asked why I didn't insist to the studio heads that I be given a certain part which she thought would be wonderful for me. She wouldn't believe it when I told her that not once since joining the studio have I ever done this. The closest I came was to have my agent suggest a few years ago that I liked the idea of starring in a musical which was on the market and would be pleased if they bought it. The name of it was *Annie Get Your Gun*. They didn't buy it, as you know. MGM did, and starred Betty Hutton.

Only recently there have been a lot of reports around Hollywood detailing my disappointment at not being assigned to *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. My reaction to this talk has been a mixed one—and without any sense of disappointment in the mixture. First of all I cannot understand why others have (Continued on page 66)

Esther Williams starring in M-G-M's
DANGEROUS WHEN WET
Color by Technicolor



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You can have an engagement book or an engagement

ring, but not both at the same time, says busy

Kathryn Grayson, who refuses to love on the run.

BY SUSAN TRENT



Kathryn Grayson has no time to sing the blues. Rehearsals for her new pictures, and playing with her daughter Patty Kate, keep her much too busy.

Too busy for Romance

■ The new blonde walking around the Warner Brothers studio recently was drawing a lot of wolf whistles from the employees. Most of them figured her to be a new starlet, well worth the whistles, and they were completely surprised when on closer inspection she turned out to be Kathryn Grayson. Katie has joined the ranks of those actresses who offer up the natural color of their hair on the sacrificial altar of their career, and that's just about the way she feels about it. Told that the new silver blonde topping for the role of Grace Moore is extremely becoming, she smiles her thanks and then shrugs.

"I'll put up with it until the picture's finished," she says, "and then back it goes to its natural shade. I can't be bothered with keeping it this way. There isn't enough time."

That statement is the key to Kathryn Grayson's life today. There isn't enough time. Each day is filled to the hilt with activity, both in her professional and personal life. This daily

bustle is partly responsible for the fact that her name is seldom seen in gossip columns as having been seen here or there with this oil man or that business tycoon. There are too many other things in her life, things she feels are important, to devote precious hours merely to being seen at the "right" places with the "right" people. Katie had never gone in for the Hollywood social whirl, and actually couldn't care less about it. Home is too much fun. Work is too important.

Katie bought the house where she lives with Patty Kate, her four-year-old daughter, and her parents, long ago, before her first marriage, to John Shelton, and hasn't the slightest intention of moving into another one. It now consists of 16 rooms, a play-room having recently been added, and is large enough to contain the hum of activity that goes on every day. The entire family, including 15 nieces and nephews, is musical—"They can't help it," laughingly explains Katie. "You see they all have

voices"—and if recorded symphonic music isn't soaring through the house someone is singing or playing the piano or tuning a violin.

Katie thrives in a household like this. Music has always been the greatest love of her life and it is a blessing to share her home with people who also share her enthusiasm for pizzicato, pianos and pear-shaped tones. The one slight drawback is the fact that almost every night, when she gets home and seeks out an album she'd like to hear, that particular album has been misplaced by a relative who has been playing his own favorites. "Where's the Brahms piano concerto?" Katie howls. And her father's voice booms down from somewhere upstairs. "It's under the coffee table—under that pile of Flagstad records!"

A friend once asked Katie if the hubbub and bustle of the house didn't get on her nerves. "Get on my nerves!" she said. "I'd blow my top if it was ever quiet for more than ten minutes."

ACTUALLY, she has her own rooms on the second floor—a sort of a suite—a bedroom, dressing room and bath, and Patty Kate's room is next to her own. There is also a room that has been turned into an office, and from here Katie runs the household. She is a rarity in Hollywood in that she has no business manager and feels quite capable of taking care of her own financial affairs, which necessarily are many and complicated. With a flair for organization she works on a budget, makes her own decisions regarding investments, and turns out correspondence which equals that of a small business firm. The paying of bills and salaries alone amounts to a great deal of work, and in addition Katie does all the meal planning and marketing herself.

The "office" is the hub and center of the entire house, as is Katie herself, and she manages things so well that when she is away from home everything runs with the precision of the Greenwich clock.

She is not often at home. Despite the fact she has been averaging little more than one picture a year, her time is absorbed by the myriad chores that go hand in hand with a movie career. The long hours at the studio attending conferences, doing publicity, rehearsing, posing for pictures, taking singing lessons, and the personal appearance tours and benefit performances. When she finished *Lovely To Look At* for MGM she went to South America on a goodwill tour for the State Department, a trip that was intended also to publicize the film, *Showboat*. It was not, as might be supposed, a vacation. There was a perpetual and compulsory round of teas, luncheons and soirées, and while Katie dutifully threw herself into the itinerary with her usual verve, her thoughts were always with the big house in Santa Monica, California.

When she came back she went to work in *The Desert Song* and shortly afterward was handed the plum title role of the Grace Moore film. Before that picture was begun Katie was committed to follow it with *Mademoiselle Modiste* and then a return engagement at MGM to make *Kiss Me, Kate*.

In between her business and her home she sandwiches a large amount of charity work, notably with the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles. Three years ago when Patty Kate was hospitalized there with a broken leg Kathryn noted the need for new facilities, and while charity workers around town are hoping for a new wing, Katie is plugging for a whole new hospital. Her heart is always with any project concerning children, not only because she loves them without reservation but because she feels deeply that the world we give them today is not a particularly happy one and that the least we can do is to assure them good health and a fine education. This



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the sun... use **TARTAN**®

philosophy is clear in Kathryn's professional life.

The ambitious drive and urgency for fame common to so many Hollywood stars is not shared by Kathryn. She never asked for a movie career; she wanted only to sing, because she loved music. She was no more than a child when, 13 years ago, an MGM executive heard her sing and plucked her out of the Manual Arts High School to give her a contract with his studio.

In the following years she studied all the arts allied with acting—diction, dancing and dramatics—and before she was old enough to decide what she wanted to do with her life she was a full-fledged movie star. This was a career handed to Katie on a silver platter; it was planned, written, produced and directed for her, and she had nothing more to do than be a good girl and cooperate to the best of her ability. It can truthfully be said that Kathryn Grayson has not done one thing that was not absolutely necessary to further her career, and even today it is improbable that she would walk across the street to ask for a role. She does not say it in so many words, but she gives the impression that being a movie star, to her, is just a job. She is tremendously grateful for the advantages given her, for the fame and fortune that came to her through the organization of MGM. When she is working she is intensely interested and devotes herself to it with unending energy. Yet the moment a picture is finished Miss Grayson retires into her private life and doesn't give movies a second thought until she is once more on call to be in makeup at 7 A.M.

LAST August she left MGM. In a way it was like leaving her home, for she had spent almost half her life there. The split was an amicable one; she left no enemies nor bitter words behind her. It was simply a matter of her wanting more freedom to direct her life as she chose. She wanted the right to appear on television should such an opportunity be offered her. This was the bid that stuck in the craw of the studio executives. She had had for years the right to appear at concerts, yet her studio association was so confining that almost every time she agreed to do a concert it had to be canceled because of forthcoming movie work. There was only one answer, figured Katie, and that was to leave when her contract expired.

She had already done one picture outside the walls of MGM and that was *The Desert Song* for Warners. When the brothers Warner heard that Miss Grayson was free they snapped her up to a contract for one picture a year and immediately began making plans for *So This Is Love*. This gives Katie the security she needs, as breadwinner for herself and daughter Patty Kate, and also the opportunity to sing for her supper wherever and whenever she chooses.

Careerwise, she feels there is a whole new life ahead of her now. Metro producers had known her since her adolescence and as a result had difficulty seeing her as anything but a child. When recently one of them saw her with the blonde hair a worried little frown went across his forehead. "But this is not our little girl," he said.

Kathryn Grayson is now 29, has two marriages behind her and is the mother of a four-year-old daughter. She is no longer a child, a fact which is quickly recognized by producers meeting her for the first time. Each has a different reaction, wants to star her in a different type of role, and to Katie the whole future outlook has become one that is exciting because of the variations offered.

While her career seems to have taken wings, is does not make for complete happiness, for Katie is the natural product of a large and warm-hearted family. She had

hoped, like most girls, for a happy and lasting marriage blessed by a parcel of children. But having been twice burned she is extremely cautious about a new venture. She dates, of course. There is a mile-long list of men about town who dial Miss Grayson's telephone number quite frequently. They run the gamut from actors to zoologists, but few of them are fortunate enough to tie up Katie for an evening. She is too busy, she says, to take time away from home.

Columnists have rumored a romance here and there, and one was foolish enough to report that Kathryn had been gifted with some fabulous jewels. Miss Grayson promptly denied the statement. She was not in love, she said, she had accepted jewelry from no one, and furthermore she would like it understood that she did not own one thing that she had not bought with her own earnings.

SOME of the men she dates could be classified as playboys. That is, they are sufficiently wealthy not to have to devote a great deal of their time to work. Katie may date playboys, but it is doubtful if she will ever marry one. She has worked so long and conscientiously herself that she cannot conceive of a man who marries and doesn't put his nose to the grindstone forthwith. If and when Katie marries again it will be to a man who, wealthy or not, will be well established in a business or profession which he enjoys and to which he devotes regular hours. If she ever falls in love with such a man she will be perfectly willing to give up her movie career the minute her existing contracts have been fulfilled.

Van Johnson's thumbnail description of June Allyson: "That million-dollar laryngitis!"

The sooner Katie falls in love the better. She very much wants to have more children, not only for herself but for Patty Kate, whose four years already would put quite a breach between herself and any babies yet to come. It was brought home to Katie quite poignantly last December when she asked her small daughter what she would like for Christmas. Patty Kate didn't hesitate a second. "I want a baby," she said.

In the interim, Patty Kate lives in a big house that is overrun with people, including children. Kathryn's parents live with her, as well as a couple of nieces and the child of the couple who take care of the house. The three children are 9, 11 and 13, respectively, and while Patty Kate appreciates the fact that all of them share her world of childhood, she is quite adamant about the necessity of having babies around the house. Her association with the older children has resulted in an outlook far beyond her years. "I think," says Kathryn, "that she would have been that way regardless. She seems so wise for her years that sometimes I feel she knows more than I do."

Patty Kate has had an advantage not offered to many children of Hollywood film stars. She has never had a nurse to care for her but instead has grown up in the bosom of a large and devoted family. Kathryn's sister and two brothers have produced among them 15 children, all of whom live within a short distance of her home, and it is a rare week that at least a half-dozen of this selection does not show up for dinner or the weekend.

Patty Kate doesn't suffer at all from the fact that her mother is a career woman. On the contrary, it all rolls off Patty Kate like water off the proverbial duck's back. Quite some time ago the child watched her mother on the set, singing "Smoke Gets In

Your Eyes." The script called for Katie to cry a bit as she sang, and inasmuch as it happened to be about the time of her divorce from Johnston, the entire cast and crew seemed to feel it was an occasion for everybody to weep. They all stood around with tears in their eyes and as soon as the director called "Cut!" Katie put her hands on her hips and looked at the woe-filled faces. "Well, for heaven's sake!" she laughed. "Everybody come off it!" And then she noticed that Patty Kate, then little more than three years old, was also crying. She knelt and put her arms around her daughter. "Look, darling, Mommy's only making believe." She squeezed a few tears from between her lashes. "See? It's a joke. I can cry whenever I want to. Isn't that funny? Now you watch. I'm going to do the whole thing again for the cameras."

The lights were turned on once more and Katie went into her song. This was the perfect rendition and the director was obviously pleased. And then, right in the middle of the scene and the song, Patty Kate let go with a king-sized giggle which registered quite clearly on the sound track.

Part of Patty Kate's charm is the fact that she is so unpredictable. When the studio suggested that she portray Grace Moore as a child in the movie, Kathryn was quite willing that her daughter be tested for the part. Patty Kate, said her mother, was a small hambone, and it might be a good way to get some of it out of her system. A time was set for the test and a scene chosen. Patty Kate, star of the day, couldn't have been more pleasant. She was obediently respectful of all suggestions offered and when the cameras started rolling, went through her paces beautifully. Director Gordon Douglas was charmed, but in the manner of all directors, asked that the scene be done again. Patty Kate looked at him as though he had just sprouted bats in his belfry. "That's silly," she said. "I just showed you I could do it." Boredom set in almost immediately and nothing could coax further performances out of the child.

"That's all," said Kathryn. "I couldn't go through this every day."

So Patty Kate stayed at home while the picture was made, and Kathryn was just as well satisfied with the outcome. She herself loves show business. She likes the people in it and understands their troubles, their foibles and their happiness in their work. She feels it is a good life and has no objection to Patty Kate making a career for herself some day. "It's unavoidable," says Kathryn. "She has a singing voice."

SHE says this with a mixture of pride and resignation and you wonder whether Katie, in spite of touting show business, wouldn't just as soon stay at home and forget the whole thing. You wonder how she finds time to run a house, be a mother, read the books she wants to read and sing as much as she wants to sing—and have a career on top of it all.

We asked if she sometimes didn't feel that life was slipping away from her, if this daily round of a dozen things to do wasn't so compelling that she was losing a chance for quiet happiness. She smiled. "How could I feel that way when my life is so full and happy?"

So that is the answer. Katie, with her boundless zest for life, finds lasting pleasure and enthusiasm in whatever comes her way. She neither seeks nor shuns love, but it is safe to say that when love does come, when a man finally appears on her horizon who meets her rather rigid specifications, Katie will at long last take time out for love.

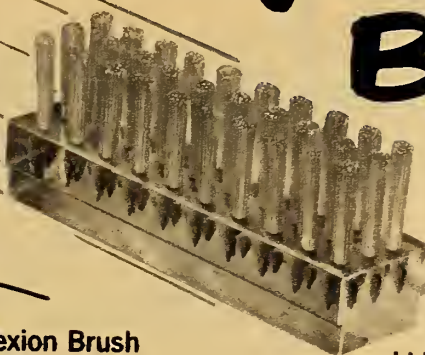
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FOR SETTING
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the quiet happiness

(Continued from page 61) been able to worry so much more than I have about the matter. Secondly I cannot get over an impression that those who sympathized with me did so because they unconsciously put themselves in my place. *They* would have felt terrible had they been eligible for the part and lost it, therefore I must. It is a human way to reason, I suppose, but only if you are the sort with drive behind you.

THE world needs such people, undoubtedly; progress apparently depends on it. An actress who has had tremendous ambition and who has driven herself steadily until she has risen to the top, probably gets a tremendous amount of satisfaction out of any achievement . . . and a sense of shock out of failure. But I am not such a one. My career made steady headway and it seems as if I just went along for the ride. It is impossible for me to take myself too seriously as an artist, and certainly not as an important person. When I do, something brings me right down to a realistic evaluation again. I remember five years ago, driving home in a new car and getting for a moment, as girls sometimes will, a sort of Queen-of-all-I-survey feeling. I was listening to the radio when an announcer came on with some news flashes. The very first one proved to be a dilly. "It has just been reported," he declared quite calmly, "that Betty Grable has been killed in an auto accident while on her way home from the races."

When I could get over my amazement, which came only after I was able to convince myself that it wasn't so, and that I was alive, not dead, I gripped the wheel as hard as I could and drove the rest of the way very carefully. It was just a wild rumor turned into a wilder news bulletin . . . but it sure had a punch in it for me.

Or, just the other evening I took my little girls, Vicki and Jessica, to see *Call Me Mister*. After a few minutes of watching me on the screen, Jessica, who is five and has seen her movies mostly on TV, started to twist in her seat restlessly. "Mommy," she asked, "could we tune this out and get another program?"

No . . . whatever happens to me, professionally, personally, whatever my spiritual future, I think I will know who I actually am and not be confused by what I am painted to be in billboards or newsprint. When you read that I have turned down a picture (as I have sometimes been known to do!) it is not always because I felt the picture was not good enough for me. Some time ago I refused an opportunity to star in a new film (*Pickup On South Street*) because I thought the part was too good for me. I couldn't see myself doing it justice. Lack of self-confidence? Maybe. I like to think that it was a case of having a sense of responsibility to the public. But perhaps I am just making excuses for myself. People do that, and Betty Grable, as I have tried to point out, can never pretend to be anything but people.

People are happiest, everyone agrees, when they are doing that which gives them the most satisfaction. Perhaps this is why I sometimes think I was as happy working in the chorus as I have been in pictures. I knew back then, that I was the best dancer in the line. That was something. Now . . . well, I won't discuss how far I might be from being the best actress in my profession.

I CAN remember vividly my stage fright the first time I ever played a straight part in a picture, instead of just dancing and singing my way through the production. The name of the film was *A Yank In*

The RAF and the star was Tyrone Power whom I had met but never worked with before. I don't think I could have gone through with it had it not been for the understanding of the director, Henry King, and his clever way of handling me.

For the first two days of shooting there wasn't a scene in which I would be needed but King didn't tell me that, and made sure no one else did. Instead he had me report in costume with full makeup as if I was about to go on any moment. He kept me around like this, thinking any moment I was going to go in front of the camera, and finally my nervousness turned to boredom and even resentment. That was what he wanted. When my first scene did come up it was a relief to work instead of a strain!

There were others who helped me forget myself. Don Ameche with his dead pan kidding turning my scare into a laugh, or Walter Lang sitting in his director's chair and crying big tears until I, too, finally started sobbing . . . as called for by the scene he was shooting, and despite my conviction that I would never be able to weep on order.

Perhaps the reason I don't cry easily (and the reason, it might be, why I do not spend much time thinking of the meta-physical) is that my life has not only gone along smoothly, but there have been no great emotional depths or peaks; no one close to me has ever died, no tragedies or near-tragedies have ever happened; none in my family has ever been seriously ill; I can recall no special heights of joy. I think the happiest moment of my recent years was when my horse, Big Noise, won the Del Mar Futurity a few years ago. But there was more than just winning of another race involved. Big Noise was born on our breeding farm, a stilt-legged little colt who for several days could barely stumble around. It was that little colt I was

seeing, not the magnificent animal the crowd watched, when he showed his heels to the other horses.

The night before the race someone asked me if I was going to pray that he won. Of course I did not. Whatever my relationship to religion I know that one does not pray for the trivial, and this, and anything involving self advancement or aggrandizement in any way is trivial. If I did this and the time came to pray for a life I would feel that I had used up whatever spiritual good will I had with my Maker. It reminds me, too, of some of the kind of praying you hear about at the track. There are thousands of people there every day who would be very happy to praise God if by so doing they could also pray a winner in whenever they wanted one. I don't imagine He goes in for bargaining.

LIFE rarely turns out the way you expect it will, not in large ways or in small. My mother's great ambition to be a singer was never fulfilled. I was indifferent about a career yet I got one . . . thrust upon me practically. On the other hand, some minor little dreams I had were never attained. Some of these, I admit, were inconsequential, like my idea of what life as the wife of an orchestra leader would be like, or his as the husband of a dancer. I expect we both thought our home would be filled with music and terpsichore. The truth is that in the whole nine years of our marriage he has never tooted a note in the house—and I have never danced a step! There isn't even a trumpet in the house, except one which has been turned into a lamp-base. And I can assure you no cherished ballet slippers, reminiscent of some great triumphant performance; hang on my boudoir wall. Ours was the marriage of two people, and stayed that way; it never yet has become a marriage of a musician and a dancer.

It may seem odd but in a way I am grateful. There is no temperament to worry about, no attitudes that might be expressed as, "I am a special person—I'm a dancer!" or "You have to make allowances for me—I'm a musician!" If either of us ever tried that on the other we'd both have to burst out laughing.

We had other things to learn about ourselves; the sort of life we like to lead, for instance. Soon after our marriage we bought the big house we are in now. It's immense, a marvelous place to entertain. But, in time we realized that we never entertained. With Harry away on tours so much and me busy for long stretches at the studio those periods when we were both home came too seldom to be dissipated in the clamor and fuss of parties. We wanted to enjoy our home, quietly, as husband and wife, father and mother, much more than we cared about enjoying it festively, as host and hostess.

All this we had to learn, and for what we learned I have a word—honesty. I think all people, even the misguided, instinctively know that the solid happiness, the peace-of-mind happiness, has to be built on a foundation of honesty, with one's self and in one's relationships.

I have friends who tell me the reason I have gone so far with my career is not just luck. "You must have been *thinking* right," they say, giving the word a spiritual significance. Well, it would be very easy to believe them. But who would I be kidding? How would this solve the big mystery I've known about for so long—the mystery of why such good fortune doesn't come to others who for right thinking have me beat a mile? No, it was luck or fate, call it what you will. . . . I haven't found out yet. My job is not to forget this, to know that there is a Someone to Whom I should be thankful and should pay devotion. I am and I do.

END

getting to know you

(Continued from page 54) director of *Mogambo* is a man who wears brass knuckles on his tongue. He gets good performances from stars by treating them as equals, no deference, the commands are curt and sharp. Occasionally, he waxes bitter and sarcastic.

In one particular scene in which Ava was working with Clark Gable, Ford didn't like the actress' performance and told her so in no uncertain terms.

In the old days when this happened to Ava, she would cower, retreat, and break into tears. This time she spoke up. "Look," she said to Ford, "if you speak that way to me, you'll get nothing out of me at all. I'll clam up, and we'll louse this picture good."

From that point on, Ford handled Ava gently, and she performed superbly. The director, however, had half a dozen baseball caps with long visors—the kind pilots wear—flown into Africa for the members of his selected team, Clark Gable, Grace Kelly, Bob Surtees, the cameraman, Wingate Smith, his brother-in-law, and a few other choice friends. Significantly enough, Ava was not gifted with one of these caps. But she didn't care.

Location work over, she flew back to London. Frank cancelled a television date in New York, thereby sacrificing \$5,000, and flew to her once again.

SINATRA has an ace talent agent in London, a fellow by the name of Jimmy Harding. Jimmy saw to it that Ava had every convenience. An apartment formerly

occupied by John Lewis, a one-time member of the British Parliament, was subleased for Mrs. Sinatra.

It's a large apartment with three bedrooms. It's well located in Regent Park. It's tastefully decorated, and Ava makes it her European headquarters. This is where Frank joins her whenever he gets into London.

Jimmy Richards also hired for Ava a beautiful, blonde, tactful secretary named Eileen Thomas. Eileen acts as a buffer between Ava and the world of newspapermen who are always trying to get through to her.

Ava doesn't particularly like to live alone because she gets lonely very quickly, and so when Frank is not with her, Eileen Thomas is. These two became such fast friends that when *Mogambo* was finished in London, Ava insisted upon taking Eileen with her to Madrid. Ava loves to vacation in Spain and not because of Mario Cabre, either. She has a dear friend, Noreen Grant, an Englishwoman, who lives there, and every chance she gets, Ava takes off for Madrid or Seville, phoning Frank long distance to try to meet her there.

In Spain, Ava is never bothered by movie fans or reporters. Her private life is respected, and this is what she likes. She hates reporters who pry into the status of her love-life or who ask embarrassing questions about her old-time fights with Frankie.

When cornered, however, Ava gives reporters the impression that she is being frank, honest, and down-to-earth. "Look," she recently told one in London. "I've never knocked myself out studying dramatics or screaming about my career. I consider myself darn lucky being a movie star.

If I get a good part I give it everything I've got. I think I know something about emotions, something about the way women feel under different sets of circumstances. That's what I try to put on the screen."

"When I get a nothing part, I just ride with it. There's nothing else to do. You just hope that the next picture will be better . . . As for my marriage, it's just fine. Frank tries to spend as much time with me as possible. I think we've developed a good scheme of things. He's arranged to spend several months working in Europe. That'll cut out all those transatlantic hops."

It was Jimmy Harding, Frank's agent, who set up the singer's Continental tour. By the time this article appears in print, Frank should have sung all through Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, and Great Britain.

Frank is determined once and for all to allay Ava's fears. And her greatest one is that he doesn't really love her, which, of course, is nonsense—but Ava still has her doubts. She knows Frank like she knows the palm of her right hand. She knows what a charmer he is, how adaptive he can be, how really irresistible.

MANY people don't know it, but Sinatra has more confidence in himself than practically any other entertainer alive. He once said, "If I were going to be a painter, I know darn well I'd be a great one. Once I set my mind to doing something, I really can do it."

There is hardly a girl in the world today that Frank can't enrapture if he sets his mind on the target. Sinatra is a charm boy. He knows the score. He's been around. He's as sharp as a blade. He has known, it is safe to suppose, as many women as any

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crooner of his age. And this is what has worried Ava sick from time to time.

A friend who once discussed Frankie with Ava reports that the second Mrs. Sinatra cocked her head to one side after the discussion and said, "I know it, all right. Frank has been around."

When Ava married Sinatra she was not expecting a model celibate. She merely hoped that Frank had reached the stage in life where he was tired of sowing wild oats, where one woman was capable of giving him all the love and companionship he required.

Ava is now fairly well convinced that Frank has arrived at that point. Certainly, Frank has proven it to her. In Hollywood while preparing for *Eternity*, he dined occasionally with Marilyn Maxwell, a flame of yesteryear, but usually he was seen as one of a threesome. Many times he went to dinner with Judy Garland and Sid Luft.

Before he finished *Eternity* and winged to Europe to join his Ava, Frank was always afraid that someone might carry a ridiculous bit of gossip about him back to London. This would upset his brunette Carolina beauty, and when he arrived, there would be a battle royal.

It hasn't come to pass. The European meetings between Ava and Frank have been warm, rapturous, even tempestuous. Frank stays away just long enough for Ava to miss him terribly and vice versa, so that when at last these two catch up with each other—well, the homecoming is memorable.

There has been talk in Spain to the effect that Frank may remain in Europe with Ava until her 18 months are up, early in 1954.

If Frank is able to satisfy the Internal Revenue people in Washington, and they okay his passport, this may very well come to be. In fact, Frank's agent in London has been looking around for a country home that these lovebirds might rent. Not that Ava doesn't like her Regent's Park apartment. "It's just that a house would be so much better, so much nicer."

Other than for Sinatra's estate in Palm Springs, Ava has no home she can call her own.

Most of the Hollywood stars who are working abroad are motivated in part by the advantageous tax laws. Ava would work abroad regardless of the tax laws, because she prefers living in Europe.

SHE feels that the movie colony atmosphere is not too conducive to a happy family life. She knows this from experience. She knows that movieland is beset with temptation. She knows what life was like in California with Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw. But as a friend recently pointed out, "Ava has grown enough intellectually to realize that geography does not motivate the sex life so much as a man's basic character. If a husband is going to play around, he'll be just as faithless in New York or Glasgow as in Hollywood or Santa Monica.

"It is my own particular analysis," this friend continues, "that the reason Ava doesn't like Hollywood, that she prefers Europe is because Hollywood arouses a guilt complex in her.

"We might as well face facts, and the number-one fact is that there are many people in the motion industry who feel that the first Mrs. Sinatra, Nancy, got a raw deal. They're wrong, of course, but they blame Ava for the divorce. They point out that if she hadn't been around, Frank would've returned to his wife and three kids. They don't realize that Sinatra might have pushed for a divorce in any case. They point out that Frank had left home before and that after his flings, he'd always returned. This time the temptation of Ava was too great, the pull of (Continued on page 71)

modern screen fashion

■ The off-the-shoulder silhouette is the fashion darling of the hour—big news for both daytime and evening wear—a favorite style with the stars—an exciting trend for the Summer bride's trousseau. With this glamorous silhouette the strapless bra plays a most important role—assures the maximum in figure flattery.

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modern screen fashions

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White only. About \$4. With it, Seamprufe nylon hosiery.

Top 1: Hollywood-Maxwell's new low-cut *V-ette Whirlpool* bra of all nylon sheer. Dainty pink and blue blössom trim—separate elastic front piece for flexibility. White only. About \$3.50. *Top 2:* Peter Pan's *Merry-Go-Round*—a plunge bra that features a rib-band that is designed to prevent curling. Broadcloth (shown), about \$3; nylon taffeta, about \$3.50

getting to know you

(Continued from page 68) passion was too strong, and he succumbed. Ava Gardner, therefore in the eyes of a large segment of the population, particularly those of Sinatra's religious faith, is regarded as a *femme fatale*.

"Ava is a perceptive girl. She knows all this. She knows that Nancy Sinatra has many friends in Hollywood. These people are also Frankie's friends. When they visit Frank, I'm sure Ava wonders what sort of stories they will carry back to Nancy. Ava has always been unsure of herself, especially in Hollywood where so many people remember her as a silly, sexy, drawing girl from North Carolina who was used as a plaything by Mickey Rooney. Hollywood remembers Ava with Howard Duff, Artie Shaw and others. These aren't pleasant memories.

"In Europe, Ava is treated as a famous international movie star. There is nobody in Europe who knew her when she was married to Mickey Rooney, when she acted fatuously and talked foolishly. Abroad, she is a woman of stature who conducts herself with decorum."

In many ways, this analysis rings true. In London, by way of illustration, Ava never makes headlines nor does she cavort around the nightspots. When she is not working on her latest film, in this case, *Knights Of The Round Table*, she drives out to Richmond, a suburb, and spends the weekend with her friends Richard Attenborough and his actress wife Sheila Sim who are currently starring in an English play, *The Mousetrap*.

ANYWAY, overseas Ava is infinitely happier than she is in Hollywood. As for Frank, his major forte is adaptiveness, and he can get along anywhere. If the Nevada State Gambling Commission approves of his application for buying into the gambling casino of the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, he may very well be assured of a large income for life, in which event he and Ava would undoubtedly spend many years away from the rumors, gossip, innuendo and temptations of the movie colony.

In addition to children, all Ava Gardner has ever asked of life is peace of mind. Of late, she's gotten some. After 30 years in this world, it's just about time. **END**

gable and a girl named kelly

(Continued from page 24) with blonde, young, beautiful Grace Kelly is purely professional. Except that a few years ago when he was going with Lady Sylvia Ashley and was asked if he contemplated matrimony, he told reporters, "Now, look, boys, she's a very fine woman and I enjoy her company. But insofar as anything serious is concerned, that's out."

Even when he was paying his second wife, Maria Langham close to half a million so that he could be free to marry Carole Lombard, Gable was still shy about admitting his love.

"Carole and I are good friends," he said at the time, "but I'm in no position to discuss marriage or love or anything like that. Say we're just good friends and leave it at that."

On the basis of his established record, it is safe to say that when Gable insists his relationship with an attractive female is casual, it usually is not. For The King, as Spencer Tracy refers to him, has always been a one-woman man—that is, a one-woman-at-a-time man.

When he courts a girl, he concentrates

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Rite-Fit's Summertime Coolers Sunbacks with a Bolero Topping!

Each about \$9



Above: Refreshing to see, to wear. Crisp flowerets that button on or off. The skirt has a neat flare for flattery. Dan River's checked gingham gives wrinkles the cold shoulder. Black/white, grey/white, navy/white. 14½-22½.

Right: Airy-light as a soda bubble. Shirley Fabrics' hand washable Saravan—a rayon acetate with the delightful silky sheen—scalloped for an extra treat. The seven gore skirt streamlines the figure as slick as a breeze. Ice blue, navy. 14½-22½.

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on her. He gives her all his ardor, all his non-working time. No diversification for this gentleman. He makes a girl feel as if he is living for her, only for her.

IN the case of Grace Kelly, members of the *Mogambo* crew insist that during the preparation and making of this film, "Gable had big eyes for Grace."

In Nairobi and all through Kenya, at Thika, Ramuruti, and Lake Naivasha, all through Tanganyika and Uganda, it was Gable and Kelly who paired up, Gable doing everything he possibly could to make things easier for the lovely blonde from Philadelphia who was playing her second large role in motion pictures. Her first was as Gary Cooper's wife in *High Noon*.

When the location-shooting was finished in Africa, Gable and Grace flew back to Europe. When the picture was resumed in London, reporters and columnists, catching the twosome together at theaters and social functions, also spread the word that The King had found himself a new girl.

During the entire shooting of *Mogambo*, Grace Kelly was mentioned as the woman who had stolen Gable's heart.

As a matter of fact, she was Clark's constant date. There was no hiding that. In London when they attended Her Majesty's Theater to take in *Paint Your Wagon* they were surrounded by so many fans who kept talking about "Clark Gable and his new sweetheart" that the manager of the theater had to extend the intermission 30 minutes while Gable and Grace signed programs for eager autograph collectors.

A few nights later when I ran into them at the New Theater where they'd gone to see *Dear Charles*, Gable was irritated when photographers insisted upon shooting him and his young lady. He scowled, bent his head down, and escaped through the crowd.

In London Clark Gable usually lives at the Savoy Hotel. Since Grace Kelly stayed at the same place and the gossip linking these two became so strong, Gable moved into the Connaught, a conservative hotel several miles away. A week or so later Grace's mother arrived from Philadelphia.

When Grace Kelly was asked if she were in love with Gable or he with her, she said, "I'm afraid not. That's just a rumor and there's nothing to it. Mr. Gable is a very fine gentleman, and he's gone out of his way to help me in this picture. Because of that and because of working with a great director like John Ford and a talented actress like Ava Gardner, this has been a wonderful experience for me."

"Yes, Mr. Gable and I have been out together, to a few plays, things like that, and we spent a lot of time in each other's company in Africa, but actually, it's been very hard work on this film, and there hasn't been much occasion for relaxing."

"I don't go out with Mr. Gable regularly, and he doesn't go out with me steadily. He's just a close friend, but the rumors have magnified everything into a tremendous love affair. I'm afraid it's not."

"When this picture is over I'll be in New York, and Mr. Gable will probably be touring the Continent. I can tell you that we're not engaged, just close friends."

SUPPOSEDLY, the actor's next picture, following *Mogambo*, is *Green Fire*, this one to be shot in South America so that Gable can stay out of the United States for 18 months and earn a few tax-free dollars; and somehow it would surprise no one if the 52-year-old star requested this tall, stately, well-bred blonde, not even half his age, to play opposite him; for romance or no romance, Grace Kelly is one of today's finest young actresses.

Moreover, she is an intelligent, worldly, sophisticated young woman of excellent background, and that's the type of girl

Gable specializes in, albeit he has picked them much older in the past.

Grace Kelly is the daughter of the John Kellys of Philadelphia. Her father is one of the best-known building contractors in that city, and her brother Jack is an Olympic oarsman who twice won the Henley regatta in London, once in 1947 and again in 1949.

Her uncle is George Kelly, the veteran Broadway playwright who wrote such hits as *Craig's Wife*, which won a Pulitzer Prize, and *The Showoff*.

She did her first stage-acting as a child of 11 and in 1947 left Philadelphia for New York where she attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts for two years.

Grace was a very apt pupil and after reading for Raymond Massey who was directing a Broadway play, *The Father*, she won the role of his daughter. Massey at the time, said, "In my opinion Grace Kelly is going places as an actress."

His prediction proved correct. The tall, blue-eyed natural blonde was spotted by a 20th Century-Fox talent scout one night and tested for a part in *14 Hours*, a film starring Paul Douglas. Grace got the part easily. Business was slow, however, and there were no further movie roles, but since she is not a poor girl, Grace had the necessary funds for further dramatic study. She played Bucks County and then went west where she acted in Denver's Ellitch Gardens which is known as the graduate school of summer stock.

Gene Autry's Mule Train, made in 1950, was the first musical Western to go into the archives of the Museum of Modern Art.

Fortunately for Grace, Hollywood producer Stanley Kramer was looking around for a young actress who was young, pretty, and talented but would take relatively little in the way of salary. He had a western ready to go entitled *High Noon*. The star of the picture was Gary Cooper whose financial demands are always astronomical. Cooper had agreed to star in the film for \$50,000 and 20% of the profits, a deal which will probably net him a half million.

Because Grace hadn't had very much film experience, her salary hovered about the \$250-a-week mark.

Kramer, who is always willing to take a chance on youngsters, signed Grace for the femme lead. She was nothing but sensational. When *High Noon* was finished, Cooper said, "This girl has as much potential as any actress I've played opposite—a great talent."

NOW all you need in Hollywood is one big fat hit, and your agent can start making demands and mulling over the various offers that begin to cataract. Grace went back to New York, picked up some fast dough on television, and the high pressure boys from MCA began scouting around for her in Hollywood.

The Music Corporation of America represents dozens of actors, one of the most valuable being William Clark Gable. When Gable was assigned to *Mogambo*, the story of a triangle in which a white hunter fools around with a lady and a fast girl, and decides in the end that the red hot baby is for him, MCA asked for the identity of the two women who were to play opposite him.

Twenty years ago Gable had made this story under the title of *Red Dust*. At that time Jean Harlow had played the vamp and Mary Astor the married lady.

MGM told Gable's agent that Ava Gardner was scheduled to play the Jean Harlow part, but that they had no one for the Mary Astor role. In fact, they said, the British

Government wanted them to use British actors and actresses wherever possible.

MCA asked Gable if he had any objections to Grace Kelly. Gable said, "No, she's great." Whereupon Miss Kelly was offered to John Ford, one of the few really great motion picture directors in Hollywood. After seeing some of Grace's work, Ford nodded, "She's good enough for me."

Grace Kelly was flown to Europe, thence to Nairobi in British East Africa, and then 750 land miles out into the bush country. It was in this location that she and Gable became "fast friends."

Ava and Grace were the only two white female stars on the trek, and at night Ava used to hang a lantern outside her tent to scare off the lions, and in this sort of potentially dangerous environment, Gable took on the halo of the protector.

Africa or no Africa, The King is a pretty romantic guy anyway you look at him, and in the span of five weeks' time, Grace Kelly was looking at him plenty.

By the time they hit London, the rumors coupling these two in a torrid romance were in full force. They were so prevalent that Gable became annoyed at them and refused to answer questions concerning his love life.

Reporters are adroit by profession, however, and would start their questioning along this line. "Are you really happy without a wife?" Gable's answer to that one was a fast yes.

"How do you feel about marriage generally? That is, you've been burned a few times."

"I've always believed in marriage as the best state for man and woman, and I believe in it now. If the right girl came along and I fell in love with her and she with me, I certainly would marry again."

MINDFUL of the fact that each of his four wives had had money in her own right, one reporter asked the actor how he felt about a wife who had an independent income.

"If a marriage is right," Gable answered, "a husband will maintain his authority regardless of his wife's income or wealth."

"What qualities are you looking for in a wife, Mr. Gable?"

"I'm looking for a woman who has brains, beauty, breeding and a good sense of humor. I'd like her to know her way around both in and out of the home. I myself don't go in for much entertaining but if entertaining makes her happy she can do all of it she has a hankering for."

"After you finish *Mogambo* what are your plans?"

"I left my car back in Rome. I'm going to pick it up, drive through Spain and then settle down in a little house I've rented in Majorca. Did I mind the discomfort in Africa? Heck no. A lot of people were bellyaching about conditions, but I loved the whole setup, sleeping on a cot, the mosquito netting, washing in a canvas basin, even hunting. I shot a crocodile and a python, and a few other animals, but I'm really more of a fisherman than a hunter. Basically, I'm a lazy man, and I guess all lazy men love to fish."

"Just one more question, Mr. Gable. Is there any truth to the rumor that while you and Grace Kelly were on location you fell in love with her and that she is currently your girl?"

The King's eyes flashed, his teeth came together, and he shook his head. "That's absurd," he said a moment later. "Right now I've got no girl."

People in Hollywood who know Gable best, however, and there are surprisingly few who know him relatively well, insist that Gable always has a girl, that a womanless life for him is as likely as a wifeless one is for Tommy Manville.

END

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(Continued from page 59) but it got so we didn't dare be seen together, because the 'columnists jumped down our throats for trying to fool people by going out just to make an appearance for the studio.'

We suggested that maybe he was con- tending, then, that he was very fond of all of the girls he'd been linked with in the past couple of years. Real fond.

"That's silly," he snorted. "But how can you tell unless you check? In Hollywood there are more single men than single women actually, but the movie people stick together, maybe because we're all in the same line of work. And the single actresses do outnumber the single actors. That means we're what you might call overworked. So if I seem to go out with a lot of women it's just that I'm trying to do my bit—and, incidentally, not overlook any bets. But I can say that I've never gone out with the same girl twice unless I really liked her."

BRADY kicked a little lint off the carpet and made an expression like Bishop Sheen starting a lecture.

"Do you know what the result of all this kind of talk about me and other actors is going to be?" he asked. "The fans who come to Hollywood to see the stars are going to be able to get a look at more of them in Kansas City. They're all going to be in hiding. They'll be afraid

to go out, for fear of being lynched. The sightseeing buses will all go out of business. The drivers will be pointing out Mocambo and such places as former night clubs. And the press agents for those night clubs, who plant all the hot stories on guys like me, will be selling apples.

"Maybe it is the press agents who should be blamed, anyway. One week when I had the flu I counted the items in the columns serviced by those press agents and I was listed as being in 45 spots with about 45 different dames. My agent was going crazy. He kept calling me up, raising the devil. 'I'm telling the studio you're sick in bed,' he screamed, 'and every time I pick up a paper I see you've been out dancing. What are you trying to do to your career?' And the girl I was going with—and whom I didn't want to see because I didn't want to give her my flu—call every hour and told me to die that day. And all the time I hadn't lifted my aching head from a pillow."

We began to feel very unhappy about Brady. Maybe the man was misunderstood.

"Put this down," he demanded suddenly, "if you're going to write anything about all this, tell the truth. I'm a simple man trying to make a living and doing my best to learn my business so I can work at it until I'm an old man. I am not a trouble-maker. I am not fickle. I never give a producer any trouble. I have to stand up for a few rights—and I have to make my own decisions about my career. But a man has to do that in any business."

"And put down particularly that I will never be a long-hair." (In Hollywood par-

lance it is said of an actor that whenever he kicks over the traces and gets into a fight with his boss, that he has gone "long-hair.") "I don't want to play Hamlet or be another Charlie Chaplin. I will play any part a studio asks me to if I think I can do it and it won't take me backward instead of forward. I would like to spend the rest of my life doing domestic comedies, light little guys who work in factories and have to hurry to work every morning, just like the people who go to the movies. Once in a while I'd like an action movie—a western or something like that. But I'll leave the acting parts to the big actors, the guys who like that sort of stuff and know how to do it. I don't."

We meekly interrupted to suggest that from current reports Scott Brady had set some sort of a record for kicking over the traces. Within a matter of days, a few months ago, he ran afoul of both 20th Century-Fox and Universal-International, and made the final payment on a contract he bought out of at Eagle-Lion. For a few days it had looked as though Scott were trying to be a one-man revolution, and the word had got around that Scott Brady was at last a long-hair, a bad boy, a man who wanted his way or else.

Scott narrowed his ice-blue eyes at us. He ran a strong hand through his already uncombed hair. And he began talking at his usual machine-gun rate.

"If you want to know the real truth about my dealings with Fox and Universal, you've got to know what preceded all this," he said finally. "You see, both the Fox and Universal deals came as a result of the mess I got into with Eagle-Lion. Now that was all my fault. When I got out of the service I came to Hollywood because my brother (Larry Tierney) was here, and the rest of the family was planning to move to California. I had no job—and nothing in mind—so I just took it easy around town for awhile, a few months."

"One day I was in a restaurant and a fellow walked up to me and asked me if I was an actor. I told him to get lost, but he insisted on talking to me, and the next thing I knew I was on my way over to Eagle-Lion studio. We went into a little office and a man sat at a desk behind a big cigar and just looked at me. He didn't say a word for ten minutes. Eventually, he seemed to make up his mind, and he turned to the fellow with me—who was an agent—and said he'd like to talk over a deal."

"I found out right then that actors aren't supposed to have any sense, because they asked me to step outside while they figured out what they were going to do with me. That sounds kind of crazy, but that's the way they do things."

"Well, to make it short, they 'made a deal,' and the following morning I was an actor, maybe a star, at Eagle-Lion. It was as easy as that."

Brady plucked a cigar from a pocket and bit the end off and lit a match. And then his entire manner changed. He didn't look menacing anymore. His face wrinkled into a wide grin and he sunk into a chair chuckling like a small boy. He played with the cigar as though he wasn't used to cigars.

"Boy what they did to me at Eagle-Lion," he said. "I'm not complaining, mind you, because if they hadn't given me a chance I might be installing your telephone here today or picking up your laundry. But I became an actor fast over there. The first picture I was a prize fighter—and I was terrible. But everybody kept telling me I was great. I guess if they hadn't I'd have left town in the middle of the night. Then I was a T-man. Pretty soon I wasn't sure what I was supposed to be I was

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QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louello Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Hollywood Abroad (M.S. wire service)
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Gable And A Girl Named Kelly (Clark Gable)
- ☐ The Gay Divorcée (Rito Hayworth)
- ☐ Dangerous Crossroad (Jane Powell)
- ☐ Joan and Marilyn Talk To Louella Parsons (Crawford and Monroe)
- ☐ Temptress (Mitzi Gaynor)
- ☐ On His Own (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ Marriage, Anyone? (Piper Laurie)
- ☐ Once A Tomboy (Cyd Charisse)
- ☐ Crosby And Son (Bing Crosby)
- ☐ Liz And Mike's Ranch House (Liz Taylor)
- ☐ At Home Abroad (Gene Kelly)
- ☐ Ann Blyth's Wedding Day
- ☐ Getting To Know You (Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Making Up For Lost Time (Jane Wyman)
- ☐ Down Boy! (Scott Brady)
- ☐ The Quiet Happiness (Betty Grable)
- ☐ Too Busy For Romance (Kathryn Grayson)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Take My Word For It (Ann Sheridan)
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- ☐ TV Talk by Paul Dennis

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... State.....

Occupation..... I am..... yrs. old

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working so fast and in so many movies. About this time I began to get wise to some facts about Hollywood. I learned, from just looking around me, that an actor in the movies has to conserve his activities. They say you only last about seven years and I could see myself using up the whole seven years in about two. Sure I was getting experience, but it was killing me off. I was making pictures so fast that I wasn't making any sense in them. And I wasn't making any money. So I decided to make a change."

Brady wagged the cigar as though it was a big stick.

FROM that time on," he said, "people thought I was a trouble-maker. I got myself two new contracts, one at Universal and one at 20th Century-Fox. I've worked hard at both places. Recently both contracts were called off—and the stories around town about how it happened would curl your hair. I hear that out at Universal I got into such an argument with Bill Goetz that he threw a book at me and chased me out of his office. They tell me he said I was a bad boy who got too big for his britches, and that I wanted to play roles I wasn't able to. The fact is that Bill Goetz and I separated on the friendliest of possible terms—and never had a harsh word then or ever.

"At 20th Century-Fox they had a clause in my contract that I couldn't do television. I wanted to do TV and I did. That broke the contract. I'm sure I'll work there again some day, because I have a lot of friends out there."

Brady flung his cigar, well chewed now, into the fireplace, and stomped up and down to keep his dander going.

"But that isn't the worst of it—being called a 'long-hair.' They have me nuts now about my private life. Take for instance the stories that were in the papers recently about me and Anita Ekberg. The way it went was that she and I went to Mocambo, I criticized the way she was dressed, we had a knock down-dragout fight and she stormed out of the place in a huff, leaving me alone. How about that?"

"What actually happened was that we went to the Bar of Music, not Mocambo, she had been in a hurry to dress and wore a nice suit. We found out it was an opening night after we got there and that everyone was in evening clothes. We sat down, laughed like the devil for about ten minutes, and then left for some less fancy place together. And we had a wonderful evening.

"But the papers made me look like a real jerk. Look, if I like a girl I don't care if she goes out with me wearing blue jeans and a T-shirt, as long as she looks good. I certainly wouldn't start a beef with a pretty girl in a public place—although the word is around now that I'll slug a woman anywhere. Jimmie Fidler wrote me an open letter in his column that made me hate myself even though I knew all the things I'd been charged with were not true."

UP to this point Brady had been tensed up like a panther on the prowl, and had looked about as dangerous. But at this moment he pulled one of those abrupt about-faces that make him so darned fascinating and likeable. He grinned his wide Irish grin and came straight over to us.

"Maybe you're the guy to set the record straight. Maybe you're the guy to write the truth about me—and my reputation. Just tell them what I've been saying, about my job, about my girls, about my wild, wild ways.

"And another thing. Tell them that I'll be my own man. If I do crazy things, that's me doing them. Not an actor trying to at-

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tract attention. I won't try to establish any off-screen character that is not me. I will not assume any eccentricities. If guys like you tell the truth about me, people will know what I'm really like and I won't be in so much trouble."

Brady came over and looked at us closely. He gave us a pat on the head that could almost have been interpreted as a blow.

"Now, don't louse me up," he said. "I've got to go. I've got to get another cigar."

And he went, like a T-man who'd just spotted a smuggler.

WE gathered the notes we'd scribbled and looked them over very carefully. They seemed to make sense—and the man certainly seemed to be telling the truth—at least the truth the way he saw it. But all in all he still seemed to come out something of a character.

Let's see. Scott Brady does date more women than any three bachelor actors in town. He walks ahead of them generally, but they don't seem to mind. He opens the car door from his side, not from the sidewalk. We've seen him grab a girl by the scruff of the neck and lead her through a night club door—with a smile on his face, all right, and generally a smile on hers. Maybe that's his kind of affection. Maybe he is a bit of a roughneck with

women. But they seem to like it and want to come back for more.

We've seen him walk into a conference room and say exactly what was on his mind, and pound a desk a little. He hasn't always won, so maybe he is considered something of a trouble-maker by some producers. He certainly knows what he wants and means to do—and he does it. Possibly his idea of a simple discussion is another man's idea of a knock-down-drag-out fight. Anyway, he's no sissy.

He may not care what a woman wears, but Scott Brady's date is generally as well decked out as any doll in the room, so maybe he's a little more particular about appearance than he thinks he is. Who's to argue, though, about that?

We believe Scott Brady, though, about not being a long-hair, or ever wanting to be one. We know he's a business man about acting and likes to do the right things. He'll never try for the Old Vic in London, for sure.

Now about being fickle. The man's not that. If you'll listen to him he'll tell you his heart has really belonged to a girl named Dorothy Malone for a long time, and will continue to be hers until she's entirely sure she doesn't want it. The other girls are pals, nothing more. But that's his problem, not ours. It's probably the only problem the poor guy's got. END

liz and mike's ranchhouse

(Continued from page 46) get up at seven in the morning."

"Why shouldn't I be jealous?" Liz asks. "Imagine his having this whole beautiful house all to himself, and playing with the baby, too. But seriously, now that we're both working, we spend all our free time right here at home. We rarely go to parties. The Academy Awards night was the first evening affair for us in months. We hardly ever dine in restaurants, and only a little while ago when Michael suggested that a weekend in San Francisco might be a good change for us, we both forgot the idea before it even developed. It may sound stuffy, but honestly, we're completely stuck on the Wilding brand of homelife."

The Wilding lovenest is every bit as attractive as the lady of the house.

Elizabeth Taylor, because she's worked for the past decade, is one of the few fortunate young actresses who can afford a \$100,000 house.

Luckily, she also has the taste, breeding, and background to furnish it with care and discrimination. The house is as fine an example of contemporary design and decorating as can be found anywhere in the country today.

Of course, a good many experts helped Liz make her house what it is today, but it was Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Wilding who started the ball rolling, and in every furnishing detail it was she who made the final decision.

Expert number one was her efficient, golf-playing secretary, Peggy Rutledge. After her marriage to Mike Wilding in London, Liz wrote Peg and said, "Please start looking around for a house you think Michael and I would go for." She then explained that what she had in mind was a small place, two bedrooms and maybe a swimming pool, but something away from neighbors, something with clean modern lines, and a house with a view.

Really good houses are not easy to buy. They have to be built according to plans and specifications. You need a good architect and intelligent owners, everyone working in close cooperation. The Wildings were excessively lucky. They had Peg

to do the spadework. She eliminated dozens of modern monstrosities offered by the local real estate agents.

Finally last August, Liz and Mike decided upon a rambling modern California ranch house. It is really three separate units joined together by a covered walk.

THE first section consists of the service wing including the parking area, a three-car garage, the laundry, the maid's room, machinery for heating the house and the swimming pool, storage for the freezer, and living space for the Wildings' four dogs and four cats. (Liz Taylor has always been pet-wacky.)

The second unit comprises a complete guest apartment with kitchen, living room, bedroom and bath. At the moment these quarters are being occupied by Liz' brother, Howard, and his wife, Mara.

The best part of the house, however, is where Liz and Michael spend most of their time. This is the third unit and boasts two bedrooms, one for the baby, of course, an over-sized living and dining room area, two baths, and a large airy kitchen. Surrounded by a diachondra lawn, flowering shrubs, and a well-planned rock garden, this butter-yellow house perches on the brow of a hill overlooking Beverly Hills, the Pacific Ocean, and practically all of Los Angeles.

Originally the owner of this house was a Mr. Ted McClellan. Ted is a successful California contractor, and when he erected the house for himself he made certain to use the latest and best building materials. For example, all the wooden finish in the house is solid mahogany including the paneling in the living room, the wardrobe closets in the bedroom, and even the bathroom cabinets.

The fireplace wall and the rock wall, the structural center of the living room, is made of especially selected fieldstone. The enormous window walls in each room consist of expensive plate glass, while the kitchen is basically a housekeeper's dream, a harmonizing blend of white oak, formica, and stainless steel, all functional and efficient.

Lottie, the cook and housekeeper, loves to point out to visitors how every drawer in the kitchen operates on ball bearings. Each kitchen cabinet was designed for a

specific use—a narrow file for trays, a deep closet for pots, a felt-lined drawer for silverware, and a series of narrow shelves for spices. Lottie says, "I've worked in many kitchens, but never in one so functional. And what a view you get from the kitchen. Honest, it's like being in heaven."

Even though they had all these architectural advantages to begin with, the Wildings made a few improvements of their own. Liz, for example, who has a good sense of design and a perceptive appreciation of art—after all, it's only natural since she's an art dealer's daughter—thought that the living room as it was when they first bought the house had an uninteresting shape and too little seating space.

She and Mike discussed the problem, gave it some of their thinking, and then decided to extend the structural stone wall and add a glassed-in lanai thereby turning the room into an L-shape.

They also bleached the mahogany paneling a lighter shade and converted a small bar into a music cabinet and record-player. Liz also stood watch over the house painters until they had changed the earthy brown exterior to the color she wanted, a cool yellow.

WHEN it came to furnishing their love-nest, Liz and Mike looked around for an interior decorator with considerable talent and a reasonable money sense. They decided on Jim Favour. Jim had done homes for a few of their friends, Stanley Donen, one of Liz' ex-boy friends, was one of these, and his work is widely admired. Unlike some Hollywood decorators whose bills would frighten even the Aga Khan, Jim's fees are fair, and he insists upon giving his clients a voice in their décor.

Favour says, "The Wildings were helpful and easy to please, a pretty rare com-

bination. They had two requests to start with. Liz told me she wanted a pink bedroom and the dominant note in the living room to be perrywinkle blue.

"We dyed a 20-by-30 carpet a delicate pink. Then we covered a chaise in pink mohair, and painted all the wooden surfaces in the master bedroom a darker shade of pink. Even now we're changing the bathroom fixtures to pink.

"In the living room we decided to cover a contoured couch in Liz' blue. With this color we've used contrasting and blending shades of purple, green, and gold on the chairs and pillows. The match-stick shades, which are the only curtains in the place, are held together by bands of blue, purple, green, and gold wool. The total effect is one of cleanliness, modernity, and comfort."

When Jim Favour says "We," he means of course, Liz, Mike, and himself. "The Wildings," he explains, "played the major role in selecting things. My office merely made up floor plans and furniture sketches, but Liz and Mike did all the choosing."

Except for the dining room chairs and the bleached cork coffee table, all the furniture pieces in the house were made to order. The teakwood dining table, the tall breakfront, the ingenious bar with built-in television, all of these are the handiwork of a California craftsman named Dave Edberg.

As you well know, without paintings, books, and art objects all homes lack personality. Liz' lovenest figuratively reeks with it. This is understandable. Her father, Francis Taylor, is an eminent art dealer, a close friend of such great British artists as Augustus John and Jacob Epstein. Her uncle Howard owns the Young Art Galleries in New York. Her kid brother is a student artist on the G.I. Bill, and her husband Michael once made his

living as a painter.

With that sort of background, you simply know that the Wilding house is going to offer the tops in art.

Liz' parents, for example, gave the newly-weds the colorful Masson painting that hangs over the living room couch as well as the Benton Scott clowns in the dining room. Her father also helped them select the Augustus John oils and the Epstein bronze of an Hawaiian girl which they keep on the stone ledge by the fireplace. It was Liz herself, however, who fell in love with and bought the sixth century Tang horse that occupies such a vital location between the living and dining areas. Then for the light artistic touch the Wildings have a comic impression of Liz as a mother-to-be. It was painted and gifted to them by director Jean Negulesco. It bears the inscription, "There's never enough of Liz."

The Wilding house with furnishings is worth a minimum of \$150,000, but this fact does not prevent Liz from giving all her pets free run of the place. What the dogs and cats do to the rugs may drive some of the help crazy, but Liz doesn't care. "A house," she says, "is meant to be lived in, not to be shown."

Mary, the Scotch nana who looks after little Michael, agrees with the mistress of the house but insists that a line has to be drawn somewhere. Liz likes to plunk her baby down in the middle of her tremendous bed for a romp with her four cats.

"I don't think the cats will hurt the baby," Mary says, "but you should see what they do to the bedspread. Shockin' it tis. Real shockin'."

END

(Liz Taylor's latest MGM film is Rhapsody. Mike Wilding is in The Scarlet Coat.)

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Take my word for it

by ANN SHERIDAN, star columnist for July



Best way to shampoo a dog: In a pool



A brisk rub—and Rover's good as new



Feeding time for five canines is hectic



Ann's never too pooped for a smile

"You can live only on the surface . . . or you can live way down deep, to the utmost." That's the philosophy Ann Sheridan shares with you in this, the sixteenth in MODERN SCREEN's personality series written by Hollywood's top name stars.

REAL ESTATE PRICES MUST BE GOING UP all over or is there another reason why dining places seem to be getting smaller, with room only for tiny tables? If you want to eat distractedly just order a full dinner in the average restaurant; the dishes so overflow the table, they have to be pyramided up on each other. Touch at your food with your fork and the plates start sliding apart, including always one or two which fall right off on the floor. When I make a driving trip I always come home with a feeling that the brighter the neon sign over a restaurant the duller the food and the smaller the table. The only safe thing to do is to order a hamburger—well done—and hold it in your hand.

I like to drive because it helps purge all my spleen. I talk to the drivers I pass if they don't do what I think they should. They can't hear me, of course. I'm really talking to myself. But I give full vent to my feelings and when I get home I feel sweet and clean inside, and strangely content.

I TALK TO MYSELF WHEN I DRIVE, as I say, but I never get into a long conversation with anyone else in my car as women are apt to do. I think this habit, more than any other, is the reason women are considered bad drivers. It is when they are chattering away, very often indulging in a gossip tid-bit, that they run afoul of nature's old law about two bodies of matter being unable to occupy the same point in space at the same time. Crash!

In driving through the United States one comes to repose each evening on the hotel or motel bed, and, as far as I am concerned, this over-advertised and generally spring-sprung couch is vastly overrated. Oh, they are soft, all right, but herein lies their functional failure. Every orthopedist I know (and a cow pony falling on me resulted in my back becoming an interesting case for a lot of them) has advised that for proper rest a firm bed is far better than a soft one.

FOR YEARS I HAVE SLEPT on a bed that has a wooden board separating the mattress from the box springs underneath. Some people I know insist on a much harder bed; they use hair mattresses on a wooden support and the devil with any springs. Today, when I have to sleep in the average, soft hotel bed, it feels mushy and terribly uncomfortable. Generally I know I am in for an uncomfortable night. The theory about the inadequacy of a soft bed is a simple one. When you lie on it the heavier parts of your anatomy, the head, shoulders, hips, calves, heels, dig holes for themselves. Since one keeps moving while sleeping, the body spends a good



deal of the night climbing out of these depressions. By morning you practically have scaled a mountain. On a hard bed it is possible to roll from side to side easily.

That horse which fell on me was a mare, by the way, and, strange to say, I always remember her gratefully. Horses are not supposed to have any sense but this one showed great consideration, I feel. The fall came because I accidentally pulled her the wrong way while we were riding along a hill. In her almost mechanical obedience to the signal on the rein she was thrown off balance. She landed partly on me on the uphill side, but even in that instant I felt her fighting to roll off. She could easily have rolled over me down hill and badly crushed me . . . but, as if instinctively sensing this, she went the other way and scrambled off on the uphill side. That was back in 1935. When I pull a horse's reins today I check and double-check to make sure that what I want the horse to do agrees with the law of gravity!

IT'S PROBABLY A WILD IDEA but I can't help wondering whether part of the passport examination of any American should be a quiz on his manners. I'd certainly vote for it.

When Diana Lynn talked about the conduct of Americans abroad in this column several months ago she said something which I endorse completely. I came back from Mexico not long ago and during my stay there I like Diana, was not proud of being American. There were too many other Americans there representing their country on a very low level; they were intolerant, loud to the point of raucousness and all-demanding. Their efforts to appreciate the beauty that exists in Mexico, even if it is often framed against a background of poverty, was nil. Their eagerness to point out the deficiencies of Mexican life was, on the other hand, offensively obvious.

I don't know what hits too many Americans when they get to Mexico; they think and act as if they were members of a musical comedy cast. Entirely oblivious of the fact that they are being watched by the citizens of the country they are insulting, they are seized with the impulse to don a sombrero, throw a serape over their shoulders, and caper around with exaggerated Latin gestures for the entertainment of their friends. What the Mexicans must think as they watch the behavior of these "Touristas" I don't know. but I imagine



time toned me down to dull brownette...

robbed me of my birthright blondness...



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that they are puzzled by the contrast between such inherent bad taste and the greatness of our country.

MEXICO IS A LAND OF FLOWERS, and so is Southern California—when you water it well. I have all varieties of flowers around my home in the San Fernando Valley but my favorites, lilacs, disappoint me because with all their beauty there is none of the fragrance of eastern lilacs. I am now considering a drastic treatment advised by a nurseryman. He tells me to dig a deep trench around the roots of the bush, fill it with solid ice, and cover it up. As the roots freeze there is brought on the necessary state of dormancy which, curiously enough, later results in stimulation of the lilac's natural sweet smell. Isn't it funny . . . you have to darn near kill the plant to awaken it to its fullest life!

Still curiously . . . I should go to such trouble to make a lilac smell like a lilac when I don't even bother to glamorize myself in this manner! I mean, I rarely use perfume. I have perfume, love to have it around, but keep forgetting to wear any. It just doesn't seem to mean enough to me. I do like scented soaps, but this I regard as a pleasant feature of the department of cleaning up.

IT'S FUNNY, WHEN I WAS 17 and probably needed nothing in the way of beauty aids my life was quite complicated with them. In time, as you see, the whole process of looking glamorous has simplified itself down to one important ingredient—soap. (Outside of ordinary make-up of course.) There's a moral in this somewhere. Maybe it is that once you have cleansed the surface and permitted the inner quality to shine through . . . you can do no more (provided you work on that inner quality!).

You change. At 17, when I first came to Hollywood, life was something you lived gaily. This was a lovely attitude which I didn't keep too long. Responsibilities cropped up and I settled down to the serious business of living. Various happenings influenced the change. There was a period of a year and a half when my education along this line was most intense—I was out of work the whole period. There's nothing gay about facing the future with \$1.38 in the bank. I think I got started on the simple and uncluttered life about this time. I developed a great respect for such necessities as eating and sleeping, and a corresponding indifference for fancy fripperies. In time I couldn't help but apply this criterion to people; in a friend I seek heart more than brilliance, beauty, or position . . . only the heart is dependable.

ALL I KNEW WHEN I CAME TO HOLLYWOOD is that which a 17-year-old girl learns in a small southern town—what to do till the minister comes. My mother made her girls (we were four) study our cooking, do kitchen stints, she gave us sewing, quilting, crocheting and etiquette lessons, she lectured us on young ladyship generally, and she would not permit us to smoke or drink. We accepted all the facts she gave us but not all of her theories. We cooked and cleaned and sewed her way but we talked to boys our way. We also, all four of us, smoked, but in secret. She found out, of course, about our attitude to boys as

well as our smoking, but on the whole she must have figured she was hitting a pretty good average in bringing us up properly.

When we grew up we weren't made to her order, yet, I felt, she was pretty satisfied with us. Our father, who wasn't half as aware as mother about our minor sins, was proud of us. When I made him a pecan pie he acted as if I was just about the best cook in the world; mother, knowing the dozens of things I couldn't prepare, couldn't be so all-out in her admiration. I guess this is just about the way it should be. I needed my father's pride in me to give me confidence and I needed my mother's more accurate appraisal to forestall my having any illusions about myself.

WHEN I SEE A WOMAN WHO IS UNREALISTIC ABOUT HERSELF (say one who wears slacks even though they make her look like a stuffed laundry bag with legs) I am very grateful not only for having had a mother who pointed out truths to us, but also for being one of four sisters who always pointed out anything mother overlooked. So there was little danger that I would grow up to be a girl who leans to baby talk, or sticks to her curls, or waves her hands about helplessly in the hope that men will recognize that she is just a clinging doll who needs their strong, male protection. It was just as well—it's hard to run into fellows who will keep on thinking you're a doll from 17 to 70. Inevitably they wake up to the truth . . . and this is very tough on dolls.

Before I get too far away from the mention of slacks, hitherto made, I might say I am not against slacks per se, as the lawyers put it, or informal wear generally. Yet I do think a woman should dress up more when the opportunity presents itself, and that even a shopping trip downtown should be counted such an opportunity. There are certain smart women in Hollywood who have awakened to the fact that the careless habits of the local femininity give them an unusual advantage and they have seized upon it. They are not loath about putting on a tailored dress, hat, and even gloves when they go out, and the result is that they stand out from the other, less carefully outfitted girls.

IN A SENSE, A SMART, WELL GROOMED GIRL is a compliment to every man who sees her and the men appreciate it; a carelessly dressed girl is making light of both herself and them. And they know that, too. This, incidentally, is one theory of my mother's which I fluffed off when I was younger, but to which I have returned with the conviction that she was so right.

FEMININITY IS A GIFT as life is a gift; being alive you can either just live, or live to the utmost; being a woman you can be either dully conscious of it or make it a worthwhile experience. Can there possibly be a choice?

Reading over all this advice makes me wish that once again I was just a "lil ole Texas gal," just starting out on her career. I do believe I might take some of this advice to heart!

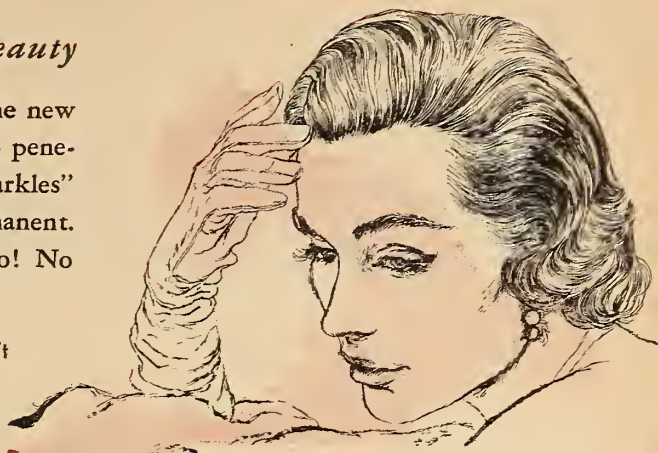
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the gay divorcée

(Continued from page 29) Rojas. Both Robertson and Ray have vehemently denied any romance with Rita. Aldo is engaged to marry Jeff Donnell when her divorce becomes final this fall, and such rumors are therefore undesirable, to say the least. They began when a female columnist printed news to the effect that the Aldo Ray-Jeff Donnell romance had blown sky high, and all because of a girl whose initials were R. H. Inasmuch as Rita was then co-starring with Aldo in *Miss Sadie Thompson*, the busier brains in town jumped to conclusions. The studio also jumped, and the next day the columnist added, "And I don't mean Rita Hayworth." People remembered that Aldo had hung around the set of *Affair In Trinidad*, Rita's first picture after she left Aly Khan, and that he had said he would like to make a picture with her. He was a novice at the time and people thought him presumptuous to make such a statement. It turned out however, with *Miss Sadie Thompson*, that Aldo got his wish, and during the picture's filming he and Rita naturally lunched together. The rumor boiled, the studio dampened it with denials, and although it simmered down to the opinion that the name-linking was all a publicity stunt, Hollywood still kept its tongue in its cheek.

DALE Robertson was even angrier than Aldo. No one knows where it started, but the talk around town was that Dale and Rita had found each other. It was printed that they attended a private party together, and inasmuch as Dale at the time was reconciling with his wife following their separation, he blew his stack. He told Hedda Hopper that he wished the columnists would leave him alone, and he denied that he had ever met Rita. The best Hollywood could do was take his word for it.

This leaves Manuel Rojas and Dick Haymes, concerning whom there are no denials. Last spring when Rita and Dick were both in New York, they were seen together everywhere and returned within one week of each other to Hollywood, where they resumed their alliance. Haymes is still married to Nora Eddington Flynn, but reportedly they have once more agreed to disagree. It is rumored that Nora is seeing Nicky Hilton, Liz Taylor's ex, and the romantic flings of each don't seem to annoy the other. It may be a situation where they temporarily are going their separate ways, during which time they will decide if it is wise, or at least

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inevitable, to suffer through a formal divorce.

Rita and Dick have been seen at Holiday House and Fracati's, both famous restaurants, and also at Santa Ynez Inn, a pleasant place situated near the Pacific where one may wine, dine, swim or spend a weekend. It is one of Rita's favorite haunts, and one which has romantic memories for her. About five years ago, somewhere between the divorce from Orson Welles and her marriage to Aly Khan, Rita's romance was an Australian actor, and they spent a few idyllic days together at the inn. He had a room in one wing and she a suite in the other, and each morning they met for breakfast and spun out long, lazy days together. It was a quiet sojourn that went almost unnoticed, and those who do know about it say that it ended with a broken heart for the Australian. Evidently he was given to understand quite suddenly that it was all over, and was so disturbed that he left the inn immediately, without his luggage, for the nearest airport. It was only through neat detective work that his plane and destination were learned, and his luggage delivered to him before the takeoff. This was an experience typical of Rita's almost mythical affect on men, and of her sudden changes of heart.

Manuel Rojas reportedly is slated for the same fate. Rojas, to the best of anyone's information, is 26 years old and comes from a highly placed and well-moneyed Chilean family. He came to California last summer, playing polo with an Argentinian team part of the time, and also dabbling in work for the Chilean embassy. According to rumor, the rest of his time was taken up in the pursuit of lovely ladies. Rocky Cooper was among the first, and town talk had it that this was building into a big romance when Manuel met Rita at the Cooper house and suddenly switched allegiance. Not long after he found himself out in the cold when Rita took off to Europe once more to try for a reconciliation with Aly Khan. Rojas became engaged to an American oil heiress, which lasted only until Rita returned to America, and Manuel was her escort at the party she gave the night before leaving for Reno to pick up her divorce. The oil heiress sent back her ring to Rojas, who was still so much in Rita's favor that he met her when she returned in March from publicizing *Salome* in New York. As this is being written Rita is seen almost exclusively with Dick Haymes, and Hollywood expects that Rojas will soon get his walking papers. It is said that Rita feels he is a social climber, yet on the other hand it is understood that his family in Chile is highly

displeased by his wanderings with women. It is strange that such a highly educated young man should be considered to be social climbing in Hollywood, yet Hollywood has a ladder all its own.

It may be that Manuel will get no notice, as happened in the case of Victor Mature. That was back in the days during the war when Mature, in the uniform of the United States Coast Guard, had taken off into the North Atlantic, along with a few thousand other new sailors. He wasn't sure of his destination or of his chances of returning alive, but he was sure that Rita loved him. About this time Rita announced her engagement to Orson Welles, and Mature, in the middle of the big briny, caught the rumor as it spread from ship to ship, then had to wait until he reached land to put in a phone call for confirmation. He wasn't at home to settle the matter, but a pal of his who was appearing in the same show that billed Rita being sawed in half by Orson in his magic act, did the honors for Vic. Mr. Welles was punched squarely in the nose.

Orson was perhaps the most battered of Rita's romances, but to atone for it, he was also one of the probable two great loves of her life. Theirs was a stormy romance and even stormier marriage. For a long time Welles had made a point of seeing every Hayworth movie; he thought her face was the most beautiful he had ever seen. When she joined his magic act Rita fell madly in love with him, and the story goes that she felt life wasn't worth living unless he married her. They were married in September, 1943, four months after Rita's divorce from her first husband, Edward Judson, had become final. She and Welles squabbled continuously, making all kinds of headlines including funny ones, such as the time when Rita had refused to see Orson and he retaliated by waddling up a ladder to her apartment window. There was a definite split and then a reconciliation during which they went to Mexico to "start over again." They honestly tried to make a go of it, but Rita finally surrendered to the inevitable and made her only statement to date regarding a divorce—"I can't stay married to a genius."

During the four years of their marriage, Welles wrought one great change in Rita. She became accustomed to an intelligent man, and found such to her liking. This was undoubtedly responsible for the attraction felt by her for Aly Khan, and the reason that between Welles and Aly, she did not choose to go back to any of her previous suitors. There had been a fling with Tony Martin soon after her divorce from Judson and when following her divorce from Welles someone mentioned Martin, Rita is reported to have said that she was no longer interested. She had become more selective, and inasmuch as there isn't an Orson Welles to be met every day in the week, Rita went through a period of depression in general, and was depressed about men in particular.

The man who lifted her out of these doldrums was a publicity-shy producer, who squired her around Hollywood and Palm Springs, but the healing of her heart didn't last long. The affair broke up after a few short months, this time leaving Rita disillusioned and really ill. She took off on her first trip to Europe, and in Paris went into a hospital for surgery. Her producer is said to have telephoned her often and to have worried enough to contact leading French doctors with admonitions to take good care of Miss Hayworth, but Rita, tired and dispirited, told herself that this was just one more romance that was finished, kaput.

Rita chose the south of France to recuperate and it was here she met Aly Khan. There are some who say Rita has

never given herself time enough to get over her respective romances, but this case was not one of rebound. Aly Khan was Rita's second great love, and it is unfortunate that while he filled the bill concerning charm and intelligence, he did not fulfill the standards set by an American girl for a husband. The commotion of their courtship and the violence of their marriage made headlines the world over. They were married in Vallauris, France, in the spring of 1949, and just two years later Rita walked out on him, bringing her children back to the United States. Columbia Studio had *Affair In Trinidad* waiting for her, and Hollywood had a batch of bachelors doing the same thing.

Peter Lawford has always had a nose for publicity, and few of his ladyloves have escaped the glare of the spotlight when he escorted them to a shindig. In the instance of Rita Hayworth, however, Pete went about it in comparative quiet. It is said that he was the first man Rita phoned on her return to Hollywood, and he continued to date her in an interwoven fashion between all the others who followed. When Rita first returned to town she lived in a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and although she insisted she was interested only in her career and her children, her

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dates included, in addition to Lawford, Cy Howard, Jackson Leightner, Benny Holtzman and Charles Feldman. Feldman is a well known, well-heeled agent around town who has known Rita for many years. During their marriage, she and Orson used to spend many evenings in the company of Feldman and his wife, but at the time Rita returned from Europe Mr. and Mrs. Feldman were separated. As her agent, he necessarily spent a good deal of time with Rita, but nevertheless it was rumored to be pleasure as well as business.

IN THE spring of 1952 Rita moved from the hotel to a home in Beverly Hills, a house that saw a lot of Feldman and also of Gilbert Roland. Roland also had known Rita for a long time and their friendship is easily resumed at any time. She invited him to dinner several nights and eventually it was rumored they were engaged, a supposition which Roland promptly denied. He told a friend, "I'm very fond of Rita. We have mutual backgrounds, both being Spanish. We love Mexico and the bull fights and all that, and I am a staunch admirer, but we have never discussed marriage." It was Roland who defended Rita when the press attacked her for coming back from Europe with a British accent. In point of fact, he telephoned columnists, "She's an actress—if she wants to have an accent, let her."

By July of that same summer, Rita was dating Kirk Douglas. It was a short whirl, the first two dates promising Hollywood another big romance, but something hap-

pened on the third date that precluded a fourth. Rita seemed not to care, and three days before Aly Khan arrived in Hollywood to talk things over, Rita had a date with Richard Greene.

Aly's return put a damper on the merry-go-round. During his visit here in August, the only question was would she or would she not divorce him. She had established residence in Reno the preceding summer and could pick up the papers whenever she wished. The upshot of it, of course, was that Rita went back with Aly to try once more. As the world knows, it didn't work out and one day she abruptly left him in Paris and went to Spain. The minute this news hit Hollywood several hearts thumped a little faster, and one Bob Savage even took off in a plane for Europe to seek out Rita, although nothing ever came of it. In Spain she was met at the airport by Spanish Count José Maria Villa Padierna, and for the next two months was seen all over Madrid with him. Tongues wagged that this was a new romance, and again denials were scattered by both parties. Back in New York in December, Rita was reported waiting to welcome the Count to America, and in the interim dining with producer Ramon Hakim. And Hollywood began to bounce happily once more—Rita was obviously getting back in her old form and could once more be depended upon for headlines—this time at home.

SINCE then she has been living up to expectations, keeping the town guessing about her current dates. Since then she has also been disappointed in her attempt to get a trust fund set up by Aly for their daughter Yasmin. She picked up her divorce in January, and in April the Reno court ruled that Aly must pay an annual sum of \$48,000 for Yasmin's support. This has little effect as Aly must be in the state of Nevada in order for the ruling to have any validity. However, it was been alleged that Rita's balding ex-husband has settled \$1,000,000 on his daughter. True or not, dearth of money will never be one of Rita's worries as her career has zoomed rather than suffered from her recent screen absences. She has bought a new home in Brentwood and settled her two daughters there while she continues to pursue her career.

At this writing Rita has left for Honolulu, where the finish of *Miss Sadie Thompson* will be filmed. Her leading man in the picture is Aldo Ray, a young man of the earthy type sometimes preferred by Rita, but people are wondering, if reports are true that this coupling is merely a publicity gimmick, who will be Rita's romance during the island sojourn. *From Here To Eternity* is also being filmed in Hawaii, and gossips have run their fingers down the list of men in the cast of this movie. They shake their heads at Burt Lancaster and again at Montgomery Clift, but they stop when they come to the name of José Ferrer. There, they say, is a likely prospect. A brain, and charm, and Cuban to boot, and they wonder if Rosemary Clooney has thought of the same thing.

Sirens may come and sirens may go, but they have to go far to outdo Rita, who at 35, and 18 years after her first film still can turn on the type of glamor that enchants man. She proves that it takes more than beauty to be a real charmer, for there are many in Hollywood who are perhaps as beautiful, but can't hold a candle to Hayworth. They can talk all they want to about other beauties, but a lot of them spend a lot of lonely evenings at home. Not Miss Hayworth, unless of course she wants to, and that, Hollywood says in high good humor, would be a very rare evening indeed.

END

(Continued from page 37) and walked through the living room, an enormous rectangle 30 feet wide and 50 feet long, to answer the knocking on the front door. Lanza pulled the door back and there standing in front of him, his face ashen white, was Bob Kopp, Mario's lawyer. "I guess you've read the papers," he said.

In that one moment Mario realized that what his mother-in-law had told him was true. Unbeknown to him, the studio had released the news that it no longer wanted his services.

Mario's first reaction was one of impotent rage. He raved and ranted. For a week he had given a lengthy legal disposition to Loeb & Loeb, the MGM lawyers. For a month his own lawyers and his own agent, MCA, had been negotiating in great friendliness with the studio. Mario, in fact, had previously signed a letter which said in part, "I shall report at the time specified and I shall perform all duties required of me. . . ."

In writing he had given his word that the studio would have no more difficulty with him. All he wanted to do was to complete *The Student Prince*. After all hadn't he spoken to Eddie Mannix, the studio's general manager? Hadn't Mannix taken his hand, clasped it firmly and said, "Let's let bygones be bygones?"

If the studio hadn't wanted him for the part, why all these involved, prolonged negotiations? Mario couldn't understand it. He still can't. If you have it in your mind to fire an employee, why discuss with him his return to your employment?

MARIO's lawyers insisted upon phoning long distance to Nicholas Schenck, chief of Loew's, Inc., in New York, the corporation which controls MGM.

In essence they told Schenck this: That Mario Lanza had stated in writing his willingness to complete *The Student Prince* under any conditions at any time.

Schenck said that Dore Schary was running the studio from Hollywood, that he could not intervene, that he could not disrupt his organization by countermanding an order, that if Schary wanted to fire Lanza he probably had just and sufficient cause, and that was all there was to it. Lanza hadn't been an angel. He had cost the studio thousands of dollars. He had been edgy and temperamental. He had loused up work schedules. He had antagonized fellow employees. True, he had earned some \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000 for Loew's, but Schary was in charge of production, and if he wanted to make *The Student Prince* with Vic Damone and Jane Powell instead of with Mario Lanza and Ann Blyth, if he wanted to get Lanza out of his hair once and for all, he, Nick Schenck, would have to go along with him.

By last August MGM was pretty well fed up with the Lanza antics. Mario had carried on in the most astounding manner. To astound Hollywood a star really has to be unique, because over the years, its population has numbered some pretty wacky characters—but never in the history of motion pictures has there been anyone to equal Lanza.

For example, he once hobbled into Dore Schary's office, broke a cane over Schary's desk, and threatened to throw the executive out of the window. Schary, who is the kindest, most thoughtful and the most reasonable of all the executives in Hollywood thought for a minute that Mario was joking. But Mario wasn't. He was deadly earnest. He had been bawled out because of his personal habits on the sound stage and he was furious. In language unrivaled since the dawn of time,

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hollywood mothers:

mrs. patia power



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Tyrone Power's mother can give you her answer: She advises without interfering and never barges into his privacy unexpectedly. Consequently, she's always welcome. She's unruffled by gossip and knows that, "If it's anything important he'll tell me about it."

Experience has taught her to be eternally prepared for the unexpected. "When Tyrone was a boy," says Patia, "I could always be sure of finding him where I didn't expect him to be."

Typical was her experience of being ushered to a seat in a movie theater one night by Tyrone when she had been sure he was at home in bed. Without a flicker of recognition he seated her and, with a Sir Walter Raleigh flourish, said, "I trust these seats will be satisfactory, madam."

"Polite boy," remarked the woman with her.

"Yes, very," Patia replied, biting her lip.

Patia is as quick to criticize as she is to applaud Tyrone's performance in a picture or play for she herself was an actress and Tyrone's first teacher. But she doesn't pry into his private life without invitation.

Tyrone, on his part, showers his mother with gifts and attention. No matter where he is . . . and he is an inveterate globe trotter . . . he always remembers dates that are important to her like birthdays, Easter and family anniversaries. He's generous with telephone calls and cables. When he remonstrated with her recently about being overactive and independent for a woman of her years, she merely smiled at him. When she chides him about something he smiles at her. They face the fact that neither of them is going to be completely pleased all the time.

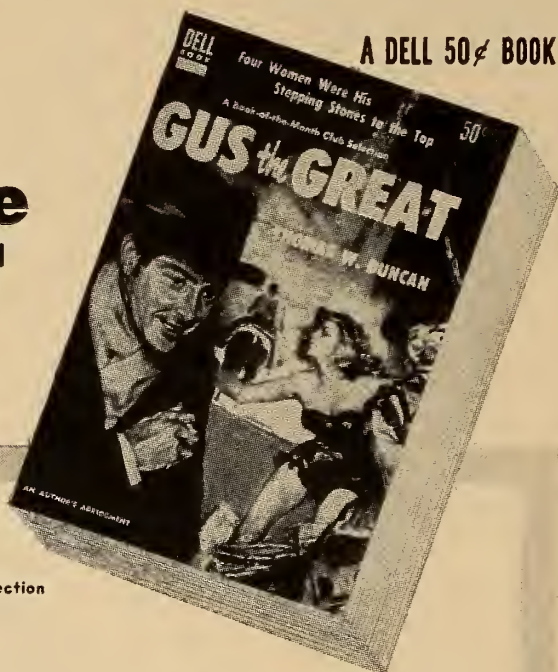
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this outstanding Dell 50c Book.**

Mario proceeded to tell Schary off at which point the vice president in charge of production came to the conclusion that Lanza wasn't a very rational man. He came to other unprintable conclusions, too. But Schary maintained his dignity.

Lanza did a great deal of boxing when he was a very young man, and potentially in a fight, he is extremely dangerous. One good right by Lanza and anybody can go to sleep for a long time.

MARIO's greatness lies in the freedom of his spirit and the freedom of his actions. At Metro, he used to amaze people by singing out the window, by shouting across the sound stage, by carrying on in a lusty, humorous, sometime boisterous fashion. Mario has an actor's sense of humor which many people don't understand. For example, at the studio he would be walking along one of the corridors of the Thalberg Building. He would run into his producer, Joe Pasternak. Suddenly, the smile on Lanza's face would disappear, and he would clench his teeth in simulated anger. He would grab Joe by the collar and say: "I'm going to kill you, you dirty rat. You hear that? Kill you. Murder you. Because you're a spy, a no good, dirty rotten filthy spy for the Hungarian White Sox."

After a while Pasternak got accustomed to these exhibitions and realized they were jokes, but in the beginning of his relationship with Mario he thought the tenor was serious.

Another time, after he had quarreled with the studio, Mario went to talk with Nick Schenck, the Loew's executive who likes to be called "General."

"You can tell those guys at Metro," Lanza raged, putting on his act, "that I'm a tiger. Do you hear me, General? I'm a tiger and I'll rip 'em all to pieces."

Mr. Schenck quietly told "the Tiger" to sit down and talk things over.

Executives put up with such things from Mario because his pictures made a tremendous amount of money. They gave him such directors as Al Hall and Norman Taurog, such scripts as *Toast Of New Orleans* and *Because You're Mine*, and the pictures always made millions.

Despite all the trouble, Mr. Lanza and the studio made up their differences and might have gone immediately into production—except, according to insiders, for the star's desire to have the last word. Right or wrong, it is reported that just as Lanza was to report for work, he was told the name of the man who was to direct *The Student Prince*. It serves no purpose to mention the director's name, except to say that he has directed many great hits. That he has never directed a top-notch musical is another fact. This, Mario is said to have objected to, declaring, according to informants, that he would work for any director except this one man. To Mario this was a reasonable stand; to the studio it was an indication that even before work started the actor was already beginning to be difficult. Who is to say who was right?

As one executive put it, "These are not times in which we can afford to gamble a second time. After all, we here in the studio are but representatives of the public. We have an obligation to thousands of stockholders. Perhaps Mario Lanza would be satisfied with another director. Perhaps not. It seems to us that if he were sincere, he would not object to placing this picture in the hands of the one man the best brains of the studio have concluded is the man for the job. To put it bluntly, we feel that he should act and sing and leave executive decisions to executives. He cannot seem to realize that we are as anxious to have a hit picture as he is—more anxious perhaps if that is possible."

So, at last reporting, the matter stood deadlocked. The studio issued another statement saying that this time Mario Lanza was fired for good. Lanza is said to have taken the news with much more calm than anticipated. He was so calm that some people suspected he was secretly delighted despite a lawsuit hanging over his head.

"Just think," he exulted, "I am a free agent at last. I can make independent pictures. I can go out on concert tours, work on television, have my own radio show again."

This perhaps is so, but there are many in Hollywood who insist that Mario is whistling in the dark—that so-called Big Money is going to be very careful about investing in so temperamental a man. They say that it is more than probable that Mario will repeat, in some way or other, his past performances—that there is no way of curing his acute distrust of people and the neurotic belief he has that he has been robbed, tricked, abused, and deceived beyond all endurance.

Mario, meantime, is singing a milder tune. "Long ago," he says, "I came to the conclusion that I could bring a little joy into the world by singing. That's my position in life, and I'm happiest when I'm singing, especially when I'm free."

"I'm sorry that my departure from Metro wasn't an amicable one, but I tried; I honestly did. I was willing to complete the picture anywhere, anytime, under any director assigned to me. The studio might have told me that they didn't want me under any circumstances, that they'd had enough. It would have saved an awful lot of time and money."

"Anyway, that's all done with. We've got to look ahead. I've got my freedom. What am I going to do with it? My voice is better than it's ever been. I'm in great physical and mental shape. I've had several offers to go with other studios or to enter independent film production. My agent is considering them."

"There's also radio. I want very much to get my radio show going again. The Coca-Cola people who sponsored my program, that was before the studio refused to let me broadcast, have always been wonderful to me. They're people of stature and understanding, and I'd like to work for them."

"Also on tap is the possibility of going to London and singing during Coronation Week. That's some time in June."

Ever since he and Metro parted, Mario has had more time to spend with his children and to enjoy them. He reads to his daughters, takes them on long drives, spins incredible stories punctuated by operatic arias.

With Damon, however, six months old in June and his only son, Mario is strangely quiet. He wheels the little guy around in his carriage, hums him to sleep, and then sits down beside the perambulator, watching the boy, hoping somehow to protect him from the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," but knowing in his heart that he cannot.

"One of the sad things about growing up," Mario says, "is that once in a while people hurt you."

How true that is. All that is left now for Mario to understand is that if he has been hurt he has also hurt others—and for the sake of those who have known and loved him there must come an end to all this. Otherwise, regardless of who has been right or wrong, there will be triumph for no one—only tragedy. He must also understand that this can end only where it began—in the amazing, sometimes delightful and almost always deep and disturbed, mind and heart of Mario Lanza himself.

END



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quickie interview with loretta young

■ *Quote: I am a motion picture actress. I love going to stage plays, but my fascination with the footlights is only as an out-front member of the audience. I've had offers to go on Broadway but I have turned them down. I'm content with Hollywood, which has given me a wonderful life. . . . Should mothers be afraid to send their daughters to Hollywood? I don't think that it's what's so wrong with Hollywood that causes girls to wind up with something so wrong with them. It may be what's wrong with the girls in the first place. . . . Why am I usually carefully dressed? It's because people pay money to see an actress because they like her. I want to look equally well in person for these same people. If they like me well-dressed on the screen, I don't think I should short-change my friends by looking careless in private life. Besides, I don't go for slacks and hair blowing in the breeze. I'm not the type. . . . Are there no homebodies in Hollywood? There are a lot of us. For instance, my husband and I once tried to tear ourselves away from home for "a change." We went to Palm Springs, which is a beautiful place, but it wasn't beautiful enough for us. I was restless when the sun went down. I wanted to be in my own home. Everyone to everyone's own tastes, but I can't see myself spending two or three nights a week in a night club. If I did, I'd figure that there was something seriously wrong with me that I didn't want to stay home, instead. . . . How do I stay slim? Just born that way, I guess. I have a weight problem. Not to lose weight, but maintain it. I eat about six times a day—little snack meals consisting of milk and sandwiches or milk and fresh fruit, with a big dinner in the evening. . . . How can people be happier? Well, I'm not the world's greatest authority, but if you are discontented, try to develop a love for your work. Say to yourself every day, "No matter what happens I'm going to enjoy what I do today." The first thing you know, you actually will start to enjoy each day, and should be a lot happier for it! End quote.*



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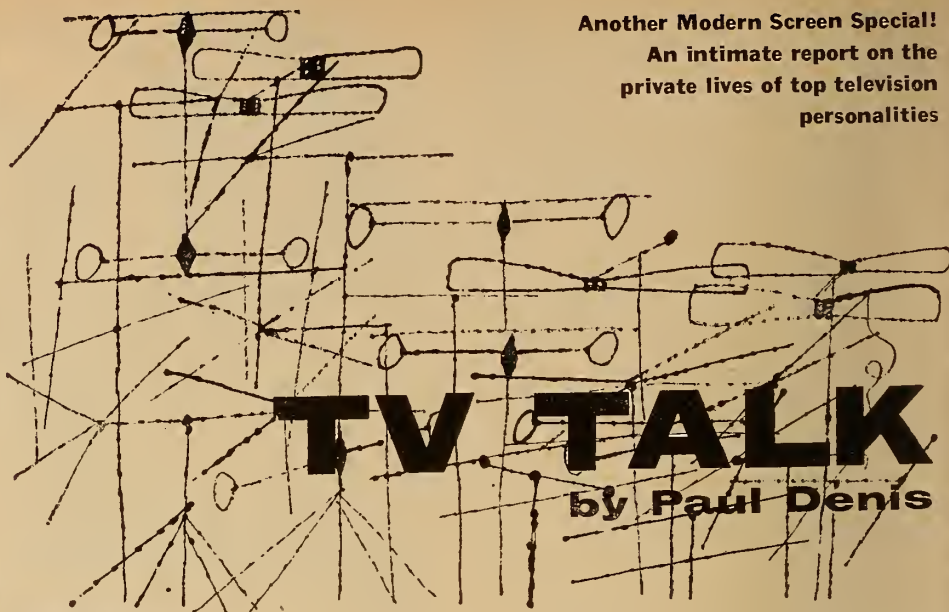
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An intimate report on the private lives of top television personalities



by Paul Denis



EDDIE FISHER'S PALS: When Eddie Fisher was about to come out of the U.S. Army, the Paramount Theater, New York, booked him—to open the morning he became a civilian. Eddie told the theater, "I've got a friend, Joey Forman. He's a comedian and I want him on the bill with me." The theater, amazed, answered, "We've never heard of Forman, and, besides we've got all the star comedians we want." But Eddie insisted "If you don't take Forman you can't have me." P.S.—Forman, 23, and an unknown, got a feature spot on the bill. . . . Behind this story is a tale of true friendship. When Eddie was a Philadelphia high school student he and Forman and Bernie Rich (an actor) promised each other they would try their luck in New York together—and that, whoever became successful first, would help the other two. Eddie, the oldest, made it, and now that

he's got Forman started, he's opening doors for Rich.

JOHN DALY, LOVEY: John Daly hates to admit it, but his wife calls him Lovey. It's an old Southern expression she picked up when she went to school in Virginia. Daly retaliates by calling her *The Duchess*, in private. When others are around, he calls her Maw or Kit, although her name, actually, is Margaret. . . . Daly, incidentally, is looking forward to his next meeting with Basil Rathbone, having just discovered that Rathbone was also born in Johannesburg, South Africa. Although they're friends, they never realized that the other came from the same home town.



GODFREY'S FAVORITE THOUGHTS: Arthur Godfrey has clamped down on interviews, claiming he's too busy and too worried about his leg operation. But the many mottoes and inspirational sayings hanging on the walls of his office do much to reveal his thinking:

"Even if you are on the right track, you will get run over if you just sit there."

"The fellow who waits for something to turn up may find that his toes do first."

"We haven't got so far to go as we had, regardless of what we are doing."

"The great thing is to get your work done, and see and hear and learn and understand."—Ernest Hemingway.

"If you don't like it, get out. But while you're there, defend it."

"Individual freedom alone can make a man voluntarily surrender himself completely to the service of society. If it is wrested from him, he becomes an automaton and society is ruined. No society can possibly be built on a denial of individual freedom. It is contrary to the very nature of man, and just as a man will not grow horns or a tail, so he will never exist as a man if he has no mind of his own. In reality, even those who do not believe in the liberty of the individual believe in their own."—Mahatma Ghandi.



THE HAL BLOCK FIRING: The replacement, by Steve Allen, of Hal "Dimples" Block on "What's My Line?" caused a rumpus because Hal had become enormously popular. His fan clubs howled, as a hush settled over the mystery firing. Now here's the true story: Block had become too prankish and had developed the habit of leaping up to kiss pretty girl contestants. He also talked out of turn, and drowned the lines of Arlene Francis, Dorothy Kilgallen and Bennett Cerf. The program's producers warned him to correct his ways, but Hal, a wealthy former gagwriter, kept forgetting.

Hal didn't need the salary he got on that show, but his ego was immensely gratified. The show was Hal's first contact with fame—and he loved it like a true ham.

JERRY AND DEAN'S PRANK: Sponsors have been complaining of the high TV costs, much of it due to poorly organized rehearsals. Yet the zany Martin and Lewis recently saw a prop bed on a TV set and climbed in, to catch up on missing sleep. The director didn't have the nerve to wake them up. Result: lost time and money.

ARLENE FRANCIS INHIBITED: Arlene Francis starred on a recent Hollywood Screen Test, and in one scene, she had to throw a pie into the face of an actor. She refused, and confessed to director Alton Alexander that she simply didn't have the nerve to do such a thing. Alexander solved the problem by having the actor trip and fall on the pie as she held it. . . . Arlene, incidentally, has bought a \$73,000 New York town house and is giving up her Park Ave. apartment.

FRED ALLEN STOPPED: The acidulous Fred Allen was stopped on the street by a gushing lady, who grabbed him by the arms and gurgled: "You're Fred Allen! Oh yes, you are! Just think! Little ole me, a nobody from a small town, talking to the famous Fred Allen! Isn't that just wonderful? Doesn't that prove we're living in a great democracy?" Fred said, dryly: "Not until I answer yes." . . . Incidentally, Fred is feeling much better and will probably have a half-hour comedy quiz on TV this fall.

A MATTER OF DIGNITY: Dagmar posed for a picture, at a Runyon Fund show, with Walter Winchell and Christine Jorgenson. Miss (or is it Mister?) Jorgenson later called over the photographer (Seymour Zee of the Journal American) and said she didn't want to be in the same photo with Dagmar, because, "it's not dignified." The photographer promised to destroy the photo—but it ran in the paper the next day anyway. Weeks later, Miss-Mr. Jorgensen saw the same photographer at another affair and refused to pose for him. . . . How Dagmar feels about this, we don't know yet.

LUCILLE TONES DOWN: Lucille Ball has tinted her flashy red hair to golden red. You won't notice the difference on TV, but Lucille did it for her children. "I didn't want my children to think of me as 'brassy' when they grow old enough to notice," she says. . . . Jinx Falkenburg, who has two children, has taken an opposite course: she's just dyed her dark hair blonde. Flashy blonde, too!

ARTHUR MURRAY DOESN'T DANCE: Kathryn Murray, who's become quite a TV star, enjoys dancing with the instructors at the Arthur Murray Dance Studios. But she doesn't dance with her own famous husband. And the reason is that Murray has the same trouble most husbands have: he can't dance with his own wife.

BOB'S SMOKING EARS: On his "My Hero" show, Bob Cummings gets laughs when he kisses his beautiful office secretary (Julie Bishop) and smoke comes funneling out of his ears. Fans are always asking Bob how he does it, and he explains, "It's simple. Just kiss Julie Bishop. It happens to everybody!"

JACK WEBB AND THE COPS: Jack Webb who flew to New York to meet the press, tells how pleasant it is to be greeted by policemen everywhere and recognized as TV's famous Sgt. Friday. "But in Los Angeles, my home

town," he says, "when a cop gave me a ticket, he stopped and exclaimed, 'Why, you're Sgt. Friday!' and then somehow it was too late to tear up the ticket." Oddly enough, Jack is not an honorary member of the Los Angeles police force he glorifies on TV.

ODDS AND ENDS: Peggy Lee is thrilled the way her daughter Nikki, 9, has accepted her new daddy, Brad Dexter. Right after the wedding ceremony Nikki whispered to her mother, "Mommy, make this one do, please." Virgilia Peterson, the erudite moderator of Author Meets the Critics, lives in a plush New York apartment that has everything. Well, almost everything. It doesn't have a TV set. She says she doesn't feel a TV set is worth buying! . . . Tallulah Bankhead slipped quietly into Doctor's Hospital, New York, to have her face lifted. She wants to look nice for her \$25,000-a-week cafe debut in Las Vegas. . . . Peter Donald is knee-deep in legal maneuvers, following separation from his wife, Jo, former radio actress. . . . Former kid movie actor Freddie Bartholomew has split with his wife after six years of married life. It's the first marriage for Freddie, now a New York TV director, and the fourth for Mrs. Bartholomew, a publicist. . . . Don Hastings, who's the Ranger on Capt. Video, is 1A and may be called into the army this summer. He's been dating Joyce Hahn, of Newark, N. J., but says he won't marry until after he finishes with the Army. Now 19, he plans to try Hollywood after his Army stint. Wants to be a cowboy actor.

DIANA LYNN SHIFTING: Diana Lynn, who's no longer wearing her wedding ring but who refuses to talk divorce, says she intends to split the next two years between New York and Hollywood. She intends to do more TV work, and maybe another play on Broadway. She did quite a bit of dating while in New York, and Bill Dozier, Joan Fontaine's ex, was a favorite.

EAST AND WEST: Sally Forrest, who's now settled in New York to be with her husband, CBS executive Milo Frank, is making TV her career. . . . CBS has been trying to get Jackie Gleason to move his show to Hollywood, thinking the Coast may be a pacifying influence on Jackie's restlessness. But Jackie, who tried Hollywood several years ago and didn't like it, prefers the excitement of the Toots Shor's crowd. He just rented a huge mansion at swanky Sands Point, Long Island, and plans to live it up this summer. . . . Meredith and Rini Willson will again summer in Hollywood, where they own a modern house on the side of a hill.

PAUL WINCHELL BACK: After a six weeks' illness, Paul Winchell is all right and back in New York to await the birth of his second child. . . . Margaret O'Brien joined the Easter Parade in a demure and jilly getup: large white straw bonnet, white blouse, and full blue silk skirt. Margaret is doing more TV and apparently not hurrying back to Hollywood. Momma is constantly with her, and they dine quietly at places like the Stork and the Colony. There doesn't seem any evidence that Margaret's ever had a date without Momma around. . . . Gerald Farley, Belleville, N. J., asks about Davis Bruce (Donny, on the Beulah show). Bruce, former movie actor, seems to be off the show and Stuffie Singer has the role. . . . Send me your queries about your favorites, and I will try to give you the right answers.

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once a tomboy

(Continued from page 40) She is one of the few to enter Hollywood's golden circle of contract signers without undergoing a change of title. Cyd Charisse, thought MGM, was as high flying, as fancy and as distinctive as a name could get, and even their experts couldn't dream up anything better.

Few people know it, but Cyd's original monicker was even more breathtaking. She was born Tula Ellice Finklea, in Amarillo, Texas. The Tula stemmed from an aunt, the Ellice was borrowed from an uncle, and the Finklea is of Welsh derivation. The fact she began life in Texas astounds most people because Cyd's exotic appearance plus her interesting name give the impression that she has floated to these parts on an alabaster slab, cushioned with carpets from Baghdad and fanned by Nubian slaves. Amarillo comes as somewhat of a shock.

As a matter of fact, wherever Cyd goes she is taken for a native. Her bloodline includes not only Welsh, but French, English, Scotch, and a bit of American Indian. When she is in Paris they remark that she looks so French, when in England she is taken for an upper class Limey, in Italy they accept her as another Latin, and although to date Cyd hasn't set foot on an Indian reservation, she knows what to expect in the way of comment on her first visit.

If she looks expensive, it comes naturally. Her father was a jeweler, and one of Cyd's favorite playthings as a child was the scale on which the diamonds were weighed. The scale was allowed but the diamonds were not, and happily enough the hands-off policy where gems were concerned left Cyd with no frustrations. She can take or leave valuable jewels, and is just as content with a costume bauble as she would be with a diamond that would have fractured her father's scale.

HERE is where the illusion of Cyd's aura of splendor begins to fall apart. It takes a while to probe it, for she has a natural reserve that doesn't lend itself to easy conversation concerning herself, but when her personality begins to come out in the wash of an interview it is even more surprising than the bit about Amarillo. Cyd Charisse, by all counts, should mother little girls and put them in dresses drowning in ruffles. She should sit in a beautifully appointed drawing room and look more like a formal portrait than a human being. But she does not. Cyd has two sons, both of whom are long gone on the happy fact that they are boys, and they do little to quash the evidence. The house is normally quaking with noise and activity, and more often than not Cyd is contributing herself. Nicky, now ten, is teaching her how to blast the seams out of a punching bag, and from all reports she has done the impossible, having garnered grudging respect from her elder son for her athletic ability. Nicky is not old enough to realize or to grasp the unbelievable fact that his graceful mother, who seems always to float through the house, was once one of Amarillo's best-known tomboys.

"It was unavoidable," says Cyd. "I had an older brother." His name was Earnest E., the namesake of his father, and to avoid confusion the family referred to him as "E. E.," which Cyd admits sounds like a captured mouse. E. E. was a year older than his kid sister, and in the absence of a brother he latched on to Cyd and taught her how to kick footballs, scale fences, knock a Texas Leaguer and, most of all, to climb trees. The two kids built a tree house all their own and disappeared into its heights so often and so long that their mother was frantic and their father re-

read The Theory of Evolution by Darwin.

The art of handling a punching bag requires two attributes—timing and muscles—and Cyd has both. They are two of the reasons why she has enjoyed spectacular success as a dancer. The other is that she loves to dance. Last winter she achieved one of the goals of all ballerinas: she danced in a picture with Fred Astaire. There is little use trying to explode the myth about Mr. Astaire and the thousands of his would-be dancing partners. If there is such a thing as magic feet, Fred has them. Asked about her reaction to dancing with him, Cyd sighed, "Of course I wanted to dance with him! Every dancer wants to. I can't imagine anyone saying no to such an opportunity. The man is fabulous. Nobody can walk like him, no one has his endurance. He can pick up a cane and ad lib a dance that is breathtaking. I don't believe there'll ever be another Fred Astaire!"

The tribute came from her two days after she had finished work with him in *The Bandwagon*, a time that gave an acid test to reactions, for it is well known that Mr. Astaire is a perfectionist and works so hard that others working with him automatically strive for the same results. Other dancers have been known to retire with curled toes and refuse to take a step for months afterward, but Cyd came out of it still filled with awe and respect.

For part of her reading Marilyn Monroe picked "The Prophet" by Kahlil Gibran. She was so much under its spell she didn't like my kidding question: "Do you think it will make a picture?"

I asked her why she wanted me to read "The Prophet." She said, "It is very inspiring. It is more or less a pattern for everyday living."

*Robert F. Slatzer,
The N.Y. Journal-American*

Her dancing career was begun, unwittingly, by a doctor who recommended lessons as exercise. As a child Cyd was too thin, and Amarillo's rugged winters kept its children indoors for a good part of the year. So she began to study with a local teacher who had been a pupil of the famous Theodore Kosloff. She was eight years old then, and by the time she was 13 her parents decided to send her to live with friends in California where she could further her studies. It ended for Cyd the life she had always known, the summer vacations in New Mexico or Colorado, the pillow fights and daydreaming hours with her brother, the close association she had enjoyed with her father. But it was what she wanted, for she was happiest when she was dancing and her parents, particularly her father, loved dancing.

For two years she studied in California, attending the school of Nico Charisse, and when she was 15 she auditioned for Colonel de Basil of the Ballet Russe. Her father was immediately telephoned back in Texas and asked that his daughter be permitted to join the troupe. Mr. and Mrs. Finklea were not the kind of parents to stand in the way of a talented child, and despite Cyd's youth they let her go. Her father worried about it considerably but her mother was so calm that to this day Cyd laughs about it. "She seemed so trusting that everything would be all right—didn't so much as turn a hair. Maybe it's because I was tall for my age and had always seemed older, but at any rate if she was worried I never knew it. But her grandchildren—they're different! The boys can't stumble over a doorstep that Mother doesn't have hysterics."

For a year she toured the United States with the ballet, during which time her

father saw her debut as a soloist. It was providential that he did—he was so proud of her—for it was not much later, at a time when Cyd was en route to Europe with the troupe, that Mr. Finklea died. Cyd returned to be with the family for a while, then re-signed and went to Europe. There was no time to be a tourist; it was a matter of work and more work, and it went on until she was 16. At that time a vacation was announced for the company and Nico Charisse went to Europe to see her. Not many weeks later, in 1941, he and Cyd were married.

This time Cyd's mother was considerably roused—"A little upset," says Cyd and smiles softly. "She wrote that she thought it best if I came home."

The newlyweds returned to California at the outbreak of the war and their son Nicky was born in 1942. Soon after his birth Cyd was introduced to Gregory Ratoff, and the meeting resulted in her dance specialty in the director's picture, *Something To Shout About*. There was another brief bit of dancing in *Mission To Moscow* and then in 1945 she waltzed into a solid Hollywood career with her portrayal of the ballerina in *Ziegfeld Follies*. In that picture she was introduced in her role by Fred Astaire, and although Cyd was already an established star of the dance world, she was only 20 and at the beginning of her movie career, and it is doubtful if she even dreamed then that one day she would star opposite Astaire.

SHE was featured but not starred in four films the following year, and the year after that, 1947, saw her divorce from Nico Charisse, who just recently has remarried. Following the divorce Cyd lived quietly with her mother and son, and her career followed the same quiet level. MGM put her in two more pictures, neither of them giving her much opportunity to display herself as anything but a dancer. This suited Cyd because dancing was closest to her heart, but it did little to further her career, as audiences saw her purely as a terpsichorean and had no opportunity to catch her personality.

In 1948 her luck and her life began to change. At a party given by her agent Nat Goldstone she met Tony Martin, another of Goldstone's clients. Accustomed to meeting tall, dark and handsome men who were also celebrities, Cyd was not particularly impressed and later refused his first invitation to dinner. When she finally did go out with him he took her to a Hollywood nightclub and proceeded to table hop all during the evening. She was even less impressed until she reminded herself, in all fairness, that Tony was only just released from the Army and so deliriously happy to be home again that he couldn't resist saying hello to all his friends.

They were married in May of that year, and if Cyd had been bewildered by Tony Martin as a table-hopping date, she was even more nonplussed by the discovery that she had a country-hopping husband. In his profession as a singer Tony is constantly traveling to theaters in New York, and nightclubs in Miami, and their marriage, the first year in particular, was a series of forced separations. It has got to the point where Cyd is happiest when Tony is busy at a studio from 8 A.M. until 6 P.M., for although he may not be at home, he is at least in the same city. This is assuming, of course, that Tony makes the picture in Hollywood. His last film, *Easy To Love* with Esther Williams, took him off to Florida for two months, and Cyd worked overtime to finish her role in *The Bandwagon* so that she could go with him. Cyd herself is sometimes guilty, such as the month spent in Mexico for the filming of *Sombrero*. Tony went with her for that

one, but within a week had to leave for a singing engagement elsewhere. That was about the time that, out of a period of three months, they were together only two weeks. By now the divergent demands of their respective careers have become a family gag, and it is always remarked upon in high glee when they manage to have dinner together.

CONSIDERING the erratic circumstances their marriage has worked out extremely well. And they prove the point that opposites attract, for while Cyd is reserved and not overly fond of crowds, Tony is an extrovert who loves people—all kinds of people. Their friends include youngsters and oldsters, show people and non-professionals. When Cyd is working in a movie she prefers entertaining at home, and their house is seldom without guests, some staying for a sandwich, some for a two-week visit. It is a house that lends itself well to entertaining—big and rambling, with four fireplaces and a swimming pool, and surrounded by stretches of green lawn.

It is a paradise for Cyd, not only because it shelters her family, which now includes Nicky Charisse and three-year-old Tony Martin, Jr., but because she is basically a home-loving person. Despite this she goes along with Perpetual Motion Martin, who cannot sit still for more than two minutes. He may come home dead tired from a series of one-night stands, but after two or three days she notices the symptoms. He sits at the breakfast table sipping his coffee and reading the morning newspaper, but he can't seem to concentrate. He keeps putting the paper down and staring out the windows. Finally he gets to the point. "Honey, let's go somewhere."

And Cyd smiles, "All right. Where?"

"Anywhere!" whoops Tony. "Come on, let's pack!"

As she understands his penchant for activity, so he understands her love of dancing. He is in perfect accord with her career, knowing it makes her happy, and together they have ironed out the wrinkles caused by the combination of their interests.

The Martins love to sleep late and the boys, whose rooms are at another end of the house, cooperate like gentlemen until they hear the first indications that their parents are up and around. Bedlam follows. Tony Jr. pleads for a trip to the playground, Nicky drags Cyd to the punching bag and Tony calls up Leo Durocher to come over for lunch. There follows an hour of discussion, naturally about baseball, and Cyd sits in the midst of the males, doing her darndest to keep up with the finer points of the game. Her tomboy childhood helps her share Tony's enthusiasm for all sports, but while she seemingly

thrives in the world of men, she has a secret yearning for a daughter. "I like children and want more, but I'd have another immediately if I could be sure it would be a girl."

It comes out, after all, that while Cyd might seem content in her rough and ready household, she would like to have just one other female around—a little character she could dress in ruffles. Men are fine up to a point, but a girl needs companionship. Tony, for instance, cannot comprehend Cyd's craze for shoes. She keeps them, dozens of them, in a specially built case, and while he only murmurs at the purchase of a new pair of street shoes, he goes into a snit when she brings home what she likes to call "a crazy pair." Shoes are her Waterloo, and the more distinctive the better. Once, when ankle straps were the new rage, she brought home a pair of strapped sandals and the next morning found them in the garden, well chewed by the French poodle.

Shortly after their rescue, Tony was confronted by an irate wife, a soggy sandal in each hand.

"Well?" said Cyd.

He assumed a puzzled expression. "Well?" he said.

"You might not like them," said Cyd, "but did you have to go to such lengths?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said, but when he came home that evening he brought her flowers.

THERE is music in their house every waking hour, running the gamut from popular to classical, and if Tony isn't humming a tune, Cyd is working to the rhythm on her practice bars. Tony Jr. has absolutely no interest in dancing and Nicky's surrender has come only recently, with the advent of ballroom dancing shared by students of his school with the girls of Westlake School. Nevertheless, they both prefer hearing Pop sing to watching Mom dance.

They may not appreciate her talent, but some day they will, for Cyd's lithesome grace and twinkling toes are well on their way to becoming world famous. Her torrid hilltop dance as a Mexican girl in *Sombrero* is calling for air-conditioning of theaters, and her spectacular dances in *The Bandwagon* have at last convinced her MGM bosses that Cyd is worthy of a big star buildup. Accordingly, they plan starring her in their production of *Kismet* and are currently considering her for the lead when they make the screen version of *Brigadoon*.

Right now Cyd Charisse is known as the 11th dancing partner of Fred Astaire in pictures, but it is within the realm of possibility that some day male dancers will be hankering for a chance to play consort to Cyd Charisse, Queen of the Dance. **END**

marriage, anybody?

(Continued from page 39) again to entertain the GI's she dropped her head on her hand and closed her eyes like she does when she is doing a lot of thinking. I knew just what was going through her head: "Piper is 21 now, here she is off on another trip, when she gets back she'll be busy on another picture, and all this time will be time she won't be able to meet anyone new." So I wasn't surprised when she raised her head and said something that, at first, didn't seem to have anything to do with what we were talking about.

"You know, I've been thinking I'd like you to go see the doctor," she said. "You haven't been looking too good lately."

She can't fool me. Being a modern mother she has learned not to take a

direct stand on anything like forbidding me to do this or that. Yet, she would rather I didn't go to Korea this time, and maybe, if I see the doctor, he might say I should stick around. You see, Mother not only wants me to concentrate, she wants me to be where the concentrating can do some good. (P.S. I saw the doctor. He always finds something, but not enough to stop the trip.)

MRS. CHARLOTTE JACOBS (Piper's mother): Piper likes to kid about the family putting pressure on her to get married. It's not so really, of course. I know Piper has to find her own happiness in her own way. Naturally, as a mother, I think about it a lot. But I hardly ever say anything, honestly. Once in a while, maybe, like a mother will, I might forget myself and Piper might get the idea I'm

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hunting. Nothing serious. Sometimes I just happen to say, "You know what I'd like to do, Piper? I'd like to go to a wedding."

PIPER: It's not as if it were my fault. I mean, it might be my fault but there are other things to consider. Every time I meet someone who, well, might mean something, I'm off on the road again, or else retakes have to be shot and I'm busy on the set all day and rehearsing most of the night. Somehow it always seems to get worse right after I get to know a man whom I'd like to go on knowing. But it stops right there. My friends think it's quite a joke. Every time they see me they ask, "Well, Piper, whom are you leaving now?"

Just lately I met a young man and we've been dating quite a few times. I might as well identify him partially, as an actor, but since we're not going to be able to see each other for a long time, for reasons which I will give below, there is no point to my naming him. He is very handsome, unusually intelligent and I enjoyed myself very much when we were out. He is not only a fine performer but quite literate and a conversation with him is not just a time-passing exercise but a rewarding experience.

I've been spending most of my time these past few weeks with him, but it's all over now . . . for a while anyway. Soon I'll leave for Korea. When I get back he is due to go to Europe for a picture. Just about the time he returns I'll be taking off for South Africa. So nice to have met you!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Of course we can't talk for Piper but we can supply some facts for the benefit of any readers who might be wondering about the identity of the actor mentioned here. Following the premiere of *Call Me Madam* Piper attended a party at Romanoff's and was introduced to Carlos Thompson the Argentinian importation. Both were members of different groups, neither had a partner, and almost immediately they paired off. They sat and danced together for the rest of the evening. When Piper went to the Academy Awards she was escorted by Carlos. He also took her to the big party at Chasens afterwards. They were seen together again not long afterwards attending an amateur performance of *Iolanthe* at the Westlake School in Bel-Air, and they topped off that night by dining and dancing at the Macayo in Santa Monica. Carlos, though from Buenos Aires, speaks perfect English. He is sharply handsome, and he is certainly "literate" since he is the author of a book printed in Argentina entitled, "All Is God." And, just to tie things in a little closer, it happens that he is leaving soon for Europe on a picture, and he is reported to have used rich, romantic words in describing Piper. Yes, the man could very well be Carlos. And if it is he will be the first Latin in her life.

PIPER: My sister Sherrye, who is two years older than I, was married at 17. This doesn't make me a lady of very much distinction around the house socially. Sherrye has made her mark as a woman while I'm still aiming.

Until last year Sherrye used to talk to me a lot about boys and how to convert boys generally into the boy specifically which, she implies, is the main business of girlhood. She made a big effort to sort of give me the proper viewpoint about this process. And I think she was satisfied with my progress last year because she told me confidently, "Well, by this time next year you are sure to be married."

Well . . . here we are . . . this year . . . and Piper is still unattached. And Sherrye has nothing more to say to me. She just sits kind of baffled and studies me till I think she is seeing me 20 years from now

. . . a squeaky old maid, dry and withered.

MRS. SHERRYE WADE (Piper's sister): Of course all this talk about worrying over marriage is silly as far as Piper is concerned. She's just 21. The thing is that as a little girl she, like a lot of youngsters, thought she would surely fall in love at 16. A girl of 21 seemed then to her like an elderly adult. And some of this kind of thinking still hangs on to Piper. But as far as that goes she could be married now if she wanted to drop her standards . . . which I'm quite sure she won't. Young girls think of marriage like poets do; it's something to sing about and you can't sing until the music starts. You just have to keep listening for it.

PIPER: Any girl my age gets the "whens" . . . you know, *when* do I meet him, *when* will he say the word, *when* will we wed? (And if he doesn't hurry up I'll be so annoyed he'll have a bitter girl on his hands!)

So I keep thinking of it all right. And when I don't think of it things happen which bring it to mind. I have a cousin Joan, in Detroit, who is only 18. Somehow, in my mind, she is just a baby; in fact I used to baby her and give her advice like Sherrye gave me (I think sometimes I passed it on word for word, with a very wise look in my eyes). Well, Joan has just let the family know . . . she is being married in June!

A smart girl is one who knows how to play tennis, golf, piano—and dumb.

Marilyn Monroe

As if this wasn't enough, consider what happens with my old high school crowd. There were 25 of us who stayed pretty close; anything that happened to one was supposed to be passed on to the other 24. Well, eventually, after high school, marriage began happening, of course. The first one got married, then another, then soon there was a half-dozen who could say, "Call me Mrs." But it didn't stop there. In the past year and a half there has been a grand rush and the score is now 23 married, two single.

Not that it made me frantic or anything; after all I had my career, I was busy, I had little time to get around . . . I kept telling myself. And all the time I had one tiny consolation; I had company, I wasn't the last, the 25th . . . yet. It was the idea of it, the thought of the other 24 girls saying, "Poor Piper! Can you imagine? Still single!" All that sympathy . . . a girl could drown in it.

Two days ago, two days before I wrote this, I dropped into Wil Wright's for some ice cream and ran into a man I knew—the brother-in-law of the other remaining single girl. He came up to me and I saw that he was breaking into a faceful of news that he just had to tell me. "No! Not that!" I said to myself. But it was. *She*, Karlyn Glasser, the last girl between me and utter (if temporary, I hope!) ignominy, was engaged. She'll be married this summer. This summer . . . when I'll probably be on a train, or a plane, or very likely trying to fall asleep in a tent on the African veldt by counting antelopes or gnus or whatever they use out there for sheep.

"Isn't that great news?" asked Karlyn's brother-in-law.

"Wonderful!" I cried, but I didn't blame him for looking at me in surprise. My voice did sound funny. I tried to tell myself I wasn't upset, and I knew that deep within me I was happy for Karlyn's sake. But what did it make me? When the ice cream came I took three spoonfulls and couldn't

taste a thing, so I just left it there.

VIVIAN LEWIS (waitress at Wil Wright's): I remember the night Piper came in. She always finished her ice cream. It was quite a blow to have her leave her dish practically untouched. We thought it was us.

BETTY MITCHELL (Studio publicist): Pooh! Don't let Piper kid you. She's young, beautiful and famous. Also happy.

ROSE DONOHUE (Betty's assistant): Yes, but she wants to be young, beautiful, famous and in love. And she knows only that will bring a real happiness.

PIPER: Of course, there is my father who never talks much and has to be really drawn out on the subject of romance. I wonder how he feels and I am beginning to get a pretty good idea. When I was 16 or 17 and went out with a boy as much as twice he'd be sure to ask, sooner or later, "Say, isn't this getting to be serious?" Nowadays? Well, now I can go out a half dozen or more times with the same boy and he doesn't say a word! He only looks as if he might be quite willing to listen to some announcement.

MR. ALFRED JACOBS (Piper's father): H'm'm.

PIPER: If he has changed, if he is taking another view of things, like it's time I made a move, well . . . I can only point out that mother was 22 before she married him.

MR. JACOBS: H'm'm'm.

MRS. JACOBS: We've been married 26 years and we are very happy. Piper will be too. From what I hear she has gotten a lot of proposals but she says the boys are kidding.

ROCK HUDSON: I proposed to Piper while we were doing retakes on *The Golden Blade*. I said, "Piper, after this picture is over let's go to Mexico. Of course, we'll have to be married." I guess that wasn't the way to frame a proposal properly. But anyway she said, "Thank you. And now let's get back to work." So we went back to work.

DICK LONG (currently in *All American* at Universal): Of course Piper and I have discussed marriage . . . theoretically. Since we first worked together in Universal's dramatic school three years ago I guess we've yakked about everything under the sun at one time or another.

You learn a lot about people just yakking . . . especially when you're working with them. Piper's a good sport . . . concentrating on her career . . . (the hours we've spent talking show business) . . . but interested in other things and other people and their problems. Her mother and father are like that, too . . . warm, friendly and comfortable to be with.

A date with Piper is always fun—and sometimes unusual. For instance Christmas 1951. I was in the service then . . . enroute to Korea. Three days after I landed in Japan who should show up but Piper. There to do camp and hospital shows. Was I glad to see her!

PIPER: Everybody kids a girl about marrying. My Aunt Dorothy was visiting us and asked me if I was thinking of marriage. I said, "Sure." She said, "Wonderful! I'd love to be able to attend the ceremonies while I'm still here."

The grips on the set always ask me when I'm going to get married. The cameramen have a whole conspiracy. They keep pretending to be worried about a haunting look creeping into my expression. They say I really must do something about it . . . like going to my own wedding.

Marriage, anybody?

END

making up for lost time

(Continued from page 57) The building into which Jane Wyman walked that night was the famous Hollywood Masquers' Club—and Jane was one of the few women ever to enter its portals. Definitely she was the only lady movie star to be asked into the building. The occasion was as unique as the incident appeared. For that night the Masquers were giving Jane Wyman an honorary dinner, something they have reserved for only the most renowned male actors—and a feast and tribute no Masquer ever thought would be accorded a female.

The Masquers who were there that night will tell you there has never been a happier evening in the club, nor were more enthusiastic speeches ever aimed at a celebrity. Two hundred men sat about the room, the dais was jammed with stars, executives and officers of the club, and in the very center sat Jane, the lone woman. Speakers arose and, as they do at such banquets, told of the qualities of the guest of honor and of the laurels she had won.

There was Vince Barnett, the comedian, who spoke of the early days in Jane's career and told how she had never changed with success. "But he didn't tell," Jane said, "about how he used to feed me when I was hungry." There were the casting men who had given her a helping hand, the actors who had spoken to directors about her when she needed the jobs and the boosts; and the directors themselves who bragged now that they had been lucky to get her. And then Jack Warner, the head of Warner Brothers, who modestly said: "Jane has been working for me for nearly 15 years now—and just for that she ought to be given a banquet."

Then Jane was called upon to speak. She had prepared something in her mind, an outline expressing thanks for the honor of the night. But as she stood up to talk it all went out of her head, and she just looked down at the table cloth, so they wouldn't see the mist in her eyes, and spoke extemporaneously. She started with the man at the foot of the table and she told how good a friend he had been—and then she went the length of the board and all about the room, and she picked familiar faces from the crowd and gave credit for her success to all of them one by one. Afterwards they all drifted about the club house and talked and sang songs together. When the doors closed finally in the small hours of the morning, the caretaker shuffled off to his quarters muttering happily that it had been the grandest Masquers banquet of them all.

Thus, it would seem that in 1953 the star of Jane Wyman has risen to its zenith. That with almost 20 years of screen acting behind her she has reached the promise of her career. She has received just about every recognition Hollywood gives its own, as well as accolades from the public and press of almost every nation. She has an Academy Award. She has been known as the sexiest of the leggy young contract girls—and she lasted to get an Oscar for a believable portrait of a mute drab. She has been married, has had children, has been divorced and married again. And today she stands as proof that in Hollywood anything can happen if a girl has talent and fortitude. And luck.

WHAT is Jane Wyman's life like today? Well, those who have known her since she first came to Hollywood as a blonde young dancer say that the years have been more than kind to her. She has embellished the face and figure that even as a kid stopped traffic on the studio lots. She has all the vigor she started with, and certainly the health. Time has brought her

riches, too—and she lives a bit differently than the early days—in a fine home, with the ice box and deep freeze well filled.

With her husband of a few months, Fred Karger, Jane has a household of five—her children, Mike and Maureen, and Fred's 11-year-old daughter Terry. They live a rather simple life, built around the activities of the kids when they're not working. But in the evenings, except for the few occasions when they dine out or go to small parties, Jane and Fred make it a family affair around the TV set or a cornpopper in the fireplace.

"What I really want out of life now," Jane said, pert as a teen-ager impersonating a grown-up, "is the relaxation that is supposed to come after a long stretch at the factory. I want to take it easy between pictures now, and maybe between assignments get a chance to travel to Europe and see the sights of the world I've been too busy to look at before."

Actually, it is a little difficult trying to think of Jane Wyman taking things easy. An average day in her life consists of rising at 6:30 A.M. for an early studio call, keeping the make-up staff in stitches as she gets ready for the day, coming on to the set like Gangbusters and chattering like a Minah bird until lunch, doing a publicity interview from 12:00 to 1:00 and then back on to the set with the same enthusiasm until the 6:00 whistle blows. After that she's ready for a hearty dinner, a party, fun with the kids, or a quiet session with a novel before turning out the light for a few hours' sleep. This routine is not pressed upon her. She demands it.

A few weeks ago Jane threw a party. Most of the people attending were from the movie she was making or they were working on other films. About 11:00 the fearsome early risers began to drift, and at midnight Jane and Fred saw the last of them to the door. Fred looked a bit sleepy, but Jane was wide awake. As she started up for the shut-eye that was to last her until six or so the next morning, she frowned. "I guess they didn't have a very good time," she said. "Nobody wanted to stay."

"Yes, dear," her husband said, not troubling to remind her that other people weren't made of iron.

Maybe Jane Wyman has been saving up for the lusty life she manages to cram into every 24 hours now. For the past five years, ever since she has been divorced from Ronald Reagan, she has been a bachelor girl, with most of the spare time on her hands that the average bachelor girl falls heir to. Although she has been linked with men a few times during that five years, the times between were long and the romances few. She had interests, all right, but none of the purpose a girl can find with a man of her own. Now she is catching up.

FRED Karger, Jane's husband, is a perfect mate for her. He is not at all the Hollywood type of man, not the playboy sort who haunts the parties and dates a different doll every night. Fred comes from a rather well-to-do family, but he has always worked for a living. For a few years he has been the leader of an orchestra that played for most of the society parties given in Los Angeles and Pasadena, and a few Hollywood parties. During the day he is composer, arranger and the supervising musical director of Columbia Studio. As a matter of fact, although they have known each other casually for years, it wasn't until Jane began making *Let's Do It Again* at Columbia that they first became more than casually attracted to each other.

Music is a kindred interest with Jane and her husband. Fred is a fine pianist and accompanist, and there is nothing that pleases Jane more than to have someone

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suggest she sing. If you've heard any of the records she has made or seen her with Bing Crosby in their Paramount pictures, you know she's not bad. With music for a starter they began discovering other compatible likes and now they are practically as one on every subject. This is quite a feat with a girl as singularly positive as Jane Wyman Karger.

"I don't know how anybody stands me sometimes," she said. "I get an idea about something and that's it. Maybe sometimes I'm wrong, but while I think I'm right I can't be fooled with. It must be a kind providence that brought Fred and me together. He not only thinks the way I do—I find myself agreeing with him as soon as we begin discussing something."

It is a very difficult thing in Hollywood generally for a movie star to find a husband she can also work with. In the case of an actress and actor being married you'd think it would be a cinch, but it isn't. Directors married to stars seldom get a chance to make movies together. But it looks as though Jane and Fred will be able to overcome this problem. Jane is definitely interested in making musical pictures, as well as records, and Fred can be the musical advisor around the house. Even if a film isn't a musical there is always a score. This makes it possible for them to go abroad if they want to and still not have to give up part of the career of one of them.

Professionally, Jane Wyman has never been in better shape. Not even right after she won the Oscar for *Johnny Belinda*. She has a couple of unreleased musicals in the can and as this is being written she is getting ready to begin one of the most demanding roles of her career in *So Big*.

"The thing that bothers me about this picture," Jane said, "is that I have to look 18. Then I go to about 60. That's a big jump."

Well, Warner Brothers aren't too concerned. She can play 18 without make-up, and a bit of old grey hair and a swab or two of pallid make-up, a nest of wrinkles and she's 60. But the studio does feel that *So Big* is one of its most important films in years, they plan it on a grand scale, so Jane can be sure that next fall when it is released she will have another important dramatic offering to offer the critics and award-givers.

ONE of the early maddening ambitions of Jane Wyman's life was to be a dramatic actress. And it was at Warner Brothers, where she has made her biggest hits in the past few years, that she developed her most awful frustrations. Casting a picture in those days of box-office magic, when, as the saying goes, all a theater manager had to do was open the door and stand out of the way to let the customers charge in, was done according to a casting book. If a producer had to make a picture

in which an actress was to lose her baby to a rich husband, all he had to do was get an actress who could cry. If he wanted a comedy, he got an actress who could tell a joke or hit the leading man in the face with a ripe tomato.

Jane Wyman, in the casting books, was a cute little buffoon who could dance. Period. She spent several weary years trying to tell the men in the front office that she could also cry—and would like to get a chance to make an audience cry, too. One day a part came up that Bette Davis was being considered for, but Bette for some reason or other couldn't make the starting gate. Jane, who usually walked around the lot in slacks and sweaters, decided to make an impression as a sad one, and for a week or two she wore what were practically widow's weeds to the studio. Nothing happened. She'd trot about like a saddened woman in search of a tombstone, but no one paid any attention, except to say, "Hi Janie," just as always.

She tried throwing a sombre note into lunch in the commissary, dropping in at-tired as Mother Hubbard, or close to it. Nothing happened. Then one day she saw a producer eyeing her carefully. She put on the sour puss and waited. Sure enough he came over to her table and gave her a closer inspection. Finally he spoke.

"Do you think," he said, "that you could play a burlesque dancer? I've been watching you—and you seem to me to be just the type."

"Out of my way," Jane cried and dashed from the commissary.

The way she got *Johnny Belinda* is that producer Jerry Wald saw her dressed like a cutie one day and, being a great believer in off-beat casting, decided she was just the type to play a deaf mute.

It is a strange thing that today, after topping all the laurels she needs as a dramatic actress, Jane Wyman likes nothing better than to have her agent call up and say that somebody wants her for a crazy musical.

Time has been kind to Jane Wyman—and the Jane Wyman of today will be the first to tell you that. Along with the progress of her career, her emotional life has been fruitful. While she was married to Ronald Reagan she was very much the housewife and early mother. They were serenely happy together until their different interests broke them up. When the separation did come it was not one of the ugly messes that are so common in Hollywood, but a grown-up facing of a mutual problem. And even after the divorce, when most movie couples are victims of sniping tongues and speculations, Jane managed to keep a dignity in her position of grass widow.

The only other romances of consequence she has ever had were the ones with Greg Bautzer, which she herself will admit was just fun, and the short-lived engagement to Travis Kleefeld. There has never been

a nicer young man to invade the stars' domain than Travis, so there was no finger of defamation pointed at her in that matter either. In between, Jane has kept her lady-like character and was still able to keep her reputation as a fun girl and, incidentally, a great wit.

THIS year is a new beginning of the road for Jane Wyman. What has happened to her in her life before this year has been wonderful, but it has not been fulfilling enough to satisfy her. She began 1953 with a rainbow shining across the hill from her bedroom window on New Year's Day, and she vowed, she says, on that morning to start to find all the happiness and good things that are promised folks who find the end of that rainbow. During the early part of the year she fell in love and her home was filled as fully as her heart. She is at an age now where she appreciates the comforts that can come from children, and where she can look long at the trophies of her craft that fill her den and feel a warmth from them.

She wants to build a dream that will come true.

"I guess I haven't knocked around much," she said, "but somehow I feel as though I have and I want the fruits of the hard work I have done to be about me from now on. I've loved my home and my family before, but never as much as now. This is my year to move."

There will be another ceremony at the Masquers Club in Hollywood one of these nights soon. One that Jane is not aware of at the moment. It is called The Spelvin Award. It has been given to very few actors and, again, no actresses. It is named after the legendary actor who has appeared on many playbills but has never existed, George Spelvin. George Spelvin is the name used in the theater when an actor plays two roles—and does not desire to be billed in one of them. It is actually a tribute to a performer of great versatility.

One night soon the long limousine from the Masquers will again pull up before Jane Wyman's home. The six men in the top hats will alight again and escort her to the club. She will once again be the only woman in the place, a girl and 200 men. The usual speeches will be made. And Jane will be called upon again to make an address, to talk to and about the fellows she has known all of her professional life. And then the Spelvin Award will be in her hands. It is a statue of a man in a tall silk hat, a bit battered but still doing a show. That's Jane Wyman, a woman, but the only one in her line of work to get this recognition.

And when she gets home, she'll put it in the breakfront along with the rest of her prizes, and she'll treasure it always. But it won't mean the cap on a career for Jane. No, sir, she's looking ahead. She's just going to get going in 1953.

END

joan and marilyn talk

(Continued from page 33) talk so openly!"

There was so much honesty in what Joan said and so much distress in her voice that I reached over and patted her hand.

We were sitting in a quiet corner, away from the other guests at a small dinner party at my home. Dinner was over—and I knew Joan wanted to talk to me. And you can bet I wanted to talk to her!

When the others started talking or gathered around the piano to sing, I motioned for Joan to join me away from the group. (I think most of them would have given anything to have heard what we were saying for the Crawford vs. Monroe feud was still the talk of the town.)

Joan and I have been friends for many years now and I feel I understand her very well.

I sincerely believe she would give anything in the world if she had never said those things about Marilyn. But, once the damage was done, you've got to admire her spunk for saying she was not misquoted!

She was in the firing line—but she was standing there taking it—and saying she was sorry! You've got to admire a girl like that.

Joan leaned toward me and said softly, "There's still room in this town for both of us. I feel if I were to meet Marilyn face to face I'd say, 'Hi, there,'—and we'd shake hands."

"The fight seems to be more with her studio (20th) and the press against me

rather than the fans although I have had a few letters of criticism.

"One was from a sergeant who is great Marilyn Monroe fan. He enclosed an awful picture of me in a bathing suit with my hair all fizzy. The caption was to the effect that I was skyrocketing like the Fourth of July. The sergeant wrote: 'This is exactly how Miss Monroe dresses today, only you haven't her good points!'"

It was typical of Joan to tell this on herself.

She went on, "I wrote to the sergeant and told him that the blatant picture most certainly was me. But I explained that I had since learned that flaunting your sex in clothes, photographs or in action is not good for an actress."

"Perhaps I subconscious" felt I could

help Marilyn because I had worked so hard to overcome the many things wrong with me and I am still grateful to more experienced actresses who gave me advice—and criticism—along the way.”

It was almost time for us to rejoin my guests unless I was going to be a rude hostess and I said so to Joan. She nodded. Then, as we rose, she said quickly:

“Louella, just one more thing. I do want Marilyn to know how bitterly sorry I am that this interview was ever printed. But for this thing to go on and on, as though someone had been murdered, is ridiculous.”

We now lap-dissolve (as they say in movie scripts) back to a conversation I had with Marilyn the day after Joan’s blistering interview hit the press.

She had been crying her eyes out all night. Her voice was so choked up she sounded as though she had a terrible cold.

“I don’t believe Miss Crawford said those things about me,” she whispered. “Everybody’s calling, calling, calling, to see what I have to say. What shall I do?”

“Say ‘No comment’ to everything—and then you can’t get in trouble,” I advised my little blonde friend.

But three weeks later, with letters from the fans pouring in, I called Marilyn again and told her I thought the time had come for her to say something.

The intervening weeks had calmed Marilyn down to a noticeable degree. This time she really had a bad cold and she had been out of the hospital just 24 hours when she dropped by my house in the afternoon.

SHE looked very pretty if still a little ill and her suit was simple and in good taste. I remembered the first time I had met her, just as she was starting her sensational climb, at a party at Joseph Schenck’s home. The dress she wore was cut too low and she looked like a siren—until she opened her mouth.

Then I realized what a shy, ill-at-ease girl she really was, despite all her lush, sexy beauty. Her sudden, dizzying success had given her confidence—but not much.

Marilyn slipped into a chair and tossed her jacket back because the day was warm. After we had chatted a minute about this and that, she got to the point.

“Miss Parsons,” she has never called me Louella—nor does she call many people by their first name, “I don’t want to feud with anyone. All I want is to get to feeling well again and get good pictures at the studio and learn to become a better actress.

“I think the thing that hit me the hardest about Miss Crawford’s story is that it came from *her*. I’ve always admired her for being such a wonderful mother—for taking four children and giving them a fine home. Who, better than I, knows what it means to homeless little ones.

“Although I don’t know Miss Crawford very well—I met her once at a dinner party, she was a symbol to me of kindness and understanding to those who need help.

“At first, all I could think of was ‘Why should she select me to blast?’ She’s a great star. I’m just starting. And then, when the first hurt began to die down, I told myself she must have spoken to Mr. Thomas impulsively, without thinking.

“In view of many things that have happened since the article appeared, I’m beginning to look on it as a blessing in disguise. If it had never been printed I might never have realized how many friends I have, even ones I’ve never met.

“Lots of GIs wrote me letters saying, ‘We like you the way you are.’ Miss Parsons, that meant a lot to me. It’s one thing that made me decide to go to Korea if I never do another thing in my life. I couldn’t get over the fact that so many kids, who were having it so bad themselves, didn’t want me to have my feelings hurt.

That’s not all. People in our business were so unexpectedly kind. As you know, I don’t know many stars outside of the few I’ve worked with. Think of it, Betty Grable, the biggest star on the 20th lot asked me to lunch with her and she said:

“Marilyn, don’t let this get you down. I’ve taken plenty of criticism and so have other actresses. Just keep plugging. The important things are your career—and trying to improve yourself.”

Marilyn enthused, “I love Betty,” (notice she doesn’t call her “Miss” Grable), “she’s such a good person. Maybe this seems silly, but we were doing a scene for *How To Marry A Millionaire* and Betty noticed I had no polish on my toes as I had worn in a previous day’s work. She ran and got that polish and put it on herself.

“There were no press agents or newspapermen around so she didn’t do it as a grand gesture.

“And Mr. William Powell is another who went out of his way to be kind to me. He said, ‘You remind me of a girl I loved very much. You don’t look like Jean (Harlow)—but you have the same warmth and inner radiance that made Jean such a lovable person.’ I think that is the sweetest compliment I ever had.

“And you have been so good to me, Miss Parsons,” she said, impulsively. “That’s why I feel I can talk with you and tell you the way I feel because I know you will make it sound right even if I don’t always express myself just right.”

I told Marilyn she “expressed” herself all right because she’s always honest and never tries to fool herself—or others.

She knows she first attracted attention because of her sexy appearance—but she’s trying as hard as she can to improve herself as an actress.

For this reason, the part of Joan’s article which hit her the hardest was the reference to her vulgar walk in *Niagara*.

She said, “You see, the character I played was a tramp. The role called for me to wear very tight dresses and high heels. The combination of a dress I could scarcely move in and the high heels caused me to ‘wobble’ when I walked.

“With all the publicity I’ve had and everything, I suppose it will be hard for many people to believe that I never deliberately throw my sex around, thinking, ‘If I do this, it’s sexy—or if I look a certain way, it’s sexy.’”

I know what Marilyn meant. At a party, she’s never thinking of how she can slay all the males present. She never flirts, or tries to attract attention, or makes a “play” for the men.

For a girl so over-abundantly endowed with sex appeal, there have been few men in her life.

She had an unfortunate early marriage; she loved Johnny Hyde (the lovable little agent who helped her career so much) without ever being in love with him. For the past two years there has been no other man in her life but Joe DiMaggio.

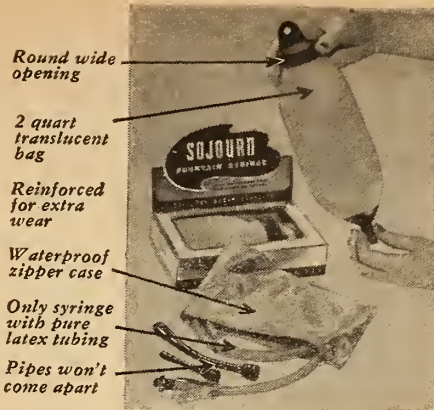
Compare Marilyn’s “love life” with the records of some of our glamor queens and it’s modest, indeed.

SEX has been the stepping stone to her career—and she’s not knocking it! But the lowcut dresses and the dreamy-eyed photographs have served their purpose, and she’s eager to go forward as a performer and as a person.

“This is why I’m gradually getting over the hurt of Miss Crawford’s interview,” Marilyn said just before leaving. “It’s over and done with and I shan’t think about it anymore.

“I’ll just keep on believing she didn’t really mean all those things she said to Mr. Thomas.”

And she *didn’t*, Marilyn. Believe me. END



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**AT ALL
DRUG
STORES**

at home abroad

(Continued from page 48) adaptive and speak French fluently—Betsy and Kerry went to the Berlitz School in Los Angeles—they're still as American as Main Street.

Like all innocents abroad they hunger for home; and they're determined to return to Beverly Hills come September of this year.

"I've worked and traveled all over the Continent," Gene says, "France, England, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, all these places have got their strong points, but for day-to-day living, you can't beat the United States, and that goes for life in Pittsburgh as well as Hollywood."

Kerry Kelly, who is her father's image, feels like that, too. "Daddy was doing a picture in Munich," she recalls, "when we first came over here, but I never went to school in Germany. I went to school in Paris. It's called La Petite École. It's sort of a semi-private school. It's very nice, and then I went to school in London when Daddy was working on *Invitation To The Dance*. And in Switzerland I went to a school where you go to class in the morning and ski in the afternoon and, really, that's the best school of all. But even so, I can't wait to get back to Beverly Hills."

By June, 1953, Gene Kelly will have been away from the U. S. for 17 months. In that time he has completed three films, *The Devil Makes Three*, *Invitation To The Dance*, a picture in which there is no dialogue, only ballet, and *Crest Of The Wave*.

In those 17 months, Kelly has been the target for as vicious a gossip campaign as has ever been directed toward any actor.

First, it was said that he and Betsy had separated and were planning to divorce, and second, it is still being said that his patriotism is open to question because, after a year and a half abroad, he does not have to pay any Federal income tax.

Just for the record: Gene and Betsy Kelly have never been happier, and Gene is as honest, patriotic, and law-abiding as any man living. During the last war he volunteered for duty in the Navy and pulled a good long stretch.

But we'll get to that tax and patriotism question later. First, the matter of his domestic relations.

"I don't know how those rumors start," Gene insists, "and I don't care. They're not true, and I don't even want to honor them with any discussion. Ask Betsy for her opinion. She's got some ideas on the subject."

Betsy says, "It's very funny, no kidding. Friends back in Hollywood send us clippings all the time. Gene and I are breaking up, they say. That's the tenor of most of them. Where these columnists get their information from I don't know. Probably from returning travelers."

"Geographically, it's true that Gene and I have been separated, but that's only because he was working in London, and I was working in Paris or in Italy."

"When we were in London, we were living in Robert Donat's house, and Gene was working very industriously on *Invitation*. I tried to get a job, any kind of acting job. After all, Kerry was going to school, and I had a lot of spare time. I read for a part, a good role, in something called *Letter From Paris*. They liked my audition, and said 'Okay, you're in.' Only I couldn't get a labor permit."

"Just about then, Tola Litvak (Anatole Litvak the director) asked me to come to Paris and work with him as dialogue director and general assistant. He was starting to prepare *The Girl On The Via Flaminia*, and he needed a couple of assistants to teach the cast English. Sidney Chaplin,

Charley's son, and I luckily got the jobs.

"I came to Paris. Gene and Kerry and Lois (Lois McLelland is Gene's secretary and a very close family friend) remained behind in London."

"Right there the stories started. Gene and Betsy had each gone their separate ways. It was ridiculous, of course. I flew back to London practically every weekend. Kerry was in school from nine to four every day. It worked out extremely well."

"It so happened that the picture with Litvak took a pretty long time. Tola is a very careful director, you know. Everything has to be just so."

"EVENTUALLY the entire cast and crew went down to Nice. Tola insisted that Sidney and I stay in the same hotel with him. He didn't want us to corrupt the cast. They knew just enough English for the picture, and he didn't want them to get too good. Someone found out about Tola's orders that the dialogue directors stay in the same hotel with him, and the again another rumor started."

"Anatole Litvak was going to make Betsy

Molasses and wheat germ and yogurt don't make ya live longer . . . it just seems longer!

Jimmy Durante

Kelly a big star. He was going to give her the lead in the picture. Lead? I didn't even get a bit. Anyway the gossip mongers had me coupled with Tola. It was laughable, but that's how the rumors got back to the States. Supposedly, I was leaving Gene."

"Anyway, by last Christmas, Gene and I were both free, and we took Kerry to Klosters in Switzerland. She stayed there and went to school for a while, and I went to Nice and finished up my work."

"In March, all of us jumped into our Sunbeam Talbot and toured Spain. In May, Gene went back to London to start work on *Crest Of The Wave*. So any day now you can expect the divorce rumors to start all over again. Kerry and I plan to go skiing, probably in the south of France, near the Alps. Someone will say, 'Where is your husband?' And I'll tell the truth, that he's working in London. And you'll see the gossip will begin once more. Just a vicious cycle. Honestly, it gets on Gene's nerves, but I don't mind it any more."

"If people knew how hard dancers worked, they'd realize that someone like Gene hasn't got enough strength or inclination to fool around after a hard day's work."

As to the tax setup the Kellys find themselves in, Betsy has a few words on that subject, too, but better to let Gene speak for himself.

First, however, some background. In 1951 the Congress of the United States passed a tax law in which it is stated that any U. S. citizen who remains outside the continental U. S. A. for 18 consecutive months need not pay any income tax.

This law was passed because the Army of the United States was building bases all over the world and was finding it increasingly difficult to secure defense workers.

In order to make the overseas job openings in such uncomfortable countries as Arabia, Greenland, Algeria, and Morocco more enticing, the law was passed, primarily, as an incentive to recruit manpower.

Now it so happens that in 1951, Gene Kelly's first contract with MGM was scheduled to expire. Kelly's films had grossed over \$75,000,000 for the studio, and Loew's, Inc. had no intention of letting Kelly go.

In seven previous years the studio had paid him relatively little, especially when one realizes that Gene worked not only as an actor but as a director, choreographer, and writer as well. As a matter of fact, he

was regarded by the studio as a one-man unit.

In 1951, Kelly according to Hollywood standards, should have been earning a minimum of \$5,000 a week. He was earning less than half that figure. Taxes, expenses, and commissions being what they are, he and Betsy had managed to put aside only a small amount of savings for the proverbial rainy day.

When Gene's contract expired, he was offered many lucrative deals. He could have picked up \$10,000 a week at Las Vegas. He could have shared in the profits of independent productions. He could have gone to another studio as a unit producer.

The executives at Metro knew all this. They knew most of all that they must under no circumstances lose Gene. After all, hadn't his *American In Paris* won the Academy Award, the first time in ten long years an MGM film had garnered that honor?

What sort of incentive would keep Kelly at MGM?

ONE of the bigshots of Loew's, Inc. had the answer. Congress had just passed a new tax law. A man could work outside of the U. S. A., and all his earned income after 18 months would be tax free.

The proposition was made to MCA, Kelly's agents. They investigated in detail. They checked all the legal angles. Gene insisted that he would do absolutely nothing that was not 100 per cent legal and above board.

"Look," he was told, "geologists, oil workers, engineers are going overseas every day in the week under the identical tax setup. Why should you penalize yourself because you're an actor? MGM has millions abroad in blocked currency. The only way they can use that money is to make pictures in foreign countries. It is no legal sin to make a film in London or in Paris or in Italy."

Gene Kelly thought it over. He discussed the proposition with Betsy. If he made three or four pictures overseas, would she come along? Would she have any objections? After all, Metro was going to make the pictures, anyway. Betsy said sure, she'd come along.

As it turned out, Gene flew to Europe first. Betsy stayed behind to sublet the house and then, with Kerry and Lois, followed a few months later.

After the Kellys had been in Europe for about six months—and mind you, they are not the first Americans from Hollywood to take advantage of the favorable tax law—an employee of MCA, the Music Corporation of America and the largest talent agency in Hollywood, began pointing out to a prospective client what a wonderful deal his agency had set up for Kelly.

"He'll have about half a million dollars tax free," this employee explained, "because we're on the ball every minute of the day. MCA doesn't miss a trick."

In a few weeks the particular actress who had heard this sales talk demanded that her agent obtain for her the same deal. "You dope," she told him, "if I make films overseas for 18 months, I don't have to pay taxes. It's legal, you dummy. It's part of the new tax laws. Don't you ever read?"

It wasn't very long before pretty nearly everyone in Hollywood climbed aboard the 18-months bandwagon. Evelyn Keyes was the first, then Gary Cooper, Ava Gardner, Kirk Douglas, Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Alan Ladd, Lana Turner.

It is possible, of course, that some of these stars may not have had the question of taxes in mind when they left the U. S., but then again it's entirely possible that the tax forgiveness was the main idea.

Because of this Hollywood exodus, Gene

Kelly is bearing the brunt of public griping.

It is he who is consistently and erroneously pointed out as the first Hollywood star to take advantage of the tax law. What does he have to say about it?

"I was asked to make motion pictures abroad. The tax advantages were pointed out to me. I've made pictures abroad before, even without the 18-months' tax set-up. The law was passed by the Congress. It's on the books, and it's proper and legal. I would sooner cut off my right arm than do anything shady.

"Actors don't have very lengthy careers; that's particularly true of dancers. You can burn yourself out pretty quickly. In saving some money for my old age and providing for my family, I don't see anything morally wrong. In the U. S. there's a 27½% tax depletion allowance on oil wells, because the Government expects them to run dry. Creative people run dry, too; but you don't get any depletion allow-

ance on the inevitable slow-ups of age. "Actors are ordinary human beings. We have the same hopes and fears; only our careers don't last very long. I'm sorry but I don't consider it a sin to put some money away for the day I can no longer work."

THE thing to remember about Gene Kelly is that he is essentially a creative artist, a man who dances because of a life force which propels him. He would dance and experiment with the dance whether he was paid peanuts or a palace.

It is safe to say that he has done more to popularize ballet throughout the world than any other dancer in history. To treat him as a "money man" is to defame his character and to detract from his contributions to international cinema.

When the history of the motion picture industry is written, the name of Gene Kelly will stalk boldly through its pages, and only one adjective will do him justice: "great."

END

crosby and son

(Continued from page 43) Europe, study a little art. He may have some talent along those lines. He paints fairly well for a kid."

Actually, Bing came over to Europe for two reasons: (a) he likes privacy, to do whatever he feels like doing without attracting public attention and (b) because he knew that a trip would serve as the antidote to Lindsay's sadness brought about by the death of Dixie Crosby.

As a matter of fact, Bing over the years has made it a practice to spend as much time away from Hollywood as in it. Once he finishes a film and tapes a few radio shows, he takes off for the house in Carmel, the one up at Hayden Lake, or the ranch in Elko. Within the next few weeks he and the boys will undoubtedly go up to Nevada and work on the ranch during the summer.

In Hollywood, Bing has the feeling that he is being tracked by bloodhounds. As a writer friend of his once put it, "Let Bing ask for change of a dime, and right away some reporter is making a big thing of it. That's why, after Dixie died, he took Lindsay out of school and went down to Palm Springs. But even there he couldn't get away. The papers played up this thing with Mona Freeman as if it were a full-fledged romance. It wasn't."

BING Crosby is an Irishman who lives in a kind of cathedral-like self-sufficiency. He has few close friends, his closest being Bill Morrow, his writer.

Crosby confides in no one, especially about affairs of the heart. He is not a man who wears sadness on his sleeve. In fact, for a man who makes his living as an actor he is the most atypical actor in the business. The Crosby legend in which Bing has been painted as the gay, carefree, light-hearted, insouciant crooner with no depth of intellect or emotion is at complete variance with the facts.

Bing is a little on the sullen side. He prefers solitude which is why he loves to fish and hunt. He is a man who meditates, who has his own philosophy of life, a man with moods and tempers and discernment.

Take, for example, the way he lived in Europe. Most American stars who come to Paris check in at one of two hotels. The Lancaster or the Georges V. These are plush, expensive hostleries, primarily for foreigners, and if you ever catch a Frenchman living in one of them, the chances are that you'll be rewarded with the Legion of Honor. They have become known in show-

business as Hollywood hotels. Rita Hayworth, Susan Hayward, Olivia deHavilland, Clark Gable—when any of these touch Paris, right away it's the Hotel Lancaster or the Georges V.

Crosby, on the other hand, stays at the Trianon Palace, a quiet, expansive, picturesque hotel out in Versailles, ten miles or so from Paris. "It's a good spot," his son Lindsay agrees. "Dad and I can get up in the morning, shoot a round of golf. Nobody bothers you. The service is swell, and of course, it's very historic. Marie Antoinette and all that. Good for my history."

Bing prefers to make Versailles his European headquarters because the newspapermen in and around there rarely bother him. They interview him when he arrives and when he leaves and what he does with his time in between is his own business. There is no daily accounting of his schedule. Der Bingle loves anonymity.

During the middle of April, for example, he, Lindsay and Bill Morrow jumped into their car and pulled out of Paris, heading for the Spanish border. Their itinerary was their own affair. No one cared. No one ogled them. No one asked for snapshots, autographs or interviews in any town enroute.

When the trio arrived at Biarritz, they stayed for a day at the home of the celebrated French comedienne, Gabrielle Dorziat with whom Bing appeared in *Little Boy Lost*. Bing was asked to show up at the Cannes Film Festival and said casually enough that he might drop in for a few hours, but he was anxious to get to Spain and introduce Lindsay to the bullfighting scene.

After Spain there was the Italian tour and then the return to Paris. By this time, Bing, who is much less a disciplinarian than Dixie was, became convinced that Lindsay had had enough fun and enough golf. It was time for the lad to settle down to some serious study. Bing engaged a well-known painter named Mayo, to work with Lindsay on his painting for at least three hours a day.

It's too early to tell at this point, but it looks very much as if Lindsay has a great deal of potential as an artist. "I like to paint," he says, "and I learned a lot in Paris, but I don't really know yet what I want to be."

Lindsay's twin brothers want to become ranchers and his older brother Gary talks of becoming a football coach.

WHEN Bing took Lindsay out of private school in Beverly Hills last year, the opinion was offered that the boy's education might suffer. Actually, Lindsay be-

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lieves, "I've learned more these past few months than I have in years of schooling."

Bing believes in formal education very strongly—he sent his boys to a Jesuit preparatory college and he himself went through Gonzaga, but when Dixie died, he realized wisely enough that for a few critical months, months of transition, he would have to be both mother and father to Lindsay. He would have to give him both affection and companionship.

Bing has done the job extremely well. Lindsay has not only adapted himself to life without a mother but new horizons, new vistas have been opened up for him. Bing has seen to it, subtly and seemingly without effort but always according to plan.

Lindsay Crosby is bright and alert without being pushing or forward. In France he and Bing began to speak French to each other, and they had some pretty riotous linguistic sessions.

In view of the fact that Bing took Lindsay to Europe this year, he can't very well put himself in the position of playing favorites which means that come next year, he will undoubtedly have to do the same for Phil, Dennis, and Gary.

Just what effect Bing and his four sons would have on continental Europe is very difficult to tell. Sometimes, Europeans resent Americans for no good reason at all.

Take the incident of Bing and the British Amateur Golf Championship. While Bing was in Paris he said he planned to enter the British golf tournament at Hoylake whereupon columnist Desmond Hackett of the London Daily Express sat down and nastily wrote that Bing should be barred from the tournament. Hackett blasted Bing and insisted that the crooner had turned the 1950 Amateur tournament at St. Andrews, Scotland's oldest golf course, into a cheap circus. He also accused Bob Hope of making an "ass of himself" and "even a bigger ass of British golf."

The attack on Crosby who was playing for charity seemed so unfair that the influential London magazine, "Golf Illustrated" came to Der Bingle's defense. "It has been suggested," the magazine said, "that Bing is not a good enough golfer to play in the event. We do not agree with that at all. He is certainly better than many of the home players who enter."

The magazine then went on to defend

Crosby both as a golfer and a gentleman. It declined, however, to do the same for Bob Hope. Said the magazine, "We rather think that in this instance Bing has been again confused with his friendly rival Bob Hope, whose display of bad manners and bad golf is still unfortunately in our memories."

OUTSIDE of England, however, neither Bing nor any member of his family has ever been adversely criticized. Bing is universally liked although he has never pandered to popularity. "I'm a lazy man by nature," he says, "and I do what comes naturally."

It is the course of Bing's nature to do the right thing. Paul Whiteman who gave the crooner one of his first jobs, has said of Bing, "He goes through life trying to help people, and where he can't help, he always makes sure not to harm. He is a credit to America, a credit to show business, and a credit to the revered memory of his wife." Thousands echo this homage.

If any of Bing's four sons grow up to be half the man their father is, the world will hold them in high esteem. **END**

ann blyth's wedding day

(Continued from page 52) adulation: Marjorie Zimmer, Jeanne Crain, Joan Leslie, Betty Lynn, Jane Withers, Alice Krasiva. The bouffant gown of each is in a lovely shade of blue with matching slippers. Their bodices are also tight with taffeta cum-burbunds, their sleeves short but arms covered with long, white gloves. Each wears a large blue picture hat with taffeta streamers; each carries a little muff of delphiniums. Each has lived close to the bride, has thrilled to her joy, has given showers and helped her plan for the future.

There is another close by who is in pink, her Aunt Cis, wife of Uncle Pat, the two with whom she made her home after her mother's death several years ago. Uncle Pat, as are all the men, is in striped trousers and morning coat. Dennis Day, Jim's brother, is his best man; their three brothers, John, Frank and William McNulty, are among the ushers.

THIS is the moment, the moment which was destined to be the first time Ann met her Jim, nearly three years before, only neither of them knew it then . . . they both have said.

"Isn't every eligible man a girl meets a potential suitor in her mind?" a reporter had once asked her. "Didn't you think of Jim that way always?"

She could be thinking of the answer she gave to this question, as she had thought of it many times since. She said she didn't think so—always. But was it true of her and Jim?

They met at a party and when he left he asked if he could call her. She replied, "Yes," and he called her four days later. It was not to take her out to dinner, to dance or go to a show, perhaps, but to the christening of a nephew, Dennis Day's second son. She went and wondered—was this by way of being an introduction to his family?

It was a good thing that she did no more than wonder, that she gave it no greater significance. For in the next two years their work, hers in the studio and on tour, his in his office and the hospital, establishing his medical career, saw them much more apart than together. Then, last fall and winter, they found more time for each other, and a week before Christmas he came over to help her decorate the Christmas tree and seemed not to have his mind

on it even when he placed the star on top.

He had dinner with them. Aunt Cis had learned he loved lamb and had made a wonderful roast, yet his plate was practically untouched. Uncle Pat threw questions at him on matters of the day and each seemed to catch Jim's mind wandering. And when the older folks left them alone and they got started on the tree, Jim had kept hanging the decorations upside down. Something told her then. And she was right . . . but barely! He was half-way out the door that night when he suddenly turned back, the words she wanted so much to hear came tumbling out, and her whole world took on new and great dimensions—he wanted her!

From that second Jim was not the same Jim any more, she was not the same Ann. When he went home that same night he telephoned her, within three minutes it seemed, after he left. He said first that he had just wanted to tell her that he had gotten back safely . . . and she had thought warmly and fondly, "He's reporting already." Then, he couldn't just leave it at that . . . he wanted to talk some more.

"Tell me," he asked, "did I propose to you when I was there a few minutes ago?"

"Yes, you did," she said.

"And did you say, 'Yes?'" he pressed on.

"Yes, Jim. I said, 'Yes,'" she told him.

"Ah!" he sighed with relief. "I just wanted to be sure. That it really happened. That it's true."

They went to musicals. They went to concerts. They laughed because in college he had played a saxophone in a band but she had never heard him play. They laughed because he had seen only a few of her pictures and she had far more faithful fans than he.

"How could you stay away from my pictures?" she asked, kidding him.

"Do you go to see the operations I perform?" he came back.

They went to parties. Because Jeanne Crain had teased her about Jim she wanted Jeanne to know about the engagement. "Who was teasing?" asked Jeanne. "I was predicting! I was perfectly sure it would happen."

His mother had told her she knew Jim was going to propose. "For a week before, I never saw such a one as him around the house," she said. "So preoccupied he was!"

Now that it had happened all their friends said the same thing. "We could have told you!" And she wished they had.

A bride's hope must feed on memories and these are the ones that must fill Ann's mind. The home they bought, the Connecticut-style farmhouse in Toluca Lake. It was raining when she went first to see the house with Uncle Pat who had hunted it up. Yet she loved it and when Jim wanted a description she said, "It's the kind of house that just reaches out and puts its arms around you."

But then she was sorry she had said this much because she hadn't wanted to influence him, and when they went to look at it together she said not another word . . . but just watched him. That was enough. It seemed to her that he thrilled as she had at everything; the slant roof, the wide, inviting stairway that greeted you as you entered, the Dutch fireplace, the warm, yellow kitchen, the den you could see into from way out in the back through picture windows.

They took it. She was a bride not only with a diamond solitaire set in platinum, but with a house to take over and furnish and live in!

They decided they wouldn't try to buy all they need at one time but instead to pick up pieces slowly, matching and suiting as they went along. But he had nothing to say about the first household article that came her way because it was a gift—a rolling pin with cookie mold attached.

For the first time since she had met Jim he visited her at the studio. She took him to the *All The Brothers Were Valiant* set at MGM and introduced him to everyone from Bob Taylor and Stewart Granger to her hairdresser, Florence Erickson, and the wardrobe lady, Tommy McCoy. "This is my Jim," she said. This is how she found herself referring to him—without planning or thinking.

ONLY a few days before his visit the marriage scene from the picture, in which she and Bob Taylor were wed, had been shot. She had worn not only the engagement ring Jim had given her but his second gift, pearl earrings. Now everyone kidded Bob Taylor on his role, telling him that he had been only the stand-in for the real thing.

Well, here before the altar with Jim this is the real thing. Nothing else matters. Only this moment when he takes her hand in his and places the marriage band on her finger to mark the end of loneliness; this moment, the first of many wonderful ones that will stir her heart. **END**

dangerous crossroads

(Continued from page 31) editors across the country immediately clamored for follow-up news. Jane and Geary had agreed between themselves not to discuss the matter, which everyone admitted was their privilege. They kept that promise to each other, but where was the second bulletin stating that they had not really separated? Clearly, someone in the press department had "goofed," for the only alternative now was for reporters to go out and play detective on their own.

The results were both comic and grim. One columnist fairly stated that the entire affair had blown over, at least temporarily. Another stated, without foundation in fact, that Geary had moved away from home to an apartment of his own. Into print went the statement in one paper that Geary was "jealous," and in another, dated from Palm Springs where Geary had taken Jane for a rest, a pointed anonymous item hinting that the young husband of a certain well-loved dancing and singing star was courting disaster with his outside romantic interests. The topper was the prediction that Jane's personal appearance for two weeks at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas was for the express purpose of establishing residence in Nevada in order to obtain the so-called painless six-week divorce treatment.

Most of this news was pure conjecture, for Jane and Geary had at least temporarily made up their private differences. Then, reluctantly, Hedda Hopper reported in her column, "Jane Powell's separation from her husband Geary Steffen shocked me profoundly. I don't believe she'll wait long before getting a divorce. Since she has a night club engagement in Las Vegas I wouldn't be surprised if she stayed there the required six weeks and got her divorce. The guy she fell head over heels for is dancer Gene Nelson, who recently separated from his wife and is the father of a small child."

All Hollywood, including Hedda, hopes that this will not be the case, and in fact the press on first noting the obvious interest between Jane and Gene "sat on" the gossip. They hoped that this would be just another case in which the leading man and his leading lady became infatuated with each other during the production of a picture. It happens frequently, as it apparently did with Jane and Gene on the set of *Three Sailors And A Girl*. But in most instances, a week or so after the picture is over the temporary unreal romantic atmosphere in front of the camera dies away and everything is forgotten. Sometimes, however, emotions get out of hand, rumors blossom and become fact. Then unless all parties are willing to forgive and forget, divorce becomes inevitable.

Boiled down, all the stories, comments, and rumors come to this factual status of the Powell-Steffen situation: Usually the husband is the last to know in a marital

situation of this sort, but unlike other pending divorces, Jane and Geary have remained under the same roof. Up to a day before she left for her personal appearance tours in the east and in Canada, Jane and Geary were together in their Brentwood house, and there had been no physical separation. They both admitted there was serious trouble, but that they had arrived at a definite plan. Jane was to go to Toronto, then to New York, and on to Las Vegas for her two weeks there beginning May 12th. During that time they would consider themselves in a trial separation period.

Columnists, hearing this schedule, insisted that this was the end. They pointed to the fact that Gene Nelson would be in New York at the same time with her.

Jane said nothing. She was incommunicado. But intimates insisted that even then Jane and Geary were earnestly trying to hold their marriage together. They were married in the Catholic church. Jane did not become a Catholic, but took instruction in Geary's faith, and respects his religion. Both of their children were baptized in the Catholic church.

Those who saw Geary Steffen, just before Jane's departure, on his knees, drawn and haggard, earnestly praying, knew the reason. What they did not know was that Jane was also on her knees, praying equally as fervently in another church. They both asked the same grace—to be given strength in the difficult weeks ahead, and wisdom in making their decision.

Let's see how this situation has affected Jane Powell. The truth is that Jane and Geary have long had a thorough understanding on the subject of leading men. She's worked with dozens of them, lunched with them, had them call her "honey," a favorite form of show business salutation; she's listened to their romantic woes, smilingly shrugged off their meaningless and habitual passes. In this case, after the picture was over, Gene Nelson happened to be present at Ciro's the night Geary tossed a birthday party for Jane. She danced with a half-dozen men that night. Certainly, if there had been cause to take serious objection to any male behavior, Geary could have handled it. The son of the great fighter, Willie Ritchie, Geary is a rugged boy himself. No one wants to irk him unduly in his presence or behind his back.

No, whatever the rumored "evidence" concerning the cause of their disagreement, the underlying cause which Jane and Geary decided not to discuss was much more complex than any real or imagined flirtation.

Jane is such a trouper that no one thought to inquire into the state of her health. So, we come to facts. Her second baby was born on November 21st, last year. Being used to rigorous picture schedules, she didn't think that January 15th was too soon to begin work in *Three Sailors And A Girl*. Unfortunately, the schedule for this film was tightened considerably, due to Warners' decision to close down for a short period. Dance numbers which normally would have been done in two or three days were ordered completed in one. So close was Jane to complete physical exhaustion that she fainted dead away during one number. This, however, didn't prevent her from working the whole day the following Sunday, nor from carrying on other overtime work even though suffering from the flu.

It's no secret that having a baby frequently has a severe effect on any woman's power of endurance; frequently a considerable change for a time on her mental outlook. Jane badly needed a rest, but couldn't have one. As a matter of fact her closest

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friends maintain that if she hadn't gone back to work so soon after the last baby this might never have happened. This is not to say that she became completely unreasonable and ill-tempered, therefore being the one to blame. Privately, both have admitted to close friends that they each feel responsible for their differences of opinion. By so doing they display the necessary concern for each other that is required to help them through this difficult period in their marriage.

INCREDIBLY, it is a Hollywood habit to read a headline and accept it immediately as irrevocable truth. For this reason, a large portion of the movie colony, preoccupied with their own lives, assumed that Jane and Geary actually had separated from the moment the studio took official recognition of their spat. Very few people noticed that two days later Jane appeared at the airport late at night with Geary to keep an important date—the arrival of the unique three-wheeled English car. The Regal, in which they have an interest, together with Barron Hilton and Quay Sargeant. Jane stood around for nearly an hour in the chilly night air, waiting for the Slick Airways plane to bring the car in. Then she posed with the remarkable machine for publicity photos needed in connection with its impressive premiere showing at the annual Los Angeles Sportsman's Show. If she and Geary were losing their mutual interests, Jane most certainly would have begged off.

The Regal, which travels at speeds up to 70 miles an hour, doing 50 miles to a gallon of gas and selling for just over \$1,000, is but one of Geary's carefully planned interests of which Jane has reason to be proud. Not everyone remembers that when they first became engaged it was Geary who held back from an early marriage. He realized that there might not be a long-range future in his job at the time as Sonja Henie's skating partner. Strictly un-Hollywood in his thinking, he was determined to enter a profession in which he could support his wife and future family, even if she were to never again set foot on a studio lot. So Geary prepared himself carefully in the insurance business.

In the months and years that have followed, Geary has established himself as one of the most-liked business men in Los Angeles. True, his daily associates are people who can never catch the headwaiter's eye at Mocambo. Yet, because he has constantly helped "ordinary guys" to build up their estates, he is a solid man in his community. For proof of this, ask around a little about Mr. Steffen.

As one example, consider what the operator of a small machine repair shop has to say: "It took Geary six months to convince me that my insurance program was inadequate. Without the protection he sold me, my trip to the hospital would have set me back \$1,000. Not only did he save me a lot of money; he sent me a bunch of new customers. I've never met his wife, but when I do I want to tell her what she already knows: 'In my book, your husband is one swell guy!'"

Jane indeed does know this and usually talks more about him than she does about herself. Her feelings, past and present, are best defined by her good friend, Betty Lynn, who not long ago told a MODERN SCREEN reporter, "Jane is so intelligent about life. She's so sure of what she wants. She has never fallen in and out of love like a lot of other young kids. She knew she'd fall in love with the right man when he came along. And she did. She knew it was Geary, and no one else, because he represented all the fine things that Jane wanted in a husband. He was charming, intelligent and hard working. Having

worked so hard herself, she expected no less in her ideal."

Moreover, what Geary Steffen has done for others, he has also accomplished for his own family. If something happened to him, suddenly, they'd be more than adequately provided for if Jane never worked another day in her life. In addition, he and Jane only last year completed the building of a ten-unit apartment house in the San Fernando valley. Next door to this building, they own a couple of additional lots on which they will erect other apartment units, "when they have the money."

BECAUSE they have avoided the shallow Hollywood social life in favor of building mutual interests together, it would be no easy decision to dissolve their marriage. They have both seen close friends who have given up the complex problem of maintaining complete marital harmony. One of these said, on reading the news about them, "I hope that Jane and Geary have the sense to hold on tight to what they have, for the sake of themselves as much as for their children. I didn't, and I have regretted it ever since."

That these two will and are trying to is obvious, for they are very aware that in this modern age three out of every four marriages are failing throughout the nation, with an even higher percentage in

Cecil B. DeMille wanted a mob of extras to rush upon a leper in the market-place, crying "Unclean! Unclean!" The extras were rehearsed as to action, and then handed mimeographed scripts of their brief utterance. But a typist, cutting the stencil, left out two essential letters. When the cameras started grinding, the mob rushed upon the leper, crying "Uncle! Uncle!"

Maxwell Drake

Hollywood. One night, before they were wed, Geary asked Jane, "What do you think ruins most marriages around town?"

They agreed that there are four major causes: career trouble, financial trouble, in-law trouble and the problem of fading love. At that time they took inventory of themselves and believed that they would be able to survive these major obstacles. Today, they have only two hurdles which they conceivably may fail to jump—career trouble and fading love.

The career trouble Jane knows very well. Knows, too that it is something every actress must fight against. Currently there are stories that Jane's new Metro contract was partially dependent on the promise that she wouldn't have another child for three years. The truth is that no such clause can be put in a contract, legally, although it might be "understood." Another factor, blown up out of all proportion, perhaps even in Jane's mind, is the studio's decision to concentrate on glamorizing all of its feminine stars. Most of them now regretfully tell their friends in the press that they cannot pose for pictures with their children; it is against studio "policy."

As for Jane, the policy is an unfortunate complete reversal. Of course, until very recently she was limited to homey little girl parts. This, however, can be blamed more on the short-sightedness of certain producers than on a healthy public interest in her private life happiness. Under the circumstances, with sophisticated and dramatic parts going to other girls on the lot, a less balanced girl than Jane would have decided that the only thing to do to convince producers that she could play something besides gingham roles would be to "do a Lana Turner on the night club

trail." Instead, Jane has never sought to "showcase" herself and has turned a blithe but cold shoulder toward romantic intrigue in private life.

AND to what end? Today she commands tremendous money on personal appearances. It appears certain that she will take over the top feminine role in *The Student Prince*. But if Fate should cost her that role, one of the most important of the year—would she lose it to a glamor girl? No, the most likely star to play it would be Ann Blyth, a close friend of Jane's and a girl who has always been far from the "glamor type."

If there is anything wrong with Jane's career, it might readily be the advice of "career experts" who would give her a false veneer. Taken out of context, Jane's statement in a recent interview, to the effect that, "I've had a little secret ambition to play a bubble or fan dancer or burlesque queen . . . there's something earthy and vital about girls who do these things . . ." sounds a little like a publicity man's idea. Certainly, if the burlesque queen or fan dancer were asked if she'd change places with Jane Powell, "nice girl" roles and all, she'd doubtless give an earthy answer—"Yeah girl!"

To be serious again, as matters stood at last report, Jane and Geary had moved into their two story white colonial mansion on Sunset Boulevard, set far enough back from the street so that the heavy traffic is a mere hum. Matter of fact, they moved into the place while the gossip about them was the heaviest and friends were speculating about their nightly whereabouts. Instead of being separately "out on the town," they were moving in bits of furniture and personal belongings they didn't want to trust to the storage vans.

Instead of buying a whole house full of new furniture, they are installing the old pieces, planning to purchase new traditional furniture as they go along. So interested has Jane been in her new home that when Geary asked what she wanted for her birthday she made him promise to buy only things they could use in the new house—nothing for herself.

There is an air of permanency about this lovely mansion, purchased through their mutual efforts and with the profits from the sale of the home in which they have lived for four years. Almost twice as large as the old place, there are two bedrooms for Geary, Jr., and baby Suzanne, who need their own quarters. There's an extra bedroom too for another possible addition to the family.

Even now, Jane is reported to have cancelled plans for arranging a property settlement and cut short her tour to meet Geary in Las Vegas.

These facts should stand up well against the opinion of skeptics who insist that once there is the slightest break in a marriage, there is no going back; sooner or later the final parting will come. Even so, a veteran observer is greatly tempted perhaps by wishful thinking that if Jane and Geary can get a solid grip on themselves and each other they can go right on with the job of solidifying their marriage.

In fact, he may even mark it down as a certainty as he chooses to believe in what Jane herself has said, to wit: "You've got to make an effort to be happy. You can't just think that you're something special and entitled to it. I have my career; Geary has his work. But we have something more important together. Something we both share—our home and our family. That's what makes a good marriage something to share. If that goes, then I think that love goes, too."

Jane Powell said that in 1951. Now, in 1953. . . ?

temptress

(Continued from page 35) about all this. It had been a long time. The last talk we had with her had been two years before, and then she had been a true teen-ager, vibrant as a colt on the first day of spring, eager for the new work in the movies, fanatically infatuated with a young man she'd been engaged to since she was 16, and as sure of the future pattern of her life as only a teen-ager can be.

At that time Mitzi Gaynor was cute, very cute, but in a purely adolescent way. She wore blue jeans and a horse's tail hair-do and flat ballet slippers and she walked like a ten-year-old who had just taken a dancing lesson. Her idea of a big night was to eat early, go to a movie and wind up behind a malted milk in a drug store, and then off to bed for a solid ten hours sleep. She was just 18.

But most of that has changed. This time we talked in the cool, sophisticated Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Mitzi sat across from us and ordered the way the Duchess of Windsor would, and the waiter bowed and called her Madam. She wore a chic suit, black, naturally, with patent leather French-heeled pumps and a small hat with a veil that almost covered the tip of her nose. Her lips were bright with the proper shade of lip rouge and her eyes were outlined in heavy penciled doe lines like a Vogue model. It didn't look like the same girl at all at all.

Mitzi Gaynor today could well be called the sexiest-looking woman in Hollywood. She is five-feet six-inches tall and weighs a well-distributed 125 pounds. Her measurements are at least adequate, even if you're a perfectionist in this matter. She carries her head high and struts just a little when she walks, not enough to call it a wiggle, but enough to suggest she's got a body beneath the petticoats. She has been blessed with high cheek bones and a narrow chin, which gives her something of an exotic contour above the neck. But it is her eyes that do the real work. They are dark and brooding and very slanted and wide, and Mitzi Gaynor knows how to use them.

On-screen it is possibly the figure you'll remember most about Mitzi Gaynor. In her recent pictures she has been leggy and narrow-waisted and snug-hipped, and she has thrown herself about a good deal in musical numbers. But off-screen it is her eyes you will remember, for they are win-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

During an engagement of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis at the Paramount Theater in Frisco a cute little blonde girl, about two or three, wandered away from her parents and joined a gathering of teen-agers who grouped on the steps of the stage.

When the ushers came to chase away the girls Jerry yelled, "Hey! Don't you dare touch her", pointing to the frightened three-year-old. Dean rushed over, grabbed her up and Jerry produced a chair from the wings for her to sit on—right in the middle of the stage! After the show Dean picked her up tenderly, came out into the audience and returned the child to her father.

Patricia F. Ray
Oakland, California



dows that let you look into a volatile soul, and they are hot and heavy one moment and bright and icy the next, brimming with excitement and anticipation. Man!

"What ever happened to that other girl?" we asked eventually. "The one who hated shoes, remember?"

Mitzi laughed. And we felt a thud on the floor beneath the table. We looked and it was a pair of black patent, French-heeled shoes. Nylon-encased feet drummed on the carpet.

"She's still around," said Mitzi with a grin. "Anyway, I can still think better in my bare feet."

"It's been a long time," we said, "since we've talked. So much seems to have happened to you. Now for instance in *I Don't Care* you suddenly seemed to bloom. Never saw so much skin on the screen before."

"And it's about time," Mitzi said. "I've been so covered up for so long I thought it was time to get out from under. I've been a dancer all my life, but they've always had me in pantaloons or hoop skirts. Nobody thought I had legs. Well, when they began to talk about costumes for *I Don't Care* I was afraid for awhile that I'd end up walking out on the stage with nothing but a ribbon across my middle reading 'Compliments of 20th Century-Fox.' But it turned out all right, didn't it?"

"It turned out fine," we said.

A man accompanied by a striking blonde walked into the room and was seated at the next table. He apparently suddenly thought he was alone, because he stopped looking at the blonde and got a fix on Mitzi and couldn't break loose.

We ran our finger down a long list of men we'd brought along for the interview. Mitzi saw what we were doing. She waved the list away.

"You're wasting your time," she said, "if you're looking for romance there. Dates. That's all they are. But most of them are wonderful."

"The last time we talked," we said, "you were engaged."

Mitzi's face darkened just a little. "I was very young," she said, "and I thought I was in love. But I guess I really wasn't. I think maybe 16 is too early to make up your mind about such things. I have no regrets, but I wouldn't advise another young girl to do the same thing. Why, do you know that until just less than a year ago if I met a nice man and he asked me for a date I was horrified. I used to snort: 'I happen to be engaged!' and I'd think the fellow was an awful wolf. But I don't want to talk about that. That's in the past."

A CHANGE came in her expression. The eyes had it again.

"If you will forgive the expression," she said, "I'm now in my sophisticated period. I don't want to get serious with anybody. I never go out with the same man too often. When I'm not working I live. For instance, an average day goes like this: I go to lunch with someone, go shopping in the afternoon, meet somebody for cocktails, go home and dress, go to dinner and maybe a show, then have supper and wind up at one of the late spots. I've never done any of these things before—and it's fun."

"And what does your mother think of this?" we asked. Mitzi and her mother are very close and share an apartment together.

Mitzi laughed loudly. "You'd never guess," she said. "She says: 'It's about time!' And I think she's right. You know 21 is about time for a girl to stop fluttering her eyelids. At 21 a girl is a woman if she's ever going to be one. And it's important that she begins living a woman's life. Do you realize I elected Eisenhower last November. It was my first vote—and I won."

We also had a clipping from a newspaper in our pocket. We took it out and read it

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carefully. Mitzi, it seems, or so the columnist reported, had gone to Palm Springs a few days before for a rest. The first night she was there, quietly sitting in the patio outside her bungalow, two automobiles came screeching into the driveway simultaneously. Two young men came running toward her. One was Hugh O'Brian, the other a Hollywood doctor. They had both gotten the idea of sneaking down for a date with Mitzi that afternoon, had spotted each other on the highway and had raced the rest of the way. She went out with both. And during the rest of her vacation period, according to the clipping, no less than 17 Hollywood men drove to the desert and turned her rest cottage into something resembling the front lobby of Mocambo on a Saturday night.

MITZI had been reading the clipping upside down across from us. When we looked up she was grinning with satisfaction.

"Men—they're wonderful," she said piously. "I never felt so wanted in all my life as I did that trip. Every time I turned around there was another man who'd come down to take me out. And the wonderful part about the whole thing is that none of them were jealous. I guess they all figured it was nice I was so popular. A good deal of the time, four or five of us would go out together."

"I guess you know," we said, "that you're now considered a very sexy dish because of all this. And, of course, the kind of movies you're making now."

"That's all right with me," Mitzi said. "I'm afraid I'm awfully feminine—and I like to be thought sexy. Besides sex is changing. Even in show business. The ballet, for instance, the way it's been done for 100 years, is definitely old hat now. The modern ballet theater is very sexy indeed. Take the new 'Streetcar Named Desire' ballet, the way it's done by Mia Slavenska and her company. It's costumed differently and danced with all the wild abandon that showed in Tennessee Williams' story. And the business is fantastic. People want women in the theater to be sexy nowadays. Not nasty, of course, but sexy."

"I think a woman can be sexy and still

have the best of the old-fashioned ideals," she said. "For instance, I like the new me, but I wouldn't change a lot of things about the old me. I still want to marry and have four or five kids and a home and just one husband. Although I go out with a lot of different men I still like the wholesome, ambitious type I admired when I was a kid. I don't care if a man I like doesn't have a dime or any position whatever. If he has the other qualities, the good ones, then I'm for him. If I go on a date it's the kind of date the man can afford. If he hasn't the means to go to Ciro's, we'll go to an inexpensive restaurant. And if he can't afford that, I'll invite him to my house and I'll cook for him." She grinned again. "The only trouble with that, though, is that they all fall so hard for my mom that I have trouble getting any attention at all from them."

"But after all this attention," we said, "don't you think you'll find it rather hard to settle down to just one lad?"

"I should say not," Mitzi said earnestly. "I'm not going to be a jerk about it, but when I finally do decide on one man I won't look at another. That will be it." She blew the veil away from her lips; she had something to say and she wanted it heard good. "But that's the way it's going to have to be with him, too," she said. "I think that women let men get away with far too much in this town. Most of the husbands a girl runs into in Hollywood are part-time husbands and part-time Romeos. My man is going to be so happy with me he won't look at another girl. I think I know how to make him that happy. If he ever does look at another girl the way he should look only at me I'll cut his head off!"

"You don't think," we said, "that marriage can get kind of stuffy? That raising four or five kids will be kind of out of character for the new Mitzi Gaynor?"

"What," Mitzi asked wickedly, "can be sexier than having four or five kids?"

We changed the subject.

"It's been rumored around," we said, "that you and Hugh O'Brian are at least considering matrimony."

"Not yet," Mitzi said. "I've got a bit of living to do before I settle down and so has Hugh. But I like Hugh, maybe more than any other man I know. I think he's a won-

derful fellow and is going to be a great actor. I can hardly wait for him to get into his 40's. He's going to be another Walter Huston. You wait and see."

"Are you going to be tagging along with him?" we asked.

Mitzi smiled enigmatically. "Now what kind of a question is that?" she demanded. "I told you we have no plans at the moment, neither of us, but who can tell. I'd like to know Hugh all that time, but as for romance I'm not sure yet, nor is he."

"Getting back to the new Mitzi," we said, "what changed you? What made you take off the teeth braces so to speak and try life as a femme fatale?"

"That's where you're all wrong," Mitzi said. "I'm not a femme fatale, a racy woman, or anything like those things. I'm just a girl of 21 who has come to the conclusion that I want to have fun while I have the youth and energy. I work hard, go to church every Sunday, pay my taxes and write letters to my congressman. In what spare time I have left I like to buy good looking dresses, laugh a lot, flirt a bit, and attract my share of attention from the opposite sex. There's nothing the matter with that."

WE agreed there was very little the matter with that. "But," we pressed, "the whole town is aware of your transformation. All of the magazines are asking about it."

"Good," said Mitzi. "Solid stuff. I like that. It means I'm not in a cocoon—and that people are going to let me grow up, and I won't have to play goody-gumdrops in pictures for the rest of my career like so many girls who get into the business when they're very young do."

"You can tell all those people that Mitzi knows what she is doing. Oh, it's not an act, but I know that living the way I do now is going to help me both professionally and personally. But I want to call your attention to the fact that I haven't ever attempted anything obvious. I wear clothes that suit the occasion. I never wear a low-cut dress to lunch—and I have never bought a dress just because it was low cut. I try to dress with taste and to show off my natural attributes—all of them."

"If people think I'm a flirt, or a temptress, as you put it, fine! I like that, too, because I am a flirt. What single girl in my position wouldn't be? I don't whistle at men in cars but if I'm at a party and I see a nice fellow across the room that I think I might like to meet I might blink my eyes at him a few times so he can see I'm around. If I see a man I'd like to know and it isn't the proper occasion, I might ask someone who knows him to introduce me. If that's not proper what is?"

"I've got a lot of young years left and I'm going to try to make up for some of the time I sat at home watching television. I want to dance every night if I can. And I want to date my share of the boys. And when I play a part in a picture, I want the men in the audience to walk home thinking about me. And that just about says everything, doesn't it?"

We agreed, again, that it did. "But there's just one more thing," we said. "Frankly, we were a little shocked at the sudden change. Don't you think the readers will be a little shocked, too, when we tell them all this?"

Mitzi saw the date she had been expecting standing in the doorway looking around for her. She excused herself and got to her feet. She waved at the handsome chap and started away. Then she turned back, with an afterthought. She tossed us a naughty wink. Man, those eyes!

"I certainly wouldn't want to shock your readers," she smiled. "Please don't do that. But you might explain to them that things are different now. It's blossom time for Mitzi!"

END

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ANE POWELL:
can she forget
the past?

LANA and LEX:
they scandalized
Europe

BETTY GRABLE

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Miss Grable's dress is by Don Loper, her jewels by Hobe.
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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Wasn't the basic trouble with Jane Powell's marriage in the fact that she and her husband were of different religious faiths?—T.Y., SELLERSVILLE, PA.

A. They are of different faiths, but that had nothing to do with the breakup.

Q. Isn't it true that Zsa Zsa Gabor was once Liz Taylor's mother-in-law?
—K.W., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A. Gabor would have been Liz's mother-in-law if she had remained married to Conrad Hilton a few months more.

Q. Did June Allyson leave MGM because she wants to make pictures with her husband, Dick Powell? If not, what's the true reason?
—S.W., MIDDLEPORT, N. Y.

A. For the past two years, June and MGM have not seen eye to eye on story material.

Q. How much money does Shirley Temple have and would she return to films if she got the right picture?
—M.A., FT. WAYNE, IND.

A. She is reputed to be worth seven million, insists she will never return to motion pictures.

Q. I understand Paulette Goddard and some writer are really blazing. Who is the writer?
—T.R., FINDLAY, OHIO

A. Eric Remarque, author of *All Quiet On The Western Front*.

Q. Didn't Liz Taylor have a miscarriage in May? Isn't that why Paramount had to hold up production on *Elephant Walk*?
—S.A., INDIANOLA, ILLINOIS

A. Miss Taylor suffered no miscarriage. A tiny sliver of steel was blown into her right eye. It infected the eye which was cauterized by Dr. Gilbert Struble.

Q. I read that June Haver used to support her mother. What is Mrs. Haver doing now that June has entered a convent?
—R.R., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. Mrs. Haver plans to open a dramatics school.

Q. Is it true that Red Skelton is a devout Catholic who once studied for the priesthood in Indiana?
—G.T., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A. No.

Q. Isn't the Shelley Winters-Vittorio Gassman marriage just about over?
—Y.T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. No.

Q. I've been told that Marlon Brando's new girl is Mary Murphy, his leading lady in *The Wild One*. Is this the same actress whose name was coupled with Bing Crosby several months ago?
—V.G., FT. WORTH, TEX.

A. Yes.

Q. I heard on a broadcast that Bette Davis was suffering from cancer of the jaw? Is that true?
—F.R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. No. Bette suffered from osteomyelitis, a jaw-bone infection, but she will be as good as new in three or four months.

Q. Have Gail Russell and Guy Madison reconciled?
—G.T., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

A. A reconciliation is in progress.

Q. I hear the Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis marriage is floundering. First the Donald O'Connors, then Jane Powell, now the Curtises? Why can't young people remain married in Hollywood?
—D.E., COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

A. At this point there is nothing wrong with the Curtis marriage.

Q. Has Clark Gable ever paid any support to Josephine Dillon, his first wife?
—R.F., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. No.

Q. How old is Gene Kelly—38, 40 or 43?
—C.R., SCRANTON, PA.

A. 43.

Q. Now that he's a free agent what does Mario Lanza plan to do?
—G.Y., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Make concert tours, more record albums, more motion pictures.

Q. Isn't Marilyn Monroe terribly ashamed of having posed for those nude calendars?
—H.Y., BURBANK, CAL.

A. No; it was an economic necessity.

An
Exciting New Girl
is coming into
**GREGORY
PECK**'s life
...and yours...she is



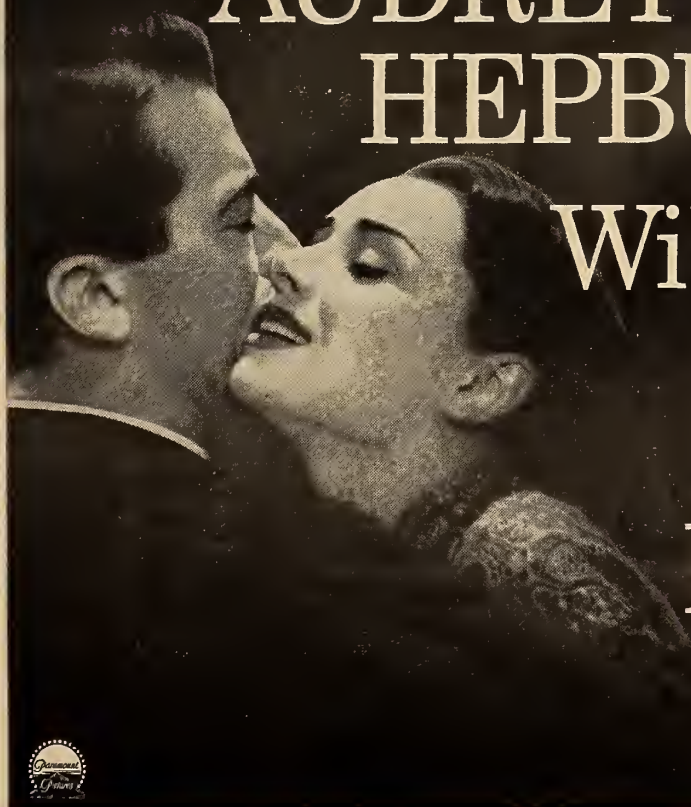
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And when the town's Romantic
Rome...and the season is Spring...
there's no limit to the gay times —
and tender love affair —
you can share with them.*

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William Wyler's
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HOLIDAY**

with
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Story by Ian McLellan Hunter • A **PARAMOUNT** PICTURE



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Good "medicine" for Mario Lanza . . . What's the matter with Arlene Dahl? . . . Liz Taylor has a narrow escape . . .



Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe caused a sensation when they arrived together arm in arm, both dressed in tight white gowns and white fur pieces. Walter Winchell's fabulous party for colleague Louella Parsons was held at Ciro's in Hollywood.

I AM very fond of Arlene Dahl—but she couldn't be acting sillier than she is since she fell in love with Fernando Lamas.

To ask for a retraction of a line in my newspaper column which merely stated that she and her producer Bill Pine and actor John Sutton were going to Atlanta for the premiere of their picture *Sangaree* is the most ridiculous retraction I've ever been asked to make!

Wailed Arlene, "I love Fernando Lamas and he loves me and I wouldn't go on a personal appearance tour with anyone but Fernando." Now I ask you!!

How silly can the gal get? John Sutton is married and so is Bill Pine. Certainly no one could possibly have read anything verging on a romantic angle in a mere business trip.

But Arlene raised so much you-know-what that Sutton's trip to Atlanta was cancelled and he was re-routed to San Francisco!

Arlene, Arlene—what's come over you? All this silly nonsense is the best way in the world to lose a man. Under similar circumstances, I doubt very much if Lamas would have cavorted in such a manner.

THE BEST thing in the world happened for Mario Lanza when he returned to MGM to record "Beloved"—part of his settlement with the studio calling off all legal fireworks.

When Mario finished his song, every technician on the set stood and cheered and yelled, "Bravo," and, "Mario—there's no one like you."

It did something wonderful to this man who has been so bitter, who has been suffering from the almost neurotic belief that everyone was against him.

His face lighted up with the happiness of a child's. Tears of gratitude came to his eyes. He made the rounds, grasping every hand in a warm handshake.

Maybe this is the medicine he's been needing.

ONE OF THE nicest things ever done by one columnist for another was the beautiful party Walter Winchell gave in my honor at Ciro's.

Plenty of people were surprised. Walter and I are touted to be "rivals" but if my New

IN HONOR OF LOUELLA PARSONS! ALL OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST GLITTERING PERSONALITIES WERE THERE!



Jeanne Crain is a sexy beauty now. Her low-cut gowns, and fetching new hairdo (for more about the clipping that gave her a new outlook on life, see page 51) turn heads when she and Paul Brinkman step out.



One of the loveliest stars at the party was Esther Williams, escorted by husband Ben Gage, naturally. Esther confided to Jane Russell that "I do two pictures—and one baby—a year!" She's good at both!



In spite of her publicity, Jane Russell wore the most covered up dress at the party. Lucille Ball, who sat in back of Jane and her husband Bob Waterfield, wore a gorgeous emerald pendant necklace.



The guest list included such sophisticates as New York's Cole Porter and the Continent's Merle Oberon. Cole's new musical, *Can-Can*, had just opened on Broadway, but he flew West for the party anyway.

York confrere had planned the affair for his guardian angel the table couldn't have been more loaded with beautiful flowers—or girls.

When Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe walked in arm in arm, both in décolleté white gowns, diamond earrings, and long white gloves, I thought the place would come down in a heap.

Betty's husband, Harry James—and Marilyn's beau, Joe DiMaggio, were both out of town so Betty brought Marilyn to the party. The friendship between these two girls is really wonderful.

Esther Williams, in pale green, sat across from me and I had to laugh when I overheard her telling Jane Russell, "I do two pictures—and one baby—a year!"

Jane, for all her bosomy publicity, was the most covered-up belle of all, her sleeveless white dinner dress having a modest stand-up collar.

Lucille Ball's beautiful emerald pendant necklace was a striking contrast to her red hair. She and Desi Arnaz seldom go night-clubbing, so Lucy had as many cameramen around her as the Monroe-Grable team.

P.S. To the catty critic who said Marilyn didn't know her Emily Post in keeping on her long white gloves all through dinner—one of the gloves stuck and wouldn't come off—and Marilyn thought it better to keep both on than to sit there, one off—one on.

THE REDDEST face in Hollywood was Burt Lancaster's when he checked into Cedars

of Lebanon Hospital for a minor operation and they wouldn't assign him a nurse until he bought some pajamas!

Burt doesn't use 'em—and plumb forgot about the, er—complications of being without them until he was told in no uncertain terms he'd have to buy some male lingerie.

After Burt recovered from his initial embarrassment, he kidded his nurse with, "I didn't think there was anything about me that hadn't been seen before in a hospital!"

ELIZABETH TAYLOR told me, "No one will ever know how hard I prayed and how deeply grateful I am that I did not lose the sight of one eye after that accident on the set."
(Continued on next page)



New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.



Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed! Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria... doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

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No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

Liz had been working in the face of a wind-machine on the set of *Elephant Walk* when a bit of rusty flint blew into her left eye—and for five breathless days this beautiful girl did not know whether her sight would be saved. It was a terrible experience for Liz who says, "I shall never stop returning thankful prayers."

There have been few pictures more jinxed than *Elephant Walk*—first Vivien Leigh's breakdown and then this near-tragedy to Liz, who replaced her.

Thank heavens the doctors say she is no longer in jeopardy.

THERE WAS an odd expression on Geary Steffen's face as he sat ringside at Jane Powell's nightclub debut in Las Vegas when she sang "Bye, Bye, Baby" and "It's Too Late Now" more or less in his general direction.

His pals say Geary is burning over the "maybe-and-maybe-not" attitude Jane is taking about their reconciliation.

After Geary flew back to Hollywood, Gene Nelson flew up to Las Vegas. But Jane still says she's taking a lot more time to make up her mind.

WHEN BOB WAGNER returns from location on Twelve Mile Reef in Florida, he's moving out of the apartment Debbie Reynolds decorated for him—and into a house.

This time, Terry Moore is doing the decorating honors.

Maybe my original guess that this was a location "publicity romance" was wrong.

FRANK SINATRA and Montgomery Clift became very buddy-buddy in Honolulu shooting *From Here To Eternity*. The whisper is that the boys had almost too much fun doing the nightclubs.

But it doesn't show in their work. I hear both boys are great.

EVERYTHING happens to poor Shelley Winters. No sooner did she get her man, Vittorio Gassman, back in Hollywood after months of separation than he came down with the virus flu.

They had successfully dodged all their friends and slipped out of town for a second



The fashionable promenade at Venice was mystified by Clark Gable's new sweetheart. He wouldn't tell, but her name's Suzanne Dadalle.

They Don't Make 'Em Any Bigger or Better!

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in
HOWARD HAWKS'

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

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Little Rock" who set out to
conquer the world from
New York to Gay Paree is the
screen's No. 1 musical extravaganza!

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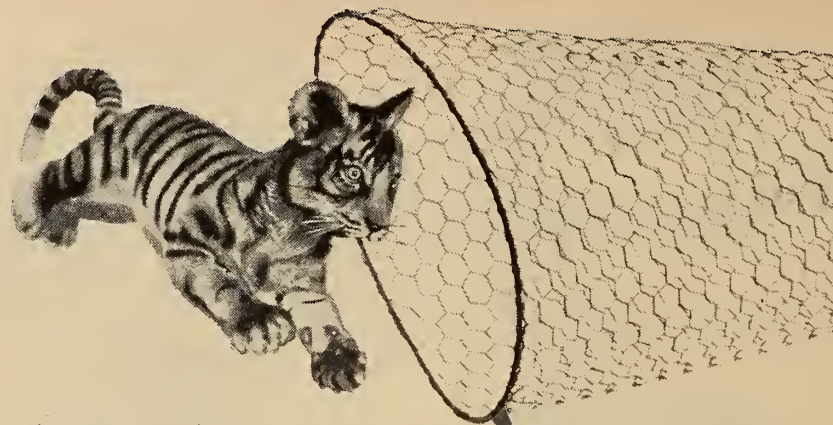
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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

honeymoon at Laguna Beach when Vittorio's teeth started chattering, he ran a high fever and every bone in his body ached.

Ten hours after their departure—Shell and Gassman were back home!

"Some second honeymoon," yipped Shell.

But she went about setting up two nurseries at home—one for baby Vittoria as far away from her ailing pappa as possible; and another for Vittorio and his medicine bottles.

GOSSIP FROM London is that Lauren Bacall gave Humphrey Bogart a hard time for dining with a Greek beauty on several occasions before she arrived in Europe.

Bogey said the Greek was a guide to museums, etc.

"Since when did you become interested in Greek culture?" Baby is supposed to have yelled at her lord and master (?????????).

THIS SEEMS to have been "Be Nice To Louella" Month.

Another big party in my honor was given by the Masquers Club, a theatrical organization for men only.

What woman wouldn't be thrilled at being the only belle present at a dinner with 400 hosts?

On the dais were such wonderful old friends as Pat O'Brien, George Burns, Y. Frank Freeman (boss of Paramount), Jesse Lasky, Eddie Cantor and such new friends as Jerry Lewis and Donald O'Connor.

George Burns had everyone in stitches when he kidded me about the way I fight for "scoops."

He said, "Once, Hedda Hopper printed that I gave the worst performance she had ever seen. And, Louella called me and yelled, 'When you have a story like that—give it to me FIRST.'"

I noticed that Donald O'Connor had a very funny expression on his face when Jerry Lewis started to speak. Jerry's talk was along the lines that he didn't know who Louella Parsons is but he never turned down a free dinner, etc, etc, etc.

Later, Donald told me that his speech began exactly like that and he had to throw away all his prepared laughs.

I'm very glad he did, because Don's tribute to me was one of the sweetest and most sentimental I have ever received. He said



Mitzi Gaynor attended the premiere of Cine-rama with one of her agents, Jack Beon. Mitzi has two: one for business, one for publicity.

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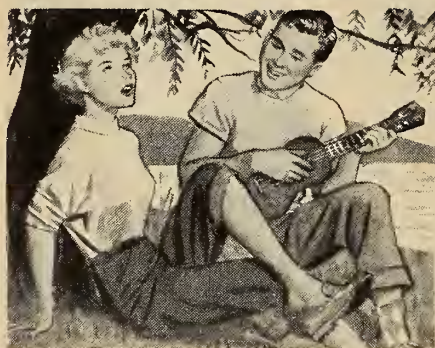
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not agree that this brand new
Lilt is the fastest and best Home
Permanent you've ever used!



Are you in the know?



Which can be a threat to poise?

- ☐ A callous heart ☐ A callused heel

We're talking about those beat-up loafers she's wearing. The soft shoe routine is fine—'til they get too loose; then, being slip-shod can cause a callus. Shoes should fit snugly. Protects your looks; poise. Of course, at problem time, poise and Kotex go together. That *safety center* gives extra protection. And Kotex *holds its shape*; is made to stay soft while you wear it.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue—the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex* tissues? Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding, no waste. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength. Don't you think your family deserves this new, nicer tissue? Ask for Delsey at your favorite store. If Delsey is not on hand, have them order it for you.

When asked to dinner, should you be—

- ☐ Sure of the date ☐ "Fashionably" late

You were positive Mary's mom said *this* Tuesday. ("Dinner . . . a few friends.") Or did she mean *next* Tuesday? Double-checking would have spared confuddlement. Saved barging in, a week ahead, to find the family re-hashing Sunday's roast! Better not be "hazy" about certain other "dates", either. Or the kind of sanitary protection to choose. Remember, Kotex prevents revealing outlines. Those special *flat pressed ends* let you glide through any occasion—with a heart as light as helium!



If he's just an acquaintance—

- ☐ Try siren tactics ☐ Pay your own fare

Your friendship's casual. Comes along a bus—and suddenly your purse develops lock-jaw! A chance meeting doesn't mean he must pay your way. Best you pay your own. On "trying" days discover "your own" absorbency of Kotex. You'll see—(by trying *all 3*)—whether Regular, Junior or Super is the one for you.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

how much I had helped him and other young players on the way up and it touched me very much.

The Masquers' party was one evening I hated to see come to an end and I shall always be grateful to my 400 "beaux."

DON'T HOLD your breath until Liz and Dan Dailey reconcile. All the excitement about their being together for a weekend in Santa Barbara with little Dan, III—was purely an accident.

Liz took their son to the famed Alisal Ranch to get over a cold.

Unknown to her, Dan was in Santa Barbara to ride in a horseshow. When he heard his ex and his son were there, Dan came a-callin' and took them out to dinner.

"All the bitterness between us is over," Liz said, "and it's best for our boy that we be friends in the future. Dan is a wonderful father and little Dan loves him so much.

"But it isn't true that we have plans to reconcile. We have never discussed the subject."

I asked, "Liz, would you like to resume marriage with Dan?"

She said softly, "I don't quite know how to express myself—but what I mean is that I don't want to close the door to such a possibility."

Are you listenin', Dan?

IF TONY CURTIS and Janet Leigh are having their secret troubles they're the best actors in the world. It's been a long time since I've seen such tenderly passionate love scenes as Tony and Janet play in *Houdini*.

The radiant warmth that these two feel for one another is caught by the camera and turns the story of the world's greatest magician, Harry Houdini, into an enchanting young love story.

You'll see a new Janet here—she's just utterly delightful. While Tony doesn't physically resemble the great Houdini, he gives a fine acting performance and an equally fine job of the magic tricks.

ITALKED WITH June Allyson over the telephone just a few minutes after she and MGM came to a parting of the ways after ten years association. (Continued on next page).



Joan Evans and Kirby Weatherby are so happy they're amazing gossips who sold their marriage short. Joan's latest film is *Column South*.

Live with Dry Skin and love it!

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

If your complexion is dry, you know its problems — the flakiness, the 'grainy' look it gives make-up, and the little dry lines that age your whole appearance. But do you know how lovely dry skin *can* be—if...?

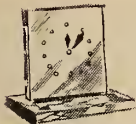


Your dry skin, with proper care, can be much more delicate-looking, much freer from blackheads, enlarged pores and unattractive shininess than other skin types. And by proper care I mean a cream you can use *effectively* in as little as 5 minutes a day—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!



The whole secret of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream lies in a penetrating ingredient called Penaten. All dry skin creams contain softening ingredients, of course, but most of them simply 'grease' the surface. The Penaten in Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, on the other hand, really carries the lanolin and four other rich softening ingredients *deep* into the important corneum layer of your skin.

Five-minute routine
does the trick



With your fingertips, smooth extra rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin. Leave it on for 5 minutes... tissue off... and see in your mirror a fresher, more youthful look than you ever dreamed possible. Penaten helps the oils penetrate so quickly that 5 minutes is ample—but you must do it regularly every day! Start tonight and see the lovely difference tomorrow. You can get a generous introductory jar for only 25¢ and the big boudoir size Woodbury Dry Skin Cream is only 97¢, plus tax.



Kathryn Grayson replies to a reporter



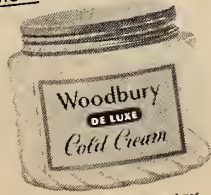
Dear Miss James, KG

Thanks for your wonderful review of my new Warner Bros. picture, "So This is Love," in Technicolor, (the Grace Moore story). As for my beauty care, it's Woodbury Cold Cream made with Penaten—to help the fine oils penetrate deeply. It cleanses and softens deeper than any cream I've ever used. Woodbury leaves skin so radiant it gives you that poise that makes beauty more than skin deep.

I'm sure you'll give Woodbury "resounding applause," too.
Sincerely,
Kathryn Grayson

Woodbury Face Creams...

for beauty that's
more than skin deep



25¢ to 97¢ plus tax

THE MAULING, BRAWLING
SAGA OF STEVE MARTIN
...THE BAYOU WOMAN
HE LOVED

...and the billion dollar
dream of Glory he
battled into the biggest
bonanza of them all!

Universal-International presents

JAMES STEWART
JOANNE DRU
GILBERT ROLAND
DAN DURYEA

THUNDER BAY

COLOR BY

Technicolor



with **MARCIA HENDERSON • JAY C. FLIPPEN • ANTONIO MORENO • ROBERT MONET**

Directed by **ANTHONY MANN** • Screenplay by **GIL DOUD** and **JOHN MICHAEL HAYES** • Produced by **AARON ROSENBERG**



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

"I feel I'm doing the right thing," June told me, "although naturally it's a wrench to leave old friends and associates. As you know, I've wanted for a long time to make pictures with Dick (Powell, her husband, who has just turned director)."

Junie went on, "And, in a few years, I expect to retire to that old rocking chair—or at least to a farm!"

So, our gal starts retiring by signing for *The Glenn Miller Story* with Jimmy Stewart and *So This Is Paris* for Milton Sperling at \$150,000 per picture!

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Rita Hayworth has lumbago—and it's painful. But why did they have to publicize it? Of all the unglamorous ailments for a glamor girl—this is it. . .

The Dean Martins are reconciled but Jeanne looks anything but happy to me. . .

On the other hand, when the divorced Donald O'Connors date they seem to be having a ball. . .

Jeanne Crain's hair gets redder and shorter by the minute. . .

There are many things John Wayne could have said in his property settlement fight with Mrs. Wayne which he didn't! . . .

There is no more casual girl in Hollywood about her career than Betty Grable. She's on suspension again from 20th for refusing a loanout to Columbia for *The Pleasure Is All Mine*. Betty could be happy with her husband, her children and her horses for the rest of her life without ever making another picture. . .

My money says that Bing Crosby and Mona Freeman will resume dating as soon as he returns from Europe. When Bing first left with Lindsay, Mona heard nothing from him. Recently, she received a big, fat airmail letter telling her all about their adventures. After looking over the Continental beauties, I guess little Monie seems the prettiest.

CLOSE-UP OF Jeff Chandler: He's the most mentioned star in my fan mail this month. Surprisingly, he seems to appeal to both 'teen-agers and more mature women. . . At



June Allyson's delighted with her new status as a free-lance actress. She's very anxious to work with her husband Dick Powell as her director.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

33, his hair is salt-and-pepper-gray and no one's going to make him "dye" for his art. . . . He gives the impression of great vitality and strength and yet falls asleep faster than a baby. . . . It's a household joke with his wife and two little girls that Daddy may or may not get through dinner before dozing off. . . . He likes to dress "sloppy" but because it's good business for an actor to be well groomed in public, he's just blown in a couple thousand dollars on a very snazzy wardrobe (which he hates!) . . . He isn't good at fixing things around the house. If a fuse burns out, Mrs. C. does the repair work. . . . He has good reason to think that his stomach is made of steel. It's nothing for him to polish off a lunch of seafood cocktail, enchiladas and watermelon! . . . His secret yearning is to be a comedian. He'd rather be Jerry Lewis than Jeff Chandler (so had Tony Curtis!). Jeff does a devastating imitation of Lewis for friends and would like to do it at a benefit or something—but he's scared. . . . He lives by a very simple philosophy believing that life is like a bank: You can take out of it no more than you have put in!

THE LETTER BOX: "I may be as old fashioned as my name which is Sarah," writes Sarah Murphy, Atlanta, "but I just don't get all these unmarried movie stars traveling around together with no one seeming to think a thing of it." Oh, yes "somebody" thinks something of it, Sarah. The studios hate it but don't seem able to prevent it.

What a fan Red Skelton has in Barbara Behrman, Westfield, New Jersey. Her ode to Red covered six typewritten pages! Barbara's favorite movie gal is Doris Day.

MODERN SCREEN take a bow! Keith Walker writes from Cheshire, England, that M.S. is the "best written magazine in the fan field. I can't stand the slush in most of the others."

Jo-Nell Wolfe, Washougal, Washington, accuses me of failing to note what a fine actor Rory Calhoun is becoming. "He should be taken out of Westerns and given important things. I think Rory would have been wonderful in *The Robe*."

That's all for now. See you next month.



Bing Crosby's companion at a big charity ball in Paris was the Countess des Cors. Will she be giving Mona Freeman future competition?

Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN

Fabulous New
Lotion Shampoo by Toni



IN THIS INTIMATE STORY MONA BARES HER STRUGGLE WITH A WOMAN'S DEEPEST EMOTIONAL PROBLEM.

what divorce did to me

by Mona Freeman

■ I read this romantic nonsense about myself and Bing Crosby and I marvel at how the gossips can really dream it up.

Actually, I don't quarrel over every word printed or said about me—no one in the public eye can be *that* sensitive. But I shudder at the effect speculations and assumptions have on wives who read them. And I don't laugh it off. I think it does a lot of harm. The idea that divorce is a license to do what you please is not only mistaken, but a bad and dangerous example to hold before every housewife who is weary of hard work and dull routine.

The total effect of all the printed gossip is to give the impression that divorce gives a woman a chance to go have a mad fling for herself. It just isn't so. I've known more heartbreak in the past year than ever before in my life.

I didn't budge out of my apartment for six months. And now I'm pictured as a gay party-girl. Reading some of these recent magazine stories people must think I'm out doing the town. It is not true.

The public does not notice how much time has elapsed. To them, it seems that one minute you are married, the next you are divorced, and then you're living it up, just having a ball for yourself. I don't blame them. But, as a divorcee, I know how ridiculous these gossip-inspired opinions are.

Stories about anyone in the film industry grow (Continued on page 22)



Now! A Panty Brief that does more than most girdles!

Wear it under shorts, slacks, swimsuits
... all revealing summer clothes ...
you'll think you've lost a full size,
no matter what your size!



Hidden "finger" panels are molded in to flatten your tummy, smooth and support your figure in *Nature's* own way. *Boneless* non-roll top tapers and belittles your waistline, stays up without a *stay*. See the lovely textured latex outside... feel the cloud-soft fabric inside.

New **Playtex® Magic-Controller** Panty Brief!

Boneless non-roll top and hidden "finger" panels make a difference you can measure—no matter what your size!

Here it is... a brief that *really* slims you... a brief with *all* the natural, figure-molding virtues of the Magic-Controller Girdle... a brief that gives you the figure *and* the freedom for summer's revealing clothes.

It hasn't a single seam, stitch, stay or bone—hidden "finger" panels firm and flatten you, tone and support you naturally from waist to thigh.

Magic-Controller Panty Brief is all latex, fabric lined, one piece and wonderful. It's invisible under your sleekest slacks, washes in seconds, and you can almost watch it dry!

If you've *ever* worn a brief, you'll see the difference. If you think you *can't* wear slacks or revealing play-clothes... let Magic-Controller Brief show you how, *now!*



**Playtex Magic-Controller®
Panty Brief, \$6.95**

at department stores and
specialty shops everywhere.

Ask to see these other famous Playtex Panty Briefs. **PLAYTEX® Living® PANTY BRIEF** turns your swimsuit into a slim suit. \$3.50
Playtex Pink Ice PANTY BRIEF is a translucent sheath, pats dry with a towel. \$3.95
PLAYTEX Fabric Lined PANTY BRIEF with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin. \$4.95
Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the **SLIM** tube.

don't trust the 'grapevine'

about this serious problem
of married women



here are the real facts!

Don't get trapped by misinformation on feminine hygiene passed along the grapevine. Go after the *true facts* as explained here. Learn *why* ZONITE is a perfect solution to use for your douche. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE yet ABSOLUTELY SAFE to body tissues. ZONITE is ideal for the douche. It's harmless, deodorizing and COSTS LESS THAN A FEW PENNIES PER DOUCHE.

ZONITE Offers Many Advantages

ZONITE employs the *first* antiseptic principle in the world that could kill the most active bacteria without harming body tissues. It's *positively non-poisonous, non-irritating*. ZONITE's great strength and complete safety to body tissues make it one of the greatest contributions science ever gave to womankind!

• ZONITE gives maximum hygienic protection. It *completely* deodorizes. Always use a ZONITE douche after monthly periods, too. ZONITE flushes away accumulated waste and infectious matter. It helps prevent infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can BE CERTAIN that ZONITE *instantly* kills every reachable germ. Know the glorious sense of well-being after douching with ZONITE! Always use as directed.

Zonite

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THIS IDEAL 'ALL PURPOSE' ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE SHOULD BE IN EVERY MEDICINE CHEST

FREE! Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. MR-83, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y., for FREE book on feminine hygiene.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

movie reviews *by florence epstein*

PICTURE OF THE MONTH



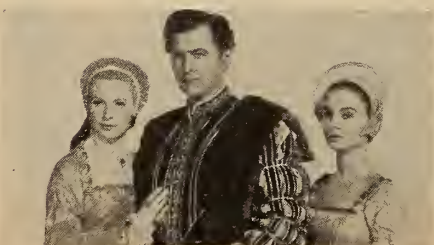
THUNDER BAY James Stewart and Dan Duryea, just out of the army, head for Louisiana with schemes of being the first wildcatters to pump oil out of the Gulf of Mexico. Jay C. Flippen, an oil company president, stakes them and thereby nearly falls into bankruptcy. The local shrimp fishermen hate these guys whom they accuse of dynamiting their hauls to Kingdom Come as well as sullyng their daughters (Joanne Dru, Marcia Henderson). But not so. Stewart and Duryea are men of principle where those daughters are concerned. And Stewart's a man obsessed by the dream of finding that "black gold." Naturally, their money runs out, their time expires, squalls come up, the fishermen grow belligerent. The screen's so wide the Grand Canyon would be lost in it—well, almost. Anyway, the screen's the thing that lifts *Thunder Bay* out of mediocrity and makes it exciting. And then there's the sound—stereophonic is what they call it, which means you never know where the next voice is coming from. It's directional, supposed to come from wherever the speakers actually are. This is Universal-International's first go at the new, improved medium so you can't be too harsh on them. You really get to see how an off-shore drilling operation works and capture some of the thrill that comes with a strike, which incidentally, bathes that screen in oil. Cast includes Gilbert Roland, Antonio Moreno, Robert Monet, Henry Morgan. Technicolor, too.



ALL I DESIRE Ten years ago (that was 1900) Barbara Stanwyck walked out on her husband (Richard Carlson) and three children to avoid a scandal about her and Lyle Bettger. Barbara went into vaudeville, wound up below the dog acts. Now a letter from teenage daughter Lori Nelson brings her home. Carlson's now a school principal, quietly admired by Maureen O'Sullivan. Barbara likes it at home, is willing to stay, but Lyle Bettger's still around to press his dishonorable suit. He goes a little too far and gets shot by the lady. Accidentally, of course. But Barbara's ready to run again. Only this time, her husband bestirs himself to act like a man—U.I.



LET'S DO IT AGAIN Jane Wyman's built—and almost all of it shows in this Technicolor foolery. She's married to songwriter Ray Milland who has a penchant for taking business trips to Chicago. Actually, he never leaves Manhattan, just disappears into the bistros with Valerie Bettis who specializes in grinding out tribal ritual dances. So Jane cooks up her own romance—which unfortunately leads to divorce. Enter Aldo Ray a straight-from-the-shoulder millionaire. He goes for Jane. Milland sneers and goes for Karen Booth, but you know where *his* heart is. And where Jane's heart is. Tough getting back together. But they make it.—Columbia



YOUNG BESS An all-star cast in lavish Technicolor makes *Young Bess* an impressive historical drama. It is based on the life of Elizabeth the First (Jean Simmons). Early in life she fell in love with Thomas Seymour (Stewart Granger) who became Lord High Admiral of the English fleet, but this love was doomed. Charles Laughton plays Henry the lusty king who racked up wives like an adding machine. Deborah Kerr is the softly beautiful Catherine, one of his wives who later married Thomas Seymour. Rex Thompson is the sickly little boy King Edward. Kay Walsh, Guy Rolfe, Cecil Kellaway, Robert Arthur contribute to this costume masterpiece.—MGM



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural continental look of this new "Capri" style. No nightly setting necessary.



Only **Bobbi** is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this "Cotillion." And you get your wave *where* you want it.



What a casual, easy livin' look this "Minx" hairdo has... thanks to **Bobbi**! **Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents** always give you soft, carefree curls like these.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



Bobbi is perfect for this casual "Ingenué" hair style, for **Bobbi** is the permanent *designed* to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with **Bobbi** ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, **Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent** is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use **Bobbi** your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply **Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion**. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all*. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners.

Ask for **Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent**. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love **Bobbi**.



Easy! Just simple pin-curls and **Bobbi** give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.



"EX..." or Exquisite?



As Laura read Jim's old love letters she had no idea what had broken their engagement. She spent many a lonely evening before she discovered that sometimes there's a breath of difference between "ex" and "exquisite." Once she corrected her trouble*, she gradually won Jim back. And exquisite she was as he carried her across the threshold . . . a girl with breath as sweet as the blossoms in her bridal bouquet.

Listerine Antiseptic not only stops *halitosis (bad breath) instantly . . . it usually keeps it stopped for hours on end. This superior deodorant effect is due to Listerine's ability to kill germs.

**No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria
like this . . . instantly**

Germs are by far the most common cause of halitosis. Because they start the fermentation of proteins that are always present in your mouth. In fact, *research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in your mouth.* Listerine instantly kills these germs by millions, including the bacteria that cause fermentation. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs. Listerine does.

**Clinically proved four times better
than tooth paste**

No wonder that in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll products, it was tested against. That's why we say, if you're really serious about your breath, no matter what else you may use, use an antiseptic. Kill those odor bacteria with Listerine—the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Rinse with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL OR TOOTH PASTE



THE GREAT SIOUX UPRISING The Union Army needs horses and Lyle Bettger, who supplies 'em, isn't above stealing 'em from the Sioux tribe. The Sioux chief (John War Eagle) is so enraged he's about to enter the Civil War on the Confederate side. Jeff Chandler wanders into camp. Chandler wins Eagle's confidence but shortly loses it when more horses are stolen. There are a whole bunch of ranchers who have a run-in with Bettger and his gang. The foreman of that gang—Stacey Harris—murders one of the ranchers, pins it on Jeff. He's in hot water with everyone except Faith Domergue. She's a horse-trader, too, but legit. Jeff escapes a lynching mob, only to face more brutality among the Indians. In the end he wins both vindication and Faith's hand.—U.I.



DANGEROUS WHEN WET The father of Esther Williams (William Demarest) and the mother (Charlotte Greenwood) and the kid sisters (Donna Corcoran, Barbara Whiting) are all health faddists. Promoter Jack Carson promotes them all into swimming the Channel. At the crucial moment, though, only Esther's allowed to chance it. Her training period's broken down by the appearance of playboy Fernando Lamas who'd rather she made love. Carson's too busy being pursued by Denise Darcel (another swimmer) to keep an eye on Esther. This Lamas does constantly—and the way she looks in bathing suits it's no wonder.—MGM.



THE MOON IS BLUE Barbara Bel Geddes starred in it on Broadway. Maggie McNamara brings this delightful comedy to the screen, assisted by Bill Holden and David Niven. Story of a pick-up on the observation roof of the Empire State Building that leads to love in an apartment several blocks away. Holden's just broken off with Dawn Addams (Niven's daughter). This makes Dawn a little hysterical, understandably. Niven views the proceedings with high humor (he's generally very high) and makes a play for Maggie himself. The dialogue's fast, clever and risqué but that's no complaint.—U.A.



THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS Top science writer Ray Bradbury inspired this movie about a pre-historic monster who's awakened from a long doze by an atomic blast at the North Pole. Professor Paul Christian swears he saw the beast. Among the people who consider Christian nice but nutty are

Army Colonel Ken Tobey, noted paleontologist Cecil Kellaway and several psychiatrists. Kellaway's assistant (Lee Hunter) thinks Christian's sane enough to marry. Strange things start happening from Nova Scotia to Massachusetts—fishing ketches destroyed, lighthouses ripped to nothing, docks strewn with debris. Comes the day this animal crawls onto the Fulton Street pier and terrorizes New York. An exciting wind-up brings things back to normal. —Warners.



TAKE ME TO TOWN This is the tale of Vermilion O'Toole (Ann Sheridan) who started out in a dance hall and ended up teaching school. Ann's being escorted to prison (she was framed) with bad boy Philip Reed when she jumps the train right into the life of Sterling Hayden. He's a preacher, also a logger, also a widower with three sons (9 year-old Lee Aaker, 5-year-old Harvey Grant and 3-year-old Dusty Henley). When Dad leaves them for a few days on a job they pick up Ann, bring her home where they hope to install her as their new mother. The town ladies flip their lids, especially prudish Phyllis Stanley. When Sterling returns he tells Ann go but next day she saves Dusty from a bear, cooks a wonderful dinner and looks quite gorgeous in Technicolor. It's love, and when Sheridan stages a show to get money to build a church, it's marriage to Sterling plus a new job teaching Sunday School —U.I.



REMAINS TO BE SEEN Based on a Broadway comedy *Remains To Be Seen* is a snappy story of the murder of a millionaire (Morgan Farley) who is found dead in his Park Avenue apartment, and two minutes after he's dead someone sticks a bread knife in his chest. Crazy goings-on involving the house manager Van Johnson, the corpse's unloving niece June Allyson, his attorney Louis Calhern, his doctor John Beal and a slightly schizoid woman of mystery, Angela Lansbury. Between finding the murderer (if you can call it murder) and falling in love, June and Van act cute all over the place. Van's a jazz addict, bot on drums; June's a jitterbug, quick on the upbeat. It's a true mating of minds. —M-G-M.



FRANCIS COVERS THE BIG TOWN Donald O'Connor, copy boy on a big New York City newspaper, has a real flair for bringing in news stories before they break. This is very helpful to gossip columnist Nancy Guild (whom he adores) and crime reporter Larry Gates (whom he hero-worships). But these two just use him for their greater glory, pump him about where he gets his information. Simple, he says, he gets it from Francis the mule who gets it from the police horses. Every time Donald admits this, he's given a psychiatric examination. But he has his day—in court, where he's on trial for murdering tycoon Lowell Gilmore. Only person, or thing, that can prove Donald's innocence is Francis. —U.I.

"I know Playtex babies are better actors...and so safe to hold, too!"

Says *Jan Sterling*

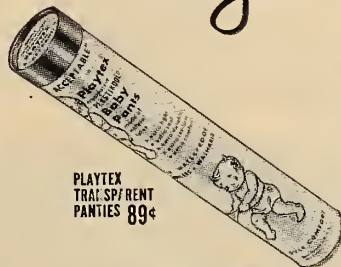
star of Paramount's "Vanquisher"
Color by Technicolor.

Shown as a baby—and today.



PLAYTEX babies are happier babies...neater, sweeter, cleaner, cooler

Only Playtex® Panties



PLAYTEX
TRAINING PANTIES 89¢

PLAYTEX SNAP-ON
PANTIES \$1.19



NOW
AVAILABLE
IN SUPER-SIZE,
TOO!
PLAYTEX PULL-ON
PANTIES 79¢

(Prices slightly higher outside U. S.)

Give your baby this sheer comfort...
this complete waterproof protection

Whether your little darling toddles or crawls, PLAYTEX Panties promise him protected comfort. Made of lightweight, creamy latex, they're as soft as a kitten's ear. PLAYTEX Panties stretch all over to give all-over comfort...as no ordinary panties do; for there are no stitches, or seams to mar their smoothness. On and off in seconds; they rinse fresh in a wink...pat dry with a towel. Accurately sized by baby's weight. Let PLAYTEX Panties keep your baby "Socially Acceptable"* always. Get several pairs today!

Featured at your favorite Department Store and wherever Baby Needs are sold.

More babies wear **PLAYTEX** than any other baby pants!

Richard Hudnut reveals two secrets of Truly beautiful hair



Luxurious **RICHARD HUDNUT ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO** is the first secret. It's made with real egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier for hair. This rich golden lotion creme cleanses so quickly, rinses out so completely, it leaves your hair dandruff free, shining clean, extra manageable. Dull dry hair, limp oily hair, shine up like bridal satin. Permanents take better. Then: after each shampoo take one minute more to give your hair a beauty finish with Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse. This pretty pink liquid creme rinsed through just once makes hair lustrous, fragrant, easy to comb and set. Pin curls take shape smoothly, are bound to last longer. For truly beautiful hair: after each shampoo, home permanent, treat yourself to **RICHARD HUDNUT CREME RINSE**



by **RICHARD HUDNUT** of Fifth Avenue

what divorce did to me

(Continued from page 16) and grow, just like Baron Munchausen's cherry trees. You hear about yourself in places you've never been, and with people you've never met. One person tells another, it's printed in one place, rewritten and added to for another publication. Everybody gossips about a divorced person. I probably did it myself until I was divorced. I'll never do it again.

I used to read the kind of stories they are writing about me now as exciting bits of news. Now they excite only my anger!

The plain truth is that I am having a hard time getting adjusted—and so does every other person who goes through a divorce. How about giving us a chance? I know I am just one of too many thousands, but every other person who has gone through a divorce and is a parent will, I am sure, understand my problem.

I have a child, whom I dearly love. She has to live with my decision and the world I have created or torn apart. It is my responsibility, for which she will either blame or thank me. No mother wants to make her child's world one of bewilderment, full of strangers.

MONIE has to go to school and face the inquiries and comment of her school-mates. I do not forget this fact. Above all I hope for the chance for Monie to grow up normally.

Normal growth and normal home life are becoming more and more unusual in our society today. It is a growing rarity to find a happy marriage. Many young couples are having a difficult time, trying to hold their marriages together.

If they pick up a newspaper every day, they are constantly confronted with broken marriages. Next, they read about these divorcing couples dating freely. It all sounds like a merry exchange as it is dinned upon by the radio, newspapers, magazines, columnists, etc. With this unending barrage, it is no wonder that so many couples decide that it is so much easier to call it quits and get a divorce. Many of them are victims of this propaganda of our times—which sells newspapers and magazines, and sells marriage out.

Divorce is a serious matter, but you'd never realize it from most of what you read or hear. I can say, from my own experience, it is not attractive, or easy.

My religion means more to me today than it ever did before. It has been the only thing that has helped my troubled mind and spirit, and given me hope for the future. It has disciplined my thinking a great deal, too. And I believe I am gaining a perspective. Some of the things which used to be most important to me are more properly rated now, I'm sure. I think a long time before I arrive at an inflexible opinion. It takes two people to make a successful marriage, and it takes two people to make a marriage fail. While I still do not think it at all probable that my husband and I will ever go back together, I am not going to destroy the friendship we saved from our marriage, and I am not going to think a reconciliation is utterly impossible.

IN most cases, pride and ego are the worst hazards to reconciliation. Those qualities, plus emotional or economical insecurity often becloud logical thinking.

During a tense period, such as often leads to divorce, almost any married person gets the feeling of being trapped. If the family economic situation is bad—that adds to it.

Actually, once the idea of divorce enters the picture as a release—when the wife

starts figuring how much alimony or child support she can get—and the husband starts wondering how much he would have left to support another wife—that couple is ready to tell it to the judge. If they decide that their income can't stand the strain of the economical necessity—that is a tragic set-up for all concerned. But most couples act in haste. There's nothing new to acting in haste and repenting in leisure.

And believe me, "going home to Mother," isn't an automatic answer. Parents don't particularly want you back.

They may dread the day when their daughter leaves them to be married, but most of them adjust after the wedding—and dread it more when their son-in-law becomes an ex—and the daughter wants to come back home.

Then there are the specific, unpublicized problems in the life of a divorcee. No. 1—Loneliness. Perhaps men think of divorcees as "fair game" but women never think of themselves as "fair game." They only think of themselves as lonely. They don't think of every man they meet as a potential husband, but they do think about and they do need emotional security—someone to believe, trust, and be fond of. Sex is not at the top of this list. You think twice before marrying again, even when there is not a religious barrier. That year's necessary wait in California, between the interlocutory and final divorce, is the best law the state has!

One thing I have discovered over and over since my divorce is the inability of most people to face their problems. They try to hide them, evade them, not talk about them, which just adds up to problems unsolved. The resultant tragedy is that few people truly understand each other, or have any idea of how to help another human being. I guess all of us hide behind false faces all too often.

I have spent a great deal of time in Palm Springs since my divorce, most of it as the guest of Mousie and Bill Powell.

I find myself thinking more and more about a lot of the people I see there. Most of the people who can spend a lot of time at resorts are rich in material things, and most of them have problems too—that their money can't buy them out of. And there are any number of terrible things people can have to cope with. But they smile and they laugh and they sit and drink and talk about getting their poodles clipped. Or who is a good manicurist. Or complain about the way their hair is done. Or the kind of canasta hands they've been having. Gee, but they're lonely, too. Always in a crowd and always alone.

I get frightened.

THE thing that scares me is to see people concentrating on the details of material living and letting the big problems go unsolved or enduring them with no hope of solution. And I believe that is exactly what too many of us are doing.

I can "escape" to Palm Springs, but I hurry home because, once I'm there it kind of upsets me. It is okay as long as I am playing tennis, which I love, or basking in the sun, or seeing good, reliable old friends—but I can only take just so much of that, too. It is this that has made me revalue my life and re-appreciate the invaluable help and protection of my religion.

I want to understand my problems, and I am working on them. I want to live a good life and to be a good mother. I read inferences and inuendos about what I'm doing and it sounds like I am racing down that primrose path so vividly described by some of the writers. I'm not racing anywhere. I'm walking slowly, carefully, on the path all divorcees know.

It is not a journey I would recommend to anyone.

END



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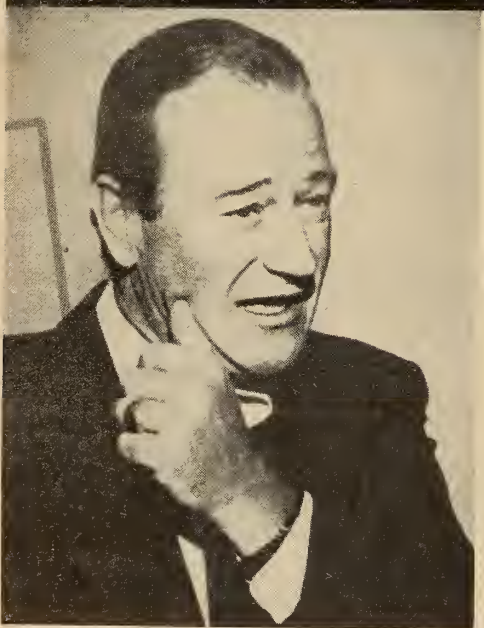
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the battling **WAYNES** in court



The verdict isn't in yet,
but the preliminary rounds
indicate that the divorce
between Duke and Chata
Wayne will be the bit-
terest in Hollywood history.

BY SANDY CUMMINGS

■ This happened just before John Wayne left for Mexico, for Camargo in Chihuahua to be exact, where Duke is making *Hondo* for his own independent motion picture company, Wayne-Fellows, Inc.

Wayne was striding out of Superior Judge William R. McKay's courtroom when I edged up to him and said, "How's it going, Duke?"

The actor took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow. "You know," he said, a wry grin forming itself on his lips, "I may never get married again."

And Duke wasn't kidding, either, because his second wife Esperanza Bauer Wayne has been giving him a real bad time in the California law courts.

Ever since they agreed to separate on May 7th, 1952, after six years, three months, and 20 days of marriage, Duke and the former Mexican film star have been at loggerheads.

"Chata" Wayne—the word means "pugnose" in Spanish and is what Duke used to call his wife in happier times—first filed a suit for separate maintenance last year when she hired famed legal light Jerry Giesler to represent her.

Duke answered that suit by announcing that a separation wasn't good enough for him. What he wanted was to be completely free from this 30-year-old beauty, whereupon he in turn filed a divorce suit which is scheduled to come up this October, and it's going to be a lulu.

After Duke filed his suit for divorce, the lawyers for both parties got together. Wayne's financial worth is indeed a complex affair, and it took some time for lawyers Jerry Giesler and Frank Belcher to arrive at some equitable financial settlement for "Chata."

Just before such an agreement was to be resolved, the second Mrs. Wayne decided to substitute lawyers. She hired an attorney named (Continued on page 95)

sweet and hot



** Highly
Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars:
Average

by leonard feather

FROM THE MOVIES

ANNA—title song by Al Caiola (Victor).

Al Caiola is a fine guitarist, but, like everyone who has made other versions since the sultry Silvana Magnano's (reviewed here two issues ago) he has to take second place to her.

LIMELIGHT—Theme music by Frank Chaskfield (London).

MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY—*There's Music In You* by Freddy Martin (Victor).

RETURN TO PARADISE—title song by Percy Faith* (Columbia); David Rose (MGM); Nat Cole (Capitol); Camoroto (London); Alon Dale (Coro).

Looks as if history is trying to repeat itself—the same star (Gary Cooper), the same songwriting team (Ned Washington and Dimitri Tiomkin) and the same strange fascination about the title song that you found in *High Noon*. The Percy Faith version, which runs to two sides, has no vocal but is the most interesting performance.

RUBY GENTRY—*Ruby* by Harry James* (Columbia); Vaughn Monroe (Victor).

The James treatment is a pleasing job, featuring the accordion work of young Tommy Gumino, who's been on tour with the James band for several months. Vaughn's version is less impressive; incidentally, it was one of the last records made before he broke up his band. He's on his own now, big enough in movies and night clubs not to need an orchestra.

SALOME—sound track album* (Decca).

Music and scenes (but principally music) with some interesting symphonic work by an orchestra under the direction of Morris Stoloff.

SMALL TOWN GIRL—*My Flaming Heart* by Nat Cole* (Capitol).

POPULAR

JUDY GARLAND—*Send My Baby Back To Me** (Columbia)

Judy makes her Columbia record debut with a gay, swinging performance on which Poul Weston's orchestra helps bounce her along. The ballad on the other side, *Without A Memory*, is a good dramatic job.

KAY STARR—*Allez Vous En** (Capitol).

Kay does a nice job on this waltz, one of the better songs from Cole Porter's generally disappointing score for the Broadway show *Can Can*. Capitol has several of the better records on other songs from the production, including Gordon MacRae's *C'est Magnifique*.

JAZZ

HARRY JAMES—*One Night Stand** (Columbia). A 12-inch LP record of hits.

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"Petal-soft and faintly glowing!"



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6 GLORIOUS COLORS
"NATURE-MATCHED"
TO YOUR SKIN

You'll be so beautiful! With complexion so alive-looking . . . so soft—so faintly glowing! Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is wonderfully fine in texture—and it clings and clings! Just puff it, fluff it on . . . then smooth it out . . . no flaking, streaking, or shine! The colors are as natural as Nature—there's one for every type of complexion—and exquisitely scented with the "fragrance men love!"



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PRELL Shampoo in the handy tube leaves hair "RADIANTLY ALIVE," soft and smooth. 29¢, 57¢, 89¢



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Don't let sunburn rob your sleep! Get relief in seconds with non-greasy, medicated NOXZEMA. 12¢, 35¢, 49¢*



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Handy! GILLETTE Super-Speed Razor Set, dispenser of Gillette Blue Blades, travel kit. \$1



VITALIS Hair Tonic for men helps prevent dryness... keeps hair lustrous, easy to groom. 29¢, 53¢, 83¢*



Why "run out"? Take along extra GILLETTE Blue Blades. 10-blade dispenser, 49¢. 20-blade dispenser, 98¢



For minor cuts, chafing, skin irritations... VASELINE Petroleum Jelly. You'll find it oh, so soothing! 15¢, 25¢



You travel confidently, comfortably...with new MODESS. Junior, regular, super. Box of 12. 39¢. 48 for 1.49

FOR FUN IN THE SUN...



SUSAN SMART† says

*Wherever you're going
make your first stop*

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†Woolworth's shopping report



Cleans breath and teeth, helps fight decay: COLGATE Ribbon Dental Cream! 15¢. 27¢. 47¢. 63¢



Make last year's cottons, wools, nylons look colorfully new! Tint with all-fabric TINTEX. 15¢. 25¢

ROMANCE IN THE MOONLIGHT



Woolworth's

Don't miss a *minute* of fun and romance...but *do* remember *this*. That wonderful sun can be cruel to skin and hair...unless you take care. That heavenly romance in the moonlight can wilt your freshness, specially when the night is warm...unless you're wary. Seems a shame to look less than your loveliest, when Woolworth's has *all* your vacation grooming needs.

* Plus tax



With just a dab of FRESH Cream Deodorant, you stay morning-shower-sweet all day.
12¢ 27¢ 42¢ 62¢*



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Dust yourself with daintiness after bathing or when changing...



Exciting DURA-GLOSS Nail Polish! Pastels, new iridescents, perfumed shades, 25¢.* Regular shades, 10¢*



So thrifty, so gentle, so absorbent! DOESKIN Tissues, box of 400, 35¢. Box of 250 in assorted colors, 27¢



SOLITAIRE Cake Make-up complements sun tan, conceals tiny skin faults, won't clog pores. 33¢, 65¢*



Skin sun-dried? PACQUINS Silk'n Satin Lotion makes you soft and satiny all over. 25¢, 49¢*



New tones... finer texture... a lovelier you with LADY ESTHER Face Powder. 15¢, 29¢, 59¢*



Stays on longer...even when you eat, smoke, kiss! HAZEL BISHOP Lipstick, 1.10*



No hair-do woes, when the wind blows...if you use HELENE CURTIS Spray Net. Keeps hair softly in place. 1.25*



Sunshine in your hair when you use WHITE RAIN, Toni's gentle lotion shampoo. 30¢, 60¢, \$1



New TONI Trio! Regular for normal, Super for hard, Very Gentle for easy-to-wave hair. Refills 1.50*



HELENE CURTIS Suave Hair Dressing makes hair glossy, manageable...when sun, wind, water make it dull unruly. 50¢ \$1

Julia Adams
starring in
Universal-International's
"THE MAN FROM THE ALAMO"
Color by Technicolor



JULIA ADAMS says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World 4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo



Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans . . . leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It doesn't dry or dull your hair!

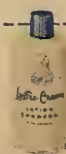


Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.



Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to \$2 in jars or tubes.

. . . and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos! Lustre-Creme Shampoo now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to \$1.00.



HIS FANS MAY THINK HE'S A BASHFUL BEAU, BUT THE WOMEN IN HIS PRIVATE LIFE KNOW BETTER.

The shy Mr. Cooper

By ALICE HOFFMAN

■ For 27 years, the entire length of his motion picture career, Gary Cooper has led a charmed life.

His virtues have been exploited, and his faults have been neglected.

To the world at large he has become the symbol of the typical American Westerner—tall, quiet, and a perfect physical specimen. He has never in his career played "the heavy," so that in the public mind he has always been rated gallant, trustworthy, singularly simple and loyal.

In the past year and a half, however, ever since his separation from his wife, Coop has been examined with a more realistic eye.

After reviewing his life and the women in it, an incredibly varied assortment of international beauties, after reading for two decades a succession of headlines involving him with Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, Countess Di Frasso, Pat Neal, Dusty Miller, the Mexican charmer called Channele, and now the French beauty, Gisele Pascal—even the most fanatic of Cooper's fans have come to the belated conclusion that Gary is (*Continued on page 73*)

In Cannes, Gisele Pascal, Paris' most sought-after model, was Gary's favorite date. In Paris, Gary looked forward to reunion with Rocky and Maria.





In one brief moment Jane Powell
threw away the most honored and admired
reputation in Hollywood.
Her husband, her fans may
forgive her, but . . .

BY JACK WADE

can Jane forget the Past?

■ It's a big room, the supper room at the Desert Inn at Las Vegas, one of the biggest, flossiest night club rooms in America—and it was jammed to capacity. More than 500 people sat hunched together over white table cloths waiting for something to happen. If you were an idle observer you might naturally think they were waiting for a show to go on. And they were in a sense. The billing outside on the huge electric sign said "JANE POWELL," and the report was she was getting \$5,000 a week. Yes, they were waiting for Jane Powell all right, but not just to hear her sing.

Most of the people sitting in that room that night had known Jane Powell, from seeing her on the screen and reading about her in the newspapers and magazines, ever since she was a kid of 14. They had known her as an exemplary wife and mother. But for the past couple of weeks they had been reading a different kind of story. "Will she or will she not divorce her husband, Geary Steffen?" "Is she or is she not in love with Gene Nelson?" There was tension in the room as the audience waited to get a look at her and maybe make a judgment for themselves.

Every opening night is tough, but this was a particularly tough one for Jane, because she knew what they were waiting for, too, and she had to go on with the show as though the customers out there weren't buying anything but her songs. She sat in her dressing room and thought about all this.

(Continued on page 71)



Jane saw Geary right before she opened at the Desert Inn, but she was still unsure of a reconciliation.



Surrounded by friends, like the Barron Hiltons (above) the Steffens had little time to themselves.



Many guests were shocked opening night when Jane sang "Good-bye, baby, I'm leaving you."



Jane's troubles started when MGM began glamorizing her. Did she take it too seriously?

THEY CALLED THEM "SHOCKING"



Travelling together through Europe, Lana and Lex found themselves the center of attention everywhere. (Above) A street vendor in Cannes presents flowers to Lana. (Below) A boat ride with friends.



After attending the Film Festival in Cannes, Lana

EVEN EUROPE'S WORLDLY-WISE COI

■ This past April, an hour before Lana Turner's plane was scheduled to land at Orly Airport outside of Paris, a group of French reporters were discussing the actress.

"Do you think," one asked, "she will come alone or with Texas Barker?"

"His name is not Texas Barker," explained a newsman who had pulled a stint in Hollywood. "His name is Lex. It is kind of an American nickname for Alexander."



and her constant escort, Lex, journeyed to the Isle of Capri. In spite of the dark glasses, the actress was easily recognized everywhere.

CONTINENTALS WERE STARTLED BY LANA TURNER'S FRANK AND OPEN BEHAVIOR WITH LEX ■ By TOM DANCY

"Tex or Lex," the first reporter insisted, "makes no difference. Is he coming with her or is he not?"

"I heard," volunteered a third reporter, "that they tried to book their flight under an assumed name, something like Richardson."

"What I can't find out," one photographer interrupted, "is whether they are married or not. I heard or read somewhere

that they had been secretly married."

"I do not even think they are engaged," a French movie representative said authoritatively. Then as an added thought. "His name is not Tex. It is Tarzan."

For half an hour conjecture was thrown about with reckless abandon. One reporter said that Lana would undoubtedly arrive alone, that Lex Barker would meet her at some appointed rendezvous in France or

Italy. "It is the only diplomatic way," he pointed out. "Otherwise there will be talk."

"Why should there be talk?" someone else asked. "This Tarzan is merely her bodyguard. She hired him because she is afraid of Fernando Lamas. He is her real lover."

The announcement that Lana's plane was arriving cut the conversation short. The reporters raced (*Continued on page 96*)



Five lovely girls,
all intimate friends of
Rock Hudson, speak
their minds frankly
about this eligible—but
very elusive—bachelor.



1. Vera-Allen likes Rock's sense of humor, but doesn't think he's ready for marriage yet.

2. New starlet Lori Nelson looks up to Rock as an established star.

3. Piper Laurie envies the girl who eventually wins him as a husband.

4. Newcomer Joyce Holden finds his terrific sense of humor infectious.



leave him to the girls

BY PIPER LAURIE

■ To begin with, I can't think of anyone I'd rather discuss than Rock. It's so easy to say nice things about him. Maybe this won't make MODERN SCREEN happy, because they've asked me to lower the boom on this character, but I honestly can't think of anything horrible to say about him. With some people you can, and when you're asked what you think of them you have to go around corners to think up something nice. But Rock's just as genuine as he is big.

I could, of course, talk about his appetite, which is unlike anything I've ever seen. I remember I first met him the afternoon he came over to the apartment where I lived with my parents on Western Avenue. We were to make our first test together, and he dropped in to talk over the scene with me. Mother asked him to stay to a chicken dinner, and she's never been so thankful that our larder was loaded. I didn't keep track, but I could swear he ate three whole chickens that night. We've teased him about it ever since, but it doesn't seem to dampen his ardor for food. One night when we had a dinner date he arrived at the house before I was ready. About ten minutes later I walked into the living room and found Rock munching on a sandwich mother had made for him. We went directly to dinner after that, and before he brought me home we stopped for a snack in a drive-in. We always do, unless I have to get home particularly early, and even then I'll bet he stops off somewhere by himself for a steak to tide him over until morning.

The wonderful thing about Rock is that he enjoys kidding himself as much as he does teasing others. Like the night he was due (*Continued on page 75*)



5. Susan Zanuck considers Rock's social sense and good manners a great asset to him.

6. Marilyn Maxwell finds his sincerity refreshing, particularly in Hollywood.

7. Gene Tierney enjoys Rock's company, even while he's growing beard for movie role.



Tony's learned a hard
 lesson, at last. It takes
more guts to just
 accept the dirty digs
 you get, than to start
 swinging back.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

the Price of Fame

■ In Hollywood there are two reactions to newly arrived stars: (A) "He's a jerk and he'll get what he deserves," and (B) "He's a nice guy . . . I hope he keeps his head."

People in the movie industry know, more or less subconsciously, that as success comes to each new star, so also comes a personal battle, one that is often lost. The mental attitude known as Hollywooditis comes as a result of sudden fame and fortune. It is a disease characterized by a swelling of the head and a loss of a normal sense of values, and those strong enough to resist it are few and far between.

Tony Curtis was around town a long time before his good looks were noticed by movie goers, and once that happened his popularity grew to such proportions that his studio was forced to star him in a picture. To Tony, success came overnight and when hand in hand with his flood of fan mail he was accorded an equal deluge of publicity, the people in Hollywood suddenly came to know him . . . the columnists, the publicists, the head waiters, writers and parking lot attendants. They all accorded him the reaction given the nice guys; they hoped he would keep his head.

Tony was a new and refreshing type. His zest for living, his easy laughter, his pleasure in relating the homey incidents of his life on the drearier streets of New York, all in a vocabulary flushed with idioms that could come from nowhere except the Bronx . . . these things made him well liked. They also made him, because of the great contrasts shortly to come into his life, a likely and susceptible victim of Hollywooditis.

In three short, bewildering years he has progressed from a bicycle to a Buick convertible, from a bachelor life to a highly publicized marriage with the glamorous Janet Leigh, from a routine existence in the little frame house in the valley with his parents to a well appointed penthouse on Wilshire Boulevard's fashionable row. And (*Continued on page 87*)

TOO BUSY FOR A LONG VACATION



Tony and Janet scramble into the motor launch for a day on Lake Mead outside Las Vegas.



The skipper's son decides he wants to be a movie star too, so Tony gives him some hints.



"Pretty good for one day's haul," boasts Tony, who's proud of the beauties they bagged.

Photos by Bob Beerman and Bert Parry

TONY AND JANET MANAGE TO SQUEEZE A SUMMER'S WORTH OF FUN INTO ONE JAM-PACKED DAY ON THE LAKE.



A quick look around, and "this is the life for me," exclaims Tony. Janet heartily agrees.



"Now, ya do it this way, see?" instructs the expert. But wait and see who gets the first bite!



"Reel it in, reel it in," he cries gleefully . . . but Janet's so excited the lucky fish gets away.



Lunchtime, so Janet gets stuck with K.P. But no one remembered to bring a can opener!



The day wouldn't be complete without snapshots to show the folks. Janet poses, Tony snaps.



On the way back to shore, the Curtises troll their lines in the water, catch a few more.



"Can you cook it in white wine?" asks Janet, when they deliver their dinner to the chef.



A day's outing can certainly mess up a girl's coiffure . . . but a wash and set works wonders.



Sunburned and happy, the Curtises wait in the Hotel Flamingo's dining room for dinner.

Peck's a good boy now

GREG'S LEARNED THAT HE CAN'T LATE-DATE, NOT EVEN IN NIGHT-



Mrs. Greta Peck (right) and film actress Hildegard Neff (left) are friendly enough in public, but intimates hinted at bitter rivalry a while ago. Hildegard's name was linked with Greg's when they made *Snows Of Kilimanjaro*, but they're never together now.



Surrounded by admiring women everywhere he goes, Gregory Peck finds it difficult to keep out of the spotlight. But, his trip abroad taught him that a movie idol's life must be above reproach. No more casual feminine companions for him, at least, not in public.



Greg, Greta, and their three sons all went to Europe together . . . but Greta cut short her stay, and returned with the children.

■ One of the first facts of life that a motion picture star must learn is that his public consists of the entire movie-going world. Gregory Peck has found this out now but he learned it the hard way, through personal experience, and he knows the sad truth: that a movie star can't fool around at all, however innocuously, without the world gleaning some glint of truth and magnifying that glint into a juicy news story of domestic discord.

As a result of his behavior in Europe since last June, Greg has seen his name smeared across the front pages of a hundred newspapers.

Practically every columnist in America who deals with affairs cinematic, has announced that Greg and his wife Greta have separated, that a divorce is under discussion, that these two fought like cats all over Europe, that Greta and the three Peck boys left France in a huff because Greg's marital conduct left much to be desired.

Greg has read time and time again the printed innuendo linking him with the Parisian model (*Continued on page 81*)



SHELLEY WINTERS IS HOLLYWOOD'S MOST ADORING WIFE AND MOTHER. BUT HOW LONG CAN SHE OVERLOOK HER HUSBAND'S SEEMING



CAN THIS

KEEP THIS TOGETHER?



With Vittoria away, Shelley was alone before and after her baby's birth in February.

DIFFERENCE TO THEIR NEW DAUGHTER?



■ If the marriage of Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman survives, it will be chiefly because Shelley has never lost anything she *really* wants. And she wants the elusive Italian—for better or worse—and to date, it's been rough going.

To say that Vittorio has put our emotional Shelley through the wringer is to understate the case. But she's taken it amazingly well. To me it was unforgivable that he was far away when a woman needs a man most. I find it hard to believe his excuse that the Italian government wouldn't release him for one little week, so he could fly to Shelley in Hollywood, when she was giving birth to their baby. But who am I to get mad, when it was all right with Shelley? But let's face it—anything Vittorio does is all right with his adoring movie star bride.

It was really pathetic. Everytime Shelley received a letter from him, she called the columnists to rave of his reviews in the plays that were keeping him 6,000 miles away from her. She was terribly proud of spending \$500 a month on telephone calls to her beloved Gassman. It would be *(Continued on page 93)*

YOU CAN WIN AND LOSE A FORTUNE AT LAS VEGAS. BUT VAN JOHNSON DID BETTER THAN THAT. HE WON HIMSELF A WHOLE NEW SLANT ON LIFE.

"I'm not afraid any more"

by Steve Cronin

■ One evening last April Van Johnson walked into the spotlight at The Sands hotel in Las Vegas. It was his first nightclub appearance in a dozen years but those years didn't show. His almost orange hair, the spray of freckles across his face, the perky maroon bow tie still added up to the American boy—even at 36.

This was the night for Van Johnson. He was about to test himself before the toughest audience of all—a live audience, sitting out there in the dark waiting to be amused.

He spoke his first word as if he'd just discovered he had a voice. But one word led to another and then he was singing. And when the music hit a certain beat he went into a dance.

He worked with a kind of reckless charm, covering the stage like a whole Broadway chorus and everybody thought he was having a wonderful time. Nobody suspected he was so tensed up that if he'd been hit on the head with a piece of the rafter he wouldn't even have felt it.

There was a song he sang about Hollywood and how he didn't want to play there anymore. Goodbye Esther Williams, ditto June Allyson, farewell to *all* the girls who ever cast a tender eye on this eager, bashful Romeo. And let Leo the MGM Lion roar: Van's ears were plugged.

That song went over big. His wife Evie, who was sitting at a ringside table with Marlene Dietrich and Peter Lawford, applauded along with everybody else. This was Evie's night, too, in a way. She'd rarely been able to drag her man within five miles of a nightclub, and here he was kicking up his famous red socks all over the floor.

Van was a hit, all right. But a couple of odd things happened after that performance, although not necessarily in the following order.

People started saying that Van Johnson wasn't kidding about that farewell song; he really *was* through with Hollywood. And Van Johnson (*Continued on page 64*)



Congratulatory telegrams, and admiring friends like Pete Lawford and June Allyson, spurred Van's smash debut at The Sands.





RETREAT TO PARADISE

By Marya Peterson



Jan and Paul's house, set on 14 acres of wooded land, looks more like New England than California. It used to belong to Melvyn Douglas.

A country hideaway five minutes from Hollywood and Vine? Impossible said real estate men. Imperative, said the Douglas'—who got what they wanted.

■ Paul Douglas is a deceptive man. He looks a little like a mug. No doubt about it. Wide-angle nose, jut-jaw, sandpaper voice, truck-driver's shoulders, and practically no neck; so that when you look at Paul and try to imagine what sort of home this rugged, talented star lives in, your first guess is that he occupies an ostentatious pent house or maybe just a simple room in the Hollywood Athletic Club.

There is absolutely no correlation between Douglas' screen personality and his environment.

Douglas and his beautiful, well-bred wife, Jan Sterling, live in one of the great showplaces of the movie colony, the kind of tastefully-furnished, landscaped estate (*Continued on next page*)





The black and gold chairs and table in the dining room are modern copies of Chinese Chippendale. To offset the rather ornate furniture, the colorful floor, drapes and walls have been kept simple in design.



Because they do lots of their living in their spacious bedroom, Jan and Paul placed many of their favorite books and paintings here. They breakfast lazily on the roomy coffee table when they're not working.

More pictures on following page →

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



Paul found this three-paneled Chinese screen (left) in Tokyo, on his way back from his first Korean trip. It serves to camouflage their record unit. The twin alabaster lamps on either side of the couch (right) are antique urns, found in a little shop in Los Angeles.





The Douglasses, like most movie stars, make use of their pool. It's beautifully landscaped, and they are able to swim there almost all year round. Jan's latest film is *Alaskan Seas*. Paul's in *Forever Female*.



Although their seven-room house, located in the Hollywood Outpost Estates section, is rural and in a quiet neighborhood, it's only a five minute drive to the heart of town. They spent \$60,000 for the place.



Paul's office, which used to be the fourth bedroom, is a wonderful place for spreading himself around. Here, he spends a lot of time watching sports on television, and catching up on his reading.

retreat to paradise continued

you might expect of a Rockefeller or a DuPont or even a Vanderbilt, the type of home that exudes an air of gentility, refinement, and fifth-generation money.

It doesn't look like the kind of house most people imagine that actors live in.


Located on 13 acres of woods that have been manicured with careful casualness, the Douglas property resembles a slice of New England countryside transplanted in California.

Rural and deceptively quiet, it is only five minutes by Cadillac, the approved movietown method of transportation, to the corner of Hollywood and Vine. This district is known as the Hollywood Outpost Estates, and 25 years ago when movie stars lived nearer the studios, it was considered the most exclusive residential district in town.

In fact, it filled up so rapidly that actors who now have the money must go further West to Bel-Air, Brentwood, and the Pacific Palisades for their homesites.

The people who live in the Outpost Estates built their homes soundly and with surprisingly little show so that, for the most part, the basic architectural motif of the district is not rococo; and the sightseeing buses stay clear of it for that reason.

In all truth, Paul and Jan Douglas were extremely lucky in buying their house. The previous owner, another named Douglas—Melvyn Douglas—had sunk more than \$150,000 into the property but had to move East to star in a long-running Broadway comedy. Whereupon (*Continued on page 92*)



**"Where do I
go from here?"**
asks Betty Grable

FOR EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS AND STORY, TURN PAGE →

"Where do I go from here?"

asks Betty Grable



"One day I'll just up and quit," threatens Betty. And intimates suspect that day'll come when business starts interfering with home life.



Betty glories in her role as wife and mother. The undisputed glamor queen of Hollywood for years has always felt her husband and children came first.

Betty Grable and Harry James don't go out often . . . but when they do, all Hollywood can see for itself how much in love the glamour go-





Harry James gets more of a thrill playing his latest records for his family than filling an engagement in any of the swankiest, big-time night spots.



Jessica and Victoria have a pet parakeet, and teaching it to talk has become a family project. But so far . . . no luck!



Harry's away a lot with the band, so his homecomings are always exciting. Betty rarely accompanies him; she'd rather stay home with their daughters.



Betty, Harry and their horses keep the James' trophy room well stocked. Big Noise, a colt they bred, is their most famous horse.

and the band leader are with one another.

BY JIM BURTON

■ It was a lousy, gloomy day in Beverly Hills when Miss Betty Grable, who'd a lot rather you'd call her Mrs. James, stood in the library of her green home and said:

"One day something will happen that'll decide it. Something will come up that I can't walk away from, can't sideswipe, can't meet head on without fracturing something. If it's a locomotive, I'm the one fractured. That's when I'll leave pictures. That's the answer to that question 'Is Betty Grable Through?' If it's an answer."

And what form would it be apt to take?

"Well, for instance. I make a picture. The script is good. The preview is good. The critics like it. The studio likes it. Even I like it. (Continued on page 66)





Here are the first
pictures of the sensational
new hair-do that told
Hollywood Jeanne Crain
had kicked over
the traces. Here's
how it happened.

BY SUSAN TRENT

Some changes made!

■ Jeanne Crain has always maintained that she is no pace setter where fashions are concerned. ("I stuff my purse with notes about other women's clothes.") Last spring, however, she took off on her own and got a haircut that has the whole town talking. The Bobcat Bob, as it has become known, was wholly Jeanne's idea, and she directed every nick of the razor to complete what she enthusiastically calls "the most wonderful haircut I've ever had."

Hair-dos in Hollywood have run the gamut from shoulder length hair for men to a random razor hacking for women, but Jeanne's is different on two counts. First of all it's an exceptionally good haircut for reasons which will follow, and secondly it is indicative of her current rebellion.

Psychologists have said that when a woman shears off her crowning glory she is getting ready to kick up her heels, and this holds true in Jeanne's case. The impulse to cut her hair to a minimum coincided with her urge to leave 20th Century-Fox, the studio with which she has been under contract ever since her movie career began, ten years ago. It is not easy for an actress who has been given her break, her fame, her training, her stardom and her entire professional career within the (Continued on page 79)



Introducing
Jeanne Crain's new
Bobcat Bob.
You, too, can have it.

A MODERN SCREEN

all-time high!

BY JOHN MAYNARD

Frank Sinatra tells

for the first time what

it felt like to be the

great idol of America's

worshipping bobby-soxers.

It was a Ball!

■ The little guy sat there quietly, remembering ten years ago, not saying anything.

"But what about it, Frank," his friend asked. "How was it? Were you happy?"

"Happy?" For a moment he was baffled by the word, as so many hyper-active people are prone to be. Perhaps it wasn't a specific word. But he shook it off. "I was—I was everything. Happy, I don't know. I wasn't *unhappy*, let's put it that way. I never had it so good. Sometimes I wonder whether anybody ever had it like I had it, before or since. It was the damndest thing, wasn't it?" He spoke in honest wonder. "But what it really was like, I was too busy ever to know whether I was happy, or even to ask myself. I can't remember for a long time even taking time out to think, which I guess was all for the best. Anyway, what time was there? But I did get my thinking in before it was too late."

What thinking?

"About when and how it was going to end and what I'd do then. I don't care what they say, I never had any ideas about it going on forever. I wasn't kidding myself. But it was my business to get a cushion ready for the fall, make sure about the balloon, you know. Some balloons, they burst, and some, the air goes out of them gradually, it depends on how you treat the balloon. I had to level off slowly or else. It was the only problem that kept me awake nights. It was serious. I think it's worked out all right but it didn't have to. And of course, I was bound to go into a dive at first. And when that happened, some of my pals—" He made a small motion across his throat with his index finger.

"The jerks who loved Frankie, they never even called me up to ask how I was, not a single word. It was like they'd never (*Continued on page 69*)





SOME LIKE 'EM BLONDE, SOME LIKE 'EM DARK . . . BUT THE BROOKLYN REDHEAD KNOCKS 'EM ALL DEAD.

Susie's got everything!

by Imogene Collins

■ This past Easter when titian-haired Susan Hayward, Brooklyn's 33-year-old gift to Hollywood, was touring Europe with her husband, blond, handsome Jess Barker, these love birds checked in at the Grand Hotel in Rome.

Accompanying them on their first Continental journey and delayed honeymoon—the Barkers had no honeymoon when they were married nine years ago—was an affable young man of 23 who had been loaned to them by the Paris office of 20th Century-Fox to act as a combination guide-secretary-chauffeur. His name is Jean Papote.

In Rome, Jean was approached by several newspapermen and magazine writers. Was it true, they asked, that Miss Hayward was notoriously chary about granting interviews?

"Exactly the opposite," Papote told them. "She is most cooperative."

The next thing anyone knew Susan Hayward was being interviewed and photographed as only the Italians can do it . . . with verve, gusto, and endless questions.

One Roman reporter who spent a good deal of time with Susan later ran into me in front of the Excelsior Hotel which is a lot like Schwab's drugstore in Hollywood (*Continued on page 98*)



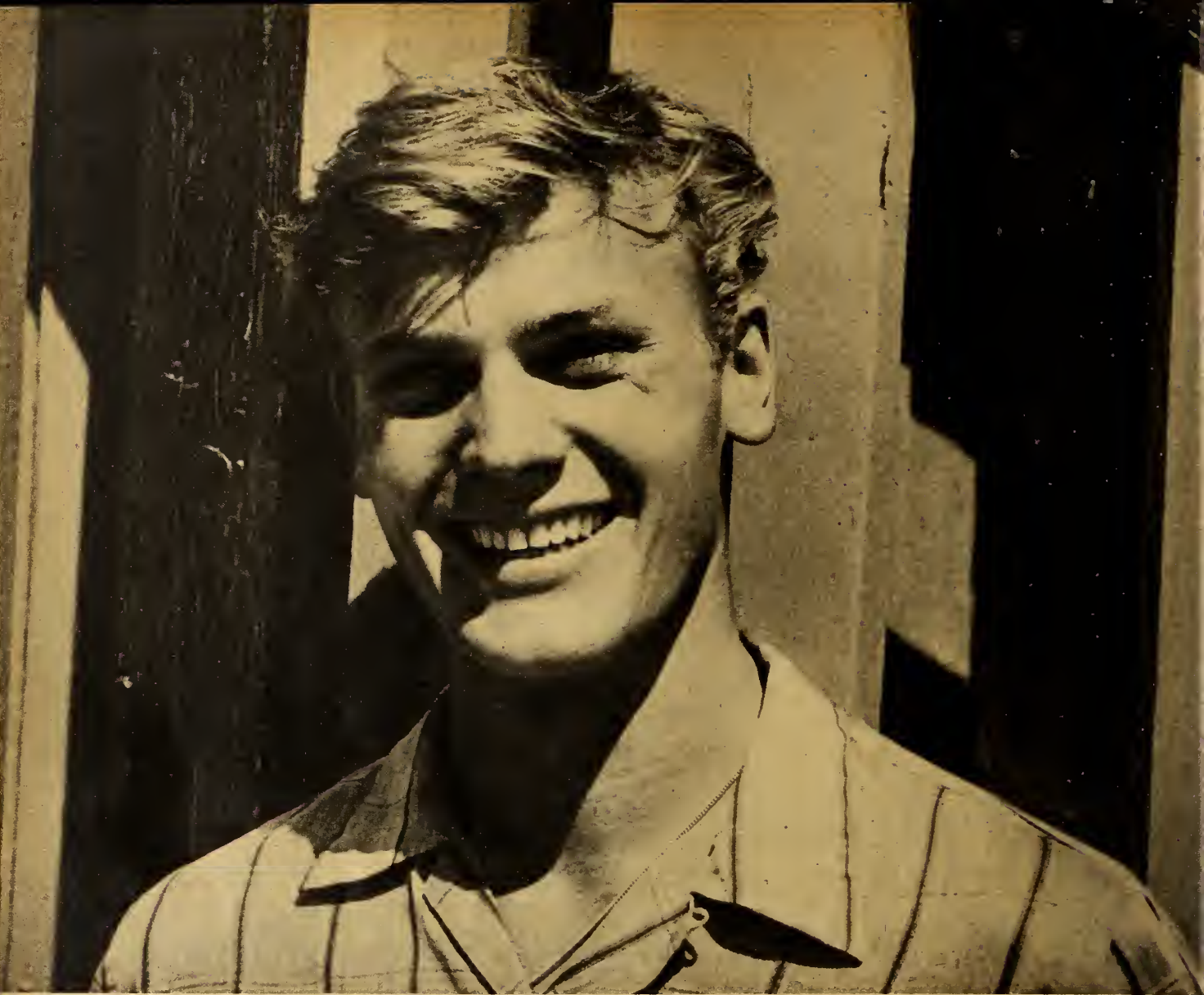
Susan's first bullfight was a thrilling experience . . . particularly when one of the toreadors, Juilo Apocio, (right) dedicated a bull to her. Susan (left) returns the hot he threw her as sign of the dedication.



After the bullfight was over, Susan and her husband, Jess Barker (center) posed with one of the other toreadors, Antonete. Susie particularly wanted the picture to send back home to her twin sons, eight year old Timothy and Gregory.



Susie did lots of sightseeing so she could tell the twins about Europe. The Barkers are planning another trip, the next time with the boys.



Most youngsters have one special dream. Tab Hunter had lots. But the most glorious of all—becoming a movie star—he never even dared hope for!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

a pocketful of Dreams



Tab's always been wild about horses, so a visit to an amusement park wouldn't be complete without a ride on the carousel! Gloria's next picture is *Twelve Mile Reef*.

A tow-headed, 13-year-old kid sat down at a kitchen table one afternoon a few years ago and wrote a letter to the girl of his dreams:

"Dear Elizabeth Taylor," he scribbled with a stumpy pencil, "I have just seen *National Velvet* and you are my favorite actress. I think you are wonderful, also your horse, King Charles. I love to ride too, especially jump. Would you please send me a picture of yourself on King Charles going over a fence? Yours sincerely, Arthur Gelien."

After he'd licked the envelope and smudged on a stamp, the kid looked across at a blue framed photograph of a goddess in spangles poised airily on the point of one skate. Every night he prayed, "God bless Mama, God bless my brother, Walt, and God bless Sonja Henie," then kissed the picture good-night. Now, with a sigh, he turned it to the wall.

Not long after that, this same romantic kid was wrapping Christmas packages in Barker Brothers' furniture store on Hollywood Boulevard to earn his living. He picked up one addressed to "Miss Linda Darnell", held it until the boss stared suspiciously, then busily gift-wrapped it with special care. "Brother," he told himself, "how I'd like to deliver this one in person!" That being out, he daringly printed "Merry Christmas, Linda!" in tiny letters, quickly covered the box with brown paper and spent the rest of the day knotting twine and wondering if his new idol would find the message.

Of course, what teen-age Art Gelien was doing—dreaming romantically of glamorous spheres far removed from his own—was not particularly unusual. But what happened to Art and those dreams is.

(Continued on page 60)



Tob dates many girls, among them starlets like Gloria Gordon (above), but has no special sweetheart. He was semi-officially engaged to Judy Powell, but they broke off. "I have to get set first," he says.



Popcorn tastes better when a pretty girl feeds it to you, is Tab's theory, so Gloria helpfully obliges. It wasn't too long ago that Tob and his family were so poor they didn't have enough to eat.



Good luck is the one thing Tab always had plenty of, whether it's in games, girls, or careers. His first movie role, opposite Linda Darnell, came because someone just happened to remember having met him.



I THINK GOD HEARS YOU WHEREVER YOU CARE TO TARRY TO THINK ABOUT HIM, FOR I BELIEVE THAT . . .

God lives in every church

by Richard Widmark

■ I am not a Catholic but one day last winter just before Christmas I dropped into St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue in New York. I hadn't planned to enter. I was walking along, my thinking tied to various difficulties related to my eastern trip, including a heavy schedule of radio appearances, when the cathedral loomed up ahead. Almost automatically I turned up the steps when I got to the entrance and found myself a seat in a back pew. For a half hour I sat there while my mind seemed to give up its thoughts and was bathed, instead, with the deep peace that pervaded the quiet, vaulted interior.

I wasn't conscious of any deliberation of any sort as I sat there, yet when I walked out it was with an ease of being that stemmed from problems solved; what courses I should take about them seemed clear now. It was as if the factors of doubt that had beclouded my judgment before had not been able to enter the church with me, and with these eliminated, the solutions I sought became readily apparent.

This happened in St. Patrick's. It has happened to me also in other churches of other (Continued on opposite page)

denominations . . . to none of which I belong. I am very grateful that the absence of an official relationship with religion has not also meant an end to a spiritual affinity with the religious concept of life which I always want to have. I came close to hating all churches in my time; it was a long, arduous climb back to a level where I came to a faith based on the conviction that our clay is the molding of an Unseen Hand.

Religion was no comfort to me in my childhood and youth; it was an irritant, responsible for constant bickering in the home. My father was a Lutheran, my mother a Christian Scientist, and her mother a Catholic. I was tossed up for grabs. There was a period in which I used to creep within earshot as they all argued about me, hotly, furiously. And then I stayed strictly away.

I don't have to tell you how a child instinctively reacts who is pulled this way and that without his even knowing, or even having the ability to understand, what all the furore is about. He resents it. He says, in effect, "A plague on all your houses." Not aloud, of course. To himself. And then he tells himself he will live his own life, and, unfortunately, looks for proof to discredit all who have been tugging at him.

For instance, the man counted most religious in our home town was related to our family and I had a good opportunity to study piety as publicly approved in him. He was not an inspiring example. He was rough, tyrannical, and was known to beat his wife. He also gave me some nasty lickings. The resentment I felt for him also took in the institution with which he was so prominently identified—the church, I'm afraid.

NEVERTHELESS I didn't turn heathen completely. The essence of many philosophies is that life is a search for truth. I was just a boy but this is the only way I can account for my actions for the next 10 or 15 years; I sought. My only clue to truth was the vague feeling that it was "upwards." Evil, of course, was in the other direction. By the time I was in the fifth grade, having attended the Lutheran and Christian Science Churches with my mother and father, I discovered that many of my boy friends were Presbyterians. I found myself impelled to go with them and see what this church was like. Later I visited the Methodist church, and later again, through high school, I was back in Christian Science.

But never through these years was I the open-hearted convert. The old bitterness had not left me completely and I had a sharp eye for religious "cheaters." Nothing angered me so much as those whose goodness was something they draped about themselves when they put on their Sunday clothes.

I think that any psychologist will recognize in this sort of thinking an inner and uncompromising protest, not uncommon with idealistic youth, at the presence of impure motivations in what should be the purest human manifestation—spiritual communion.

I realized then, as I do now, that there had to be Someone, well let's call Him an Understander, much bigger than I, Who had created this unfathomable phenomena called life, and Who alone knew the reason for it. I sensed too, as I do now, that it was good for the soul of man to seek closeness to this source of his being. Religion therefore was wonderful and important to me. But the more I felt this the more I questioned the ways in which I saw it practiced all around me.

I remember that when I left the Christian Science Church, sometime during my high school days, it was not in any spirit

of criticism of the church but a dissatisfaction with myself. I could not evade self-incrimination flowing from a feeling that I was selfishly using the church as a crutch. I ran to it when things didn't go well. I saw the same use on the part of others. They leaned on the church, or used it much as a baby uses a pacifier. It seemed to me that God, who created man, would like a little more self-reliance from him and less timidity and weakness. It was no compliment to His handicraft to show yourself in the poorest possible light, nor any service to turn over all your troubles to Him.

People who were born into a church and no longer attend often describe the action of the break by saying that they "drifted" away. What I was fighting against was the easiness with which you could drift to it! Religion was too important a thing in my life to be just washed toward it because this was the thing to do, this was popular.

I remember talking to a friend about it and complaining that a lot of people went to church because it helped make them socially acceptable.

"Would you want churchgoing to be a secret habit?" he asked.

"Well, to move close to God, or feel that this is what you're doing is an intimate process," I claimed.

"That's true," he said. "But in any community there is a comfort to be gathered from seeing your neighbor drink at the

Show me children who go to Sunday School and I'll show you citizens of tomorrow.

Macdonald Carey

same spiritual well and know that he seeks good counsel in his ways. We have laws and regulations in our society to enable all of us to live together peacefully, but these are restraints; the basis of man's security, we all instinctively feel, is the inspiration he gets from religion. Then he is one of us. Then our trust in him is deeper."

I knew what he meant. I knew that in many places the church is the centre of social life. And I knew this could be a good thing properly recognized. In the small towns in which I lived, including Sunrise, Minnesota, where I was born, Princeton, Illinois, where I graduated from high school, and Lake Forest, Illinois, where I both attended college and later taught English and drama, a great many activities were fostered by church groups. And we would have suffered a serious social and recreational lack without them. Yet, even so, these were side inducements to seek God and I couldn't get away from the feeling that one should not require bonuses to worship.

That was my predicament. I asked myself, "What do you do?" And I had no answer. Little by little I stopped thinking about it and grew into maturity as the kind of man you would call a doer more than a thinker. I didn't want to think.

Of course that doesn't work; at least it isn't a final way of life. When things got rugged with me, whenever it was a matter of touch and go, I would find myself looking up and asking, "Please help me."

During World War Two my brother, a pilot in the Army Air Force, had a bad time of it. He was shot down three times in Europe, one time landing with a burning parachute. He was a prisoner of war in Germany for two years. He had to undergo critical brain operations as a result of his injuries. There is no use kidding about my reaction to all this; I needed faith to overcome the worry and anguish which beset me all through this period. Very simply, I turned to God. I knew

other people who were like myself; they did not go to church and wear it as a sign of religiousness; just the same they had religion and lived mostly within the concepts of a religious life.

I AM certain that every man has a belief; that there is no such thing as not having one. A man who held otherwise once cited what he said was a regular Sunday spectacle in rural Ireland to prove his point. "As religious a country as Ireland is," he said, "you can go to any small village on a Sunday morning and find that while many men accompany their wives to church, they don't go in themselves. They sit outside, smoking their pipes and gabbing, until their women come out. You can go to Mexico and see the same thing."

He held that this showed the men were tolerant of their wives' beliefs but without belief themselves. My analysis was different. I was and am certain that each of these men had a relationship with God, but one that he felt was entirely private with him, and which he did not like defined in any specific way. It might even be that many of them could not explain their faiths to themselves, nor understand it when explained in the church, yet that did not signify that they were faithless. When I pictured them sitting outside the church on a quiet Sunday morning, I saw them as within the fold, not without.

And so in this way, if in any way, I have a general faith; one which is not formalized, but none the less sincere. Nor do I live away from the church entirely. My seven-year-old daughter Ann has long gone to Sunday School and her mother and I know it is good for her. Our marriage was within the church, the Episcopal Church in Evanston, Ill., because that was her church. And perhaps the best friends I have are regular churchgoers. They were able to establish an official association with their belief; it is necessary, if I am to live in peace with my conscience, that mine remain unofficial.

Yet I use the church, and the atmosphere of the church, any church, is good for me, and whenever I can lend my own particular talent to furthering the tenets of accepted religion, any religion, I do so knowing that it is essentially a good thing to do. It is not necessary for me to examine Catholic dogma, nor accept or reject it, to appear on a Catholic radio program when the broad theme of all the plays presented is, "The family which prays together stays together." This cannot be questioned . . .

THERE are a number of little churches in Hollywood where I like to drop in and satisfy a yearning to turn to a devotional mood. The mood will come as quickly in a Presbyterian church as in a Catholic one . . . to me. I have a hunch it would come as quickly in a synagogue or in a Mohammedan mosque. I think God hears you wherever you care to tarry to think about Him. And I realize I think about Him more often than I had long supposed I did. In fact, in a recent conversation with my wife, I discovered I try to get in touch with God daily . . . and have been all my life.

Mrs. Widmark and I were driving one night when she happened to mention a man we both had known for a long time.

"You know, he still prays every day," she said.

Unthinkingly I laughed. Then, suddenly, I realized that as long as I could remember I had followed the same habit. All through those periods when I was defaulting from one church or entering another, or perhaps staying away from all of them, there had never been a night when, as my head touched the pillow, I had not turned to prayer. It is still true.

a pocketful of dreams

(Continued from page 57) Because one day, in practically no time at all as time goes, this same Art was chatting intimately with Elizabeth Taylor on her *Ivanhoe* set, confidently ringing her room at London's Savoy Hotel and hearing her ask him, "When you get back home will you exercise King Charles for me? He's getting too fat."

On another day too, he was gliding on the same rink with Sonja Henie, a champion ice skater himself. And on still another a dark-haired, beautiful lady was presenting him with a handsome album of picture stills topped by a great big one of himself embracing that lady, and signed, "Devotedly yours, Linda." He was Linda Darnell's leading man in the picture, whose title sheet called him Tab Hunter.

Maybe things like that could happen in some other place besides Hollywood, California, U.S.A. And maybe they could happen to any imaginative kid whether he believed positively in his dreams or not. But the point is—Art Gelien did, and as a result he's seen them and a lot more come true.

Right now Tab is perched rosilily on the doorstep of great expectations in Hollywood. He's not rich or really famous yet. He has only three pictures to his new name, none of them sensational. But he's swamped with 1,000 fan letters a week, has plenty more screen jobs coming up and what looks like a steady TV contract, too.

Some of this is because Tab's luckily a good looking male animal, with a pleasantly sculptured face, dazzling smile, soft, artistic eyes and a sun-bronzed torso like a Greek god's. Some is because he owns a natural but still unpolished talent. Some more is because Tab has been at the right places at the right times. But mostly it's because of his unconquerable faith in the importance of himself and his future—a faith that didn't flag during some fairly rough going when he was about as unimportant a kid as you could imagine.

TAB was born July 11, 1931, at Bellevue Hospital in New York City. Tab Hunter's folks weren't fashionable—they were poor, desperately poor. His mother, Gertrude, was an immigrant from Hamburg, Germany, married to a man named Charles Kelm who made a living, when he made it, as a mechanic. But today Tab prefers to forget that he ever had a father, and where he is today or what he does is of no interest to him whatever. He was wiped out of Tab's life when he was only two. From then on he took his mother's family name, Gelien.

Before that Tab remembers only flashes of an anxious babyhood in cramped, cold water flats from which furniture was sometimes moved out on the streets by rough men. He remembers being pulled on a sled to the corner grocery one day when there wasn't any market money, and tumbling off in the snow to come up miraculously with a crumpled five-dollar bill someone had dropped there—which meant a meal that night for the family.

In 1933 this insecure nightmare ended for Tab and his brother, Walter, 11 months older. His grandfather, John Gelien, a chef on the Hamburg-American steamers, came into port, and sizing up the intolerably unhappy life in which his daughter was trapped, provided an escape. He bought passage for her and the boys aboard a Grace Line boat bound for San Francisco and staked them to two months' rent on an apartment there.

To earn their living, Gertrude took a job aboard the Matson ships. A woman with a natural healing touch, she learned physio-therapy to qualify as a shipboard

nurse. But this meant that Tab and Walt had to be staked out around at pay homes and boarding schools, while she sailed between San Francisco and Hawaii and sometimes Australia. At four and five years of age, kids need their mothers, no matter how good the foster care, and sometimes it was good for Tab and Walt, other times bad. If they showed signs of mistreatment, though, or bad food, their mother yanked them out and found another in the four days she had between trips. It was always a desolate day when the ship sailed out the Golden Gate, but when it came back in, Tab remembers, "that was Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter and Fourth of July combined!"

Then their mother spent her pay on trim little navy blue suits, white shirts, new shoes and beanies to dress them up, scrubbed them clean, cut their hair and whisked them off to the places they loved to go—out to Golden Gate Park, the zoo, for a swim in Fleishacker plunge, to Fisherman's Wharf. Nothing was too good for her boys when Gertrude Gelien came home, even though each time it seemed she wore the same shabby but clean and well-pressed suit or dress. Even as a kid, Tab sensed that his mother was denying herself everything to give them the very best care in her power, but he didn't know that she got her reward when people

When Sidney Skolsky's daughter Steffie was five, her greatest thrill was attending the races, and she constantly begged to go. Finally, Sidney told her they wouldn't let little girls in. She was satisfied until one day she heard a radio broadcast from the track.

"A perfect day for the big race!" enthused the announcer. "A wonderful day for three-year-olds!"

Steffie began to sob. "Daddy, you lied to me. You heard what the man said—and I'm older than that!"

H. W. Kellick

would stop them on the street and ask to take pictures of "those two darling boys."

They were worth anybody's film too. The Gelien boys looked like Dutch twins, both with thick golden hair, big round hazel eyes and the creamy complexions that revealed their German-English-French ancestry. But underneath they were very different little guys. Walt was stronger, more aggressive and tougher inside than Tab. If you looked close, you could see it in the bonier features, the sturdier body and the eyes that weren't as soft as his little brother's. Walt was a kid of action. Tab was the dreamer. And in the long, lonely stretches between boat departures and arrivals he had plenty of time to dream.

"It was usually the sea and ships then," recalls Tab. "I wanted to be a pirate, then I switched to an explorer. But whatever it was, the big idea was to make a fortune and buy everything in the world for my Mom. Guess it still is."

Soon after Tab was six he didn't have to rely on lonesome daydreams any more. Gertrude Gelien moved her brood south to Long Beach, and after one or two more trips on the Matson line, stayed on shore for practical nursing and physio-therapy with what patients she could scare up. It made things mighty tough financially for a spell. But for the first time in their lives the Gelien kids knew a real home of their own, with their mother there every night, and even though it was only a tiny apartment behind somebody else's house, it looked like Heaven to them. So did the long stretch of beach at the end of the

street, and all the kids to play with at Luther Burbank Elementary, the first public school they'd attended.

In Long Beach Tab got a healthy start on the smooth-muscled, six-foot body he owns today. With Walt he played endlessly in the tumbling surf and swam in the salt water plunge on the Pike, although until he learned to paddle he'd have to dive off the high board and calculate the exact spot where he'd come up by the rail. He got new fuel for his dreams, too, although he didn't know it then. He saw his first movie, *Robin Hood*, with a girl next door, who told him archly, "For you I'll wear my new Easter hat!" What was a lot more important, Tab remembers, her mother bought the tickets.

GIRLS and movies played a big part in Tab Hunter's boyhood. He was nuts about them both. "I guess I liked girls better than boys," he admits now, grinning. "I wasn't a sis, or anything, but they seemed to know better what I was talking about." It wasn't much of a problem for Tab to keep what Walt called disgustedly "Art's harem." Smitten misses swarmed around the blond boy like bees around honey, especially when, along about fifth grade, his mother moved them up to Los Angeles, and Tab's field of operations expanded. In the 68th Street Grade School he met his first real heart-throb. "Her name was Beverly Peck," Tab recalls. "A cute little brunette—real sweet. She was supposed to be Walt's girl, but I liked her best. Every Saturday we'd beg a couple of dimes from our Moms and hop a bus downtown. Her mother worked in a restaurant there so we got a free lunch. Then we'd untie Beverly's handkerchief with the dimes wrapped inside and sit through two shows at Loew's State. It was my big thrill of the week. I couldn't say whether that was because of Beverly or the movies, maybe both."

Of course, all of Tab Hunter's boyhood wasn't spent making like a junior wolf. At 68th Street, St. John's Military Academy, St. Paul's Parochial School and Mount Vernon Junior High, where he bounced around, he was mixed up in everything. At sports, he didn't shine as much as the more rugged Walt did. When Walt played fullback on the first-string football team, Tab struggled along as second-string guard getting his face shoved into the dirt. But he made the swimming and tennis teams and played trombone in the band, although his arms weren't long enough to push the slide out for the low notes. At St. John's he wound up a cadet lieutenant before that year of private school luxury, which Grandfather Gelien financed, ran out. At St. Paul's he sang in the church choir, until the Christmas he was supposed to solo with "Adeste Fideles" and when he opened his mouth nothing came out. But it was at Mount Vernon where Tab's yet vague and unrecognized yearnings got their first airing.

He had a music teacher named Emily Joost who understood teen-agers and what they liked. She let them pound out boogie-woogie in the classroom and swing a popular tune if they felt like it. Night, she played piano in a café down the street and she'd let the more talented kids express themselves there. Some nights, Tab and a girl named Bobbie Turner, whose black hair tumbled over her eyes and whose low, husky voice carried a strange excitement, would stroll down and try out "My Blue Heaven" or "I'm In The Mood For Love" for the customers.

Looking back though, Tab Hunter doesn't remember any infection by the acting bug. "I always felt there was something big and important ahead for me. I believed that," he says, "even as a kid,

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HEADQUARTERS IN CHICAGO

but what it was I didn't have the faintest idea. Acting—like the stars I worshipped in those movies? Why, that was out of my world! There were too many things in it to bring me down to earth."

THE Gelien were still poor as church-mice. They lived chronically in tiny apartments. Tab's mother just managed to eke out a living with her nursing. But sometimes she'd have to go out on a boat again and sometimes, too, she'd have to take on a factory job at places like Lockheed Aircraft. Both the boys helped. Tab got a paper route for a while, then an errand boy's job at a drug store; he cut lawns and cleaned out garages. At home both boys made the beds, cleaned house, washed the dishes and often cooked the meals. But there wasn't anything dreary about all this to the Gelien boys. Their youngish mother had a rough struggle but she never let a defeatist psychology creep into their noggins. "For every door that closes, two open," she always told them. "You just have to think right and you can do anything. Always have a goal—when you reach it, get another." Those homilies were sincere. She felt strongly that way—also, as Gertrude Gelien says today, "Boys have to be encouraged to try themselves. The answer a parent must give is, 'Yes'—never 'No'." She practiced what she preached on Tab and Walt.

Nobody tried to discourage Tab, not even when he allowed that he wanted to be a horsetrainer, which wasn't his mother's idea of a promising future. She even let him enrolle next year at the Dell Powers School in Hollywood (owned by Mala Powers' mother), a place run primarily for professional pupils, with half-day terms. But Tab didn't want those free afternoons to study tap dancing or elocution. He wanted them to ride. Nights he ushered at Warner Brothers theater at 75 cents an hour to pay for both the school and the horses.

Tab was almost 16 then and in tenth grade at Dell Powers, and he lasted from September to November, when the rains set in and ruined the riding. Then he got restless. Something else was buzzing under his cornsilk thatch—adventure. "I felt like the world was busting with places to go and things to see," Tab explains, "and I

hadn't really been anywhere or seen anything."

So all of a sudden in 1946, even if the war had just ended, Tab decided to join the Coast Guard. He upped his age a year and even then had to get his mother's permission, but that wasn't hard.

IT wasn't anything to raise your blood pressure learning his yeoman's stuff at Groton—typing, paper work and such—but on the weekends Tab saw sights aplenty—and in the very place he started out from—New York. He went there every Saturday and caught the New Haven train back Sunday night. It was certainly a different New York from the dreary place he remembered as a baby boy.

Tab had a friend, Dick Clayton (now his agent), who'd had a fling in films and was trying his luck on Broadway. Dick kept an apartment in the Village and gave Tab the key. With a sailor suit, a few bucks in it, the looks and personality Tad Hunter has, a guy can have himself a ball in the Big Town. Tab did.

But the ball was soon over and Tab was back in San Pedro clacking away on his typewriter at the base, Yeoman Third Class Gelien. Each week, though, he'd hitch-hike the 54-mile round trip from the base to DuBrock stables, and to another place, the Polar Palace ice rink where he'd rent skates and learn a few loops and twirls. "Somehow when I was on a horse or skimming along the ice I felt like those kids back in New York," reflects Tab. "I was on wings."

One night, after Dick Clayton came back to Hollywood he called up Tab and took him to a performance of *The Skin Of Our Teeth* at the little Coronet Theater. A fellow named Paul Guilfoyle was directing the play. Dick knew him and afterwards introduced Tab. Guilfoyle shot a keen look at the big, blond Adonis.

"Interested in pictures?" he asked.

"Why," said Tab, "I don't know. I never thought about it."

"I thought I was telling the truth," Tab says, "but maybe subconsciously I wasn't. Maybe acting was what I was after all the time. Sometimes you just don't know." Anyway nothing came of that—not then.

For the next couple of years Tab Hunter lived for skating. He studied and prac-

ticed mornings, noons and nights—whenver his odd jobs let him. He skated for the St. Moritz Club up north, for the Los Angeles Figure Skating Club down south. He entered competitions. He's got a dozen cups, plaques and medals lining a shelf at home from California State, Pacific Coast and National Meets, for pairs, free style.

Tab was just leaving the Polar Palace one day when a Hollywood agent named Henry Willson, who makes a specialty of spotting new faces (he's uncovered Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun and Bob Wagner among others) tapped him on the shoulder. "Want a job in a picture?" he asked.

"I'm an amateur," refused Tab. "I'd have to turn pro to skate for the movies." "I don't mean skating—acting. Just a bit. But it's worth \$250 a week."

"Oh," said Tab, "then sure—why not?" He worked two weeks in *The Lawless* for Pine-Thomas. He said two words. He got a fast \$500—and a faster new name. Nobody could ever pronounce Gelien, they told him. "Well, what'll we tab this guy?" they asked at the studio.

"He likes horses—you know, jumpers and hunters," suggested Dick Clayton, who went along. So it was "Tab Hunter" just from those remarks. Now that he's stuck with the name, Tab thinks it's okay enough but a little kiddish. "What'll 'Tab' sound like when I'm 40?" he wonders. Ironically, they could have called him Joe Blow for all the good that quickie bit did him. Everyone forgot Tab Hunter fast—except his friend, Dick. Tab went back to his skating and to keep himself in hamburgers.

Things like that happen all the time to good-looking boys and girls around Hollywood. The crazy chance, the jarring let-down. They can leave scars and even wreck lives if a movie-hope is all there is. Luckily for Tab, that wasn't the case. He was still wrapped up in figure skating, feverishly prepping for the Nationals, and the movie job was just a profitable episode—then. But, next time it was very different. And next time happened because Paul Guilfoyle remembered the handsome sailor he'd seen way back in '47 at the Coronet Theater. Paul was working with Director Stuart Heisler on a picture called *Island Of Desire* and hunting for an unknown boy to play a shipwrecked Marine with Linda Darnell. "Where's that good-looking kid who's a friend of yours?" he asked Dick Clayton.

Dick knew exactly who the good-looking kid was and exactly where he was, too. At the rink. He found Tab there practicing loops, hustled him over to Motion Picture Center and into Stuart Heisler's office. Tab still had his glare glasses on and his skates under his arm.

"He asked me to take off my shirt," Tab grins. "I felt like a jerk but I did it." Steffini Nordli, who wrote the script, nodded. "I want this boy," she said, just like that. Guilfoyle and Heisler were inclined to agree, but they took him next to the producer, David Rose, who just said "H-m-m-m-m-m-m-m."

"I guess it was right then," Tab believes, "that I knew at last what I wanted—that chance to act. I thought he didn't like me and I was so broken up I left my skates, my glasses and my sweater."

But Rose ordered a test. Tab took it on a Saturday. Then he went home with his first real case of the glooms. "I did the best I could, Mom," he said, like a scrapper who's just been knocked out. That didn't bother Gertrude Gelien.

"Then I know you've got it," she said. Monday Tab walked in for the verdict. When he asked Paul Guilfoyle, "What happened?" he received a grin right back. "Got your passport?" he inquired. "Better start packing. We're leaving pronto for Jamaica."

Since then it hasn't all been a dish of

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apple dumplings in Hollywood for Tab Hunter. *Island Of Desire* was no Academy candidate and neither understandably was Tab's first acting effort. In fact, he didn't have another movie job for a full year after that, until Producer Edward Small signed him for three. He's made two of those, *Tombstone Express* and *The Steel Lady* with more coming up—but nobody knows better than Tab himself that he's still got a long way to travel. But then, as he points out, it was a long and often rough trip, too, before he hit his stride—and he turned only 22 this past July.

Right now Tab Hunter knows what his new dreams are aimed at. "I want to be a good actor," he says simply, "that's all."

If hard work and sensible living have anything to do with that Tab looks like a sure thing. Until a few weeks ago he still lived with his mother. Now he has a small apartment of his own, with a pull-down bed, in Hollywood. But he still takes Mom his best shirts and socks to wash out and does the rest himself at the Laundromat—the khaki, denim and beach-blue trousers he wears constantly by day. For dress, he has just two suits in his closet, both conservative, one outgrown Tux, and only two pieces of jewelry, his silver ID bracelet and a St. Genesius medal Dick Clayton gave him to make sure he's an actor.

He's no Hollywood glamor boy yet, although he gets around in a quiet way, sees a movie about every night of the week, and there's usually a cutie with him. Starlets Lori Nelson, Gloria Gordon and Pat Crowley blue-ribbon the list right now but the scenery shifts around. Tab was semi-officially engaged a few months ago to Judy Powell, but they called that off and remained such good friends that he sold her his horse, "Out On Bail," which he bought with his first sizeable check but found he couldn't afford to feed. Tab still can't afford a press agent, and he answers his own fan mail. In fact, about his only extravagance—if you can call it that—is a flamingo-red '53 Ford convertible, but he'll be in hock for that a long time.

The main reason Tab Hunter is keeping his fair head cool and dodging the scent of orange blossoms is financial. "Sure I want to get married—someday," he tells you. "I will, too. That's one of my biggest hopes and dreams. But I've got to get straightened around financially first and then, too, I want to do a few nice things for my mother. After all, she's spent her life doing things for me."

Of course, Gertrude Gelien doesn't feel quite that way about it. With Tab gone and Walt married and raising a family, she lives alone in a small Beverly Hills apartment, practices her physiotherapy and looks after herself. But she's not lonely. Two nights a week Tab takes her to dinner, drops by about every day and on her last birthday staged a gala surprise party for the still-youngish lady, who raised him right.

"I knew he would be something important some day," she says with a faint German accent. "Tab is a good boy. If I taught him anything it was to know that God is all around him and that everything is good. He has always got what he wanted and he always will because he thinks constructively and right. He will be a fine actor some day, and what is better, a fine man. You will see."

Mothers have a right to be slightly prejudiced. But most people who know Tab less intimately have the same strong hunch. A boy who can travel as far as Tab Hunter already has on little more than faith in a pocketful of dreams is a pretty good risk in anybody's future book.

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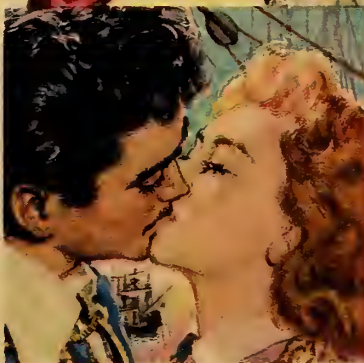
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I'm not afraid anymore

(Continued from page 42) crawled off to a nice quiet spot and was very sick.

He was more or less sick the whole first week. More at the beginning. Less and less as the applause penetrated his numbed exterior.

"I think they like me," he finally admitted, and pretty soon he was able to eat and retain those free meals that came along with the \$20,000 a week (for two weeks) the Sands Hotel was forking over.

As for that "farewell" song—he paid \$15,000 to have it written and the least he owed himself was a heartfelt rendition. Van isn't about to leave Hollywood. "Hollywood will have to leave me first," he says. "Man, that's my bread and butter!"

But when he does return to Hollywood he'll be full of ideas about the long term contracts he won't sign and the juvenile parts he won't accept. Because today he isn't afraid of making demands on himself or anyone else. Not since Las Vegas.

Fantastic as it may seem, the story of Van Johnson was—until Vegas—the story of a man gripped by fear. A kind of all-pervasive fear that has its roots in some hidden recess of the mind and clings tenaciously to its victim.

But now Van has shaken himself free of that fear. Free and clear. "That engagement made a new man out of me," he says, gleefully. "It's like being born again."

SITTING in his suite at the Sands Hotel, as relaxed as a Yogi, but much less contorted, Van described his nightclub experience as one of the greatest things that ever happened to him.

"That first night," he said, "I walked out of here and over to the Copa Room (where the show was held) in a daze. I don't remember leaving. I don't remember getting there. I don't remember what happened. The first week I couldn't hang onto a meal—that's how confident I was."

"But now—now I can meet people and not be afraid of them. I can walk out of this room and over to the pool, talk to strangers, then come back here and eat steak. You think that's nothing? For me, that's everything. First time in my life."

"Last night after the show I went over to the Golden Nugget for a bite to eat. You think two weeks ago I'd have walked into the Golden Nugget or any other place? Not Johnson. Johnson had to go back to his room, back to Evie and Peter, my own little crowd. That would be the only way I could relax. The only people I could relax with—"

"You know what kind of guy I was? Brother, I was all the words—shy, introverted, inept, frightened. I don't care what you want to call it, I was it. Only another shy person could understand. But now—all because I could get up before a roomful of people—now—" he turned to a friend named Al who was sitting nearby. "Al, tell him how confident I am now."

"Sure," said Al. "Listen. Ask him the first thing he says when he comes off stage. The first thing he says to the director. You know what he says? He says, 'Tell me, what did I do wrong?' Not—'Did they like me?' Now he knows they like him."

It's hard to believe that ten years of stardom, a family, a beautiful home couldn't give Van the self-confidence that live applause did. But, actually, his personal life added to his anxiety and suffered because of it.

Stardom didn't convince him he was a good actor. It convinced him he'd better worry more—he had more to lose.

His homelife wasn't the happiest in

the world. Stories about him and Evie often appeared in the press under headlines like, "Why Do They Stay Married?" They stuck together but the main thing they seemed to have in common were bitter words. That isn't hard to understand now. A man who lives with fear can't live with anyone else. He finds it tough enough living with himself.

Simple things grew into large problems. Evie enjoyed parties and nightclubs. Van loathed them. He liked to hide himself in neighborhood theaters.

Once in a while Evie would force the issue and haul him along to some soiree. "But I was a strictly speak-when-spoken-to guy," he admits. "Also the kind who always had to be on time. It would make Evie kind of sore, me beginning to look at my watch nine blocks from the place. You know—always the first one there."

And generally, the first to leave—sometimes with Evie, sometimes angry and alone.

They say it's a man's world. I don't mind one bit being a woman in it.

Marilyn Monroe

"People who read about me think I'm a cut-up at parties," Van says. "That's a laugh. I'm a mouse at parties—or was. I was one of those who sat in a corner."

As for those flaming red socks—Van's badge of unconventionality, his symbol of extroversion. "Those socks," Van sighs. "A crutch. Just a crutch. I'd like to know what an analyst would say about them."

But an analyst isn't going to get the chance to say anything. "Three years with an analyst couldn't have accomplished what two weeks at the Sands taught me," Van says. "It's finding out you can do something that counts. One night in the casino a woman came up to me and said, 'You were fine, Mr. Johnson. Frankly, my husband and I didn't think you had it in you.' That's what I mean."

"When I get back to Hollywood I'm going to try this lunch-at-Romanoff's routine. You know, when you walk down those stairs and everybody turns around and looks at you. I used to have to turn around and leave. Now I've got a side bet with Evie I'll keep going. I'll never be the same again. I feel free."

The future doesn't scare him a bit, although he keeps wondering about the past, trying to figure out how he became so frightened in the first place.

He remembers the time when he was a schoolboy in Newport, Mass. One day his teacher asked all the kids to write down their ambitions and she read them aloud. There were a lot of would-be doctors, lawyers and engineers in that group. But suddenly the teacher drew herself up and a sly smile crossed her face. "Here's a boy," she said, "Van Johnson—who wants to be an actor!"

"She gave it a certain something," Van recalls. "I don't know what. Everybody laughed. Funny how that sticks with me."

But the scorn in that teacher's attitude wouldn't have permanently damaged a boy who wasn't susceptible. All that incident could have done was reinforce Van's mistrust in himself.

A FEW of his friends trace his anxiety back to the time when the bobby-soxers first grew hysterical over him. They remember his return to New York at the height of his popularity. MGM threw him a big cocktail party at the Waldorf. It was obvious to everyone as soon as he walked in that Van was terrified, but he managed to find a few friends and surround himself with them. However, one persistent young woman pushed her way through the circle and told Van she'd be free to

fly back to Hollywood with him and there conduct an extended series of interviews—for the press, of course.

"Oh," Van muttered, "but I don't think..."

This girl didn't care *what* he thought. She was miles ahead of him. Van's eyes began to roll like a frightened horse's, his hands started trembling and all he could think of to do was stand there and drink milk by the quart (MGM had provided this nourishment especially for Van who didn't touch liquor).

"I just wanted to run," Van says. "I knew that whatever I did or said would be wrong. Finally, someone led this girl away. I was petrified, but still I got used to that kind of thing. I don't know. It wasn't the bobby-soxers who scared me. I was always that way."

He was always that way. The fear somehow was born back in his pleasant but uninspiring boyhood, and must have grown a little during his four years in New York where he was a chorus boy waiting for a break, and as the breaks came they were too good for a guy who never thought enough of himself. But Van didn't crack up. He was the kind who grew up. A little late, maybe, but it's never too late for that.

Now Van feels free enough to develop as an actor, to branch out. Once he wanted to learn through fear of failure. Now it's through a real desire to improve, to get the most out of himself for his own enjoyment.

That's why there'll be some changes made in his Hollywood career.

His Metro contract is up in December and very probably Van won't renew it, although the option's his. "Don't get me wrong," he says. "I love Metro. Metro's been wonderful. But a rut can get too comfortable. There's something more I've got to know about myself."

"I'll be 27 in August—and how long can you be a juvenile? The pictures I worked in were nice, and they made money. I just finished one (*Easy To Love*, co-starring Esther Williams) and I'll make another before I leave."

"What I'd like to do is make two pictures a year, pictures I want to do. How about a heavy? I go for that reverse casting stuff—it can do wonders for a career. I've begged the front office for a heavy, a real dirty dog, a baby-faced killer."

"But two pictures is enough. And then maybe—a Broadway show. Look at Roz Russell and that *Wonderful Town* thing. Terrific."

VAN's unwillingness to sign a long term contract won't be too much of a shock to MGM. June Allyson's cut loose from them. And stars like Jane Powell and Kathryn Grayson are making and planning personal appearance tours, settling for single picture agreements.

The only surprising thing about Van's decision is he's anxious to take a chance. He's willing to fall on his face on Broadway rather than rest on his laurels in Hollywood and rake in the dough.

"If I flop in New York, then I flop," he says. "It's an experience."

But maybe he won't flop. And he's thought of that, too.

"No one applauds when you finish a scene in a picture," he says. "That noise they make with the hands—it's wonderful."

This metamorphosis he's undergone—that's wonderful, too. "I just feel bad it took me so long," he says. "Listen. You have to walk right into this shy problem. Make it as tough as you can for yourself. You might scare yourself silly, or lose a few meals, but the cure can work. Just look at me. I'm not afraid anymore. It's absolutely amazing."

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where do I go from here?

(Continued from page 49) But it loses money. Then I say to myself, 'Betty—you've had it. Get out while you're on top.' That is a law I laid down for myself long ago. Quit when you're ahead. Just so I'll have the intelligence to know when I am ahead. But this much you can bet on—when it happens, it'll happen like that. The way it's always been with me, when I don't like something, I walk away from it. So far. Knock wood. Or I sidestep. Or, if I have to, the old collision. Anything, so long as it's action. I've never sat around and waited for developments. Some people can do it. I can't. *Stewing*, you know, in your own juice, that's not for me. If there's going to be an end, let it come."

But the end was not yet?
"I'm 36," said Betty Grable James: "That's no state secret. I think I must be one of the happiest people on earth. That's really a shame, isn't it? For your purposes, I mean. Does anyone really want to read about happy people? No neuroses, no problems. I'm a terrible disappointment to interviewers. I want to say something real—real electric. But I can't. I'm too lucky. And there's nothing earth-shaking in a long run of luck, not unless it's at a dice table in Las Vegas. I have Harry, a husband I'm in love with. The

children. Home. Career. And the weird part of it all is, every year I feel better. That sounds like a gag, but it's true. Every year I feel better, more full of zing. The problems shake down one by one so along with the zing comes a feeling of peace. Am I too corny for you? Sometimes I'm too corny for me. You know, when I was younger, I was real corny about corn. Very disdainful. Now I know it for what it is, and I love it."

There was no intention, then, except to go on as she was, professionally and personally speaking both?

"No intention. No other intention. Definitely. I've been asked, somebody asked me, 'What makes Betty run?' I don't know, maybe it was a snide question. You get the implications. Over-ambition, too much adrenalin, whatever it was they meant. The way I understood it, they were saying, 'She's got everything, but everything. So why doesn't she ease up?' Well, she doesn't ease up—I don't ease up, I mean—because I like to work. It's as simple as that. I've conditioned myself to work. And I love the work I do. You see what I mean about luck? Or wait. Listen to this: I also love to stop the work I do and come home to the other part of my life that's waiting for me, and that I love more than the work, if that's possible. And it's possible, all right. It's not only possible, it's a fact. Now with all this,

how could I tell you or anyone else that something's griping me? How could I complain? How could I put up any kind of beef without people wanting to throw rocks at me? I think some girls must dream about the kind of life that's happened to me. I know one girl who dreamed about it anyway. Me. Betty Grable. And I've always figured I'm pretty much like the rest. I'm the norm. I think that's what audiences have liked in me, the audiences that did like me. So you see how rich I am—not money, to corn another, but—just rich. So they ask—what makes Betty run? Fair question. I've answered. But there's another answer. I'm not running. I'm just cruising. I'm not bearing down and there's plenty of gas in the tank, you'll pardon the turn of phrase."

It was pardoned. It was a good turn of phrase. Betty Grable James in the Year of Our Lord 1953 spoke the truth. Ten years of married life, and nearly 25 in show business, are behind her. She is the most improbable 36 ever conceived. She wore a cool print dress and her platinum hair very short and close to her head like a helmet. Her bright red shoes—she is a pigeon for bright red shoes or bright red anything—had high heels, and these did the usual wonders for her legs, which are too skinny. The gentlemen will please put away their firearms. That is Mrs. James' own appraisal of her legs—too skinny—and here is hardly the time or place to dispute the lady. So long as we are on the theme of disparagement, however, her regard for her own singing, dancing and acting is likewise no more than lukewarm. She has never been heard to comment on her justly celebrated complexion. And where, perhaps a year and a half ago, Mrs. James had sported roughly a chin-and-a-quarter, she was now pared down to one. She was neat and bright and lovely.

"No, but it's true," she went on presently. "I don't bear down. I don't barrel into the turns. Not any more. Would I have taken a ten-month suspension if I'd cared that much? Or here's another: I wouldn't do *Pickup On South Street*. Would a worrier have refused?"

Miss Grable turned down *Pickup On South Street* for a good reason. "It was dray-ma. The girl was a floozie, a B-girl. She has beer thrown in her face, she's knocked down. That's one sort of part I can't and won't do. Comedy, song-and-dance, sure. But this was real heavy. Then there's something else: people do come to identify you with the parts you play, and a lot of them know I'm a family type, mother of two children. It doesn't jibe any too well. The main point is, though, it's not for me. Jean Peters should be wonderful in it."

Miss Grable also took a ten-count for declining to participate in *The Girl Next Door*, which subsequently went to June Haver. She, Miss Grable, went home, worked around the house, rested, rode horseback, readjusted her perspective and didn't brood about a thing. She was—for her—on edge when she accepted the layoff. For the first time in her life, public curiosity irritated her, and when she and James became the subject of undue attention in the turf club of a swank local track, she became aware that she wasn't wholly on the beam. "But I settled that problem," she has since recalled. "It's all right now. That's what I mean about the way I have to cope with things. One by one and in any way I can, but I won't hold still where my own troubles are concerned. I want to move and move quick. You remember how I was then. I wish you'd seen me a month later. I sat back and taught myself all over again that attention is part of our

easy money!

How's that new air-conditioned movie down the street? Real cool? Well, MODERN SCREEN is saying, "Be our guest at a double-feature, and don't forget the popcorn." Here's how we do it. All you have to do is read all the stories in this August issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started right away. You may be one of the lucky winners!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Hollywood Abroad (MS wire service)
- ☐ What Divorce Did Ta Me (Mana Freeman)
- ☐ The Battling Waynes In Court (John Wayne)
- ☐ The Shy Mr. Coaper (Gary Cooper)
- ☐ Can Jane Forget The Past? (Jane Powell)
- ☐ They Called Them "Shocking!" (Lana Turner-Lex Barker)
- ☐ Leave Him To The Girls (Rock Hudson)
- ☐ The Price Of Fame (Tony Curtis)
- ☐ Peck's A Good Boy Now (Gregory Peck)
- ☐ Can Shelley Hold Vittorio? (Shelley Winters)
- ☐ "I'm Not Afraid Any More" (Van Johnson)
- ☐ Retreat Ta Paradise (Jan Sterling-Paul Douglas)
- ☐ "Where Do I Go From Here?" (Betty Grable)
- ☐ Some Changes Made! (Jeanne Crain)
- ☐ Susie's Got Everything (Susan Hayward)
- ☐ It Was A Ball (Frank Sinatra)
- ☐ A Pocketful Of Dreams (Tab Hunter)
- ☐ God Lives In Every Church (Richard Widmark)
- ☐ Take My Word For It (Mitzi Gaynor)
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- ☐ TV Talk by Paul Denis

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... State.....

Occupation..... I am..... yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

business, that deep down we really love it. Then there was nothing to worry about. If I'd kept on getting annoyed, then I'd've thought it was a good time to get out. But I *didn't* worry about the layoff, that's the main point. I didn't worry about—oh, Marilyn Monroe, say, or whoever else was doing well, or box-office ratings or not being on the screen. That's one good part about layoffs. If my box-office drops I just say to myself, 'Well, you haven't had many releases, have you, after *all*?' and I feel all right again. Maybe it's a way of kidding myself, but I don't think so. Anyway, what's so awful about kidding yourself? In small things, I mean. A lot of times it's worked for me. That doesn't mean I prescribe it for others. What's good for me may be terrible for someone else. That's why, please don't ask me for advice. It seems arrogant to dish it out. Just my own case, that I know."

WELL, how about Marilyn Monroe?

"Well, *how* about her? I should be able to answer that, it's been asked me so many times, but I don't know what I'm supposed to answer. She's a nice girl, I like her, she's fine to work with. You're not going to make headlines with that, but it's how it is. Then I have a stock answer. I've given it so many times in so many different situations, it's a cliché. I'm going to have a record made of it. 'There's room at the top for everyone.' And there is. Not very flashy, is it? I've read flashier. But I haven't a thing in the world against Marilyn Monroe. If we're going to set the world on fire, we'll have to find another way."

This much brought us to a spot topic—and if the present article were an orchestral rendition, we would ask now for a prolonged roll of the drums. Miss Grable was to report to Columbia the following Monday for her first loan-out in years and years, the starring role in a project called *The Pleasure Is All Mine*, from a Somerset Maugham job. How did she feel about this?

"Fine," said Miss Grable happily. "It's a good part and a cute script. I'm married to two men."

And how did the Johnston Office feel about that?

She smiled. "Well, one's supposed to be dead. Only he isn't."

But she had no objection to the loan-out? Eh?

"Why should I? Fox didn't have anything for me. You know how it goes. I *heard* I had objections. You hear everything. Unless you stop listening. No objections. No anything. I'm happy in this way, happy in that way, more ginger every day, and I'll go right on working until all of a sudden I stop."

"But when I *do* stop," she said, "it won't worry me too much because I have a lot to fall back on. It's the girls who live only for their careers that have the problem of retirement. The reaction of idleness could be too violent for them to stand. They're sort of, you know—one-dimensional. But I have Harry, my children, my home. I'll just turn my back and that'll be that."

THE next Monday, as reported by the trade paper *Variety*, Betty Grable was suspended by Fox for the third time in two years for refusing to report to Columbia for the picture *The Pleasure Is All Mine*. Miss Grable also "revealed" (*Variety* again) that she was "trying to get out of her 20th-Fox contract, which expires in September, 1954." The reason ascribed to her for the Columbia balk was Columbia's refusal to tell her the identity of her co-players; *Variety* assumed she had been counting on William Holden and Henry Fonda, per earlier information printed in the column of Louella O. Parsons. No

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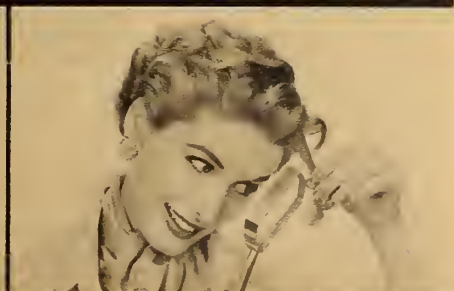


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reason whatever was advanced for her flare-up at Fox. Apropos Columbia, she was quoted directly as follows: "They won't tell me who will be in the film. I didn't want to start extensive rehearsals without knowing. I'll go back in it when they tell me. I hate suspensions, I don't like trouble. But I feel entitled to know who will be in the film."

Thus the time for turning away may have arrived. To MODERN SCREEN's post-interview queries, Fox spokesmen professed bafflement, Miss Grable was elsewhere. Columbia did not even deign to return the call. The entire situation was a top secret operation. At the time this is written MODERN SCREEN can only accept Betty's own statement to us: "All of a sudden I'll stop." Monday was sudden all right, that Monday in May.

That's Betty Grable, 1953. At the top of her beauty and talent and drawing power. But ready to stand dead cold pat on a principle. Do not think for a moment she was trying deliberately to mislead anyone in the talk you have overheard. There is no more honest woman in pictures. Everyone knows it. She has the utmost respect of friend, enemy and neutral. If she doesn't want to talk to you, she won't. But she won't mislead you. Variety's report presumably was reliable, if a short-lived firecracker. In the absence of denials, then, it must be that Miss Grable changed her mind over a weekend for reasons that seemed to her just and reasonable.

SHE had something else to say about retirement. "I could travel," she resumed. "Look at all I have to look forward to. When I've decided I won't miss the screen, I just won't miss it. You know, I've never been out of the United States. Oh, Canada for a little while. You won't believe it, but

I've only been in Palm Springs once in my life, getting over an operation. Or the stage. I've done some of that, with orchestras, and then *DuBarry Was A Lady* in New York. I'd adjust myself to it again, the way I'm adjusted to pictures now. There are so many things to cushion the retirement. I don't ever want to be in the position of the players who can't quit, for money reasons or because they can't change the tempo. Go scrounging for character parts. When I'm through, I want to be through, and living it up in another way."

An enormous portrait of Harry James hung over the mantel. Ten years. The night of July 4, 1943 in Las Vegas, Nevada, was stifling and James' train, due in from New York for the wedding, was hours late. Midnight dissolved into morning, which doesn't normally bother Vegas, but the Justice of the Peace who was to perform the ceremony wanted to go home. So did the necessary clerk. A publicist in attendance proposed an alternative; he would sit on their heads until the train got there. The bride reached the edge of hysterics, and finally left the Last Frontier Hotel to wait at the station. At long last the City of Los Angeles wheezed its noble way to a stop, but with James' car far down the platform. The station proper was surrounded by a knee-high guard-rail in those days to discourage wanderers from getting mowed under. Miss Grable didn't know about that or didn't remember. She ran joyfully forward until she hit the guard-rail. The middle-route was airborne, the landing impressive but painful. But a few cinders weren't going to foul up that day. They were married in early morning, and there was a wedding breakfast replete with friends, well-wishers and displaced crapsshooters who, confronted with a staggering layout of goodies, de-

cided they'd faded destiny and gone to heaven. Ten years ago. There was the customary doubt in Hollywood, which extended best wishes along with side-bets on a six-month-and-not-a-day-more hitch.

"AND this is how it's turned out," said Mrs. James. "Quiet, domestic, no hoopla, none of the problems that go with hoopla. You spoke of crowds, too much attention. As a problem, it doesn't exist. We don't go out. When Harry gets home from the road, he wants to be home. So do I. And he's away a great deal, as he is now, so we don't entertain."

"You seldom entertain?"

"We don't entertain. Not in the Hollywood sense. We're entirely happy living as we do. The horses, the outdoor life, living for the children. What would we want beyond that?"

No bruises whatever?

"Minor. Very minor. Once or twice when I went on the road with Harry, I went strictly as Mrs. James, and then I wasn't too happy. I had a notion I could divorce Betty Grable from the maestro's wife. Same person, of course. It didn't exactly work. And once—" she began to laugh—"I got real frisky about it. Harry was playing a date in Venice. (Venice is a place near Hollywood, whatever Venetians may think about it.) So I got traipsed up in a black wig, covered my wedding ring in some way, and went down there. I was a sensational flop. Our friends were there. 'Hi, Betty! Dyed your hair? Don't tell us what you're made up for, let us guess.' Oh, I was the one. Only one person didn't recognize me. Harry. I was 'introduced' to him. He was real nice. So nice. So very nice. That's when I got mad."

"You're sure he didn't know all along?"

"He didn't know. It was pretty funny."

Hollywood was then, as it doubtless still

is, shrill with the word of a new Betty Grable. There's a new Betty Grable every time you turn around, but this time it was a reference to her appearance in Cinema Scope and had some validity. Everyone who had seen her in the new process, clips from the film *How To Marry a Millionaire*, had come out bug-eyed. It appeared there was one scene in particular in which, flanked by Miss Monroe and Lauren Bacall, she had preempted the whole wide screen simply by appearing on it.

What, then, was her reaction to 3-D?

"Not 3-D. Cinema Scope. It's more a wide screen. You mean me in it? I don't know. I saw a couple of rushes. I thought—well, you know. All right."

Could something along the lines of a New Betty Grable be built around this?

"Well, it's a new medium. Maybe I am moving into a new phase. That'd be all right."

BETTY's had plenty of phases already. She first appeared on a screen for the old Fox Studio in 1930 in a number called *Let's Go Places*. She did a specialty, evidently at the age of 13.

Nothing came of it, except experience.

Later she did a bit for Samuel Goldwyn in Eddie Cantor's film version of *Whoopie*.

That was chalked up to more experience.

She got out of town and turned up in a Barbara Stanwyck-Frank Fay play, *Tattle Tales*, staying with it for several months. Movies yawned prodigiously.

She joined Ted Fio Rito, the bandman. Eight months more. Hollywood went so far as at least to stifle its yawn. She was cast in a Wheeler and Woolsey comedy. She made a few shorts. She hit the road again, with Jay Whidden and orchestra.

Back once more. RKO. Two years. Eatin' steady. Paramount. Two more years. But pictures that never got away from the campus. "Betty," reports the Fox biography, driving home its point with tooth, nail and mallet, "simply didn't care to be the perennial sophomore forever." Also, not for eternity.

Now personal appearances. She stunned 'em. The astute Mr. Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox was most stunned of all. He "beckoned," as Hollywood always does. Never writes, phones or wires. Has to beckon. That was fine for Miss Grable, but first she had the *DuBarry Was A Lady* commitment on Broadway. She stunned 'em in that, too. Then Alice Faye took poorly. Miss Grable was summoned—once in a great while Hollywood does "summon"—and took over Miss Faye's part in a his-

toric movie titled *Down Argentine Way*.

The rest is a list:

Names of pictures.

Itemized grosses—and nets.

Marriage: July 5, 1943.

A daughter: Victoria Elizabeth, 1944.

A daughter: Jessica, 1947.

Boxoffice Ratings:

1. Betty Grable.

1. Betty Grable.

1. Betty Grable.

And—1953? With the inevitable question mark.

She was married to Jackie Coogan once. As Mrs. James, she possesses or has possessed a number of homes. This one is Home with a capital H. It's green, the greenest home you ever saw. Big, too, but for six weeks earlier this year she handled it by herself, no help, besides driving the children back and forth from school. She loved it. Fourteen rooms anyway.

THE dank air blew through the front door and Betty Grable James shivered in her short-sleeved dress. Goodbye. Thanks a lot. Sorry it couldn't have been more exciting. Could it have been less so? Betty Grable, 1953, is exciting enough for any Friday. END

it was a ball!

(Continued from page 53) been. Not my friends. I know who they are now." He named some, with unmistakable fondness and pride. A lawyer, his late publicist George Evans, New York restaurateur Toots Shor. "Toots is like my big brother. Oh, there were a lot who stuck around. But the rest of them . . ." He made the slitting motion again.

"Anyway, let's get back. Here I was, a little schmo from Hoboken. But loaded! All of a sudden, everybody I met was worth 50 zillion dollars, or else I'd heard of them. I went to parties, I swear, I was the only one there I'd never heard of. I wouldn't know a soul. Not even the hostess. They'd stare at me. I'd stare at them. I knew what I was asked for. They wondered if I'd try to melt down the silverware or swing by the tail from the chandelier. Well, I wondered the same about them. It was even. But Hoboken was never like that.

"Sure, for a schmo from Ho', I was too loaded, but there are worse ways to suffer. I'd meet guys, big executives, who'd warn me about spending, and I'd think to myself, 'Brother, you may be heeled but I've got it like you'll never have it.' The weird thing was, it was true then. I was open to plenty of needle for the way I spent. Gold cigarette lighters for my friends. Expensive cars even, now and then. All right, you know something? I've never regretted it, not a cent of it. I'd do the same again. What did I know about money? I could do all the things I'd always wanted to. For my family. One year I sent my mother to Florida for the whole winter. Cost, I think, \$5,500, something like that. My money advisors put up a beef. So I said to them, 'I made \$850,000 this year, right? And we got something left over?' That was all I ever wanted to know, was there something left over? I guess that's all I want to know now. And I couldn't send my mother to Florida for \$5,500? Then why was I working? That's how I looked at it then. That's how I look at it now."

A FEW days before this interview, Sinatra's allegedly tangled bookkeeping of the lush years had, in a sense, caught up

with him. Uncle Whiskers wanted \$103,000 in back taxes, upped by the newspapers to \$109,000.

"That's all right," Sinatra said. "I told 'em I'd get it up by August first, contingent, as my lawyer says, they can establish I owe it. If I owe it, I want to pay it. I just don't know. It was a ball, that's all I know."

How much of a ball, precisely, goaded his memory again.

"Those seven weeks at the Paramount in New York," he said, "after the dam broke. Then the time later. Don't make me say this like I meant it because I'm only trying to answer what you asked, but how many guys had it happen to them? Two radio shows going at once, recordings, personals. I look back now and it was like those creep party effects they have in pictures. Montage. It's hard to remember the separate frames. You know what we finally did? We hired a private ambulance to get me places on time. Had to. I stayed at the Astor while we played the Paramount, right across the street. I was doing six, seven shows a day, and there was no other way. I'd duck into the theater about nine in the morning, get out about one. Hour and a half between shows, I'd work out in a gym we'd rigged up, or eat, or sit in my dressing room listening to the song pluggers, but never use my voice. Never speak at all. First show was nine-thirty in the morning. You ever try to be romantic at nine-thirty in the morning? Don't. The kids'd come in and stay all day. Drive the management daffy. Then when I'd leave the theater—I'm not kidding—some nights there'd be 5,000 of them out there on 44th Street by the stage door . . . you imagine *five thousand*! It'd take us 20 minutes to get across the one strip of sidewalk to the car, and the kids sticking pins into the cops for holding 'em back. They used to scare me, not on account of myself but one of the kids could have been hurt in the crush. I developed a technique after a while. I just stayed in the middle of my personal riot squad, kept my arms flat against my sides, and let myself be carried along. Twenty minutes to go five yards. Hoboken, where are you now?"

A single incident out of the whole era, predating by a few months the Paramount engagement, has stood out in Sinatra's

mind over the years. Evidently it symbolizes for him the prevailing climate of the entire period, and even now he cannot speak of it without being genuinely touched.

"They made with the skinny jokes, but the funny thing was, I was in good shape. I worked so hard, I was dead beat when I went to bed and fell asleep so fast and so hard, a blackjack couldn't have done the job better. I wasn't nervous except now and then when it got too much for me, and I'm always most relaxed when I'm working anyway. I was living it up, the way any Jersey Cinderella would, and my idea of a top gag was to call George Evans, who was the sweetest guy who ever lived, and give him a song-and-dance about how I felt sick or had just piled up my car or had lost my voice. I suppose it was just because I felt so good, I could do those things. George would worry and offer to come right over whatever the hour was, so I'd tell him I was only kidding, but I got a huge yuk thinking how 12 little round men would drop dead all at once if they thought I'd bit my tongue off. You think they wouldn't've? Listen: I took stock back about then and found out I only owned 47 per cent of myself.

"OKAY. So one night I woke up and I wasn't kidding any more. I was sick. I called up a close friend and broke it to him gently. I said for him not to worry but I didn't feel absolutely right and maybe he'd better send over a doctor. It turned out that was a good idea. Strep throat. So they put me in Mt. Sinai Hospital and kept me there until I almost went nuts because I hate to lie around in bed even if I am sick, which is another story, but finally they turned me, loose, and there outside the hospital is this little 12-year-old girl, who the nurses said had been there every day with flowers, waiting till I got out.

"Well, I must have looked terrible because she started to cry when she saw me, and I said something like, 'Waaait a minute, honey, take it easy, I'm the one who's sick, not you.' And the kid said: 'You're sick! Who's sufferin'?' How do you like that?"

The age preceding the golden age of the Sinatra saga has proved more fascinating to its central figure than it has to his

biographers. Sinatra, at any rate, is intensely preoccupied with it and full of detailed addenda.

It all began with Major Bowes, the legendary and sometimes tyrannical arbiter of amateur radio talent back in the bad old days of the 1930's. Sinatra's voice won the unqualified approval of the good Major, and by and by he found himself a member of one of the numerous Bowes units that toured the country, stopping over once in a downtown theater from whence he made several unsuccessful efforts to get his idol, Bing Crosby, to come to a telephone.

Back in New Jersey, Sinatra turned professional on an extremely modest scale, singing with the band in a run-down saloon for coffee, cakes and \$15 a week. He doubled on a broom. But it so happened the joint was properly wired and within the orbit of a New York radio station which, late at night, made a practice of switching from one outlying bistro to another and so picking up the various orchestras. The audience for this program was small but select. Even better, it was mainly professional, and among its group was a distinguished alumnus of dear old Benny Goodman University, who at that time was considering striking out on his own. His name: Harry James.

Sinatra himself did not learn of the background until much, much later, but James had fallen into the habit of waiting for his bit, and one night the trumpeter turned to a friend and said: "If we ever have a band of our own, that's going to be the singer."

Destiny now went into a buck and wing. It was not long after the James declaration that Sinatra decided he'd had a gut-full of insecurity and made up his mind he'd stick it out just one more week before giving up the saloon and trying his hand at sports writing, a branch of newspaper endeavor with which he was not unfamiliar. That decision came on the afternoon of his night off.

History, however, was not taking any backtalk from upstart balladeers. The girl singer with whom Sinatra alternated wanted that night off herself and asked Sinatra if he'd mind swapping with her. He agreed to stick around, and about midnight, James and entourage turned up. Sinatra was under no illusion as to who his visitor was, but remained cool under fire, since he hadn't the faintest idea he was being auditioned. He did a couple of numbers and James called him over. The band was formed: would Sinatra care to be his vocalist?

"All I could think of," Sinatra said not long ago, "was, 'Lock the doors! Board up the windows! Don't let this guy out!' I had hold of his arm so tight, his fingers went numb."

Thus it was James who dropped the starting gate for the stampe of the decade, James whose sensitive ear first detected what a whole generation subsequently would blow its collective stack over. Sinatra's feeling for him is akin to reverence.

THE James experiment had its troubles but Sinatra was an assured hit. He was good enough for James to boost his salary from \$65 to \$85 a week during a date in Cleveland, and in those days that was considered money. At any rate, it was double-money to Sinatra, whose daughter Nancy was, so to speak, en route. Sinatra was good enough, too, to be summoned, during a kind of jam-boree in Chicago involving most of the name orchestras, into the anointed presence of the man whose company provided the greatest frame of all to a male singer—Tommy Dorsey. Dorsey spoke his piece, and what he had to say was sweeter than his trombone.

But the tough part was ahead. Sinatra went back to James' hotel room. "He was reading. I walked into the room. I walked out again. I must've done that four times. Then I walked around in circles. Finally Harry put down his magazine. 'What's bothering you? Seven-year itch?' So I told him. I'd've been happier opening a vein. Dorsey wanted me.

"Harry called to his business manager: 'Bring in Frank's contract.' When he had it, he sat there and tore it into little pieces. He did that just because I had a better offer. No getting sore, no talk about letting him down, then or later. How do you like a guy like that? I'll tell you this much, I like him fine."

Sinatra stayed on with James for many weeks after that, the time it took to break in satisfactorily a new singer, who also did well, a youngster named Dick Haymes.

Then he joined Dorsey, the maestro who believed in the commercial advisability of spotlighting his singers and building them up into artful proportions—and the juvenile female of the species did the rest.

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"The rest," those two words alone, comprise a staggering over-simplification, evading the issue in spades. One or two serious efforts have been made to get at it, most notably a small book stemming from a profile in one of the country's more urbane publications, but even this wound up thin and one-dimensional. "I couldn't give the guy enough time," Sinatra has explained. "There wasn't enough time for anything."

"The rest," as the world surely has not forgotten yet, was lapel-grabbing and clothes-tearing, police escorts, the goggle-eyed consternation of certain thoughtful elements among the elders, and an income from all sources that has to be heard to be believed.

"I've paid," said Sinatra, "\$8,000,000 in income tax so far, take or give a little. So I guess I can raise \$100,000 more."

FOR a prescient moment, he seemed about to disclose something. "A guy like me," he said gently. "For only a voice. When James came into that Jersey joint that night, I knew—at least, I thought—I might have something a little unique in a male singer. It was—" He broke off. "No. We'll talk about that later and more clearly." There had been some casual exchange about doing another article at greater length and in a different vein. "We'll save that for Volume Two."

He indulged in a brief session with reverie, then snapped out of it. "One thing I'm very sure of. Most of the time, I went through the whole period what you'd call abnormally calm. I was—well, I think you could say I was in a state of shock. That's a good way to put it. A state of shock. I guess anybody would have been.

"But don't make me sound as though I were talking in the past tense. I'm still in business, you know. In entertainment, one of the bad gimmicks about being up where I was, up there in the freak sensation class, there's only one way to go from there, and they begin washing you up as soon as there's an empty seat in the house. Here in Hollywood, if you don't work for two months, they want to bury you, and it's no fun being buried alive. They want to do interviews with me now about my 'comeback.' Frankly, I don't think I've been away.

"Believe me, I'm a happier man today than I was then. It's all leveled off now the way I hoped it would. I eat right and I sleep right and I'm just another guy making a living. I don't know how long I'd've been able to stand it at the old pace. Probably would have snapped my cap before it was over. Besides that, I don't have to worry any more about where it's going to end, and then what? I've found out—and you know, it wasn't half as bad as I was afraid of. I think I'm growing up, too. Crooners do, you know, just like everybody else."

There likely was something in what he had said. The traces of belligerence that sometimes had marked him, particularly vis-a-vis the working press, had disappeared. Columbia publicity people are unabashedly fond of him, both for the record, which means nothing, and off it, which means a lot.

Sinatra had faced at least one very serious problem, which he acknowledged without calling it by name. "Everyone," he said early in the conversation, "sooner or later comes up against something—something terribly big. You stand up to it or you don't." It's too easy to read tones of sadness into a voice if you happen to be looking for them. More probably he simply didn't want to talk for the benefit of the next booth. "You don't have to like it but you have to do something about it."

The walk in front of Romanoff's contained no more than a scattering of mink stoles and no bobby socks. In 1944, Sinatra had to leave the Waldorf in New York by the cloistered Presidential exit, and his well-informed legionnaires would be waiting for him even there. Now he signed one autograph book hastily, stopped to talk with a friend, and answered a final question—a perfunctory, casual query in view of Sinatra's avowed distaste for dwelling on his private life at any length.

"Ava's fine," he said, "and everything is just great." She had not returned from Africa and England yet, from the making of the Metro picture with Gable under director John Ford. "We couldn't be happier. But this being apart—it's begun to gnaw at me now. Every day makes it tougher. I can't be any clearer than that, can I?"

THE late Mr. Kipling, usually a conscientious man, wrote an epilogue to a wower of a centennial Britannia once held, in which he included the words: "The tumult and the shouting dies. The captains and the kings depart." But he didn't say what happened after that. An improved digestion, conceivably; a clearer perspective, and a sounder nervous system. Sinatra drove buoyantly off, up South Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills, in a Ford with the top down, and traffic stayed normal as all get-out.

END

can jane forget the past?

(Continued from page 31) Out front, a comedian posing as a waiter was having a rollicking time swiping drinks from tables, knocking elaborate coiffures askew with a huge palm tree he was totting around and generally messing up the joint. He finally got to a table in the rear at which Geary Steffen was sitting with a party of friends. He looked into Geary's sombre face. "One order of her-ring!" he cried, then dashed to the kitchen and emerged with a huge rubber fish, which squirted water all over those at the table. Geary smiled tightly, but the others laughed heartily.

Backstage, Jane stood up now while a seamstress sewed swiftly on a white bouffant evening gown. She was very nervous. Chorus girls muttered softly about costumes that didn't fit. One performer grouched about his billing, and the trainer of a couple of chimpanzees was having a heck of a time with his charges who had never worked in a café before and were going wild over the aroma of sizzling steaks and the tangy scent of centerpieces of piled fruit.

A man came backstage and announced it was going to be a tough audience. "Danny Kaye's out there," he said, "and Jack Haley and Florabel Muir of the *L. A. Mirror*, who calls an act as she sees it. Places, everyone!"

The show began. The chorus girls pranced out on the stage as the curtain parted and saucily tossed their spangled rears at the audience to the brassy accompaniment of a good-sized orchestra. Jane Powell stood in the wings. She'd have to face them in minutes now and she began to count.

Janie stood there and watched the chimps. Suddenly one of them lunged from his chair and headed for a pile of fruit. An assistant dashed from the wings to retrieve him and slip him a bit of banana. Then the other chimp took off and headed right for Danny Kaye, threw his arms around the comedian and planted a wet kiss on his ear. "He's loved me," Danny roared, "ever since we played the Palace together."

It was all fun, and all unexpected, but it held the show up and Janie Powell had to sweat out those extra minutes. But finally the orchestra began to play her entrance cue. Janie rubbed her moist hands together and stepped to the center of the completely dark stage. Then a spotlight hit her with a ribbon of white, and she began to sing.

"Falling in love with love is falling for make-believe," she sang. Her delightful lyric soprano voice seemed thin in the big room. A voice that seemed to be right at her side spoke. It was Danny Kaye. "The mike, Janie," he said. "The mike's too high."

Janie fumbled for the microphone but couldn't quite make it, so a stage hand slid out and adjusted it for her. She hadn't stopped singing. Tears of exasperation filled her eyes, but no more than half the audience saw them. The rest, thinking the lyric a little ironic, were looking the other way—at Geary Steffen.

The next song was "Good-bye, baby, I'm leaving you. . . ." A woman muttered, "What bad taste!"

Geary Steffen looked straight ahead, paying no attention to the rest of the people in the room. Maybe the songs had no significance for him. He'd heard them all hundreds of times. But maybe they did.

Janie's next number was a hot torch song, something they never let her do in pictures—and the audience ate it up. And

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the next was a comedy number with another lyric that could or could not mean something.

"How could you believe me when I said I loved you," she sang, "when you know I've been a liar all my life?" Geary stared straight ahead, stone-faced. Janie seemed to be singing directly to him. But Jack Haley frowned slightly. It might have been that he, too, disapproved of Janie's choice of material, in view of the recent headlines, or it might have been something else. But he frowned.

The last number was a tear-jerker for the whole crowd. Everyone, that is, but Geary. His were the only dry eyes as Janie sang "It's too late now. . . ."

The show was over. Janie could have taken a dozen curtain calls, but she took only five and hurried back to her dressing room. Geary got up from his table and walked backstage to see her. She sat at her dressing table, her head in her hands. "I was awful, wasn't I?" she said. "I was terrible."

Geary said she wasn't, kissed her gently on the forehead and retired to a corner of the room. Gene Murphy, the Desert Inn press agent, came in with his report.

"How did I do?" Janie begged.

"Nervous, but great," Murphy said. "You began on a high note and left on a high note."

"Tell me the truth," Janie pleaded. "How was I, really?"

"There's a sweet little old lady out there," grinned Murphy, "who's still standing up screaming for more. Look—in a couple of days you'll have the feel of the room and you'll have no problems. But right now you can consider yourself a smash."

Danny Kaye, who had come back to visit another performer, stepped into the room. Jane threw him a kiss.

"It was lucky for me you were out there tonight, Danny," she said. "Thanks."

Danny grinned. "You'd have done the same for me," he said. "I just spoke to the orchestra leader and he told me that from the way things went at rehearsals he thought you'd be just another wispy coloratura, but tonight you exploded into a full-bodied lyric soprano. That's quite a compliment from him."

"Bless him," Janie said. "But the noise out there. It was awful."

"If you intend to work night clubs," Danny said, "you're going to have to get used to it. If you can't, quit right now."

"Thanks, Danny," Janie said. "I'll remember."

Danny left, but a lot of other people had squeezed into the room. Gene Murphy started them toward the door. Soon Geary and Jane went to the bungalow they shared on the hotel grounds.

It was maybe just an opening night, just another singing date, but then, too, it might have been an important night in the lives of two kids, Jane and Geary Steffen. Anyway, it was full of excitement and promise of drama. A new experience in the career of Jane Powell, a step forward or back in Geary's effort to hold his wife.

As they walked across the wide lawn, this reporter couldn't help thinking about other times they had been together—times when no spotlight shone on Jane or her career. For instance, the time Geary picked her up at the hospital after the birth of their first baby. He helped Janie through the doorway and there, instead of his '49 convertible, was a shiny black Cadillac sedan.

"Geary!" she said, "you shouldn't have done that. You know we can't afford a car like that right now."

"It's all right, baby," Geary had grinned. "I borrowed it from my boss for the day."

That was a scant two years ago. Much

has happened during those two years. Many plans were made. Many promises made. Many words were spoken from the heart—and many secrets shared. During that time Jane and Geary Steffen advanced a lot, together. He became the top insurance salesman with his company. Janie got a new cream-colored Cad and a new career. They had another baby. Now they were saying she had another romance.

The question, then, was, and still is, can Jane Powell forget? Can she forget all the plans and promises and secrets? Can she have another opening night in her life? Not on the stage, but in her life? She'll have to forget if she does.

According to Florabel Muir, who interviewed Jane at the Sands Hotel before the opening at the Desert Inn, Jane hasn't made up her mind yet. Quoting Florabel: ". . . she says the verdict isn't in yet, as far as she is concerned, about their future together. 'I will not be able to decide what I'm going to do until I'm finished with this night club tour. When I come back to Hollywood I'll make up my mind one way or the other.'"

We decided to talk the thing over exclusively for MODERN SCREEN readers, however, so we waylaid Janie at breakfast the following morning. She was much calmer. She sat at one of the tables by

There was once a man who always called a spade a spade, until he stumbled over one in the dark.

Charles Coburn

the pool dressed in a pale blue bathing suit and a white terry cloth robe. She looked rested and not at all uncomfortable, even though she must have known what we wanted to discuss. Young Geary was with her—when she could catch him.

"Coffee?" she asked, as we sat down.

We took a cup, and dodged another one that the little boy tried to serve.

"Sorry to barge in on you like this," we said, "but magazines have to go to press. And there are four million readers of MODERN SCREEN who want to know what is going to happen. Did Florabel Muir quote you properly?"

"Of course it was right," Janie said. "Florabel has never misquoted me. However, you've got to understand that Geary and I can't issue statements for every newspaper or magazine that has a deadline, even though we appreciate the interest everyone seems to have in us right now. Actually, we don't know what's going to happen anyway. But I do know that I was happy Geary came to see my opening."

"Geary says," we told her, "that you're the finest wife and mother he's ever known."

"I'm glad he thinks that," Janie said softly. "And I'll tell you this. I'm a lucky girl for ever having known Geary. I still think that as a man, a husband and a father he's as wonderful now as I've always said he is. No matter where our paths lead us in the future, we'll always feel the same way about each other. That may sound like an old song to you, but it's the truth."

WE decided to press a little. "Remember the night . . .?" we began.

Janie cut us short, her bright blue eyes a little chill. "I remember everything and always will!" she said.

"Your dad was up, too, last night," we asked, "wasn't he?"

"Yes, he was," Janie said. "We've always been close to Dad. He helped us build our apartment houses, you know. He's a contractor."

It was an irrelevant bit of information, but we noticed she still used the words

"us" and "our" when talking about Geary and herself.

Little Geary whacked the table with his spoon and demanded to be let down. Then he toddled off and planted himself in the lap of a portly business man he didn't even know.

"There goes everybody's friend," Janie laughed. "Just like his father. Look, how about getting into a pair of trunks and getting wet? This desert air is drying me out."

"No thanks," we said. "Before you go, tell us a little about your immediate future—the professional future."

"That," said Jane, "is the easiest question anyone has asked me in weeks. I think my next picture will be *Hit The Deck*, probably with Vic Damone. And while you're writing about my tour, you might say something nice about the wonderful people of Toronto, Canada. I played the Casino there and I couldn't do anything wrong. I'd like to go back there soon, and stay a whole month."

"I hear they're great," we said, "but I noticed that last night when you were working the waiters here stopped serving drinks. They don't do that for very many performers."

"I hope it will always be like that," Janie said, "wherever I go. People can be so kind."

"But reporters," we said, "like me, have to pry. We have to ask you questions and look into your private life whether we like it or not. That's our business."

"But sometimes it's so cruel," Janie said.

"Living is sometimes cruel," we reminded her. "Like right now I've got to go find a typewriter or a slot machine or something and get on with my half-vacation and half-job."

"Well, if you find a typewriter," Janie said, "put something down for me. Write down that I'm still a happy girl, but that Geary has gone away. And that my son is busy making social contacts, as you can see."

"Anything else?" we asked.

"Well," Jane said softly, "you can say that I'm alone—all alone—for awhile anyway."

We took our leave, and walked across the lawn to the lobby of the hotel. And we looked back and saw Jane heading for the pool, a lovely doll of a woman, curvy and tiny and eager. Young Geary was still with the stout man, and spilling the third glass of milk he had cadged. There were just the two of them. It didn't look right.

AFTER awhile we found the typewriter. We'd come to get a bit of sun and cover an opening night. We'd seen drama and maybe heartbreak in the making. And two courageous young people with a big difference of some sort try to pretend it was all very ordinary and that nothing was terribly important except the height of Jane's mike and her career.

The typewriter began to rattle. We remembered that Danny Kaye told us that Jane had "matured incredibly as an artist." We knew that she had also matured incredibly as a woman. That she was piling up memories at a rapid rate. We hoped she'd never have to regret the memory of that opening night at Vegas, the night she might have decided that Geary and she were through. We hoped she'd never regret the memory of the day she told us, "Tell them Geary has gone away. Tell them I'm alone."

A lot of people forget the things that have happened to them in the dark past of their lives. But we have a feeling that Jane Powell is not like them. No, Jane Powell will never forget! **END**

(Jane's current picture is Warner Brothers' *Three Sailors And A Girl*.)

the shy mr. cooper

(Continued from page 29) just about as typical as Siamese twins and just about as simple as the formula for the hydrogen bomb.

Instead of being the shy, shoe-scuffling bashful cowboy—"Pleased t' meetcha, Ma'm"—Gary Cooper is one of the greatest lovers Hollywood has ever produced.

He is the American answer to Don Juan, the Montana reply to Casanova, and the West's challenge to Prince Charming.

In off-screen love-making he is the originator of the technique of under-playing.

No flowery phrases, no Shakespearean sonnets, no ardent wooings, and no Latin outbursts—only the blue soulful eyes, the clenched teeth, the few choice words, spoken intensely and haltingly in an almost whispered voice. But above all a sincere man, for sincerity is the keynote of the Cooper approach.

TAKE, for example, Coop's latest adventure. After finishing *Blowing Wild* in Mexico, he flew into France a few weeks ago to take part in the Cannes Film Festival. There he met Gisele Pascal.

Coop, like most of the American stars at Cannes, was put up at the Carlton Hotel. As soon as he registered, all the excitable Frenchmen began referring to him as Monsieur Garicoupaire, and the local belles began phoning the Festival officials, requesting that Monsieur Garicoupaire be placed in their charge.

In fact the feminine demands for Coop's company were so great that the actor was warned to stay away from the beach in his bathing suit lest he start a riot. Having had his clothes pulled off at a preview many years ago, Coop abided by the advice and took his morning swim at a private beach.

Of all the French beauties who were out to enchant Gary, Gisele Pascal was the one siren no one thought he would take up with. For in Europe this charming, Gallic long-limbed actress has long been recognized as the great and good friend of Prince Ranier of Monaco, the tiny principality in which Monte Carlo is located.

Gisele is one of France's leading actresses, and it has been supposed that eventually Prince Ranier would make her his Princess. Only now, who knows? Because apparently Gisele has fallen for Gary, and the Prince is furious with himself for having given his lovelight permission to attend the Film Festival.

It was at Cannes that Gary and Gisele met at a luncheon. Gisele speaks much better English than Coop does French, and it wasn't very long before these two were gabbing away like old friends.

Somehow the place cards at this luncheon were moved around, and Gisele found herself sitting next to Gary. There was more conversation. Had the American actor been abroad before? Yes, he had. Did he know Cannes and the French Riviera? Not very well. How would he like to see it some evening? With whom? With Gisele, of course. The Mediterranean was very beautiful at night.

They went riding together and dining together; and back in Monaco, Prince Ranier blew his top when Gisele didn't return that night. In fact, she didn't return for a week, and during that whole week she was seen with Garicoupaire, almost always with Garicoupaire.

In Mexico, especially in Acapulco, Cooper could date any girl he pleased, and the chances of it breaking into print were very small since there are no gossip columnists in Acapulco.

In Cannes, however, more than 400



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journalists had gathered to cover the Festival, and each of Coop's moves was meticulously recorded.

In a matter of days the Pascal-Cooper friendship was built up as the "Red-hot Riviera Romance," and it was said that Coop, in his subtle Western way, had wooed Gisele away from Prince Ranier III of Monaco.

Reporters said, "The American film star, Gary Cooper, and our own Gisele Pascal have agreed to meet in Paris after the film festival is over. Whether Prince Ranier knows about this we, of course, do not know. For the past week, Mademoiselle Pascal has been spending her time with friends in Cannes."

Coop did come to Paris. Checked in at a hotel. And Gisele was not far behind. She had not returned to her Prince. She had followed Gary's trail northward.

In Paris, the press pounced on Coop. Was it true that the American film star had stolen Gisele's heart, that she had renounced her royal friend for him? Was it true that he and Gisele were madly in love? Was it true that he planned to divorce Madame Garcicoupaire and make Gisele his second wife?

"Look," Coop drawled. "I don't know what this is all about. Sure, I met the girl. She's a good girl and nice company, but my meetings with her—well, they were a very informal thing."

"What do you mean," a reporter asked, and his eyes twinkled, "when you say 'a very informal thing?'"

"Well," Coop continued, "I went out with her several times in Cannes, but I also went out with other girls down there. I mean it wasn't anything exclusive. You know how things are in Cannes. They had all sorts of shindigs given by the various nations taking part in the Festival."

"Didn't you know," another reporter queried, "that Mademoiselle Pascal is almost engaged to the Prince of Monaco?"

"Didn't know a thing about it," said the actor who won an Oscar for portraying a brave U.S. marshal in *High Noon*. "Never even heard of the gent."

"Isn't it true that she's coming up here to meet you? Isn't it true that she's left the Prince because she's fallen in love with you?"

"Don't know a thing about that," Coop protested, and little beads of perspiration began breaking out on his forehead. "After all, I'm a married man, and my wife and daughter are coming here soon."

"Aren't you divorced from your wife?" the reporter asked.

"No, sir," the actor answered. "I'm just in a state of legal separation from my wife."

There were more questions, all embarrassing to Gary, and finally he ended the interview by saying, "I don't care who's in town or who is not. I'm leaving for Brussels tomorrow morning."

Gisele's friends, however, insisted that the tall French actress had her heart set on Coop and that a little thing like distance wasn't going to stop her.

In Monaco, Prince Ranier said nothing about Gisele for public consumption, largely because the Monacan Parliament has long criticized his friendship with the actress and has urged him to give her up and marry an Italian princess who has a dowry of \$3,000,000. Ranier has told the parliament to go fly a kite and has refused to call it quits with Gisele.

For Gary Cooper to get mixed up in this sort of foreign intrigue seems a little far-fetched to most of his American fans, but the simple truth is that Coop is a sophisticated man of the world, a millionaire who knows all the angles and can take darn good care of himself in the clinches.

Clara Bow discovered this a quarter of a century ago when she was the number-one box office attraction at Paramount and the epitome of what a girl should be. She was the "It" girl. Coop was a relative newcomer to the public world of Hollywood—but Clara picked him out because he had "It," too—and the rest of the women in America agreed.

When Coop met Lupe Velez, the original Mexican firecracker, his love affair with this strange, uninhibited, kind and tragic little firebrand must go down in the annals as one of the most tempestuous of all cinema-land romances. And, as things that live at fever-pitch must, the romance cooled down—at least for Gary.

So Coop left Hollywood for a while; and when he did, a part of Lupe Velez died, and that part never came to life again. Coop was the one great love of her life, and Lupe knew that the great love had come and passed. And although until her tragic end she continued her gay, giddy life, tumbling in and out of love, those of us who knew her, realized that in her heart Gary Cooper was inimitable. There would never be another like him.

The romance with Lupe a thing of the past, Coop went to Europe and promptly fell into the arms of the Countess Dorothy Di Frasso. That's the trouble with Gary. Women always find him irresistible. They seek him out, and being a gentleman, he always succumbs to their blandishments. It is popularly held that the Countess Di Frasso polished Gary from a rough diamond into a slick star. This is not particularly true. Coop has always known the

Carl Laemmle, Jr., used to be a heavy gambler, as well as an excellent producer. He thought nothing of dropping a few thousand dollars at the track in a day's play. One day when Carl Laemmle, Sr. was at the \$2 window, a friend said, "How is it, Carl, that your son bets so heavily, and yet you never bet more than \$2?"

"Well, you see," answered Carl, Sr., "my son has a rich father."

H. W. Kellick

score. He may act the hayseed off-screen as he does on, but this is purely an act. It arouses the maternal instinct in women, makes them want to baby him, guide him, map out his life.

The Countess Di Frasso may have thought she was running Coop, but when Gary wanted to pull out of the entente, that's exactly what he did. Even while the Countess was throwing her lavish and memorable parties in Hollywood, and he was supposed to be the unofficial host, Coop was dating Veronica Balfe, a Long Island socialite who had come West to try her luck in the movies. Veronica, better known as Rocky, was the kind of girl the actor had always wanted for his wife: well-educated, well-bred, excellent background, widely-traveled.

They were married in 1933, a regular Park Avenue shindig with all the trimmings, and in 1938, their only offspring Maria Veronica was born.

AFTER the marriage, Coop settled down and concentrated on his money-making career. Aided by the advice of his father-in-law, a one-time member of the Board of Governors of the New York Stock Exchange, Gary began investing his money in Wall Street. Presently, he decided to do without an agent and hired I. H. Prinzmetal, a lawyer, to represent him in dealings with the various studios. He also began requesting percentages of film profits and refused to sign for a picture unless he got anywhere from 10% to 40% of the

profits. In *Return To Paradise*, for example, his latest release, he owns 20% of the net.

When Coop was working with Ingrid Bergman in *For Whom The Bells Toll*, there was a good deal of gossip concerning their alleged extra-curricular activities, but, actually, until he met Pat Neal during the filming of *The Fountainhead*, Gary was extremely happy with his homelife.

It so happens that he met Pat after he had been married for 16 years. He had reached that point in life, 50, when he needed youth, enthusiasm, someone to reinforce confidence in himself.

There is no doubt but that Pat Neal fell madly in love with the actor; and he in a restrained way with her. It was here that Rocky, patient and shrewd, displayed her infinite wisdom by declining to play the outraged wife.

She announced their separation but she rushed into no headlong divorce. Let Gary carry the ball. Let him make the decision. Did he want a divorce so that he could marry Pat Neal? If so, he could have it.

Coop was in a spot, a tight spot. Most men when they meet adversity, meet it like cowards. They blame everything on their wives. But this time Coop could blame no one but himself.

In all fairness to Pat Neal, who is a lovely and honorable and extremely talented actress, she put no pressure on Coop. He had made the problem, and now he was stuck with it.

Coop, sensibly, did nothing. He neither divorced Rocky nor married Pat. He continued making pictures, living in the Bel-Air Hotel, and asking Pat for more time in which to resolve a decision.

Perceptive female that she is, Pat realized that she had lost, that after the first full flush, there was no chance of Coop ever marrying her. She took her broken heart and went to New York and signed for the lead in a revival of *Children's Hour*, one of the truly great stage plays of our time.

As for Coop, he drowned his sorrows with a girl named Dusty Miller. While he was dating Dusty, he saw his daughter every two or three days, took her out dining, shopping, to the theater. He saw Rocky on numerous occasions, and there were half-a-dozen false announcements about a reconciliation.

While these were being blared around town, the American Don Juan took off for British West Samoa to make *Return To Paradise* and to start his 18-month tax-free tour of overseas duty. When *Paradise* was finished, he flew back to the States, but only for a day or so, and thence to Canada and Mexico.

South of the border he made another film and found another girl, Channele. When the Cannes Film Festival people invited him to come to France, expenses paid, Coop gave his characteristic slow nod and took off.

In Cannes, two nights after his arrival, he took up with Gisele Pascal; and you all know what happened there.

As he heads for 53, Gary Cooper realizes that in all probability he's had his final fling—after all, Rocky has let him have almost two years of bachelor-like freedom—and it is entirely probable that as you read these very words, Gary and Rocky have reconciled and are touring Europe with their 15-year-old daughter, Maria, a beautiful young woman and the cardinal reason for whatever marital stability the Coopers may have.

The French have an old saying, and it goes like this: "Give a husband enough rope and if he doesn't hang himself, he will find his way home."

END

leave him to the girls

(Continued from page 35) at our house for dinner after we'd finished a day's work together in *The Golden Blade*. He told me on the set that he didn't think he'd better come.

"Why not?" I said.

"Because I'll eat too much and embarrass myself. Maybe I'd better tuck in a couple of sandwiches before I come over."

"Don't be silly," I said, and forgot all about it until the doorbell rang at home that evening. The maid opened the door but no one was there, and then down on the doorstep she found a peanut butter sandwich wrapped in wax paper, with a note attached. "Nobody loves me. Nobody eats me. I wish I were dead." Daddy found Rock hiding out in the driveway and dragged him in to dinner.

He's the nicest person to have around because he's so much fun. He laughs at everything and his laughter is so infectious that everyone around him feels happy. Rock concentrates on having fun, and it's one of the reasons he's so refreshing as a date. He doesn't try to be the romantic type of glamor boy whose only goal for an evening is to impress his girl; he's completely natural.

I've seen him in a serious mood only a couple of times, and both of them concerned his work. He's quite sober about it, and when we sat in a projection room to watch a rough cut of *The Golden Blade*, he began hacking himself to pieces with criticism. There was one scene in which I thought he was quite charming, but he hated every second of it and kept mumbling to himself. I know him well enough to agree with him if I think he does a bad job in a scene, but we can have a knock-down-drag-out when I disagree with his self-criticism.

ALTHOUGH I've seen him serious only about his work, I suspect that Rock has a much deeper side that most people don't know about. I can't put my finger on it, but it's there somewhere, and I think he tries to hide the fact from people. As a matter of fact, I suppose a girl could know him for a long time, figuring she really understood what made him tick, and never suspect that he has a lot more to him than the gaiety that runs on the surface.

The girl who wins him as a husband is going to be a very fortunate and happy person. He has a lot of common sense and knows what he wants in a girl, and he won't make any mistakes. The best assurance I have for the statement that Mrs. Hudson will be lucky is the fact that when I appeared with Rock on Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life" program, I met backstage all his relatives and friends who have known him for years. When they spoke of Rock it was with deep affection, and there wasn't an insincere compliment given him that night. I don't know how to explain it, but to me that was a real test, and I could sense that all these people, who know him so well, feel that he is the salt of the earth.

By LORI NELSON

I've known Rock ever since I first came to Universal-International, three years ago. I was pretty much of a kid then, with books under my arm and braces on my teeth, and he used to kid a lot with me when we attended drama classes together. I never really thought of him as a date in those days, and I'm sure he never got any kick out of looking at me, with those braces. He was always more like a big brother to me. We've had dates together

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FOR SETTING
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recently, and whenever I know I'm going to spend an evening with Rock I get in a happy mood even before he comes to call for me. He's so crazy—you never know what he's going to do next. He can't sit still for two minutes and spends the evening bouncing, whether it's in his seat at a premiere, or bowling along in his car from one place to the other. When he laughs you can hear it for blocks, and you can't help laughing with him.

He isn't the smooth, polished type of escort. I remember one time he brought me an orchid corsage, and he handed it to me as though he were passing the salt. "Here," he said, and started to riffle through a magazine on the coffee table. He's much more at ease when he gives me silly little presents, like the stuffed bunny he brought over Easter morning, or the goony little doll at Christmas.

He's an awful tease and if he ever gets something to hold over you, he won't let you forget it. One time he and I went to a movie on Hollywood Boulevard and when we came out of the theater and were walking toward the parking lot, I felt something tickling the back of my legs. My petticoat had decided to leave me and in less than a second it fell in a heap around my feet. As nonchalantly as I could I stepped out of it and picked it up and put it in my purse, but I needn't have bothered to be so ladylike. Rock was bent double laughing at me, the big goon, and so many people were turning to stare that I had to beat a hasty retreat away from the scene. Since then, he's never failed to remind me of it whenever I make any effort at being glamorous.

He's unusually observant of people and quickly notices little habits or manners of speech. A mutual friend of ours, for example, has an absent-minded way of counting things. It might be the slats in a Venetian blind or the links in his key chain, and I don't think he realized it himself until Rock began imitating him one day. A publicist at the studio gets knots in her stomach if anybody closes one eye and leaves the other wide open. Rock discovered it, and if he's in a room when Betty walks in, there's always this one great eye staring at her. He's such a tease. He kides me about my habit of puckering my mouth when I'm thinking, and every once in a while, out of the blue, he'll say, "Make a bunch for me"—his way of describing the pout.

ADATE with him is always sure to be fun. There's never any shop talk, and he's a wonderful dancer. Best of all, when I'm with Rock I have a wonderful sense of security. He's still like a big brother. I have a feeling that if I ever had any big problem I could go to Rock and he'd do everything he could to help me. I'll even go so far as to say that, if it were necessary, he'd swing a few punches in my behalf. I think he'll always be one of my favorite people.

By BETTY ABBOTT

■ I have to introduce myself first. I'm what is known as a script girl, in which capacity I stand by while a movie is shooting and watch details like a hawk looking for chickens, however small. For instance, if an actor is doing the same sequence today that he worked in yesterday, I have to make sure he wears the same tie and has a bruise on his cheek the same place it was when scenes were shot yesterday. Script girls usually bounce from one actor to another in succeeding pictures, but Fate picked on me to work with Rock Hudson in eight consecutive pictures. I got to know him pretty well on the set, and after a while found myself spending

evenings with him every now and then.

These aren't hard to take, except that I never know where I'll land. He gives me no information whatsoever, and I'm just as likely to end up on a merry-go-round 50 miles away as I am on the dance floor at the Mocambo. As a result, I try to dress in what might be called casual clothes that can take anything from a tango to a trapeze.

Once in a while we take in a movie, and if Rock happens to be in it he agonizes through the whole thing. He squirms so much that he makes me nervous and I might as well see it alone. Half of them I have to go see again, thanks to Hudson.

With all his wackiness, Rock has beautiful manners. They're the innate kind of attentions that well-mannered men do unconsciously. Even if I'm wearing blue jeans and have just whopped up a sensational bowling score, Rock is right there to hold open the car door for me. A lot of people around town could take lessons from him on this.

Mother and I have a house on the hill opposite the place where Rock lives now, and the character has availed himself of a pair of binoculars. He swears he uses

When Rita Hayworth began her career, she was about the ugliest of all the starlet ducklings who ever came to Hollywood. The casting director who first signed her was considered out of his mind.

When the studio bosses looked at her, they were far from impressed. One executive said, "This girl is about as attractive as my maiden aunt, age 56." This remark upset a girl hairdresser and she went to Rita, who was in tears.

"What you need, honey," the girl told Rita, "is a remodeling job." So Rita went into hock—and for what? For an electrolysis treatment.

One week and \$1,200 later, she was a raving beauty. Almost three inches of hair had disappeared between her hairline and her lush eyebrows. Now Rita had a high hairline and a solid bit part in a film called *Susan And God*.

Today studio executives shudder to think they almost lost Rita by a hairsbreadth!

Carl Schroeder

them on our apartment and I guess he does sometimes, because he's often kidded me about the time I got home the night before with some other guy. He's a real joker, but a lovable one.

My mother thinks he's the last word in the new generation. No wonder. When he comes over for dinner he likes to help her putter around in the kitchen (sometimes he eats half the food while he's at it), and one night he washed down the kitchen walls for her. We'd planned to go to a show but began howling at some old wardrobe pictures I had around the house, and pretty soon it was too late for a movie. So he got the ladder and a bucket of suds and spent a couple of hours until the job was done. Then he surveyed it with a critical eye and said, "You know, those walls need painting." When Rock says something like that you know he's going to do it. It may not be this year, mind you, but nevertheless that kitchen is going to get painted by Hudson. He teases my mother about anything he can think of, mostly her name, which is the unlikely combination of Olive Victoria. "Ollie," he says, "I've been practicing my golf

swing up on the hill at my place and I've been aiming for your kitchen window. But I can't seem to make it." Mother thinks he's the bee's knees, or whatever they called likable young men in her day.

He and I have a gag about names, the crazier the better. When he was in England he sent letters to my home addressed to such assorted characters as Miss Sydenham Klunk, or Ubaldo Umbrellus or Igor Bodkin—anything but Betty Abbott. I give as much as I take on this score, but it's our own joke and whenever I find crazy notes in my typewriter at the studio addressed to Lavinia or Elspeth, I know who they're from beyond a doubt, without any researching.

A while back I mentioned his fondness for food, and while I do not wish to needle Mr. Hudson, I would mention in passing that when we were on location in Oregon for *The Bend Of The River* I sat next to him at the table and with my own eyes saw him put away 3 (three) T-bone steaks. As it is, I hardly ever get a square meal when I join him for dinner because he eats half of mine.

In contrast to his clowning, he is quite shy with strangers and has extraordinarily good taste in a quiet way. He brought me a lovely black lace mantilla from Europe and a huge bottle of his favorite perfume, Blue Hour. He notices little things that most men don't, and it is on his suggestion that I put polish on the inside of my nail-tips, which I wear quite long.

I think Rock's greatest appeal, at least to me, is his sincerity in whatever he does. He is a very real person, without a phony thought in his head. I've never heard him say an adverse word about anybody; unless he has something nice to say, he doesn't say it. And because of this, it's pretty difficult to find anything wrong with him. There's plenty to kid about, but nothing to criticize.

By MARCIA HENDERSON

■ I guess I met Rock just in time. I've been in Hollywood only a short time, and until I met him I was beginning to think I'd never meet anybody out here with whom I could find a basis for real conversation. I come from a college town back in New England, and I grew up with books and with people who have retained the almost lost art of conversation. When I started work in *Back To God's Country*, I met Rock for the first time. I knew, of course, that he was an established star and a single man who is quite popular around town, so I never dreamed that here was the one person who could give me point for point in a serious discussion.

It all started one day on the set when we began talking about the picture's title, and before I knew it the chatter had evolved into a conversation about religious and spiritual concepts. I couldn't have been more surprised. Rock appears to be such a gay blade—people probably think he hasn't a brain in his head—and here he was, touting the ancient philosophers like a professor back home. That was less than three months ago, but since then we've had a lot of lengthy discussions. We don't see eye to eye, but I enjoy it just the same and am delighted to at last have a communion of minds with someone. We argue all the time, because I'm more familiar with the modern philosophers like Kant and Schopenhauer, while Rock has steeped himself in the ancients. He dislikes what he calls cynical modernism and has me so curious about his own favorites that I find myself digging into the old Hebraic and Buddhist writings. Currently he has me interested in the Hindu Scriptures, the Gita, which is sort of a correlative of the Sermon on the Mount. It's one of his pets,

and he can't wait until I'm well enough versed in its philosophy to spend a couple of hours talking with him about it.

He's wonderful in any discussion because he thinks and talks so logically, and he listens as well as he speaks and doesn't, like so many people, concentrate only on making his own point.

As a result of such a mutual interest we haven't taken time out to talk shop or to dwell much on ourselves. I've had only a few dates with him, mostly premieres, so we haven't really found out too much about each other. Others have said he drives like a wild Indian, but then I like jet planes, so it doesn't bother me in the least.

We've been so serious when we've been together that I smile when I think about his reaction if he ever takes me to a ball game. In school, before I decided it was time to act like a lady, I was a pitcher on the baseball team, a track runner, and I played left end on the neighborhood football team. No matter what a girl's intentions are, it isn't a good thing to let a man think she's nothing but a bookworm, so despite all the time spent in our dusty discussions, I still have a few other cards in my deck.

By VERA ELLEN

I've known Rock a long time and am pretty sure I'll know him for a much longer time to come. He's one of those people who stays a friend forever.

We first met, years ago, when he was new to Hollywood and had dropped in at Ciro's for the first time. He told agent Henry Willson he'd like to dance with me and after Henry introduced us, Rock guided me out to the dance floor. I found

him a naturally fine dancer with a good sense of rhythm, but in those early days he had a tricky sort of step that he might have imported from Winnetka. I got so used to it that I didn't even notice when he changed his style, months later. We kidded a lot about the fact that Rock is 14 inches taller than I am, and I used to complain he was so big that I couldn't flirt over his shoulder. I told him, too, that if he were a shorter man it would have been a lot cheaper for us the night we sprayed each other with gold dust for the Photographers' Ball. We had a lot of fun that night, and getting ready for it, too. We went into a paint store for the gold paint and when the salesman wanted to know what we were going to paint, Rock said, "Ourselves." I'll never forget the expression on the man's face. We went as Oscars, you know, and it was easier to put the stuff on than it was to get it off. For a week afterward we'd stop traffic when we drove with the top down on his car, our tarnished faces peering into the world.

In those days Rock was as much of a fan as he was an actor. He took me to his first premiere and was so nervous that his hands were damp and all he could think of was avoiding the train on my gown. I remember that he goggled at the celebrities with more curiosity than the fans in the bleachers. His attitude that night was indicative of the thing I've always admired in Rock—the combination of humility and self-assurance.

He is extremely serious about his career, but despite his great success in pictures, he is the same now as when I first knew him. He still spends his money on records and on plants and flowers. Rock has a genuine green thumb. He can plant a leaf of philodendron in a small pot on

the mantel, and in two weeks the leaves are trailing in front of the fireplace. He still loves to tease as much as ever. I had a habit of ending my sentences with the phrase "you know" and he kidded me about it so much that I became aware of it and corrected it. He hasn't acquired any phony manners. He never did make studied compliments. If I happened to wear a red dress and he liked red he'd mention the fact in an offhand way. Rock has a rugged quality, a masculine roughness that is smooth in its own way because he is so natural. He still is more than happy to fix gadgets around a house. He's handy with tools, and I remember I sold my car to him when I went to Europe and when I came back he had painted it himself and fixed it up and it looked like a new automobile. He has always been wonderful with my mother, and if I had to go away on a trip all I had to do was whistle to him about leaving Mother alone, and he'd spend a lot of time with her. The last time, he went over on a Sunday and painted the fence for her.

He has a wonderful sense of humor—you can't be unhappy when in Rock's company. But underneath the humor, he runs pretty deep. After you know him a while you sort of feel there's something there you haven't yet tapped. He's the kind who will always have his feet on the ground because he does a lot of thinking, and his world is a big one.

I think he's right in not being quite ready for marriage. He knows there's a lot of life left in him and he isn't yet ready to settle down. When the day comes that he is, he'll be very cautious, I think, in choosing his bride. Rock needs a girl who is mature in her thinking and gay in her outlook on life. From what I know of Rock, she'll be a very happy woman, for the rest of her days.

END

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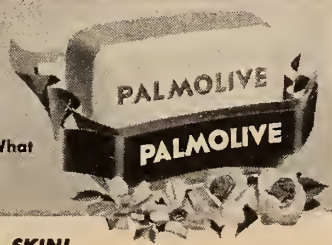
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HOLLYWOOD ABROAD



AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND

THE WORLD

AVA AND FRANK SINATRA have again alienated influential segments of the Press, this time in London and in Rome. In London, Frank and Ava fought with airline officials and in Rome, the crooner scuffled with a photographer.

It began when Ava, Frank and 11 pieces of luggage turned up at the London airport seven minutes before their plane was scheduled to pull out for Milan.

"I'm sorry," explained one of the airport men, "you're too late to fly. All passengers must be at the airport at least 30 minutes before departure time."

Frank roared, "This is the last time I ever fly BEA." (British European Airways).

"I'd rather swim the Channel," Ava added.

"I'm sorry," the official continued, "we can't inconvenience a plane-load of 32 passengers just because two people are late."

Ava and Frank caught a plane to Rome instead of to Milan. A photographer there tried to snap their picture. Frank charged and there was a scuffle. The police broke it up. Ava and Frank left the airport muttering to themselves.

CLARK GABLE in Venice, following the completion of *Mogambo*, has been seen with an attractive beauty. Although Gable would prefer she remain anonymous, her name slipped out. It's Suzanne Daddole. Gable has asked his hotel to say absolutely nothing about the girl. Clark was miffed when the papers discovered his so-called "friendship" with Grace Kelly. This entente was highly publicized in England, in fact so well publicized that Grace's mother came over from Philadelphia for a look-see. A few weeks later, Grace, who played opposite Gable in *Mogambo*, left for home with mama, and the Metro star departed for Paris. It would surprise no one, however, if Clark requested Kelly for his next film. Until MGM decides what that will be, Gable continues to squire beautiful women around Europe.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT who will shortly wind up her 18-month stay abroad with approximately \$300,000 tax free, refuses to discuss her marital status with Dr. Joel Pressman, one of the crack ear specialists in California. Claudette insists that her marriage is perfectly okay, that she's in Europe merely to make pictures, and that she's not running away from discord of any type. In her latest made-in-Italy film, the 48-year-old actress, who was born in Paris, plays an American woman whose G.I. husband was killed in Italy. She comes to Salerno to visit his grave and learns that he had fathered an illegitimate son.

KIRK DOUGLAS, a poor boy who rose from anonymity to fame, is a classic example of what success can do to one man's hat size. Douglas not only fought with director Anatole Litvak while working in Italy, but at the Cannes Film Festival he made it a point to date a new girl every night. "We think," wrote one French reporter, "that this Kirk Douglas is really a frustrated Aly Khan."

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, wherever she goes in Europe these days makes new friends. Livvy arrived in Paris a few months ago with her 3-year-old son, Benjie, and she has not only sat for mass interviews but has posed for American sight-seers. "I'm honored," she says, "when my countrymen recognize me." Kurt Frings, Livvy's agent, has been asking \$175,000 per picture, and it looks as if he's got her an offer in London to do *Deep Blue Sea* for Wolff Brothers.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR and **VITTORIO GASSMAN** are expected in Switzerland for *Rhapsody* late in July. After Liz finishes that one she is scheduled to meet husband Mike Wilding in London. Actors who have worked with Wilding and who can be as petty as vindictive schoolgirls, insist that Mike is really 43, as if his age made any difference to Liz.

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER is smiling once again now that his wife Vivien Leigh is well on the road to recovery. Olivier would love to make a picture in Hollywood with his wife, "providing, of course, we could find the right vehicle." Incidentally, there is no truth to the vicious rumor that Vivien Leigh feigned illness to get out of *Elephant Walk* because she didn't like the story. If she hadn't liked the script she wouldn't have started on the film in the first place.

ROBERT TAYLOR when he checked into London to star in *Knights Of The Round Table*, was recognized by no one despite the fact that this is the third film he's made in England since the war. *Conspirators* and *Ivanhoe* were the other two. Taylor arrived with a three-inch growth of beard. "I prefer the comfort of my own whiskers," he explained, "to the torture of gluing (Continued on page 89)

some changes made

(Continued from page 51) walls of one studio to pick up and leave that studio. There cannot help but be some bitterness under such a circumstance, and along with it there is a certain sadness. In a way, it is like leaving a college, a school whose campus, whose teachers and whose fellow students have all become dear and familiar through the years.

Jeanne felt the break was necessary, nonetheless. Her first picture was *Home In Indiana*, a film that put her in pigtails and presented her as an ingenue. She was an overnight success in the role, but the accolades that followed soon began to ring hollow as the public continued year after year to see Miss Crain as an ingenue in pigtails. Jeanne's initial success became her bugaboo, and she herself was only too aware of it. Her fan mail was filled with pleas that she appear in better pictures because, despite the river of publicity that flows out of Hollywood, many moviegoers continue with the mistaken impression that movie stars choose their own films. Finally, in 1950, she won the role of *Pinky* and in her portrayal of a Negro girl in love with a white man, she proved to the movie-going world that she was both a grown woman and a first-rate actress. Jeanne thought she had proved it, too, to her studio bosses, and sighed in relief at the thought that henceforth she would be given meatier roles. Since that time she has been repeatedly disappointed. Studios sometimes have a tendency to sluff off their mediocre scripts by using their own star-built names to sell them, and when an exceptional script comes along, import outside talent to fill the roles. This happened time after time with Jeanne until finally she could take no more.

It's a nice, comfortable thing to have a steady salary coming in every week and not easy to forfeit it, but by the time Jeanne began work in *Vickie* she had made up her mind to leave the studio and free lance. She wasn't at all sure what kind of offers she would receive, if any, but she needn't have worried. Within two hours after formal notice had been given that she and Fox had come to a parting of the ways, she had invitations to star in two Broadway plays and in several promising movies.

It was during the filming of *Vickie*, too, that Jeanne got the urge to cut her hair. It not only showed that she was raring for her freedom; it followed the old principle that when a woman makes any sort of major change in her life, she often changes her appearance and personality along with it. Then, too, it happened in the spring, a time of year when everyone feels along with nature a longing to present a bright new face to the world.

Jeanne's own personality has been undergoing a lot of changes in the last year or two. The rebellion against the gingham-type roles into which she had been cast resulted in her effort to prove to everyone that she had evolved into a mature woman. The fact that she was married and four times a mother seemed to have little influence on the brass hats at her studio, so Jeanne tackled the only other way she knew.

It wasn't hard for Jeanne to do. She has the basic element necessary to glamor—complete femininity. She is an eye-stopper in any crowd and has a flair for the unusual which makes her a stand-out even among her screen sisters. She loves clothes, both for themselves and for what she knows they can do for her, and often remarks with wonder that while California women buy some of the most ex-

pensive clothes in the world, they don't take particular joy in wearing them. Life in the movie capital tends to be so informal that much of its female population feel more natural in blue jeans than they do in what is called out here "New York clothes". Jeanne, on the other hand, doesn't feel comfortable unless she is dressed to the hilt for the occasion.

She feels that her Bobcat Bob is her favorite hair-do of all time not only because it gives her an exhilarating sense of freedom that ties in happily with her new professional status, but also because it lends itself to any kind of dress, any type of hat, and any sort of occasion. It is so shaped that it can be brushed forward to cap the face, or reversed and worn off the face. It can be something compelling to go with lace and mink, or something very casual and practical for a set of tennis.

She wore her hair long for many years, during times when other girls were bowing to fashion and visiting barbers regularly. This was out of deference to her husband who, like most men, preferred his wife with long hair. When she was preparing to make *People Will Talk*, director George Cukor had just returned from Paris, and having noticed that short hair was the rage there, asked Jeanne to have hers cut. She did, but never really liked the style. It was fine for a speedboat ride but it was shaped for a definite part and was a sporty coiffure that could be worn only one way. She recalls the night she was dressing to go to the ballet and tried to pin a rose behind her ear. "It was pretty much of a shock when I realized there was no hair to pin it to."

Jeanne says her Bobcat Bob was done on impulse, but one to which she gave a lot of thought.

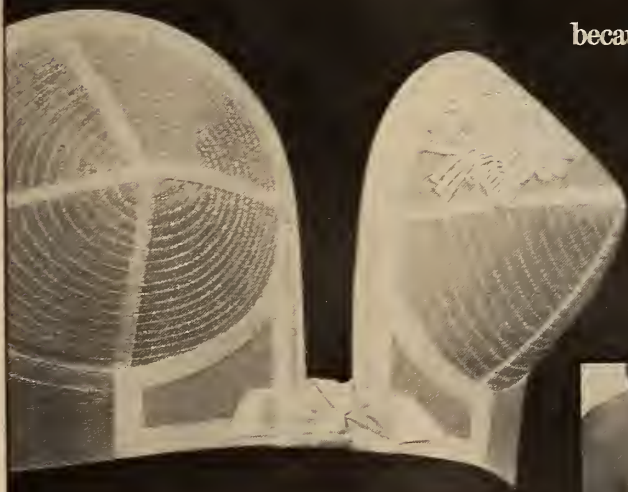
She said nothing to anyone about having it done. "I used to be sensible and ask

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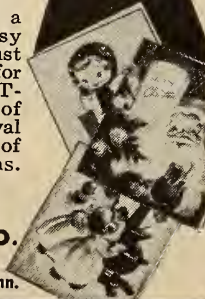
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people for their advice on everything, but these days I have an urge to respect my impulses. I haven't any more than anyone else, but I've noticed when I obey them, the results have always been fine. I think they're important, steering you to what you really want to do, and they happen in everything through life, even in romance. Something wonderful happens to you when you meet a particular man. Maybe you don't even know him more than five minutes, but call it chemistry or whatever, it's impulse. That's the way it was with Paul and me. And anyway, it's no fun asking people for advice. You always wind up being what they want you to be or doing what they want you to do—instead of being yourself."

She closely watched the fashion magazine, noticing haircuts she liked and those she disliked. And when enough time had passed after the completion of *Vickie* she consulted the models she had met when making *The Model And The Marriage Broker*. She had spent quite a bit of time with them, learning their tricks of posture and carriage, and noticed that their hair was invariably worn in the latest fashion. "Who," she asked them now, "gives the best haircut in town?" They all said the same thing—the Bentley Salon in Beverly Hills.

Paul didn't know a thing about it until he got home from work that night. Jeanne knew he liked long hair, but she also knew that he would appreciate a change when he got used to the new idea. "I think change is the essence of femininity," she says. "In a way, it's a woman's weapon. We all know that men have a roving eye, and wives who look the same year in and year out tend to become taken for granted. If a girl can give her husband a new face to look at every once in a while, he's more likely to stay as interested as he was the first time he saw her. Why are women so fascinated with clothes? It's the easiest possible way to look different. Sometimes you have to gamble on reaction, as I did with Paul and the haircut. But it proved my impulse was right—he liked it immediately and by this time is so in love with it that he probably wonders why I didn't do it sooner."

BENTLEY himself says he has never done a haircut exactly like this. Jeanne explained to him what she wanted, and they worked it out together. He cut it wet, with a straight edge razor, and the results were so admired that the salon has since been swamped with hundreds of requests for an identical cut. It can be done effectively even with straight, fine hair as the cut automatically turns it into a different hair style. It is cut quite short in back, where the hair merely brushes down. On the sides and the top the hair is about four inches long, and there is no part, a combination which allows for many changes. It can be shampooed and dried in the sun and then brushed to whatever shape she desires. It is never combed—always brushed.

"Actually," says Jeanne, "it looks short, but isn't. I don't think a boyish sort of bob ever appealed to men, and I feel this is the most feminine haircut I've ever had. It's even coquettish. It's short enough so that it gives a clean, well-groomed look, and it shows the neck and shoulder line, which I think is very feminine. In classic Greek Sculpture, you'll notice there were few women whose hair hid that line. It gives you sort of a regal feeling and a new lift to your carriage that comes without even trying."

"I think the ideal of every American boy is a girl who looks well but doesn't appear to work at it, and this haircut is so artfully casual that it gives that effect. It's

wonderfully adaptable for American life, both for daytime and evening, and you can do dramatic things with earrings or with jeweled coronets in the hair."

Jeanne is one of those rare young women who refuse to permit marriage and motherhood to draw them into a rut. She retains a deep love for excitement and adventure, and now that she is free of a long-term contract, intends to have a complete change of pace in her professional life. "I feel ready to meet any challenge that comes along," she says, and is looking forward to doing a variety of movie roles and, in a year or two, a Broadway play.

The first new adventure on her docket is a picture to be made in Europe, *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*. In it she will sing and dance and, she says with an ecstatic sigh, wear clothes designed and made in Paris. The picture will be made in both France and Italy, and inasmuch as this is her first trip to Europe, Jeanne at the moment is living in a cloud of anticipation. Seeing Europe has always been the dream of her life, but in ten years of being contracted to a studio there has not been an opportunity. The only time she has taken off has been devoted to having her children.

She is well equipped to enjoy Europe to the hilt. Both her father and uncle are language professors, with the result that Jeanne speaks French and Spanish rather fluently. History has always been one of her favorite subjects, she is an avid reader, and is so enamored of painting and sculpture that she places Florence higher than any other city on her list of anticipations. She is taking with her a special traveling case filled with sketching material and oils, hoping to bring back impressions done by her own hand, as well as by camera lens. There will be ample time to see things while the picture is being prepared, and Paul will go with her for a week or two at the start of the trip, as long as he can spare from his business, and then rejoin her for another week when the movie is completed.

SHE worries a great deal about leaving all the children, even though she is certain they will be well cared for, as this will be her longest separation from them.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

6—J. B. Scott; 7—upper left, Beerman, Parry; all others, J. B. Scott; 8—Wide World; 10—Beerman, Parry; 12—Beerman, Parry; 14—J. B. Scott; 15—Edna Bennett; 16—Beerman, Parry; 29—Edna Bennett; 30—Warner Brothers; 31—Beerman, Parry; 33—Wide World; 34—Universal-International; 35—1, Beerman, 2, Stork Club, 3, 4, 5, 6, Beerman, Parry, 7, Globe; 39—right, Keystone; 40—Universal-International; 41—Beerman, Parry; 42—INS; 43—Desert Sea News Service; 44-46, Beerman, Parry; 47, 50, 51—Beerman, Parry; 53—Parry; 56, 57—Beerman, Parry; 58—Beerman, Parry.

A few years ago she went to New York and was gone three weeks. "It was the longest time I'd been away from them, and the night before we left I didn't want to go. This time it will be more than three months, and I'm sure Paul is going to have to drag me out of the house."

Knowing Jeanne, we would venture to say that once she gets over the initial hump of leaving, she will have the time of her life. Furthermore, it's a rather good bet that the women of Paris, for a change, will be coveting an American haircut. **END**

peck's a good boy now

(Continued from page 39) Julianne, the Parisian reporter Veronica Passanie, the German actress Hildegard Neff—and while at the start this gossip had no visible effect upon him or his conduct, it certainly has now.

Gregory Peck is behaving himself in a manner beyond reproach. He is living the quiet, respectable, middle-class life in an apartment at 45 Grosvenor Square in London.

He has sub-let the apartment from producer Sam Spiegle and has hired a Hungarian cook, a middle-aged woman who not only prepares the most delectable dishes for him but for such guests as Maggie and Leo Genn, Audrey Hepburn's mother, Ronald Neame, and the scads of Englishmen Peck has known since he made *Captain Hornblower* in England a few years ago.

GREG has always liked home-life—he knew so little of it as the exchanged child of divorced parents—and rather than stay for any considerable length of time at a London hotel, he moved out of Claridge's early this spring and rented Spiegle's flat so that he could relax, entertain in his own way, and for three or four months stop living out of suitcases.

Peck is starring in *The Million Pound Note* at Pinewood Studios—this is an old Mark Twain story—and will probably not finish the film until some time in July. He is then scheduled to go to Sweden for *Assignment In Stockholm* and to India for *The Purple Plains*.

By that time his 18 months abroad should be up, and he'll be able to return to the U.S. with \$300,000 or \$400,000 tax free.

Greg doesn't mind returning to California with some tax-free dollars, but he doesn't want to come back with the reputation of a Great Lover, which is the kind of reputation someone like Kirk Douglas has been building abroad by flitting from one girl to another.

This is why Greg in London gets up at 6:30 A.M., takes some breakfast coffee, drives to the studio, acts opposite his leading lady, 23-year-old Jane Griffiths, a dentist's daughter from Rottingdean, Sussex, then drives back to his apartment at Grosvenor Square—"It's usually eight when I get back"—has dinner, reads until midnight, then retires.

He is rarely seen in public with any single or unattached women, because he knows now that if he is, the newspaper boys are waiting to splash it all over their papers.

Peck knows, too, that he has an obligation to his wife and three sons, Jonathan 9, Stephen 7, and Carey Paul 4, and that his behavior in Europe must in no adverse way affect the lives of his loved ones across the Atlantic.

Greg realizes now that you cannot date a single girl on several occasions without imbuing in that girl the hope that somehow and in some way she might become the second Mrs. Gregory Peck.

This is the error in tactics the tall Lincoln-esque actor committed last year when he began seeing Veronica Passanie even while Greta and the boys were in Europe.

VERONICA is a plain-looking, dark-eyed, brunette of 21, half French and half Russian, who lives with her mother in a small apartment in Paris on the Avenue Franklin Roosevelt. She works part-time as a reporter for the *Paris Presse*, an afternoon newspaper, and when you ask her about her relationship with Peck, her eyes flash and she becomes furiously defensive.

(Continued on page 82)

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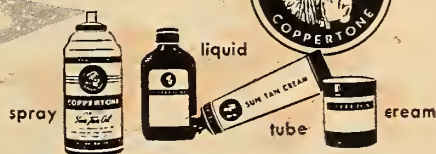
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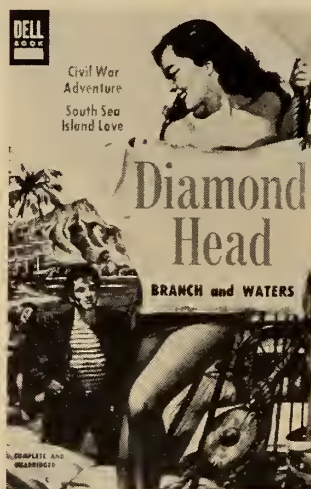
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"I'm a *journaliste*," she says, "and when Mr. Peck arrived in Paris, quite naturally I went to interview him. He was very nice. I went out sometimes with him. I am not going to discuss love. What do you mean, do I love him? What business is it? He is a very nice man. It was professional. I am a professional *journaliste*."

"That's obvious," I said, "but how come you followed him to Rome when he was making *Roman Holiday* with Audrey Hepburn?"

"I follow him? I did not follow anyone. The paper asks me to go to Rome to do a story."

"What story?"

"To do a story, and while I am there I run into Gregory Peck. He is a very nice man. He recognizes me. So."

"So what?"

"So Gregory Peck is just a friend, and I am a *journaliste*, and I have a career, and I am not going to answer any more questions."

"But isn't it true that you've told some of your girl-friends that you might one day be his bride?"

Mademoiselle Passanie bristled. "Who tells you I say that?"

"Some girls. I'm sorry I can't reveal their names."

"I never said that. All I say is that he is a nice gentleman and a friend. I am a *journaliste*, and I work here in Paris. I will not answer any more questions about Gregory Peck."

"Okay, just tell me this, and we'll drop the whole subject. Aren't you flying over to London Tuesday specifically to see him?"

"No, I am going to Nantes this Tuesday and about me and Gregory Peck is nobody's business, and I do not answer more questions."

"Gregory Peck aside, how old are you?"

"Why you ask?"

"Because indirectly Peck has been accused of being a cradle-snatcher, figuratively speaking that is."

Veronica Passanie said she was 21.

"Don't you think you're a little too young for Mr. Peck?"

"No more these questions. I am a *journaliste* and I do interviews myself."

IN PARIS today you can still hear vicious, unfounded rumors to the effect that Greg and Veronica have been meeting in London, but these aren't true.

Aware of the international stir his friendship with Veronica had caused, Greg realized some months ago when he left Paris for London that this one had best be terminated.

Actually it was a fluke that he met Veronica in the first place. She had asked a Paramount publicity man if she might interview Peck, and the press agent had arranged it.

Months later, Greg was invited to a small gathering in Paris, and everyone was amazed when he showed up with Veronica instead of his wife who was at that time also in Paris.

It seems that Greg and Greta had engaged in a serious spat, that dishes had gone flying all over their place, and that Greg was seeking his feminine companionship elsewhere. Shortly after this squabble, Greta took her three sons and sailed for home on the *Ile de France*. Greg saw them off. As soon as he was footloose and fancy-free, reporters approached him.

"Okay," one of them said, "tell us the truth. Are you and Mrs. Peck separated because of your interest in Hildegarde Neff and Veronica Passanie?"

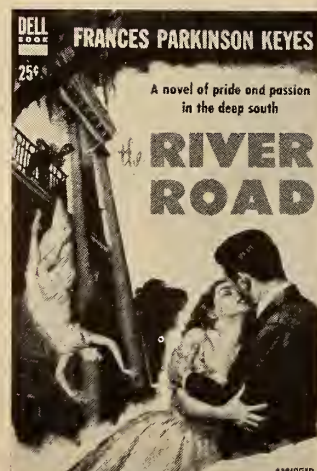
Peck said, "Sure, we're separated, but only by the ocean. Mrs. Peck went back to California to put the boys in school."

"How about you and Hildegarde Neff?"

"That's just nonsense. I met her in Lon-

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don at premiere of *Snows* (of Kilimanjaro) and I haven't seen her since."

"But you won't deny seeing Veronica Passanie?"

Peck said, "Sure, I know her. I've seen her in Paris. But there's nothing serious to it. Never was."

"Is there any truth to the story that Mrs. Peck plans to return to Europe in July or August?"

"I don't know about that yet."

IN Hollywood, Mrs. Peck says, "I don't think I'll be able to meet up with Greg this summer. After all, the boys and I haven't been back too long, and we have to get readjusted. But we hear from Greg all the time. The boys write him—of course, they miss him a good deal. He used to take them down to the beach and go for long walks with them. He's always been a wonderful father."

When Greta Peck returned to California from Europe, she took off for Las Vegas, and immediately a rumor was circulated that she was going to sue for divorce.

"I never had any such intention," she says. "I went to Las Vegas because I'd never been there before, and one of Greg's old friends, Ken Tobey, was going there with his wife. I think to attend somebody's wedding. That's right. Elmer Schneider, a business manager, was getting married and we just went along."

"Everyone said I was getting a divorce. I can tell you that such a thought is farthest from my mind. I hear a million stories about Greg in Europe. If I believe everything I hear, I'll go crazy."

"Greg's going to stay over there until this winter. His father and brother will probably go over to join him. Undoubtedly his name is going to be coupled with the names of some beautiful women. But he's a grown-up man. He's the father of three children, and he knows how to take care of himself."

"I realize that it's very hard being a famous movie star, working in Europe away from your wife and family. There are many temptations. A lot of young girls throw themselves at an actor. Not only in Europe but in this country as well. A man has got to practise self-control or he can wind up in a lot of trouble. The newspapers are ready to pounce on anything."

"If Gregory Peck and his wife are getting along very well, that's no news. But if we've had an argument or two, that's news. I'm not saying that we haven't had any quarrels. That's ridiculous. In ten years of marriage, all couples have disputes. There are quarrels about a lot of things. But we have three children and ten years behind us and I wouldn't ruin all that with a divorce."

THE Pecks were married almost 11 years ago on October 4, 1942 at Christ's Church in New York City; and like many young theatrical couples they were very poor. Greta worked as Katharine Cornell's hairdresser, and Greg played in a series of plays each of which ran no more than two or three weeks.

They lived in an old brownstone on East 40th Street between Lexington and Third Avenues. "It was a small three-room apartment, and I think we paid \$14 rent each week."

The Pecks didn't have enough money for a honeymoon until Greg got a lucky break and came out to RKO to test for *Days Of Glory*. A very wonderful man named Charley Koerner was running RKO at the time—that was in 1943—and when he learned that Greg and Greta had never enjoyed a honeymoon, he gave Greg a check for \$5,000 and said, "That's one thing every young married couple should have."

Greg took his bride and went to Phoenix

and had a honeymoon at the Camelback Inn and then came back to New York where he moved Greta into the Town House on 38th Street, rent \$85 a month.

It was there that Greg and Greta really got to know and respect each other, to learn about their individual quirks and idiosyncrasies, and to understand them.

No matter what European temptations beset her husband, Greta Peck is sure that Greg will never jeopardize his home. He's always wanted one too much.

He was only three when his own parents separated, and he spent his youth shuttling from grandmother to father to mother to St. John's Military Academy to the University of San Diego, and finally

Here's a casting switch. In U-I's *Sioux Uprising*, Jeff Chandler plays a white man instead of the usual Indian!

*Sidney Skolsky in
Hollywood Is My Beat*

to the University of California at Berkeley.

When finally he did strike it fairly rich in Hollywood, his first move was to rent a house, not an apartment, on Sunset Plaza Drive. Then very quickly, Greg bought a larger house on Mulholland Drive overlooking the city. "I've always liked a place," he explains, "where I can put down roots."

When the children began arriving, the Mulholland house was too small. "So we bought another one out near Pacific Palisades. That's where we live now, and that's where our children are very happy. Except," Greta Peck adds, "they miss their father. And I miss him, too. But let's face it, he's an actor, and he's got a job to do, and he wants to do it under the most advantageous conditions."

"His agent, that's MCA, you know, they've been great. They advised him on this 18-month tour, and they keep getting him all these offers. As you probably know when we first came out here, Greg wasn't making very much money. When he did begin earning something substantial, he was paying as much as 80% in taxes."

"In going to work overseas he's thinking of his family's future welfare, and I don't think anyone can blame him for that."

In London, Peck is trying to live down all those stories coupling him with Hildegard Neff, the beautiful German actress who, during the war, traded her last blouse for a loaf of bread. He is trying to soft-pedal rumors linking him to Veronica Passanie, *la jeune journaliste*, by attending strictly to business.

He's been told his reputation among movie-fans is much too good to endanger, that he's worked too hard and too long to foul up his career, and as a result he's determined to lead a circumspect existence although it certainly won't be a monastic one, for Greg has always liked the girls; and he's not going to deprive himself of feminine companionship completely.

For example, on his way to Cannes to attend the last days of the Film Festival, he stopped off in Paris to see Veronica Passanie, although the French press said, without naming names, that "Gregory Peck left Paris where he was held by an affair with a young *journaliste* to go to Cannes."

BETWEEN now and December when he returns to California, you may still hear about Greg and Veronica or Greg and some other European beauty, but it won't be anything too serious.

Eldred Gregory Peck has learned his lesson. He is promising nothing but good company, and from here on in, he's playing it very safe.

"A divorce," he says, "is the last thing in the world I want." And he means it. **END**

I'm going away!

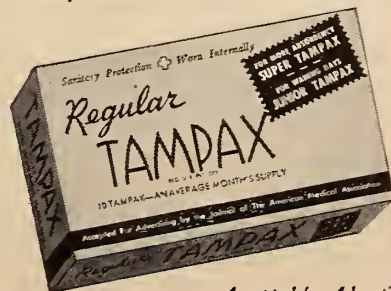
I'm going to enjoy every minute of my stay—not let a thing interfere with my vacation. And of course I'm taking Tampax along!



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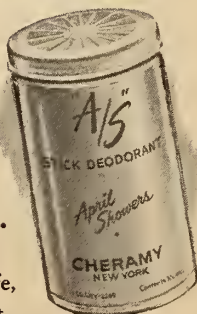
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by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

"It's that mysterious thing called *technique* that turns the trick," says Mitzi Gaynor. Here Hollywood's hottest date-bait tells her secret of attracting and holding a man.

Take my word for it

by MITZI GAYNOR, star columnist for August



Friends are for fun, not advice.



Gently does it with man or beast.



Keep an eye on your guy at all times.



I'm a flirt and don't care who knows it.

TO ATTRACT A MAN IS ONE THING, but then comes the important part of a girl's life—the how, when and whether of holding him.

Every girl has her successes, every girl her failures. Out of this, in the exchange of knowledge and experience, is evolved *technique*. In this spirit, and this spirit only, I offer what I know and think.

I TACKLE THE PROBLEM of holding a man (or not holding him) from the first instant I am aware of him. If I am at a party and a man makes it his business to meet me (and provided I like him), what goes on in my head is something like this:

What was I doing, what was I saying, the first moment he saw me? What angle did I present to him? Did he see me from the side, the back, the front. Was he busy with someone else when he saw me or wasn't he doing anything anyway?

Maybe I realize that when he first saw me I was in an unusually gay mood and he may have the impression that I am just a mad lighthead. Since I like him I want to correct that idea. Life is not just for laughs as far as I am concerned. I try to let him know.

Maybe I am wearing a dress of a certain color and I feel he was attracted by it. Mister, if we keep knowing each other you are going to see a lot of that color. I'll remember. That's a girl's business.

Maybe, on the other hand, I caught him turning his head to look at me when I happened to mention the name of someone important (I hate name drop-pers so much that I hate myself when I happen to mention anyone who comes under that category). So. That's something to keep in mind. It may not be me he is interested in... but the fact that I know somebody he wants to be interested in him. Well, he can find some other way.

WHAT IS THERE ABOUT HIM THAT I LIKE? Is he making sense with his talk, casual, interesting talk, or is he just talking... maybe trying to impress me? What about me? Am I making sense in my talk, et cetera? Does he stack up like a double A date, the one I'd like to dress up for and go out on a Saturday or Sunday evening? Or is he just someone I'd like to go to the beach with, maybe a cocktail party, say... but not the all-out boy friend.

The fellow any girl is looking for, of course, is the all-around date, the one you would have fun with going anywhere, doing everything or even doing nothing... just being with him. Until a girl finds such a person she is never completely happy with any man.

Is he that one? How do you judge? By a feeling you get, of course. But there can be more. By



looking and listening and thinking, by being receptive you have a chance to find out about him. And that's where *technique* comes in. You can chase off the right man, you can attract the wrong man, by not handling yourself right.

THERE WAS A TIME I'D BE SO NERVOUS meeting a new man I'd make the same mistake a lot of girls do, talk too much, and drive him away . . . or at least so drown him in my prattle that he never got a chance to give a picture of himself. I learned to listen . . . to listen for clues about the fellow . . . his interests and ambitions.

I remember admiring a man at a party and then learning that he was a doctor. I thought to myself that we would probably have little in common. Then he came over and I let him talk. Pretty soon he was saying something intelligent about the ballet, something he couldn't very well say unless he liked the ballet. "Ah!" I thought to myself. "If he likes the ballet then he likes music. If he likes ballet and music it is even possible that he might like me . . . and certainly it is possible that we have a common meeting ground for our interests. . . So, you are not entirely pharmaceutical (or medicinal or whatever it is) my handsome medic!"

That overtalking when you meet someone new can be fierce! By the time you separate often neither remembers names or anything said. Maybe you could have had a nice friendship but you goofed it.

I TRY HARD NOT TO JUDGE A MAN by what one or two people may say about him. I have learned that the opinion of the few is not reliable; the opinion of the many may not always be right, for that matter. A man who is strongly individual may often be secretly resented by many of his friends, and they will unconsciously (and sometimes deliberately) reveal this feeling by their remarks and attitude when his name is brought up. What they don't like, however, is exactly what you might like! A strong individual, unless he is hopelessly eccentric, is someone a girl could cotton to and be very happy with: Of course, *being* individual and just trying to play the part are two different things. One is somebody, the other is a fake. You have to use your judgment like anything!

THE WORST MISTAKE A GIRL CAN MAKE is to play at being something other than she is. What's the point of putting on the Grand
(Continued on page 86)



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Take my word for it

continued from page 85

Look, the over-emphasized manner, *unless* you never want to see the fellow you are meeting again. Because, you can't keep it up, you know. Sooner or later you are going to revert to your usual self . . . and then, floey! Where he might have accepted you, and liked you, for what you really are, it's not so easy to watch you sink from something higher to your real level. He might still like you . . . but with a sense of loss always between you.

There is a little piece of advice I try never to forget when I meet someone new whom I like: "Don't sell yourself!" You're not a car! You don't have to demonstrate all your good points in one grand demonstration. The idea is not to make him go home and add you up! He's not looking for an article. He's looking for a relationship which he feels can develop and grow with time. A pleasant impression, something he may not even be able to define, is the perfect start.

THE IDEAL STATE OF AFFAIRS IN LOVE as far as women are concerned, would come about if men were more interested in women than women are in men. Unfortunately the reverse of this is true. That's just the way it is, that's all. This means that the girl must do most of the thinking in any romance. By your beauty and personality you have attracted him, but so help me, and no matter how beautiful you are, it's by your thinking that you are going to hold him *in the long run*. Let me prove it: If only beauty counted the relationship would never grow much past what it amounts to the first time because the strongest impression beauty makes is usually the first one. Beauties don't become more beautiful; they can look more beautiful if, fortunately, the beauty has been enhanced by other attractive qualities stemming from character and acquired knowledge. A girl can grow and grow in a man's heart by what she does and how she does it; seldom by the fact that she looks as beautiful today as yesterday.

A GIRL WANTED TO INTRODUCE HER NEW BOY FRIEND to her own crowd. She planned a party at her house. And she used her head. She had him come a half hour before any of the others were due. In this way he didn't have to brace the whole bunch of them at one time by walking in when the others were there. Meeting a roomful of people, all of whom know each other but none of whom know you, can be a bit of an ordeal. He was very grateful for this. He thought his girl had brains and a fine social sense. These are qualities a man would appreciate in a wife. It didn't hurt her a bit. (Incidentally, if a man were planning to introduce his new girl to friends might it not be better to do the reverse? Let her come when everyone else is assembled so she could be the queen bee and make a grand entrance? Shows you how complicated these things can be.)

Another girl I know liked a boy very much but she didn't like the way he dressed. Being intelligent she never revealed her feeling. Instead she complimented him every time he happened to wear something that was in good taste. Since he liked her he liked her praise. Without knowing it he tried for more. There was only one way to do this . . . by experimenting with his clothes. Gradually, he learned what would bring a pleased look to her eyes and what wouldn't.

TO THINK A LOT ABOUT YOUR ROMANCE with someone does not mean to be so concerned about it as to let it become unbalanced. It seems to me that a lot of girls I know have a two-cycle phase to all their affairs; 1) They go round and round madly in love, 2) they go round and round horribly miserable because (they think) it just hasn't gone well. Actually, they, the girls, have pulled the solid underpinning away from under themselves by being too nervous about it all.

One big mistake a girl can make is to be a good sport. Men take good sports on casual dates, call them up at short notice, kid around with them—but never marry them! How do you become a good sport? By letting things ride, by being afraid to cause a fuss when he has committed a fault or is otherwise guilty of failing to maintain his end of the relationship properly. If you have gone with him to a gathering of his friends and he soon deserts you while he takes up old issues with this one or that one . . . that's the time to call him on it right away. What's the use of overlooking this sort of careless attitude to you? Is the possibility of a break-up worse than the probability of a lifetime of being left alone? A major change of attitude is required here if you are ever going to be happy and you had better find out right away if he is capable of making this change.

A MAN SHOULD NOT BE A BRAGGART. If he is he is deliberately misrepresenting himself in an important matter . . . a friendship that might develop into a lifelong association. A girl is always conscious of a man's potential; will he have character, will he have strength, will he make a place for her in the world? She is conscious of it because there is an important role she must play, as a wife and a mother, and she will need strong support. Can he give it? Not if he's a liar about himself. Not if he is so indulgent about his mistakes that he laughs them off and expects her to do the same. Not if he is so self-centered that he rarely can see her point of view.

HOW DO YOU FIND OUT these big things about a fellow? By carefully noticing and adding up the little things.

If he really likes you he'll be interested in what you like. If you find yourself keeping many things to yourself that ordinarily you would talk about—it's time to start wondering how long you can keep it up. If you find yourself going again and again to places which absolutely have no appeal to you, and he hasn't even once gotten the thought that this might be the case . . . how close is he to you, how close can he ever be?

I DON'T MEAN THAT A GIRL SHOULD BE CRASSLY INDEPENDENT I do mean that she should be thoughtfully analytical . . . not only of her feelings, which can lead you God forbid where . . . but of the facts. She should stand aside and look at herself and him as two other people. What would you think of your romance if your friend was in your place? Would you see things about yourself that you don't see now?

A wise man once said that lovers lie to each other . . . but not as much as they lie to themselves.

Is true, no?

Mizi Gaynor

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HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. F-7, 7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, California

the price of fame

(Continued from page 36) his salary has doubled itself several times.

Asked if, in his opinion, he has gone Hollywood, Tony gestures wildly. "Gone Hollywood? I don't know what it means. I really don't. I guess a few people here go off their rockers, but everybody we know is a down-to-earth guy who'd rather go to a picnic than a premiere. I don't say they'd rather go back to being poor—that'd be crazy—but they lead sensible lives within their incomes and they don't think they're better than the next guy. What's with this going Hollywood routine?"

He violently defends the slightest peck at Hollywood's collective reputation, and his loyalty is both commendable and understandable. The town and its industry have given him things he never dreamed of having, and to slander it in any respect has never entered his mind.

WHEN he first arrived in Hollywood four years ago he wasn't exactly a naive kid. He had lived a tough life and he had spent two war years on a submarine. He had no notions about the streets of Hollywood being paved with gold. He viewed the town as a dream world where success might possibly come to him, but he came humbly, knowing that his own talent was only a drop in a city that was a sea of talent. He knew that there is no equivalent, in real life, of the Good Ship Lollypop.

Nobody paid any attention to him at first. He was just another cog in the big wheel. The people he was meeting were always going places but they never asked Tony to go along. The first sign of his acceptance came when they began nibbling him. Would he go to the prop department and get the left-handed baseball? Had he drunk any water from the Old Iron spring on the back lot? Tony hadn't been born yesterday. He'd known all these gags from his boyhood, but he went along with them to please the gagsters. He figured it was a small enough price to pay for their friendship. He found his closest friends in Frankie Van, who runs the studio's gymnasium, and a couple of people in the publicity department.

He was content with this life. He wanted to better his career, of course, but the fact that he wasn't invited to the swank parties or asked to hobnob with the big shots didn't bother him in the least.

And then it began to happen. The pictures in which he'd appeared (most of them gave him no more than a few lines of dialogue) were seen by moviegoers, and the fan mail began flooding the studio. The executives soon knew that Tony's flash popularity required his being given a leading role, and fast. They rushed through the script of *The Prince Who Was A Thief* and put him in the title role. Even before the picture began shooting, things began to change. People who hadn't bothered to smile at him before now gave him a big hello and soon were including him in their social lives. Tony had lived too long and too thoroughly not to know that the new attitude was because he was slated for the big time.

TONY's name landed on the list used for the elegant Hollywood parties. "Go to them," said some, "it's good business." And others said, "Don't get mixed up in that rat race. When you start climbing around on the social ladder it's a cinch you'll be accused of going Hollywood."

When he married Janet Leigh the flint-tongued in town said it was a marriage of convenience for Tony because of the fact that Janet's more established career would help his own to climb faster and

farther. When he took a suspension at his studio in order to go away on a trip with Janet, he was accused of growing too big for his boots. Every time he asked for a raise, they said his ego was inflated.

His agent criticized his clothes. He shouldn't wear slacks and sweaters, he shouldn't wear those sharp clothes from New York, he shouldn't buy suits with those wide lapels. To emphasize the point, the agent took an armful of Tony's clothes and gave them away.

Why, people wanted to know, didn't he lose that Bronx accent? Why couldn't he speak English, like other actors?

Did he always have to let his hair flop over his forehead? He must be going Hollywood. That careless lock of hair was the mark of the affected actor.

People he had never seen before approached him and invited him to parties. "I'm a friend of Joe's. You remember Joe. I'm giving a little soiree Saturday night and I'd appreciate it if you'd be there at eight."

Why didn't he buy himself a Cadillac? Every successful movie star has a Cadillac. Why did they live in that little one-bedroom apartment? And then when they moved to the penthouse, do they have to have a penthouse? Why didn't they have a baby? Were they so tied up with Hollywood and their careers that they didn't want children?

"Don't let all this go to your head," he was told by veterans. "Just because 2,000 girls scream when you come out on a stage—well, don't let it go to your head, that's all."

People said they were tired of seeing Tony's picture in magazines, that every time they opened one, there was his picture looking out at them. He must be publicity crazy, they said.

A GI wrote from Korea. "You great American dream, you. How would you like to switch places with me? I sleep every night in a space six by six and eat out of a tin can."

He went into a restaurant, and the people at the adjoining table nudged each other. "Look, he eats—just like everybody else."

He said he didn't like a certain actress. "You shouldn't say that," they told him. "Five years from now you might be broke and you'll be glad to get on your knees and ask her to help you."

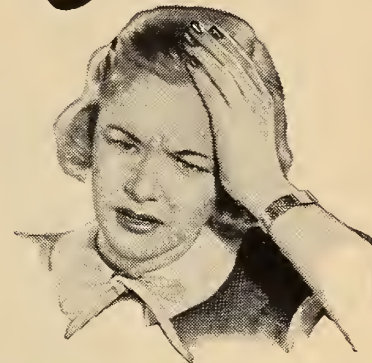
When he was on a stage he was taunted by hecklers. They were always men, reacting negatively to his good looks. He appeared in a newsreel in connection with a charity function, wearing a tuxedo with a string tie, and the hair falling over his forehead, and an all-male groan went up from the audience.

WHILE the cloying compliments and jealous criticisms were building up to such pressure, Tony was working harder than he ever had in his life. He was in one picture after another for which he had to learn to box, to fence, and to perform the magic tricks of Houdini. He was in the first year of his marriage, a time when anyone needs peace of mind for the necessary adjustment, and for long weeks he was tormented by his father's serious illness. These things were important, so important that things said to his face or behind his back made little impression other than a sense of tingling annoyance. But every time he paused to take a breath, the flood came pushing in at him.

How has Tony reacted to it all?

To the criticism of his marriage, his suspension and his requests for more money, he reacted by vowing to break a few noses around town. It was then he had his first lesson in controlling his temper. He was told, and had to admit it was

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GLAD SUE

FOUND OUT ABOUT

MIDOL

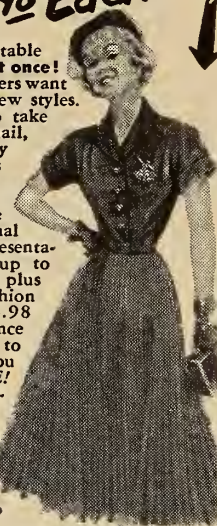


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true, that every Hollywood star must learn to let these things run themselves out. If every maligned star acted on his impulses, there wouldn't be a straight nose in town. Tony didn't cease being angry; he was furious and rightly so, but he learned the first price of fame in this day and age. A name in the news cannot risk a brawl and the resultant bad publicity in order to defend his honor.

He went only to the parties he wanted to attend. These were given by his and Janet's friends, of whom they have many, and despite outside pressure to attend social affairs, Tony steered away from them.

As for his clothes, he had trouble learning about them. He'd been used to styles that tended toward the zoot suit, and it was difficult for him to tone down his taste. By now he has learned the value of the dark suit and conservative tie, but once in a while something snaps and he buys an article that according to Wall Street and Sunset Boulevard is all wrong. For the first time in his life he has enough money for gimmicks and his natural exuberance makes him want to dabble in fads. The string tie with the tux was one of these things. If Tony had been there in the theater when the audience groaned he would have been hurt.

Concerning his hair—with the exception of his Navy days when it was shorn to a crew cut, Tony has always worn it rather long and it has always, as snapshots will prove, flopped over his forehead.

The criticism of his accent at first bewildered Tony and now amuses him, for by this time he knows the answer. He is censured because his speech retains the twang of the Bronx, yet he knows full well that should he make a studied effort to deliver Oxford English wrapped in pear-shaped tones, he would be the butt of even more criticism.

HE learned to ignore remarks concerning his finances. He didn't buy himself a Cadillac because (a) the Buick was a perfectly good car and (b) he couldn't afford a more expensive automobile. For the same reason, they lived for a year in a small apartment. Like every young couple they hope for a home of their own, but instead of following the Hollywood pattern wherein newly made stars buy homes beyond their income before the ink is dry on their contracts, Tony and Janet lived in crowded quarters in order to save for the home they want. They moved to the penthouse simply because they needed a bigger place. They didn't look for a penthouse; the apartment they liked just happened to be one.

They do want children but they are both young, and wise enough to plan their family in a manner that, when the children do come, they will have a more normal life. Both Tony and Janet are at the beginning of their careers, and as is usual in Hollywood, this is the period when they are working the most steadily. If there were a baby at home now they would seldom see it, but if their respective careers follow the established line, two years should find them working in fewer pictures.

When Tony was cautioned against conceit because of the adulation showered on him, he shrugged. "If two people like me, that makes me happy. That's all I need. If 2,000 people like me, that's very nice, but the difference between two and two thousand doesn't affect me at all."

The hecklers are always there, but they don't bother him. He knows that anybody in the public spotlight has to contend with them, whether he be the head of the Plumbers' Union or the President of the United States. A few of these hecklers

got close to Tony, and seeing that he is extremely capable of handling his fists, backed down. To some of them he has said, "You look like a nice guy. Why do you want a fight?" And the resentment has left them like air from a pricked balloon.

Somebody once consoled Tony concerning the brickbats by telling him, "Nobody shoots at dead eagles." And so when people go out of their way to be rude, when people in public bump into him on purpose (one girl did this deliberately, twice, at the time Tony was on crutches because of his fractured ankle), he knows it is only because they are envious of him for one or many reasons.

None of the slaps have made him quite so angry as the letter from Korea. "Sure,

Don Taylor's Santa Monica home has bathrooms papered with movie scripts that Don has done.

I'm sorry he's there, but it's no reason to single me out as a guy who's sleeping comfortably in a feather bed. I did my stint, and I'd have been happy to have a room six by six. When I was in, I slept on a torpedo. I wanted in the worst way to write that guy. I wanted to tell him that I'd have switched places with him when I was in and he was back here doing his geography homework. But you can't do that to a guy who's over there now. I wish I could tell him face to face after he gets out."

TONY's honesty is one thing he will not surrender to his career. When he was told he shouldn't speak of his dislike for a particular actress he said, "Why not? Am I a block of wood? Am I a blessed angel? Everybody in this world dislikes at least one person, and I'd be a hypocrite if I said I didn't."

The comments that he is over-publicized are a perfect example of the fact that no matter which way a star faces, he is pelted by criticism. When actors refuse interviews and photographs they are roundly scolded by the press, yet when they cooperate to the fullest, as have both Tony and Janet, they are told they are too obsessed by publicity. Tony's attitude can best be explained by his honest statement to a Paramount publicist when he went to that studio to make *Houdini*. "Whenever you want me for anything, call me up. Day or night, Sundays or holidays. I know I didn't get where I am through my acting, because I haven't had that many pictures. I owe it all to the press. They started me off and by now they've put me in a spot where I have a chance to prove I'm an actor."

Needless to say, he is a favorite of the press, who have always found him courteous and helpful. When he and Janet were presented last December with the Golden Apple award for cooperation by the Hollywood Women's Press Club he said simply, "You shouldn't thank me. It's my place to thank you."

TONY's career has brought him great happiness, including a sound and wonderful marriage with Janet and a star on his dressing room door. The temptations and taunts have served only to make him, outwardly, a little more subdued than he used to be, but inside he is still the same effervescent boy who wants to play with the world. He has done what people wanted him to do; he has kept his head. And he proves this when he says, and means it, "I love the acting game and I love Hollywood, but if it ever starts making me unhappy, I'll pack my toothbrush and take off. I can always do something else for a living."

END

HOLLYWOOD ABROAD

continued from page 78

on the false stuff." One of Taylor's European girlfriends, the dancer Ludmilla Tcherina, has been signed by Universal, which means that Ursula Thiess is going to have some competition when Bob returns, probably in September.

ANNE BAXTER touring Europe after her breakup with John Hodiak, hasn't had the European men laying siege to her affections. At Cannes one young actor explained that, "your Miss Baxter is too mental for Frenchmen. She gives me the feeling that she wears brass knuckles on her tongue." It is also true that Anne isn't fantastically wealthy. She's in Munich now making *Carnival* with Steve Cochran.

JEANNE CRAIN's salary would have jumped to \$5,000 a week had 20th Century picked up her final option. Jeanne asked for out so that she could go to England to star in *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*. The film is scheduled to get underway on July 15th in London with Jeanne receiving \$65,000 in cash, \$25,000 in escrow and \$5,000 for European expenses.

ERROL FLYNN now that Patrice Wymore is expecting, will have the dubious distinction of having fathered four children by three different wives. In Italy with a dozen other Hollywood stars, Flynn says that he is preparing his fourth made-in-Italy film, *William Tell*. Back in Hollywood, Nora Haymes, the actor's second wife, claims Errol is delinquent in his support payments. His first wife Lili Damita, who has never remarried, claimed the same thing.

GENE TIERNEY who sent her mother back to the U.S. so that she could spend more time with Aly Khan, recently spent three weeks at Aly's Irish farm in County Kildare. Gene and Aly are inseparable all over Europe. A wedding announcement should be forthcoming very soon. If not, friends say, Gene will be the most disappointed young woman in Europe.

FRANCHOT TONE is having an extremely tough time trying to collect \$65,666 on an insurance policy from Lloyd's of London. Tone claims the company owes him that sum for accident injuries suffered in his 1951 fight with Tom Neal over the affections of Barbara Payton. Lloyd's, on the other hand, alleges that Tone was in "a state of intoxication at the time," and not only provoked the fight but exposed himself to "deliberate and exceptional danger" in circumstances barred by the disputed insurance policy.

SONJA HENIE a money-wise woman if ever there was one, is touring Europe with what she calls her Coronation Ice Revue. Sonja, who is worth a minimum of \$4,000,000, travels with her husband Winthrop Gardner, a wardrobe mistress, a secretary, a hair stylist, and her own cook. Only member of this entourage who encounters any trouble is the cook. Seems that the hotel chefs on the Continent resent him. Sanja who was faced with a \$5,000,000 suit when the grandstand collapsed in Baltimore at her ice show, has won the case. "If I had lost," she says, "I would've been broke, flat broke."



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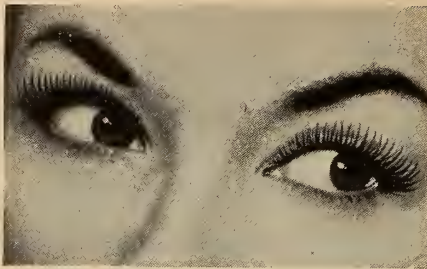


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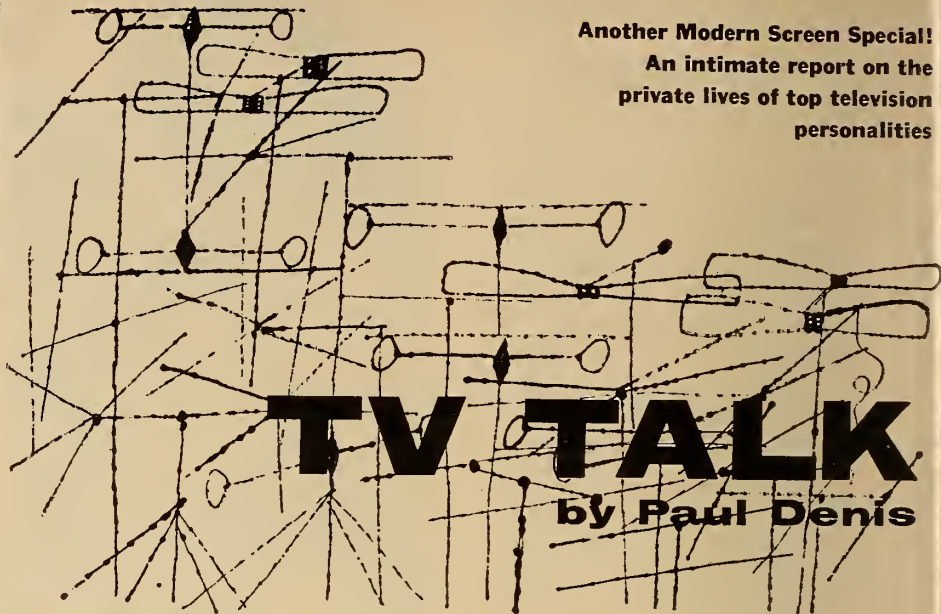
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TV TALK by Paul Denis



MOTHER GOES ALONG: Toni Arden, who's 23 and has been on the road since 16, confesses she's never been away from home one night without her mother going along. "Mother feels a girl on the way up needs protection," says Toni, who's also a Columbia recording star. "I love to have Mother with me. She's a great comfort to me. She's been with me every day of my show-business life, including one-night tours, and you know how tiring they are. Her only interest in life is that I should be happy. But she doesn't want to be a typical stage mother, so she stays in the background. She doesn't like to be photographed for publicity pictures. She avoids the limelight. And if I ever meet somebody nice and want to go out, she encourages me. She tells me to get married when I feel it's right." So far, Toni's been too busy singing to settle down.

BEHIND THE OPERATION: Behind Arthur Godfrey's decision to submit to surgery, to repair two jagged hip bones, is the hope he'll be able to stand without pain. And, almost as important, is his eagerness to eliminate the wobble in his walk—a cause for much scurrilous talk for years.

"A lot of people thought I was half crooked," Godfrey says. "My hip wouldn't allow me to mount a horse properly. Once, at a horse show, after I was helped up, the word spread all over town that I had been too drunk to get on alone."

Arranging for the operation became almost a high state secret. Godfrey rested for a week in Virginia, but not at his farm—because that was being watched by fans and reporters.



When he checked in at the Boston hospital, a special guard system was set up to protect him from too-eager fans. Before the operation, Godfrey had received more than 20,000 messages of good cheer, and newspapers ran editorials and cartoons lauding him. The hospital was flooded with mail and tourists, much to the delight and amazement of the hospital's publicity woman. Other hospitals tried frantically to persuade Godfrey to change his plans and use their facilities. Newspapers demanded exclusive bedside interviews, and harassed hospital officials.

In New York, CBS revamped its publicity setup on Godfrey. Walter Murphy, Godfrey's press agent the past few years, was dropped and Mel Spiegel brought in. Spiegel hopes to persuade Godfrey to be at least occasionally available for press interviews.

GLEASON'S HIDEAWAY: With two cars in the garage (one from Frank Sinatra and one from his TV staff), Jackie Gleason decided to do something about it: so he took driving lessons and got his license. Now he drives out to his rented mansion in suburban Sands Point, L. I., almost nightly. "I'm getting sleep for the first time in 20 years," he explains. He wanted to put in a lot of swimming, but discovered that the water's polluted. So he's buying a boat.



The year before, he rented a house in Stony Brook. "But, by the time you walked out beyond the rocks, you were too far out to throw back your sneakers." Jackie's also planning to get in some golfing, now that his Sands Point house is only a couple blocks from golfer Perry Como's house.

EDDIE'S TANK: When Eddie Fisher returned to civilian life, at the New York Paramount Theater, the dressing room windows were closed tight, and an oxygen tank supplied fresh air. The reason was that Eddie suffered from a bronchial infection he picked up in a London fog, while still in the Army. A couple of weeks later, Eddie did collapse from overwork, but recovered in time to make his London Palladium booking, as scheduled. Incidentally, Eddie's publicity staff is playing down the romance angle on the theory that

Eddie was in the Army two years and couldn't very well have had time for dates with starlets.

HERB'S MANY MOTORS: Herb Shriner, a hot rod and foreign-car bug, is commercializing on his hobby. He's run two big motor sports shows in New York, and managed not to lose money. Right now, Herb has cut down on his motor toys. He owns only a Phantom Corsair (\$8,000, custom-made); a custom-built 1934 Packard sport car; and his baby car, a Play-boy roadster. He also has a 30-foot sloop, anchored at Port Washington, L. I. And, oh yes, he still owns a custom-built landcruiser, a small home-on-wheels and not a trailer. This car, renamed the Safari, is being manufactured, at \$6,000 each.

DINAH'S NOT-SO-SECRET SECRET: Dinah Shore and George Montgomery visited New York for the first time in a year and a half. They saw a lot of shows, and insisted, "We didn't see one bad one." Dinah went to Washington to sing before President Eisenhower. George is still chuckling over the way Dinah was tricked into appearing on *This Is Your Life*, believing she was to work with Eddie Cantor. "I knew about it for four weeks," George says. "She, in turn, thought she was keeping from me the fact she was going to guest on Cantor's show."

BETTE SAID NO: Ed Sullivan tells how he visited Bette Davis backstage to persuade her to do her Tallulah satire on his CBS-TV show, for a \$10,000 fee. She agreed, and then phoned him the next day to say: "Don't argue with me, but I can't do the Tallulah number. I don't think enough people know who she is." Sullivan protested, and Bette replied: "As for the \$10,000, forget it. I can't do it." Sullivan says, "The greatest person who's ever appeared on my TV show since I started it, is Helen Hayes."

WHITE-HAIRED NEIL: For a long time, Neil Hamilton used to leave Hollywood Screen Test rehearsals to hurry off to the Royalton Barber Shop every week. Finally, writer Alton Alexander asked, "Do you get a hair cut every week?" Hamilton explained, "No. But my hair's white, and I have to touch it up every week." Hamilton no longer goes to the barber's weekly. Apparently, he's learned to touch up his hair by himself.

NO ROMANCE FOR JONI: Joni James, whose career is zooming, complains she hasn't had a day off since September. A girl who's always had a lot of beaux, she has decided to concentrate on her career. "I've dated one boy for a long time, and I'm very fond of him," she says, "but I wouldn't know what to do with a husband and a career at this point."

BETTY'S DAUGHTER: Betty Furness' 13-year-old daughter, Barbara, wants to go into show business. She's going to camp this summer and studying dramatics. In a year or two, she'll become an apprentice in summer stock, with Mamma's approval. Betty thinks summer stock is perfect for Barbara: "A year or two of apprentice work is really good. If you have any real interest in it, you can watch the actors develop their parts. It's also a lot of fun."

LA ROSA'S TRIP WEST: Julius La Rosa plans to take a month off from the Godfrey show this

summer for a slow motor trip to Hollywood and back. "The furthest west I've ever been was Hot Springs, Ark., and that was when I was in the Navy," he says. "I want to see the Grand Canyon, Salt Lake City, the Mojave Desert, and Hollywood. One of my Brooklyn buddies will go with me."

JANIS CARTER MOVES TO N. Y.: Janis Carter, after making 36 movies in seven years in Hollywood, has settled down in New York. She's leased the big penthouse apartment formerly occupied by Margaret Sullivan, and says she's making TV her new career. She's been doing the Revlon commercials and guesting on panel shows, displaying a bright, glib, erudite personality. She's living alone, with her 17-month-old miniature dachshund, Liebchen. She insists there's no big romance in her life at the moment—but I don't believe it.

HERO OF THE SMART SET: Gabby Hayes and his beard went to the Colony Club for lunch. And, although celebrities are a dime a dozen at the snooty Colony, a dozen mink-coated ladies begged Gabby for his autograph. Gabby says it's the same thing when he goes to the Metropolitan Opera: "I get more requests for autographs than when I'm in a lunch wagon." Gabby's NBC-TV show is such a success, Gabby has settled in New York for good, moving into an apartment in snazzy Sutton Place. His wife, Dorothy, ill much of last winter, is much better.

NANCY GUILD DOES EVERYTHING: Nancy Guild, with her husband and daughter Liz, is summing in France. When they return, she will resume her courses at Hunter College, New York. She's going for a B.A. degree, majoring in philosophy and psychology, and says she won't drop her *Where Was I?* show on TV. She says she can raise a family, run a household, pursue a career, finish an education—and still manage to look like 17—"because I like what I'm doing."

CLARABELLE IS A NEW MAN: With practically no one knowing it, the clown on Howdy Doody's show, Clarabelle, has been changed. The new one is Bob Nicholson, who once conducted the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra and who has settled in Larchmont, N. Y., with his wife and two children. Clarabelle was originally an NBC male usher, brought in to keep the kids quiet during the show. Speaking lines would have classified him as an actor and made it necessary to be paid an actor's union salary. So he was kept silent and put in a clown's costume.

ROMANCE: HOT AND COLD: Lisa Ferraday and TV furrier Milton C. Herman are going steady . . . Jack and Joan Carter have finally split, and agreed on a settlement . . . Sydney Smith and Perry Como's producer, Lee Cooley, have divorced . . . The Donald Richards marriage ended up in divorce, too . . . Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer do their romancing in hot jazz joints . . . Sally Forrest returned to Hollywood to sell their home, while husband Milo Frank, CBS executive, is readying their new Sutton Place apartment in New York. Her delay in returning to New York has launched the rumor that the Franks are having a trial separation . . . Milton Berle gave a big diamond brooch to Ruth Cosgrove the day before her birthday, and a surprise party in his home the night of her birthday, May 14. He's been dating her steadily, and exclusively, for months.

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retreat to paradise

(Continued from page 46) Paul and Jan took out their bankbooks, studied their balance, and made an offer of \$60,000.

MELVYN Douglas accepted, and Paul and Jan moved in.

"I can't tell you how happy we were," Jan says in retrospect, "to get the house. It answers all our needs. I remember when we first started looking for a place. Paul and I both felt that we didn't want to live so far from town that we had to spend two hours every day driving back and forth from work. Also if after dinner we wanted to go into town, well, we didn't want another long trek.

"What we wanted was a place with trees, privacy, and a feeling of country living not too far away from our work."

That these demands were difficult to meet, Paul and Jan learned quickly.

"What you want," one real estate agent told them, "is a country house a couple of miles from Times Square."

It so happens the Douglasses got the California equivalent. One night the phone rang, and Paul lurched for it. After a few minutes he turned to Jan and said, "The Melvyn Douglas house is up for sale."

Jan Sterling reacted like a girl who has just been given a hotfoot.

"I know that house," she said. "I know it well. Melvyn invited me home for dinner one time."

Paul Douglas arched his eyebrows. "Did you say one time?"

"Don't be silly, Paul. We were playing in something called *Three Blind Mice*. It must have been ages ago, and he said, 'Why don't you come up to the house for dinner?' and I said, 'Sure.' And I remember I loved it."

"Loved what?"

"The house, you goon. Really, Paul, if it's not too expensive or too run down, let's buy it."

"Let's buy it. Just like that, eh? First," said Mr. Paul Douglas, "I'll have to look at it."

The Douglas house looks much larger than it really is. Actually, it boasts only seven rooms, but they sprawl over two levels of terraced hillside.

A three-car garage, a store room with work bench, and what is now Paul's office occupy the first level. From here a brick walk leads to the picturesque front door on the second level.

Inside on the higher level you find a book-lined living room, a spacious dining room, a large kitchen, and four bedrooms.

Soon after they plunked down their hard-earned \$60,000 and moved in, Paul and Jan sensibly decided that they didn't need four bedrooms, so they remodeled one of the smaller ones into a dressing room for Paul who happens to be a most fastidious dresser.

"I was getting pretty tired," Jan says, "of listening to Paul's cracks about how my clothes took up all the closet space. Now he has a whole walk-in closet for himself. People sometimes mistake it for Grand Central."

Another bedroom has been turned into what the Douglasses call "the televising room." Paul used to be a crack sports announcer, so that it's only natural for him to spend much of his spare time in this room watching fights and ball games.

A third bedroom is decorated in shades of pink, and it's set aside for Paul's 10-year-old daughter, Maggie, (child by his third marriage) who comes to visit on weekends and vacations.

Their master bedroom is a large comfortable rectangle with deeply recessed windows and the door leading to swimming pool and brick patio.

"Right here," Paul says, "is where we do most of our living. That's why we've furnished it like a small sitting room. books, paintings, things like that. We eat breakfast on the coffee table and when we're not working, we spend lots of time in this room just gabbing and reading."

Jan's feelings about the bedroom are similarly enthusiastic. "It's a wonderful spot to wake up in," she explains. "It reminds me an awful lot of the rooms I knew when I was a little girl."

JAN Sterling is one "little girl who grew up to be an actress" who had a happy childhood, also money.

From the time she was eight until she was 14, her family lived in the Passy section of Paris, then in the fashionable section of London called Chelsea.

In both of these gracious European homes the rooms had high ceilings, recessed windows, and cozy window seats. Each bedroom offered a fireplace with a beautiful marble mantelpiece, which explains why Jan persuaded her husband into letting her do the bedroom in a modified Victorian décor whereas the remainder of the house is contemporary.

"When Jan wanted to buy some old bibelots," Paul points out, "like these glass-enclosed flowers on the mantel, I balked like a roped steer. Then when she got 'em in the house—well, they're kind of charming, don't you think?"

Paul's contribution to the interior decoration of his favorite room consists of the paintings. Here again, to look at Paul, you wouldn't think it, but for many years he's been an art collector. He owns pictures by Jean Dufy (Raoul's brother) Agna Enters, Bonbois, Edgard, and many others. Several of these artists are friends of his. In fact one of the most valuable of his paintings is a portrait of the actor done by Abe Birnbaum. Abe painted it one evening on a plank of wood using oils from the tubes and a fountain pen.

Douglas also had a hand in selecting colors for the master bedroom. The boys at Toots Shor's may kid him about this, but it was he who went for the buttercup yellow walls, the green rug, blue couch, the coral and pink pillows.

As a matter of fact, one of the most distinguishing features of the Douglas home is that the owners showed courage in colors and open-mindedness in their choice of furnishings.

"When we first bought the house," Douglas recalls, "all Jan and I had in the way of furnishings was books, clothes, paintings, and more books. So we rented the furnishings that came with the house for six months. We thought six months was plenty of time in which to buy furnishings, but then we got busy. We did some pictures, then we flew to Korea to entertain the troops, and before we knew it our six months was up. We went down to W. & J. Sloane's, and it took us all day to buy a double bed and a dining room table. We also had to wait for delivery. I then realized that what we needed was some one who could get into the house and decorate it well and quickly. Some friends of ours recommended Lillian Schary Small. She turned out to be the answer to all our problems."

Mrs. Small is the sister of Dore Schary, head of MGM production and she commands the same competence in her field as her brother does in his. She talked over the decorating ideas the Douglasses had. She made a few suggestions of her own, and within a few weeks, Paul and Jan were well into having a finished home.

THE house has ideal architecture for California living, large windows, doors that open onto gardens and terraces, so the only basic changes Lillian Small sug-

gested were in painting the interior walls. The original color scheme had been a dullish grey. Lillian suggested lively colors. The living room was painted pink and in this rose-tinted shell, an apple-green couch was placed along with orange chairs and a white rug.

Most of the fabrics and furniture throughout the house are modern but among the contemporary pieces, the Douglasses have wisely introduced antiques and imports which add a change of pace to the décor and lends an air of excitement.

One of the imports is a three-panel Japanese screen that Douglas found in Tokyo on the way back from his first Korean junket. The screen is used to camouflage their record unit. Another unusual importation is a tall iron and brass French bread rack. Such racks are still used in French bakeries for cooling and storing long thin loaves of bread. The Douglasses use it for magazines.

The twin alabaster lamps on either side of the living room couch are antique urns that Lillian Small found in a little shop in West Los Angeles and had wired for electricity. The matching armchairs came from an antique shop in Philadelphia. Jan spotted them from a taxi window and made the driver stop. Paul

gave her the money for the purchase and she dashed in and bought them.

The black and gold chairs and table in the dining room are modern copies of Chinese Chippendale. Paul and Jan bought these at Sloane's and then had the seats recovered in bright orange to sustain the color theme of the living room. The furniture is rather ornate so that the rest of the room has purposely been kept simple, a bare plank floor, tailored draperies, and no lighting fixtures except the indirect light in the ceiling.

Paul loves this room because it opens onto the garden and in the garden there's a bullfinch in the olive tree who serenades the Douglasses at dinner each evening.

"It's really a great house to come home to," Paul says with a sigh of contentment, "and we bought it because it was so close to the studios. The only thing is that I've now been asked to work in studios that are located in Rome, Paris, and London."

RIGHT now Paul and Jan are living in England where Paul is finishing up a British film entitled *All In The Same Boat*.

"The nice part about making pictures overseas," he says, "is that it makes you appreciate your home, especially the kind of home we've got."

END

can shelley hold vittorio?

(Continued from page 41) interesting to see his telephone bills to her. I'll make a bet they were under two figures.

I don't want to sound too hard on Vittorio, especially as he did finally return to Hollywood when Metro recalled him to do *Rhapsody* here with Elizabeth Taylor. Also the European attitude towards women isn't the same as ours. When a female over there promises to "Obey," the males take it literally. The tempestuous Shelley, who doesn't know how to obey, has always been a doormat for Vittorio, whom she respects almost to the point of seeming to fear him.

When he was delayed a week, after he'd promised faithfully to be here to get his first look at their daughter—and of course she had screamed the news to everyone—the chagrined Shelley didn't take it out on him. She called Mrs. Charles Vidor and bawled hell out of her, complaining that Charlie was deliberately shooting unnecessary location shots with Vittorio in Italy. After an hour's tirade, Doris slammed the phone in Shelley's ear. Vidor is a good director, but he can't control the weather, and it was rain that delayed the unimpatient father of Shelley's baby.

The handsome Italian is analytical and reserved by nature. Co-actors who worked with him when he made *The Glass Wall* tell me that the reason he didn't come across as a sympathetic person in the picture, is that he's too cold and contained. Never shows any emotion. Maybe that's why he was so excellent as the heavy in *Bitter Rice*. Actually Vittorio hasn't made a good picture yet in this country, although I understand he's great in his own language, and is rated Italy's No. 1 actor.

It's one of those unexplained mysteries why Shelley and Vittorio fell in love with each other in the first place. I've never known two people who seem to have less in common. Opposites are supposed to attract each other, but these two seem so far apart, emotionally and in every day interests, they're not even on the same planet.

You'd think they'd have acting in common. But they're further away on this than anything else. Shelley believes that acting is a cerebral process—that you can only play a role by thinking and believing you are that person. She reads everything there is to know about the character she

has to portray. Vittorio says acting is instinct—that you merely have to learn some technique, then let yourself go.

Vittorio is reticent. Shelley is a noisy exhibitionist. She lets you know everything she's ever done, is doing, or is going to do. But you never know what Vittorio is even thinking.

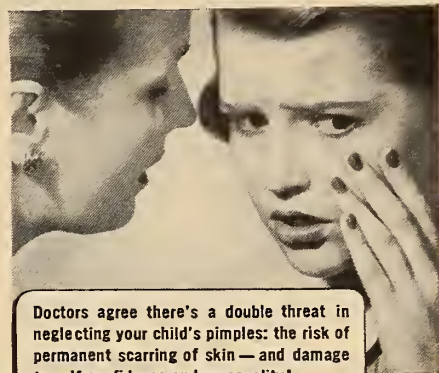
THE baby! I never met a mother who wasn't delighted to be expecting. But we heard every little ache, every little flapping of the stork's wings. We can tell you to a dime how much it cost her. And it's really cute the way Shell always just happens to have 30 or 40 snaps of the baby on her. One thing's for sure, she'll make a wonderful mother. But I never saw a less palpitating papa than Mr. Gassman. Anything he feels for that child, and I have no evidence to prove that he doesn't feel strongly for his daughter, is buried deep behind his unemotional facade.

Take the difference in the way they dress. In the early days after the elopement, she was very concerned about getting him American clothes. But he didn't like them and preferred his tailor in Italy. Apparently he didn't think she dressed so well herself. And I sometimes think it was just as well for their marriage that Vittorio didn't see the weird and un-wonderful ensembles worn by Shelley while she awaited motherhood. I'll never forget one particular get-up—a black velvet tummy at the back of her blonde, untidy hair, black velvet pants—since when have pants been good maternity wear?—and that old, long polo coat. And can you tell me one good reason why a woman who is expecting a baby, should not use lipstick in public? Shelley didn't use a smudge of it.

But now she's improving in the dress department. I understand the black pants, tam, et al., were burned before Vittorio returned. I don't know whether it was love for Vittorio, or her press agent's prodding, but anyway, she went to Don Loper to buy quite a glamorous evening gown, and to Juel Park, the swank lingerie shop in Beverly Hills, to get some sexy underthings for her Gassman's gaze. So, she's trying, and you can bet she'll try harder to hold the man she loves "not wisely, but too well."

Vittorio is the only person who can make Shelley shut up. I'm sure she doesn't mean to scream so much, she just gets carried

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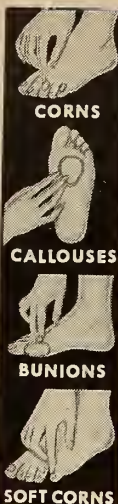
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away with enthusiasm for whatever it is she's selling at the moment. But she embarrasses Vittorio. Like the time she gave the party at Naples, after she had sponsored his stage show at the Circle Theater. She was yelling around, shouting, "Hello," seating people. He just looked at her, said a few words in Italian, and she sat down.

It would have been interesting if Vittorio had been here, a few days before he was due, when Shelley was a twosome with Farley Granger at the Mocambo. I don't know what either of them were trying to prove, but the photographers had a field day. And when a pal across the room shouted to Shelley, "You publicity fiend," she roared with laughter, and hollered, "I can't stay at home." Every few minutes she left to phone the house to make sure the baby was okay. She'd had a couple of dates with her old Farfel in the same week, all of which proves that her "engagement" to Granger was, as some suspected, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

THERE'VE been some extra suspicious people who believe that Vittorio merely used Shelley to promote his career in Hollywood. And while she did give him extraordinary help to get started, he is smart enough to know that his talent could open any studio door, and he isn't the type who would pay the price of marrying a girl he didn't love for favors rendered. He was in love with Shelley, and I hope he still is, for her sake, frankly, more than his, because you can't help liking Shelley and even feeling sorry for her.

The way Shell tells it, it was love at first sight when they met in Italy that time she went to Europe with Farley, when we all assumed they were engaged. She was like a fresh breeze from this wonderful America—blonde, breezy, and with limitless energy in a country that was tired, shabby and very stale after the war. At the first meeting, he told Shelley, "Of course you know I'm going to marry you." He liked her legs, her hair, everything about her. Couldn't understand what she said, but that didn't matter—then.

It matters now, because he hates scenes and Shelley doesn't breathe right unless she's promoting one. Like the time she tossed a glass of milk into his lap at Ciro's, because she thought Zsa Zsa Gabor was flirting with her man—or vice versa. She rushed out in tears, but he took his time to amble after her.

Now that they're together again—as of this writing—in their duplex apartment house on North Oakhurst, Shelley will have to clamp down on her emotions, because it's my guess Vittorio wouldn't stick around long with an hysterical woman.

He's used to associating with some pretty chic chicks in Europe. So Shelley will have to watch herself in the eating department. By super-human will power she reduced to normal screen size before Vittorio came home. But she's the type who tells everyone she's dieting, orders a salad for herself, and eats the potatoes and cheesecake off everyone else's plate. She's the first to call attention to her overweight and the first to scream when we write about it!

Shelley can be a hypochondriac. And so can he. He hated the climate when he first arrived, always complained of feeling ill. They would eat out all the time, so I guess he didn't like Shelley's cooking.

Vittorio likes to feel free. Shelley is terribly possessive. She hates to let him out of her sight, and when he went to Mexico for *Sombrero*, she tagged along, got sick, and she must have been really ill to come back to Hollywood without him. Then she had trouble with her teeth, and her moaning and groaning was heard the length and breadth of Hollywood. She

drives her doctors crazy—thinks nothing of awakening them at 3 A.M. for a headache. From the little I know of Vittorio, she'll have to keep her moans under cover—or he'll take cover.

They'll also have to get together on the type of friends they're going to have. He hasn't liked too many of hers. And she hasn't had a chance to see if she likes his—although she told me that his mother was very charming to her before they were married in Italy. But the charm was very conspicuously absent when they drove to Tiajuana to the bull fights, with tennis pro, Jack Cushingham and his girl. Vittorio didn't speak to anyone for 24 hours, and when the enraged Shelley started to scream at him, Vittorio stopped her cold with words to the effect that it was her fault, if she brought along people with whom he had nothing in common.

Shelley is a night owl, and loves to sleep late, and to sleep, period. He's the opposite. Won't stay late for anything except work, and gets up with the light. But unexpectedly, Shelley is good at games and taught Vittorio to play tennis.

She's an extrovert, even when she works. She can get out of character at any time, to scream, or to crack a joke. When he's working, he puts on blinders. You can talk to him, and he doesn't hear.

Intellectually, they're about even, although Vittorio has concentrated mostly on the classics, which he knows by heart from Sophocles to Shakespeare. Shelley is what they call a culture culture—on the make for knowledge in great gulps. They're about the same age—around 32.

B.V.—Before Vittorio—the all-absorbing passion of Shelley's life was her career. When she wanted a role in a picture, directors found it simpler to give in at once, rather than take the beat, beat, beating, from this blonde babe, who must have what she wants, when she wants it. That's how she landed *Place In The Sun*. George Stevens, who has stood up to some tough propositions in his day, found it simpler to test Shelley. And it was a lucky day for them both when he did. She almost captured the Academy Award.

But I have a hunch that a difficult decision will have to be made—and soon. Vittorio's deal with Metro gives him all the time he wants to work in Italy. He loves his native land. All his strongest attachments are there—his mother, his family—he's very proud of his family. I'll be the most surprised woman in the world if he ever settles here.

SHELLEY, after agonizing weeks of indecision, recently signed a new, long-term deal at UI. Unless she wants to be on perpetual suspension, she won't be able to come and go with Vittorio. So she'll have to decide which is the most important to her—her husband or her career. Sounds corny, put this way, but it's the only way to put it. Because if they are separated six months of the year, this marriage won't have any chance. It'll be tough enough, without the extra straw of separation. It's my guess that when it comes to the actual deciding, that the unpredictable Miss Winners will give up her picture career. She's been too lonely and lost all her life to risk losing what she regards as Love.

She wants to do plays with him. She wants to play Ophelia to his Hamlet. He'll be smart to humor her. Because great love can accomplish the impossible. It could even cement this un-matched couple. And it would be great to make liars of all the Jeremiahs. As it stands now, there is only one person to whom I've talked about Shell and her Gassman, who believes they have a chance to live happily ever after—her press agent, Russell Birdwell. But then, he is notoriously optimistic.

END

the battling waynes in court

(Continued from page 24) Jerry Rosenthal to replace Giesler. Several weeks later she sought a restraining order to prevent Wayne from molesting her and disposing of their community property. She also demanded temporary alimony pending outcome of her separate maintenance suit.

Simultaneously she charged that Wayne had both struck and threatened her.

When Duke was told of these charges he was amazed. "She must be nuts," he said. "Her statements are fantastic. I've only seen Mrs. Wayne twice in the past year, once out at our house and once in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel."

In addition to having the court keep Duke away from her, Mrs. Esperanza Wayne also asked the court to settle the matter of her allowance because she and the actor had been unable to agree.

"Chata" claimed that her husband averaged at least \$45,000 per month in salaries, plus "large gains from oil, movie, land, and other investments." She judged his income to be somewhere around a million a year.

As for herself, she said, she had earned only \$6,685 last year as an actress. In addition, Wayne had been giving her an allowance of \$500 a month. She felt she was entitled to a larger allowance. She said, too, in her petition that she was living "in fear" because of Duke's attacks and she wanted him legally to be prohibited from "inflicting further violence on her."

She told the court that all she wanted was a "reasonable" alimony and that when she and the actor were living together they used to spend \$13,091.12 each month. Something commensurate with that figure, Mrs. Wayne implied would be "reasonable." Wayne even \$9,000 a month.

Wayne's answer to all this was that he was already paying Esperanza \$1100 a month plus \$1354 per month upkeep for the house she was occupying in Encino.

He was willing to pay her \$900 a month temporary alimony, he added, and "she should get a cheaper house." Wayne also said that his net income last year after taxes and business expenses had come to about \$60,000 which was a far cry from being a millionaire.

The discrepancy between what "Chata" wanted and what Duke was willing to give her, the difference between their individual estimations of the Wayne wealth were so great that only a Superior Court judge could decide who was right; so late in May the case came to trial.

Mrs. Wayne said she should get at least \$9,000 a month alimony.

Mr. Wayne was prepared to go as high as \$900 a month, not a cent more. A difference of \$8,100 prevented an agreement.

When Duke marched into the courtroom flanked by his legal entourage he was pretty sore. He knew he had been "tailed" by detectives for many months, detectives supposedly hired by the opposition to obtain embarrassing information they might use in the forthcoming divorce mess.

As a matter of fact, a few months ago the shadowing had become so ridiculous that Duke had copied the number of the license on the car following him. He had learned the driver's name and had called him up the next day. "Look," he'd said, "why don't you ride around with me in my car? It'll be a whole lot easier."

There had been many such irritations, and now he was being compelled to make public his entire financial history.

After he was sworn in, Duke testified that what an actor earns is not necessarily what he keeps. He admitted that he earned approximately \$40,000 a month but said

that after he paid taxes, tips, expenses, and so forth, "there's not too much left."

He testified that he had made gifts of \$8,000 to actor friends who were hard up and explained how he had spent thousands on gifts for studio crews who had worked on his pictures.

"As a rule," Duke told the judge, "at the end of every picture, studio crew members are remembered. I don't know how much these gifts cost. I do know lots of people in three major studios and I know that I gave many remembrances to my professional and personal friends."

The 44-year-old actor, his hair grown long for his role in *Hondo*, declared that his net income was \$59,366 last year and that during his six years of marriage to "Chata" he had saved nothing.

"We spent everything we made during our six years of marriage," he testified, "and I even had to pay my income tax with money borrowed from my life insurance policy." Duke also pointed out that he spent thousands on personal public relations, that he gave extra large tips to everyone trying to build-up good will, and that he was also saddled with the financial burden of paying his first wife, Josephine Saenz, for her support and the support of their four children, 20% of the first \$100,000 he earns each year and 10% of everything above that sum.

He admitted that last year between May 25th and June 30th he had collected \$122,000 from RKO but insisted that his gross income didn't mean very much since what was left to him was all that mattered. He said that he thought any single woman could live fairly well on the \$900 a month he was prepared to offer Mrs. Wayne.

Jerry Rosenthal, Mrs. Wayne's lawyer, then went to the attack. His grilling was relentless. He asked Duke how many suits he owned, how many companies he had interests in, who paid his restaurant checks, his gasoline bills, his laundry bills.

Duke explained that, "I'm practically a small business and have to rely on other people to handle my affairs . . . I haven't seen one of my pay checks in 13 years . . . They go directly from the studios to the Beverly Management Company which looks after my financial affairs."

As for his wardrobe the actor said that as an actor, of course, he had to be well-dressed. "But I never bought a suit unless I needed it . . . and if I had my way I'd seldom wear a necktie."

When he was questioned as to whether or not he sought to conceal his assets from Mrs. Wayne, Duke stated flatly that he had spent the last three years in part trying to get his wife to attend various financial meetings so she could see. "She was spending too much and we just had to get together and figure out some kind of household and personal budget program. I tried my best to keep our home together. I never concealed any assets from my wife and I tried not to argue with her about money. But we never did arrange any kind of a budget."

Mrs. Wayne's lawyer then suggested that perhaps Duke himself didn't have any reasonable idea of his finances. After all, so many people worked on his books.

Duke declared, "I know what's going on in my affairs. When I want to know how I stand in any matter I ask the men I trust to brief me. They do so. I'm not an accountant but I certainly think I have enough horse sense to understand what experts tell me."

The judge agreed with Duke. "When you get a prescription from a doctor," he pointed out, "you don't go to a chemist and have the formulas analyzed. You take your doctor's word for it."

In court with Wayne was a small army



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of accountants, tax experts, and agents, and when one of these, Bo Roos, was put on the stand, he admitted that Duke had paid income taxes last year of \$178,000.

It was also shown that Wayne's earnings from 1950 to 1952 totaled \$1,026,072, and that he had earned \$122,000, working 48 days this year, and that instead of taking 10% of the gross of Rio Grande and Quiet Man, he had accepted \$100,000 for each picture. He did this when Herbert Yates, president of Republic Pictures, had explained that, "We cannot pay you 10% of the gross on each of these pictures and still pay director John Ford (Wayne's best friend) the money he wants and deserves."

Duke had a bit of trouble identifying the various contracts and financial documents handed to him and admitted at one point that, "My attorney always says I should read before signing and I do, but that doesn't always mean I understand it."

THE sad part about the Wayne legal mess is that the two parties involved, the man and wife who once loved each other tempestuously, should now be out "to get" each other.

Duke and "Chata" are enemies. The love they once felt and enjoyed has soured into hate. This whole dispute might have been settled amicably without recrimination and name-calling. But instead what we have and will have is a no-hold-barred fight. It looks as if all the dirty linen will be aired in public.

Why? One intimate of Chata's says, "I think what upset her was when Duke decided that he had had enough. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, and my own personal opinion is that Chata expected Duke to come running back to her. When he didn't last year, I think her vanity was hurt. She obviously feels that financially she isn't getting an even break; otherwise I don't think she would've gone into court. "I mean when you've been accustomed to spending \$13,000 a month on a household, well \$900 doesn't seem very much.

Another thing, and here I think Duke was wrong. When Chata petitioned to use the name Esperanza Wayne which after all is hers legally, Duke fought against it. He wants her to use her maiden name of Esperanza Bauer. That got her sore, too. I'm not an expert on domestic relations, but I do hope they keep this mess out of the divorce courts, because it's not going to be a very nice one."

One of Duke's friends says, "There's only so much a man can take, and for my money Duke has taken an awful lot of punishment in his marriage to "Chata." He's seen her twice in the past year and on those two occasions other people were present and then she goes ahead and charges that he struck her.

"I don't have to come to Duke's defense. He's got more friends in Hollywood than probably any other actor in town. How come, by being a cheat, a money grabber? Heck, no. He's loyal and he's sincere and above all he's fair. He's willing to give the dame \$900 a month. Okay, how much was she earning when he first met her in Mexico?

"You can live darn well on \$900 a month south of the border, and no one can tell me differently. Chata wants \$9,000 a month plus another \$20,000 to appraise Duke's books. That's more than a hundred grand a year. She wants more than Duke is paying his first wife and four kids, and she wants it all for herself.

"The whole thing is an unholy mess, and if Duke takes my advice he'll swear off women."

ONLY Duke Wayne has a "new woman," 23-year-old Pilar Palette, a Peruvian beauty, and the chances are extremely good that she will become the third Mrs. John Wayne.

More than anything else, this one fact is probably what motivates the second Mrs. Wayne in her legal hassles against the actor who is the number-one box office attraction in the nation, and wishes right now that he wasn't.

they called them "shocking"

(Continued from page 33) out of the waiting room. The plane landed, taxied down the runway, and came to a halt. The portable stairway was rolled beside the cabin door. The door was open and the passengers began to alight.

LANA was the eighth or tenth passenger to descend; and as she did, there was Lex Barker, at her left following directly behind her, his lips pressed firmly together, his eyes scanning the set-up as if he were determined to protect Lana no matter what might happen.

A bouquet of roses was stuck in Lana's hand. She cradled them in her arms and said, "Thank you, it's wonderful being here." The photographers began shooting away.

Then a reporter ran up to them and said, "The tall one, the one without a hat. He is Tarzan Barker." The lensmen shot Lex, too.

Lana and her escort were rushed through customs, bundled into a car, and driven to the Hotel Lancaster in Paris.

Lex was officially registered at the hotel, but when newsmen called for Lana a few days later they were told that she was occupying, "the apartment of a very dear friend not too far away from the Lancaster, but she is around here sometimes."

Employees of the hotel said later that of course, Lana Turner was staying there. Only they had been asked to say absolutely nothing about the guests.

Lana had been to Paris before, in 1948 to be exact, on her honeymoon with Bob Topping, and some of the French reporters knew a good deal about her.

With Lex, however, it was different, and for a short while many Frenchmen were under the false impression that he was Fernando Lamas, not knowing about the Lamas-Lana battle of last year.

In fact at a fashionable cocktail party off the Champs Elysees to which Lex and Lana had been invited, Anatole Litvak, the director, pulled the prize social boner of the season. He walked up to Lex Barker whom he'd never met before and said, "I'm so glad to see, Mr. Lamas, that you and Miss Turner are still together."

Not long after that, Lana and her broad-shouldered traveling companion pulled out for southern France, Spain, and Majorca.

FOR ten days there was a news blackout concerning them as they lived and journeyed on the Balearic Islands; and all this time Europeans kept asking, "Are they married or aren't they?"

The answer to that, they finally learned, is that Lex Barker's divorce from Arlene Dahl isn't final until this winter; so that as regards California law, he and Lana cannot get married until then. They might get married in any European country of their choosing before winter, but under such circumstances, the marriage would not be recognized in Los Angeles where Lex has his legal residence.

When the film festival opened at Cannes, Lana and Lex flew in from Majorca and were each assigned separate rooms at

the Carlton Hotel. After freshening up, they came downstairs and boarded a motor boat for the Ile de Lerins and the traditional lunch which is held for the benefit of visiting film stars and journalists.

Photographers were busy as the two American film stars were whizzed across the inlet in a Chris-Craft, and Lana was most cooperative in posing for pictures. "She was so nice," one photographer said later, "that she didn't even take time out to fix her hat. She looked very good, too. A little plump around the chin, but otherwise, perfect. That Tarzan is a lucky fellow."

Lana and Lex were given a favored table under a pine tree, and in a matter of minutes they were dropping spoonfuls of garlic sauce into their fish soup and eating with great relish. This was the first big party of the Festival, all the stars were there, including Kirk Douglas who had played opposite Lana in *The Bad and The Beautiful*, acting extremely gay as he rubbed his stubbled chin—he's growing a beard for *Ulysses*—and bent over to flatter his beautiful date, a blonde TV star from New York who calls herself Roxanne.

Mel Ferrer was also on hand lunching with a French starlet in a Bikini and so was Anne Baxter who was traveling with her mother, trying to forget about her broken marriage with John Hodiak. At Cannes, Anne was referred to by the French as "Tristesse" (sadness) because of the melancholy expression she wore. Anne has a smile like elastic. After it's used it snaps right back into form again, and that's the way she was with the camera boys. As soon as the shutters stopped clicking, she stopped smiling.

Lex and Lana saw all this and then they were interviewed by scads of journalists. Both talked about love, but neither would say anything concerning marriage. "What a wonderful thing," Lana said, "to be in love. Really, there's nothing like it."

Lex took her hand in his and nodded. The happiness in his eyes spoke for him. Again the photographers went to work.

All questions concerning matrimonial intentions or plans were side-stepped by Lana and her escort. She spoke about her work. "I intend to be in Europe for quite some time. My first picture will be *The Flame And The Flesh*. Yes, with Carlos Thompson. After that, I'm not sure. Yes, we're going to Italy. My little girl? I left her behind in California. Maybe she'll come over later."

Lex admitted that he was more than fond of Lana, that he had known her for some time, that she was the most wonderful woman on earth, that, of course, he

Lana and Tarzan was inevitable, that it would take place momentarily, that when it happened no one should be surprised because these two talented Americans were really very much in love and this trip of theirs wasn't an American publicity stunt. "Actually, they are crazy about each other."

LATER on in Italy, newspapers in Rome said much the same thing. "The two handsome American film stars, Lana Turner, and her new Tarzan fiancé, Lex Barker, are vacationing on Capri. They love each other very much and will be married soon. But first Miss Turner has to make a film in Rome for MGM. It is understood also that Lex Barker will make two pictures here to be produced by Giorgio Venturi. One concerns jungle adventures and the other gangster adventures. First, however, Mr. Barker has to return to Hollywood for another film. He and Miss Turner will probably be married in Europe upon his return."

In Italy, France, parts of Spain, and of course, Majorca which has been a great lovers' retreat for half a century, people are broad-minded. They understand human nature, and there was no vicious gossip about Lana and Lex.

After all, there shouldn't be, because as everyone knows, they are both beyond moral reproach. But in the other countries on the Continent, movie-fans asked each other if Lana might not have compromised her reputation by traveling with a male.

"It may be all right for some anonymous spinster," said one British journalist, "but surely eyebrows have been raised all over Europe concerning Miss Turner and her protector, Tarzan. After all, Europe is not the African jungle. Miss Turner is a figure of international fame. She should watch her step."

In Scandinavia, there were similar cracks. "It would be all right," one theater manager explained, "if they could pass this Barker fellow off as her press agent or even a baggage porter, but he's much too good-looking for that."

To date, Lana Turner has been unable to hold any of her sweethearts, even those who developed into husbands, and in Europe today there's a good deal of discussion as to whether or not her intentions towards Lex are serious and vice versa.

An American actress currently in England who has known Lana for years, says, "I think her tactics as regards Lex Barker are wrong. I'm not an authority on the subject, but I think Lex would marry Lana in a minute. Why shouldn't he? And he probably will. But to me, marriage, in order to be successful, must have a little mystery. A man and wife must get to know each other as they grow old together. Otherwise, boredom sets in too quickly. Lana is essentially a glamor girl. Men are taken with her glamor. That particular quality is not too profound. I'd say it's superficial. A man exposed to it, can get fed up pretty quickly, that is, if he's at all perceptive."

BACK in Hollywood where Lex Barker is probably making a picture for producer Eddie Small as you read this article, there is a strong belief that Lana may never marry Lex.

"This girl," according to one press agent who understands the impetuous workings of the Turner mind, "has finally learned that it does not pay to rush into marriage. She eloped with Artie Shaw; she pulled a quickie with Steve Crane; she was rushed off her balance by Bob Topping; and in every case she lost—not only love but money and position as well."

"This time she's (Continued on page 98)



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and she had plans. He just wasn't free to talk about them.

After that interview, Lana and her new love came back to the Carlton to change for the evening's film showings. They saw a Belgian picture about new African problems, and then a Finnish picture about a sorceress.

The next day there were more interviews, and one of the Paris evening papers carried the headline that marriage between

Like Charles Boyer, who never said, "Come wiz me to ze Casbah," Peter Lorre never said: "Have you got ze information?" in a movie. Jackie Gleason originated the line when he was impersonating Lorre once. Years later, as a guest on the Milton Berle show, Peter had to say the line. Berle roared when he heard him: "Peter, that's not the way you always say it!"

Leonard Lyons

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moving slowly. Personally, it's a good thing, as I see it, that she and Lex couldn't get married immediately. When they were down in Palm Springs together they were very much in love. Had Lex been legally free, I think they would've been married at once. Now, I'm not so sure. Lana's had time to think. She's always talking about a home and kids.

"Lex has two children by his first marriage. She has one by Crane. Together they've been married six times. Lana knows that she can't retire from show business.

"If they get married you've got the same old problem of two motion picture careers in one family. Very rarely does that work out.

"Lana's no dummy. She knows all this. On the other hand, no man has been as kind and as thoughtful as Lex. He comes from an excellent family, and while his formal education was cut short, he's been around and can hold his own in any type of society. He can give Lana the confidence, the social poise she's always lacked.

"Then there's another thing. This chicken isn't getting any younger. Eligible husbands are growing scarcer. There are millions of guys who'd love to date her, but how many would want to put a ring on her finger? No doubt about it. The choice is Lana's. She's toured Europe with the guy and has seen him in action under all sorts of conditions.

susie's got everything

(Continued from page 55)—it boasts so many movie stars these days.

"I have just met," he announced enthusiastically, "the one movie star who was everything. Your Susan Hayward."

"When did...?"

He raised his hand in a halting motion. "Please, no arguments. I have seen everything in the way of femininity you have sent from Hollywood—Jennifer Jones, Bergman, Gabor, Darnell, Colbert, Shelley Winters. No one is more beautiful than Hayward. No one so smart, no one so shrewd, no one so happy. This girl has everything, even twins."

"Obviously," I said, "she hypnotized you. Either that or she bought you lunch."

The Italian reporter shook his head. "All the time you Americans are joking." He took out his notes and scanned them. "Do you know," he asked this in the tone of a man who has made a great discovery, "that your Miss Hayward earns \$5,000 a week—that is more than 600,000 *lira* every week in the year?"

"You don't really love her," I said contemptuously. "You love her American dollars."

No answer. Only a continued recitation of his notes. "Do you know that she has starred in Hollywood's best pictures?" He read them aloud, "*Song In My Heart*, *David And Bathsheba*, *Snows Of Kilimanjaro*, *President's Lady*, *White Witch Doctor*."

"Get away from me," I protested. "You sound like a studio press agent."

"She is also happily married," my reporter friend went on, "and what is more I like her husband. He is no David Selznick. He is a mortal man. He comes from South Carolina. Very smart, too. They have twins, two boys eight years old, Timothy and Gregory."

The above is a small sample of the enthusiasm aroused by Susan Hayward on her recent trip through France, Spain, and Italy.

Wherever Susan stopped, people were impressed, first of all by her beauty, then her naturalness, then her honesty and

"I grant that she's a notoriously poor judge of men. But she's learned from experience, and she knows what to look for in a potential husband. If Lex fills the requirements he's got the job. My own belief is that Lana used their European junket as a trial period. You know, to see what sort of companion he'd turn out to be in a foreign environment."

Lana Turner spent some time in Europe five years ago, and her honeymoon then was a tragic experience which she has tried to forget. She conceived a child which she lost. Her husband dropped a small fortune in midget auto racing. The foreign press lampooned her mercilessly. It was a nightmare.

With Lex Barker at her side, Europe has been completely different. It's been an ecstatic heaven. And from what evidence now exists, it looks like wedding bells for Lana in the months to come.

WHETHER Lana can hold Lex when and if she gets him in matrimony is a hypothetical question which at this point no man would like to pass prophecy upon.

Each time Lana Turner gets married she is sure in her heart that, "This time it's for keeps."

Somewhere along the line, this talented, tolerant, courageous actress has got to be right.

Let's hope she finally finds the true happiness she deserves with Lex Barker. **END**

her intelligence, finally by the success of her family-life and her career.

Now that she's back in Hollywood hard at work on *The Story Of Demetrius*, she makes light of her European vacation, but it was really a triumphant tour, because for many years the fans overseas have had a muddled impression of the real Hayward, not knowing whether she was diffident, sharp, reclusive, fearful, aggressive, or money-wise—all of which adjectives have been used to describe her.

The Hayward they saw in Europe was charming, graceful, diplomatic, and tactful, a beauty who had no worries, no cares, a girl whose mother was looking after the children back home, an actress who was determined to enjoy Europe and her husband.

Susan and Jess had a low-slung Jaguar waiting for them when they arrived in Paris aboard separate planes. "We always travel in separate planes as protection for the boys. After all, if one plane crashed, there would still be someone to look after Tim and Greg," she said matter-of-factly.

THEY stayed in Paris only three days and with Jean Papote beside them, headed for Spain. They took two cameras, a Rollei and a Stereo, and shot some 40 rolls of film. After touring the French chateau country and southern France they crossed into Spain where Susan saw all the historic sites she'd read about when she was Edythe Marrener, a Brooklyn teenager at Girls' Commercial High School.

In Spain, too, they ran into Gene and Betsy Kelly, touring the Peninsula with their little girl, Kerry, which of course, stimulated thoughts of their own two boys. So that night, "we put in a transatlantic call to California, and we spoke to Tim and Greg, and we could hear them perfectly, but they could hardly hear us. But it was reassuring to know that they were both in good health, and we had nothing to worry about. So after Spain we toured the Mediterranean and then headed for Italy."

Susan Hayward is one girl who has worked hard for all her triumphs, first as a model in New York, then as a non-script actress who was kicked around War-

ner Brothers and Paramount, finally landing with Walter Wanger who thought she had dramatic possibilities. Wanger later sold her contract to 20th Century where the competition, with Anne Baxter, Betty Grable, Linda Darnell, and Jeanne Crain, was pretty tough. For years, Hayward rarely relaxed. Always there were story conferences, wardrobe fittings, subtle and not too subtle maneuverings, for the big roles and the big pictures. Always there was the mad scramble for the fast buck, or for Darryl Zanuck's ear, or the omnipresent agent and his telephone.

In Italy there was none of this. The Italian men stared and whistled at Susan as she strolled the streets, but they did this to all American women.

There were moonlight nights, however, with Jess, near the Colosseum, love-filled nights on the banks of the Arno, that picturesque river which snakes its winding path from the Apennines in central Italy west to Pisa.

Susan and Jess looked back over the nine years of their marriage. Time had winged by so furiously. Only yesterday it was 1944, and they had met in the Hollywood Canteen. Jess had taken her home that first night and had tried for a good-night kiss. She had slapped his face. They had both vowed they would never see each other again. But the physical attraction was too strong. They were both ripe for marriage, and they knew it. So they managed by design to run into each other at the Canteen again. Not long after, they were engaged, and then the engagement was broken twice, but seemingly they needed each other, wanted each other. They married, and a year later the twins were born.

When two people are ecstatically happy, as Susan and Jess were in Italy, and they look back over the years together, every incident is veiled in the net of sweet nostalgia. There is never any bitterness, only the feeling of accomplishment and mutual experience and triumph. Even the serious quarrels that a couple have had take on the aura of happy times, because they've been conquered and they've reached a perfect pattern for life.

In Europe, the Barkers could take inventory of their life. They had come through hard times, not so much financially as domestically, because career-wise, Susan had progressed more rapidly than her husband. She had managed to get the breaks, and since this is not the conventional order of things in America—the man must always be the top breadwinner—there had been frictions and outbursts and consultations with a marriage counselor, and for a while divorce loomed on the horizon. But Susan and Jess are sensible people, and they had worked out their difficulties. They had truly become one of Hollywood's few happily married young couples, and now they were reveling in that realization.

AFTER ten days in Rome, the Barkers decided to let Jean drive their car to Paris while they took the plane. Some of the roads in Europe, especially in Spain where they did the bulk of their motoring, are very rough.

In Paris, Susan and Jess stayed at the Lancaster, and this time fell in love with the city. They were asked to stay over and fly to the Film Festival at Cannes, "But we'd been gone from California about two months, and we were very anxious to get back and see the boys. We had a tough time trying to phone them from Paris."

Susan flew back to the States on a Pan American Clipper and Jess followed a few hours behind aboard a TWA Constellation.

When she arrived in Hollywood in May and reported to the studio, Susan learned that a mild revolution had taken place in the motion picture industry. Two dimen-

sional films were out, and 20th was shooting everything in CinemaScope for wide screen projection. She also learned that Anne Baxter, Linda Darnell, and Jeanne Crain were no longer under contract to 20th and that Betty Grable had been loaned out to Columbia. Dale Robertson had also been borrowed by RKO. In fact, Hayward and Marilyn Monroe were the only two big-name female stars left on the studio contract list.

Susan was also told that she was scheduled to start *The Story Of Demetrius* with Victor Mature.

Susan Hayward likes to work, and she was glad to get back in harness. "The day she checked in," a wardrobe girl reports, "she looked as happy as a bride returning from her honeymoon."

Actually, Susan is that happy. "For years," she admits, "Jess and I talked about going to Europe. Now that we've been—well, it just gives me a wonderful feeling of satisfaction, and of course, we want to go again."

Jess says that next time they might take their two boys along, "Because Susan misses them an awful lot." Timothy and Gregory are fraternal twins, not identical. They don't even look like brothers, even though they were born a few minutes apart. Tim is heavier, bigger, and more extroverted than Gregg who is basically a shy and imaginative little fellow.

Although she is popularly considered the shrewdest actress in Hollywood and one of 20th's biggest money-makers, Susan Hayward regards herself primarily as a mother and housewife. That's why she spends practically all of her spare time at home with her children. She and Jess very rarely go to night clubs or previews, or throw large parties. She has only one in service, does much of the cooking herself, makes it a point to put the boys to bed, bundle them into the station wagon on weekends, take them on picnics, to drive-in movies, and to toy shops.

SUSAN is also sensible enough to realize that these are the best years of her life and to be grateful for what she has: a seven-year contract at \$5,000 a week, the prestige and position of being her studio's number-one female star, beauty, travel, a wonderful home, money in the bank, three cars, the respect of her fellow-workers, and most important of all, the love of a good husband and two healthy sons.

In the words of the Italian reporter, Susan Hayward is "the one movie star who has everything."

When an actress reaches such heights as these, there is only one thing she can do. She must give of herself to the countless thousands everywhere who have contributed indirectly to her great happiness. And Susie certainly does!

END

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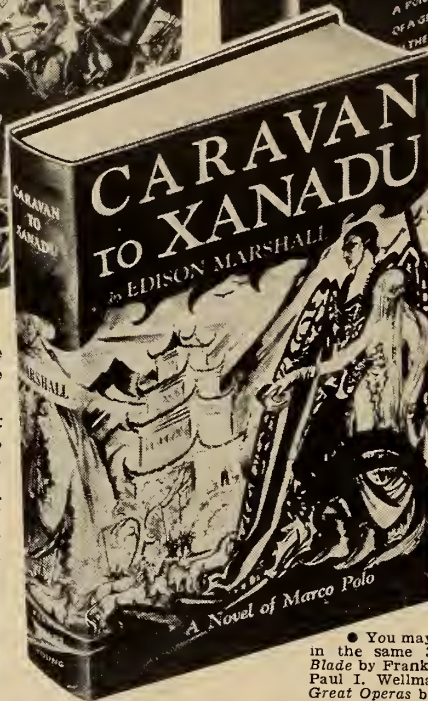
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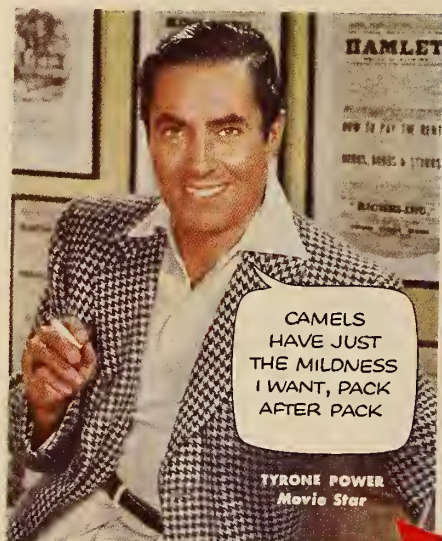
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MAGAZINE

AUG 10 1953

Jane Powell
and
Gene Nelson:
**HOW WE
FELL IN LOVE**

Liz Taylor



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Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!*
Every brushing fights tooth decay!

Dentists advise brushing teeth after every meal... to remove food particles on which bad-breath and decay bacteria thrive. But when this is inconvenient, you still get wonderful results with new white Ipana.

Even one brushing with new Ipana removes most of the harmful bacteria from your mouth.

*When you use new Ipana in the morning, your breath will stay fresh and clean for up to 9 hours. Even after smoking... and eating anything you please except foods like onions and garlic. Laboratory tests proved it.

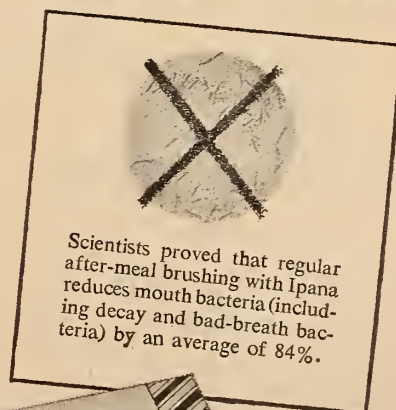
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Product of Bristol-Myers

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On the Cover: M-G-M's Elizabeth Taylor, soon to be seen in *Rhapsody*. Picture credits on page 70.

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Has Gone
A-stray!**

DICK MUST BE
WRITING LOVE LETTERS
TO SOMEBODY ELSE
THESE DAYS!

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MALES—BUT FAST! AND THAT'S
NO PUN, HON! TALK TO YOUR
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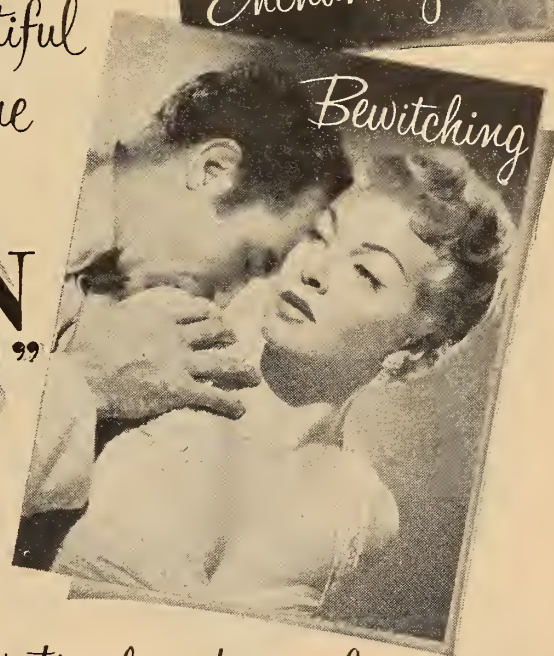
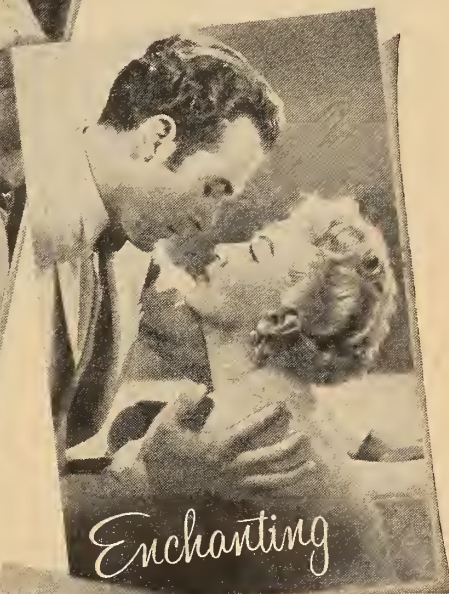
MY PEN PAL'S BACK WITH LOVE AND KISSES
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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I've been told that Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel are involved in a bitter feud. Is this true?

—O. A., BOISE, IDAHO.

A. Yes.

Q. Will Marilyn Monroe really fly to Korea to entertain our troops or is that just ballyhoo?—T.E., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. If the Defense Department grants permission, Marilyn plans to fly to Korea in September.

Q. Does Bing Crosby own the Westex Boot Company of Wichita Falls, Texas?

—F.R., WICHITA FALLS, TEX.

A. Crosby is part-owner.

Q. That Carlos Thompson-Yvonne de Carlo romance—was it on the level or a publicity stunt?

—S.R., MAGNOLIA, ARK.

A. Publicity.

Q. Does Janet Leigh ever have anything to do with her first and second husbands? Does she ever see them?

—P.T., STOCKTON, CAL.

A. No.

Q. I've read that John Bromfield and Corinne Calvet sleep in Hollywood's biggest bed, something 11 feet wide. Do they really?—V.T., PARIS, FRANCE.

A. Corinne says the family bed is only seven feet wide.

Q. What is Betty Grable's true age?

—J.F., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

A. 37.

Q. Didn't John Wayne file for divorce from his wife because he found out about her romance with Steve Cochran?

—F.T., OAK GROVE, LA.

A. No; Mrs Wayne never met Cochran until the divorce was filed.

Q. Could you please give me Piper Laurie's real name and let me know if she ever actually ate flowers?

—M.E., CAYUCOS, CALIF.

A. Rosetta Jacobs; the flower-eating was a publicity gimmick.

Q. Which actress in Hollywood gets

the most fan mail?

—O.K., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. Right now, Marilyn Monroe.

Q. Does Sue Ladd keep Alan Ladd on a very strict allowance? How many times has Sue been married, anyway?

—B.Y., HYDE PARK, ILL.

A. Ladd controls his own finances; Mrs. Ladd has been married three times.

Q. Does Arlene Dahl plan to marry Fernando Lamas in October when her divorce is final?

—W.I., BELLINGHAM, WASH.

A. Lamas has not as yet popped the question.

Q. Generally speaking, what is the attitude of movie stars towards fan mail? Do they like receiving letters or do they consider them silly? Which stars answer their fan mail regularly?

—V.M., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A. All stars like to receive fan mail and consider the quantities as popularity indications. Mario Lanza, Alan Ladd, Joan Crawford, and Janet Leigh, to name only a few, try to answer all fan mail.

Q. Why was Vic Damone disliked so much when he was in the Army?

—T.Y., MONMOUTH, N. J.

A. Through no fault of his own, Damone was assigned a soft berth in Special Services; he also made the foolish error of driving around Army camps in his Cadillac convertible, a move not designed to win friends among fellow soldiers.

Q. Is it true that Bob Wagner refuses to date girls unless they've been married at least once?

—D. E., VERO BEACH, FLA.

A. Wagner has no dating prerequisites.

Q. My uncle, who works in Hollywood as a publicity man, tells me that Dale Robertson is the most uncooperative young actor out there. Why is that?

W.Y., CHEYENNE, WYO.

A. Dale has a theory that too much publicity is bad for a star; therefore, he has cut down on the number of interviews he'll give.

(Continued on page 18)



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TECHNICOLOR

All its Songs!

From the toe-tapping 'OH ME, OH MY' and 'REMEMBER' through ten other show-stopping melodies to the timeless 'TIME ON MY HANDS'

So this is the dazzling darling from Jellicoe, Tenn.-- the honey-voiced honey they couldn't stop till she reached the show-world's glittering top!

So this is the big music-and-love story -- of how a Greenwich Village cellar-café started one of the brightest careers the bright-lights ever knew!

So this is the laugh-ringing, love-rapturous life-- and the men and melodies in it-- **THE RAGTIME-TO-RICHES STORY OF GRACE MOORE**

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HOLLYWOOD'S MOST DAZZLING WEDDING OF THE YEAR: A HIGH NUPTIAL MASS JOINS ANN BLYTH AND



Looking more radiantly lovely than ever, Ann Blyth leaves St. Charles church, in North Hollywood, on the arm of her husband, Dr. James McNulty. The fashionable and dignified wedding had more than 600 guests in attendance.



Elizabeth Taylor congratulates Ann after she becomes Mrs. McNulty. Ann had wanted Liz to be a bridesmaid, but Liz' divorce ruled her out of participating in the Catholic ceremony.



Terry Moore and Dick Clayton greet the bride and groom as the receiving line forms. Ann's gown was of white mousseline de soie, with an heirloom lace yoke, and beautiful seed pearl embroidery.

GWEN O'Connor, who wept a bit on the stand divorcing Donald, wasn't so upset she couldn't keep a dinner date the same evening with Dan Dailey.

They went to one of the less prominent cafés to avoid photographers. But the headwaiter nearly threw them when he spotted Gwen and then said to Dan, "Right this way, Mr. O'Connor." (!?????)

On second thought, there's nothing in the property settlement Gwen received from Don to upset her.

They divide \$100,000 cash.

Then she gets 20% of the first \$100,000 Donald earns; 10% of the second \$100,000 and 5% of additional annual income.

Gwen retains custody of their little girl, Donna, age 6, with Don contributing an additional \$150 monthly for the child's support. He gets reasonable visitation concessions.

The kid himself—I mean Donald, of course—gets the family dog, O'Flynn, an Irish wolfhound about the size of a Shetland pony with

"the appetite of a horse," according to Gwen's testimony.

Oh, yes—I almost forgot—the ex-Mrs. O'Connor keeps the family home in the Valley and Don has just bought a new place in Beverly Hills.

One of Gwen's charges was that Don refused to cooperate in their social life. "He frequently walked out right in the middle of dinner, or else didn't show up at all. And, he hated to go to parties."

In view of all this, it's amusing that his second night as a "free man," Don tossed a party for 25 in his new house and planned the whole thing himself!

Ava Gardner and Lana Turner, who were so chummy-chummy in Europe that Ava met Lana's and Lex Barker's plane in Spain and shared her hotel suite with her, aren't seeing each other since Frank Sinatra arrived.

No, the girls are not tiffing.

It's just that Frankie can't stand the sight of Lana ever since he overheard her and Ava "cutting him up" in Palm Springs during one of Ava's and Frankie's more violent fights.

He even called the gendarmes and had them evicted—remember?

Ever since that time, Lana's been on Frank's deep freeze list—so, in order to maintain the current peace (subject to change without notice), Ava isn't seeing Lana any more.

THE-Most-Pointed-Remark-Of-The-Month: When Gary Cooper was asked by French reporters if he was happy to be reunited with his family, Mrs. Cooper and daughter, Maria, who had just flown in to Paris, big Coop said, "I'm very, very happy to see my daughter again."

I just can't remember ever being at a bigger or better, funnier or more sentimental party than Dolores and Bob Hope gave honoring Bob's birthday, the wedding of Ann Blyth



Jack Benny kisses the bride. At the lavish reception at the Beverly Hills Hotel, guests feasted on all kinds of delicacies, including a ham decorated with "I Love You" in red pimiento.



Ann greets Georg Steffen, estranged husband of one of her best friends, Jane Powell. Jane, ruled out from acting as bridesmaid because of her marital status, didn't attend wedding.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Gwen divorces Donald O'Connor

. . . Frankie breaks up friendship of Ava
and Lana . . . A new feud for

Corinne Calvet . . . What's happening
between Shelley and Vittorio?

and Dr. James McNulty, and the singing Trapp Sisters from the East.

Although almost every glamor girl in town was present it was also a sort of family affair with the Irish mother and father of Dr. McNulty and Dennis Day (they're brothers) plus Ann's aunt and uncle, the Tobins; plus all Bob's brothers and cousins and four children stealing a lot of thunder from the movie guys and dolls.

The beautiful home and gardens of the Hopes in the Valley looked like a section of Honolulu had been flown in—and it almost had. Francis Brown, orchid King of the islands, had literally buried the house with beautiful orchid blooms, just flown in from the islands.

I've never seen Dolores look so pretty or so happy. She actually glowed when Bob cut his birthday cake flanked by all the children. I couldn't get over Linda and Tony, really grown up.

The hostess's dress was a lovely pink lace—and I noticed how many other lovely ladies

were in pink, Maureen O'Sullivan and Irene Dunne among them.

I fell completely in love with Jim's and Dennis Day's mother and father. Before the evening was over I was calling them Mollie and Pat and they called me Louella.

Jack Benny, George Burns, Pat O'Brien and Fred MacMurray (it was before his Lily was stricken with a fatal illness) had everyone bent double with their gag that they were just about to put on an act—and then never getting around to it.

From hilarious laughter we swung to sentimental tears when the Trapp Sisters sang a beautiful love song to lovely little Ann Blyth and her handsome doctor, so much in love and so happy it catches at your heart to watch them together.

I was particularly touched during the song when I saw the aunt and uncle who raised Ann reach for each other's hands.

Just about the time the buffet supper tables were set up on the lawn, the moon came up;

the scent of the flowers almost overcame us with their sweetness; glasses clinked in toasts to the health of the birthday boy and the young lovers; lovely string music softly filled the air—well, all I can say is that it was a beautiful evening and one long to be remembered.

PRETTY 19-year-old Audrey Dalton (she was so good as the daughter in *Titanic*) has been secretly married to James Brown since January.

Audrey is one of the three girls brought over by Paramount from England for *Girls Of Pleasure Island*.

She would like the fans to know that the James Brown she married is a student at UCLA—not the actor by the same name.

GEARY Steffen finally had something to say about his break-up with Jane Powell.

"It's all in her mind; there's nothing really wrong between us. But if she doesn't want



New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.



Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria... doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.



Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

me, I don't want her.

"Anyway," he gulped, "Jane is the most wonderful person, and wonderful mother in the world."

Jane still wants "out" although I hear her romance with Gene Nelson is getting cooler and cooler.

When I talked with her, Jane had a bad cold and seemed weary. "I just want to rest and let our lawyers settle all the problems. If Geary is entitled to 50% of all I've earned (community property—which means everything is equally divided between a couple after marriage—no matter which one has done the earning—is a law in California), I guess his attorney will see he gets it.

"He needn't worry, however, about the religious upbringing of the children. I promised him at the time of our marriage that they would be raised Catholics and I will keep my word.

"Our home is on the market for sale. It's too big, and besides I want to close all doors behind me after our divorce."

The only cloud over the otherwise perfect love story and marriage of Ann Blyth and Dr. McNulty was trouble in the bridesmaids' ranks.

Two of Ann's closest friends, Jane Powell and Elizabeth Taylor, could not be attendants because they are divorcées. Jane had already been fitted for her bridesmaid gown—but when she and Geary Steffen hit the headlines—Janie bowed out because she did not want to embarrass Ann, who is a devout Catholic.

But, the final blow came when it looked as if matron of honor, Jane Withers Moss, wouldn't be able to serve for the same reason as Jane's.

The trouble between Jane Withers and Bill Moss hit the papers—but because it was not a definite break, and they are trying to patch things up, little Ann was able to keep her closest girl friend as her matron of honor.

JEFF Chandler has been dropping into Ciro's regularly to sing with the band! He's practicing up for his tour of army bases with disc jockey Johnny Grant.

As a singer, Jeff's no Bing Crosby. His voice is untrained, but pleasant—and he usually gets a hand from the crowd, many of the customers not recognizing him.

A woman said the other night, "That guy singing looks like Jeff Chandler."

PERSONAL OPINIONS: As I write this, Dick Haymes is singing love songs to Rita Hayworth in Honolulu and it's serious between



Louella Parsons organized a group of entertainers for a recent charity carnival. Among others, Don O'Connor, Ann Blyth, Jeanne Croin.

Now They're Goofy Golfers...Runnin' Wild in High Society!

DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS

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AND
FUNNIEST
...AND
SOON
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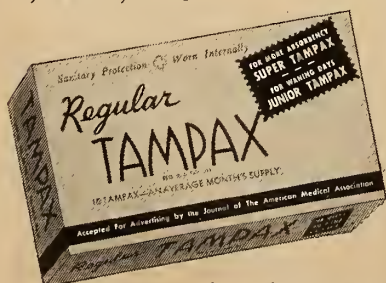
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- 3. Tampax prevents odor from forming**—saves you from even the thought of embarrassment. It can be worn in shower or tub, too—an important thing to remember when you're away visiting.
- 4. Tampax is easy to dispose of**—even when vacation resort plumbing is not quite up to par. You can change Tampax quickly, too, in a matter of seconds.
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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

them. But, I'm not banking on it to stay this way by the time you read this. . . .

Hear that Marty Melcher has decided he's kept Doris Day too isolated from the press, public, and Hollywood social affairs and is going to let her be seen around more in the future. High time, I say. . . .

Wasn't Tony Curtis (who wants a family very much) being a little bitter when he said, "Janet's career is going so well now—it would be a shame to interrupt it."

Unless the wife of a very popular actor doesn't stop her insane imaginary jealousies, —they may become real. He's irritated to the breaking point. . . .

I'm sorry Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin seem to be in hot water ever since they left Hollywood for Europe. They followed their flare-up aboard the Queen Elizabeth by being inexcusably late for an appointment with the Lord Mayor Kerr of Glasgow—so late he wouldn't receive them. You boys don't act this way in Hollywood. Better come home, kids. . . .

Rock Hudson has gone in for a red car and

red furniture. How about redheads?????

It was a blue, lonely birthday for Marilyn Monroe on June 1st.

She and Joe DiMaggio had slipped away to Ensenada for a quiet celebration. But they no sooner had arrived than Joe received a telephone call from San Francisco with the sad news that his brother Mike was dead—drowned.

They hurried home immediately, Joe leaving Marilyn in Los Angeles as he flew to his grief-stricken family.

"With Joe so heartbroken about Mike, I didn't feel like going anywhere or having any people in for my birthday," Marilyn said. "I just wanted to be alone and wait for his calls when he felt like talking."

Make no mistake about it, these two are deeply in love and hope to marry soon.

I DON'T care what she says to the contrary, Judy Garland is happier and healthier when she's fat!

The strenuous diet and exercise she has been undergoing preparatory to starting her comeback movie, *A Star Is Born* is beginning to show in her strained expression and a returning nervousness. (Continued on page 12)

easy money!

Need a new pencil-box for the fall semester? Got your eye on a season pass to all the home games? Don't hit dad for a raise in allowance. Here's how to earn your own. All you have to do is read all the stories in this September issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started right away. You may be one of the lucky winners.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Hollywood Abraad
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Sweet and Hot
- ☐ Bing Crosby: "It's Time To Quit"
- ☐ Why Doesn't He Marry The Girl? (Robert Taylor)
- ☐ How We Fell In Love (Jane Powell-Gene Nelson)
- ☐ Hollywood Muddle (Danald O'Connor-Dan Dailey)
- ☐ Great Day Coming (Virginia Maya)
- ☐ Is Liz Losing Her Beauty? (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ Beauty Is Every Woman's Job
- ☐ Sentimental Journey (Doris Day)
- ☐ "She Oughta Be In Pictures" (Elaine Stewart)
- ☐ He Never Said Can't (Gordon MacRae)
- ☐ Is Terry Moore Heading For Trouble?
- ☐ Don't Play It Safe (Jeff Chandler)
- ☐ "Wet She Is . . . Dry She Ain't" (Esther Williams)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... State.....

Occupation..... I am yrs. old

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A wonderful *wave conditioner* beautifies your hair... makes it softer, more glamorous!

Beauty experts say you can actually *feel the difference!*

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave . . . even on the very first day. The best, long-lasting wave too!

Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed . . . plus extra glamour for your hair!

NOW! Party Curl Children's Home Permanent by Lilt gives far more natural-looking curls that stay lovely day after day. Nearly twice as fast to give as any leading children's home permanent! Refill, 1.50 plus tax.

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"It really works," says

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Joanne Dru relaxing at her Encino home. Says Joanne, "I can sincerely recommend Ayds to anyone who wants to have a lovelier figure."



Joanne loves to play the piano. "The Ayds way is really no effort at all but it does a top job for me," says Joanne. It can do the same for you!

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

Nothing is worth it, Judy. We love you fat, thin, or in between—so don't overdo this reducing thing.

DEBBIE Reynolds just sat down and had a good cry when she learned that *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes* had been postponed for European production until October. She's never been abroad and she was jumpin' at the idea.

"I'd bought all my clothes," she wailed. "But, Debbie," I laughed, "taking clothes to Paris is worse than hauling coal to Newcastle. Don't you know you're supposed to buy clothes there?"

"Not me," she shook her head, "that's all right for the glamor girls like Ava Gardner and Lana Turner. I wear cute things and where, oh where in all of Paris could I buy a polka-dot bow for under my chin?"

BOB Wagner let his hair grow long for *Prince Valiant* and his flowing locks never fail to set Terry Moore into gales of laughter.

"You look just like me," she giggles. Fine thing for a guy who's courtin' a gal!

NEVER has a girl battled with stouter heart than Shelley Winters to keep rumors of trouble away from her marriage.

When gossip was all over town that Shell and Vittorio Gassman were quarreling in cafés and that often she broke into tears when they appeared in public, Shelley told me:

"Oh, they're always trying to separate Vittorio and me. I guess the latest gossip started at the Hollywood premiere of *Shane*.

"For some silly reason, MGM wouldn't let Vittorio wear the dinner clothes which he had made in Italy—did you ever hear anything more ridiculous than that?

"Everyone else was dressed formally and Vittorio was so angry about the whole thing I suppose people thought he was quarreling with me."

Shell, who is nothing if not honest, added wistfully, "I guess we did argue a little, Louella, after I told him it was silly and not to be



While Geory Steffen attended the wedding of their old friend Ann Blyth, Jane Powell went out dancing with her new friend Gene Nelson.

upset about such a little thing. Anything like this wouldn't bother me at all. But, it's important to Vittorio."

She's such a really good girl at heart, I hope *Shelley* is always important to Gassman.

Now it's Corinne Calvet and Joan Fontaine feuding on the set of *Flight To Tangier* at Paramount, and I mean, feuding.

We no more than get past the Marilyn Monroe-Joan Crawford battle than Fontaine and Calvet take over the spotlight.

Seems that Joan, who has an unruly sense of humor, keeps needling the French Corinne by constantly mispronouncing her last name:

Keeps calling her "Miss Culvert" or "Miss Culprit" or "Miss Cravet" as the crew chuckles and Corinne burns or freezes as the case may be.

It isn't amusing for anyone to be ridiculed, but I sometimes wonder if Corinne doesn't go a little out of her way to inspire these feuds.

Just a few months ago she and Zsa Zsa Gabor were locked in a legal battle after Zsa Zsa said Corinne wasn't French at all but a Cockney.

After all the publicity had been milked from this incident, la Calvet dropped her suit.

THE LETTER BOX: A very cute letter in surprisingly good English from Kousuke Nishi, a first year high school student in Fukuoka, Japan, who reads *MODERN SCREEN* "amandently" (?) and thinks American fans would like to know:

"Most impressed by American movie *High Noon* and feel restless with the news that *Ivanhoe* and *The Quiet Man* is coming. Is this surprise?

"Japanese fans elate over quality. Please, who is Debbie Reynolds, Rock Hudson and Piper Laurie we read about but have not optically known?

"Very pleased to write you, and American movie fans, in English." Thank you, Kousuke, —your English is most "amandently" understandable.

There's not enough space to mention those of you who are "shocked beyond words" over the parting of Jane Powell and Geary Steffen—the letters still pouring in over this unhappy rift.

That's all for now. See you next month.



Americo's favorite TV couple will soon be seen in the movies. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are now working on MGM's *Long, Long Trailer*.

Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
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WHITE RAIN

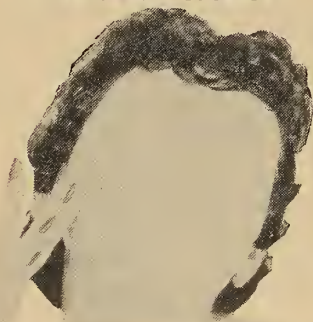
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HOLLYWOOD ABROAD



AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND

THE WORLD

AVA GARDNER and **FRANK SINATRA** are no longer quarreling, but their marriage isn't going too smoothly, either. Frank is playing the British provinces on his concert tour while Ava works in London on *Knights Of The Round Table*. Unfortunately, Frank's Scandinavian tour turned out to be a great lemon. Scheduled to appear on the stage of a theater in Malmo, Sweden, for at least one hour, he walked off in half that time. Next day Swedish newspapers announced, "Sinatra flops . . . Singing horrible." Whereupon Frank grabbed the first plane and winged to London. Here, he took his bride to the Turpin-Humez prize fight at White City. During the course of the fight, one fan nodded at Ava and said, "Take her up in the ring, Frankie, and show us some real fighting."

GEORGE SANDERS, who almost suffered a nervous breakdown while making *New Wine* with Ingrid and Roberto Rossellini in Italy, was furious in a most sophisticated way, of course, when he learned that his wife Zsa Zsa Gabor was playing around with Parfirio Rubiras, ex-husband of Doris Duke. "George shouldn't be angry," Zsa Zsa explained in Paris. "After all he had a romance or two in Rome while I was working hard in Hollywood. He will get over it."

DEAN MARTIN and **JERRY LEWIS** who arrived in England with an entourage of 19—round trip fares for the group came to \$26,000—completely devastated British audiences in Glasgow and Scotland. One night Martin and Lewis were taken to the swankiest dinner club in London to watch Nael Coward perform. During the meal Dean jumped to his feet and bowing to the waiter, said, "Shall we dance?" A moment later, Jerry went into his act. Smearing his face with ice cream and crossing his eyes, he shouted, "I don't want you people to think I don't know how to behave in a ritzy joint like this." The Duchess of Marlborough and other members of the British nobility sitting nearby were incredulous. "Who are these strange Americans?" the Duchess asked.

PAUL DOUGLAS is extremely popular in England these days. With what the British consider typical American modesty, Douglas keeps telling reporters, "I'm so ugly all you have to do is put any girl next to me, and she looks wonderful." Paul's wife Jan Sterling who flew over to London with the actor, has winged back to Hollywood leaving Douglas a temporary bachelor. "I love Hollywood, too," Paul says, "except that the work now is over here, and an actor's got to go wherever he earns his bread and butter."

ANNE BAXTER and **STEVE COCHRAN**, who have just finished *Carnival* in Munich, were linked together as a romantic item by a hard-working press agent. The truth, of course, is that there is nothing between them. Anne is primarily intellectual and Steve basically emotional, so emotional, in fact, that last Christmas he clouted a party-crasher over the head with a baseball bat. Notified in Munich that he would have to pay the party-crasher \$16,000 in damages, Steve said, "I'm not gonna take this lying down. My lawyer and I, we're gonna appeal." *Carnival*, incidentally, will be Anne Baxter's last film for some time. After leaving Munich, she met with Charles Laughton in London and signed a contract to tour the U.S. with him and Tyrone Power in a recitation of *John Brown's Body*. The tour begins in Los Angeles on September 20th, and the last time Anne appeared on the stage for a regular run was in 1938 in New York.

CLARK GABLE, whose MGM contract expires later this year, was one of the few actors in Europe who failed to show up at Queen Elizabeth's Coronation. Instead of returning to London, Gable spent his time with Suzanne Daddale, the statuesque Parisian model who gave up her job to travel with him. Together they celebrated Gable's final divorce decree from Lady Sylvia Ashley by sunning themselves on the Isle of Capri where Gable kept saying, "I'm a tired old man after two pictures in a row . . . Don't know what I'm going to do next."

LANA TURNER and her constant escort, Lex Barker, have succeeded in muddling most of the Italian newspapermen assigned to cover them. Lana keeps insisting that she has no marital intentions for the near future, and Lex Barker keeps confiding to the same newsmen that he'll get married in October when his divorce from Arlene Dahl becomes final.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural continental look of this new "Capri" style. No nightly setting necessary.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this "Cotillion". And you get your wave *where* you want it.



Bobbi is perfect for this casual "Inge-nue" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



What a casual, easy livin' look this "Minx" hairdo has . . . thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent always give you soft, carefree curls like these.

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These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

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Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — *and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion — if you can make a simple pin curl — you'll love Bobbi.



Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.

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Zonitors are modern, convenient, effective. They require no extra equipment. Inexpensive.

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SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor, who look alike and dance alike, ran into each other at Ciro's and exchanged *very* cold hello's . . . Jerry Lewis phoned me to ask why the columnists in Hollywood are always hinting that he's breaking up with his wife or that Dean Martin is breaking up with his. I suggested that perhaps they give reporters reason to think so. Jerry said, "When and if the day arrives when I fight with Patti, I'll give up my career, buy two one-way tickets, and take Patti back to Newark with me. My wife is much more important to me than making movies!" . . . Best dancers in town: Gwen O'Connor, Donald's estranged spouse, and Dan Dailey . . . Fernando the Fickle showed up with a brunette (but Arlene's a redhead!) at LaRue . . . Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe, 20th's two top blondes, merely nodded to each other until they started working together in *How To Marry A Millionaire*. And you know something? Despite all their denials of any enmity whatsoever I *still* think there's no love lost between the twain!

June Allyson tells this wonderfully funny story about the unfunny illness of her husband, Dick Powell: "Six days after his appendix

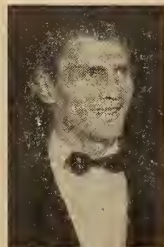


the Powells

burst it was necessary to operate in an attempt to save his life. I saw him right after the operation. There were tubes coming out all over him. Tubes in both nostrils, tubes into his swollen abdomen, tubes in both arms. The doctor said, 'Go in and talk to him, June.' I did. It was the only time I had ever seen Dick give up. You've read about people who just give up? Well, Dick had. I began talking. I don't remember the things I poured out. Who can at such a time? And then all of a sudden he opened his eyes to look at me and his lips began to move. 'This,' said Dick, 'is a heck of a way to quit smoking!' And then I was sure he was going to make it!"

LONG HUNCH DEP'T.:

Clifton Webb, who ought to know, tells us he thinks Marilyn Monroe will develop into the biggest femme star who has ever hit Hollywood. "Not," says Clifton, "because she's so all-fired talented but because she works so hard. It's nothing for Marilyn to go home after a 12-hour day at the studio and stay up till 2 A.M. studying with Natasha Lytess, her dramatic coach. And anybody who works that hard has to be successful." So you thought it was all glamor, hey? . . . The first syllable of Keefe Brasselle's surname—Brass—suits him well. Little Sir Ego, as he's called, is due for the year's most brilliant boost to stardom, thanks to his portrayal of Eddie Cantor in *The Eddie Cantor Story*. Just wait'll you see *this* miraculous piece of acting!



Palance

Ann Sheridan was dubbed "The Oomph Girl," remember? Clara Bow was "The It Girl." And now comes Jack Palance, who's been dubbed "The Cruellest Face on the Screen" . . . Greta Garbo swept out of Hollywood in a 1953 model streamlined huff. Too many attempts to invade her privacy, she said, and trotted off to an unannounced destination where she can be alone . . . Oh, almost forgot: the guest list for the Blyth-McNulty wedding reception contained 786 names. A girl has a right to invite a few of her friends . . . Zsa Zsa and Eva Gabor spent two whole afternoons together in Paris when I was there last month scrubbing their *diamonds* in a sink in Zsa Zsa's apartment . . . Ann Miller also has jewelry to *burn*—but a different kind. A hot admirer gifted her with earrings made of *anthracite* . . . What do you suppose it (Continued on page 24)



the Lewises



Monroe

Rose Point *sterling in the mood of romance*

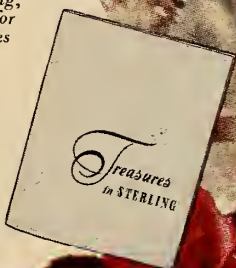
A legend of love in silver—Wallace's Rose Point!

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In Wallace's Rose Point the full-blown rose, surrounded by silver pearls is sculptured in sterling by famed William S. Warren in exclusive "Third Dimension Beauty." Like every Wallace "Third Dimension Beauty" pattern it is a masterpiece—beautifully formed not only in front, but in profile and back—giving you sterling perfection from every possible view.

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ROSE POINT

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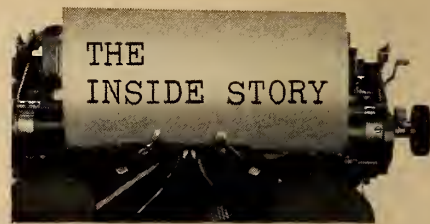
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(Continued from page 4)

Q. Are all of Doris Day's teeth false? Also is it true she and her husband are money-mad?

—S.M., MT. VICTORY, OHIO.

A. No on both counts.

Q. If Gene Tierney marries Aly Khan, will she become a Moslem, too?

—B.Y., BRIGHTON, MASS.

A. Technically yes.

Q. My mother, who once dated Clark Gable, has told me that Mr. Gable finds it extremely difficult to part with a dollar. Is this true?

—V.Y., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Gable has always been careful with his money.

Q. How come there are never any stories about Jean Arthur, one of Hollywood's greatest actresses?

—B.E., ABBEVILLE, S. C.

A. Miss Arthur is a hard girl to track down, let alone interview.

Q. What's happened to Randolph Scott?

—T.G., CHARLOTTE, N. C.

A. He is happily married, lives a quiet, unexciting life.

Q. All stories I read about Jane Wyman these days claim she's been married only twice. What is the truth?

—H.H., FREEPORT, L. I.

A. Miss Wyman has been married three times.

Q. Is it true that Bing Crosby and Spencer Tracy both plan to retire next year?

—E.E., LEESVILLE, VA.

A. That's what they say.

Q. Can you tell me what Gary Cooper does with all his money?

—G.U., BUTTE, MONT.

A. Invests it.

Q. What's happened to Greer Garson and her husband?

—O.P., ROLLINS, FLA.

A. They're in Spain where Greer's husband has oil interests.

Q. Is it true that Mario Lanza bought his parents a house and a car before he bought one for his own wife and children?

—F.R., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Yes.

Q. Of all the actors in Europe on that 18-month tax setup which one will return with the most money?

—F.T., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. Probably Gregory Peck.

movie reviews *by florence epstein*

PICTURE OF THE MONTH



MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY The cast reads like a Who's Who in Hollywood but what makes *Main Street To Broadway* more than a showcase of big names is the artful way in which the plot is interlaced with celebrities acting as themselves. The plot is simple. Young playwright (Tom Morton) sits up nights torturing dialogue into existence. He has a girlfriend (Mary Murphy) who's excited by his feverish approach to life, but she's from a small town and she thinks she'd rather go back there and marry a nice, quiet guy who putters around in the garden on weekends. The nice young man turns out to be Herb Shriner. While Mary's making up her mind, Tom's suffering in New York—but Gertrude Berg is there to feed him soup and hold up his head. Finally, he finishes a play for Tallulah Bankhead. His agent (Agnes Moorehead) says it's terrible, she won't even show it to Tallulah. So Tom tosses it into the river, although he's not far enough gone to jump in with it. The police pick him up, and maybe you don't believe it, but Ethel Barrymore and Louis Calhern come to his rescue. And Tallulah does that play (Tom kept a copy). There's more—there's Mary Martin singing. There's Helen Hayes, Shirley Booth, Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer, Faye Emerson, Leo Durocher, too. Even Leo Durocher's son. And that's still not all. *Main Street To Broadway* is quite a movie! MGM.



MELBA Sixty years ago Nellie Melba was the toast of several continents. She was one of the first opera stars who looked as good as she sounded, and she took advantage of her assets. Another operatic star, Patrice Munsel, brings her to colorful, wistful life in *Melba*. Her story begins in Australia where she was born. She had a sweetheart there (John McCallum) whom she leaves for Paris and the promise it offers. In Paris, a young Englishman (John Justin) falls in love with her and helps her snare the great Mme. Marchesi (Martita Hunt) for a teacher. After much study Nellie makes her debut and is an instant success at Covent Garden in London. Admirers swarm about her and she enjoys them all, but love seems remote. Until the day John McCallum turns up—in Monte Carlo—and marries her. Life with John is beautiful but brief, because Nellie must choose between him and her career. He goes—and she goes on to greater triumphs alone. Patrice sings arias from Melba's most popular operas (this is the first musical that uses stereophonic sound). The screen is wide, the staging lavish and in color. Robert Morley and Sybil Thorndike are in it too.—U.A.



THE MAN FROM THE ALAMO Glenn Ford's the man. He would have died a hero like all the Texans who defended the Alamo, but lots were drawn to send one of them back to Ox-Bow where Mexicans were destroying homes and families. Ford arrives too late. His wife and child have been murdered, his ranch burned. Only a little boy (Butch Cavell) has survived. Ford takes him to the next town where he, Ford, is branded a coward and traitor. The little boy tells him that Americans disguised as Mexicans were the actual plunderers at Ox-Bow. Since Ford can't convince anyone of this he decides to round up the criminals himself. Victor Jory's their leader and Ford joins his gang. The good men want to hang him and the bad men don't trust him. Fortunately for Glenn, Butch is around to pick him up off the ground when the going gets real rough. And there's Julia Adams who kind of trusted him from the start. Rounding out the Technicolor cast are Chill Wills, Hugh O'Brien, Jeanne Cooper.—U-I.
(more reviews on next page)



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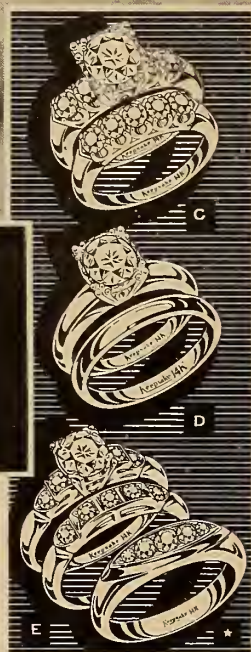
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THE BEGGAR'S OPERA When this highwayman (Laurence Olivier) comes riding, riding, all the girls start sighing, sighing even as he robs 'em. In bawdy England he is a hero but he also has a price on his head and this lands him in Newgate Gaol. The night before he is to hang, a beggar is tossed outside his cell. The beggar has written an opera about the bold and brave Captain Macheath. When he discovers that Olivier is Macheath he shows him the score and the opera unfolds. All about a carefree ladies' man of 300 years ago who is finally betrayed by the women he has been so gaily cavalier to. A man so free of moral obligation can't come to a good end—unless he's awfully charming. Olivier sings—as does the entire cast—to music written by Sir Arthur Bliss. Playwright Christopher Fry provided the lyrics. It's in Technicolor—Warners.



IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE Richard Carlson's talking up romance to Barbara Rush when what looks like a giant meteor flashes across the western sky and explodes in the desert. No coward, he, Carlson walks right into the seething crater, comes out swearing he saw a space ship. Those are rocks, the Army tells him, staring fixedly at his head. But eerie things begin to happen. People disappear in thin air and when they re-appear act like zombies. Some of them don't ever re-appear. Simple, really. Those spacemen are so ugly they're afraid to show themselves—each one is a viscous bloh with a large eye floating in the center—instead, they take the shape of whatever people they find. But try telling that to Sheriff Charles Drake who's dying to blast 'em back to Mars. The movie, written by Ray Bradbury, is in 3-D on a wide screen with stereophonic sound.—U.I.



SOUTH SEA WOMAN When Marine Sergeant Jim O'Hearn (Burt Lancaster) is brought up for trial the court can't even believe the charges. Desertion, theft—that's okay. But who ever heard of a marine sinking a saloon? Not only a saloon. But almost the entire Jap fleet at Guadalcanal. And without permission. But as you'll discover, if any marine could have done it, that marine was O'Hearn. Virginia Mayo (she met him in Singapore) and Veola Vonn (she met him on an island where she ran a hotel) take the stand. So do various other characters who crossed O'Hearn's path during his exploits. All of them piece together an hilarious story. The whole trouble started when Burt's protégé (Chuck Connors) wanted to marry Virginia and Burt tried to rescue him. Somehow the light went out (they were in a saloon) and they all woke up in the China Sea. Don't ask me what happened. Ask Warners.

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THE AFFAIRS OF DOBIE GILLIS If anyone who was responsible for this picture ever even *saw* a college I'd like to know the name of it. But go fight MGM who has Debbie Reynolds on their side. She's really interested in learning, can she help it if she meets a traveling-salesman type freshman (Bobby Van)? Together they blow up the chem lab, make monkeys out of their professors and turn the campus into a musical comedy set. Barbara Ruick and Bob Fosse—add a couple of pleasant songs and dances to the burdened air. It's not surprising that Debbie's father (Hanley Stafford) is reduced to a gibbering idiot in his efforts to isolate her from her frolicsome friends. He sends her to New York, but that doesn't work. He even calls the cops, and almost gets himself arrested. Well, it's all in fun, as they say. And Donald O'Connor had better watch out for Bobby Van.—MGM



WHITE WITCH DOCTOR Once again Africa (in Technicolor) provides a thrilling background for romance and darker passions. The year is 1907. Nurse Susan Hayward arrives in the Congo to work at a remote hospital post. Right away she meets Bob Mitchum who is being attacked by a wild gorilla (he sends 'em back alive to various zoos). She thinks he's brutal; he thinks she's frustrated. While they're falling in love, witch doctors are trying to cast spells over their competitor (that's Susan) and Walter Slezak (Mitchum's partner) is thinking up ways to steal gold from the dread Bakuba tribe. He gets his chance when Susan is called to the Bakuba village to tend the chief's son. To complicate the situation, Slezak is advancing on the village with greed in his eyes and dynamite on his porter's backs. The real excitement, though, lies in the sound of the drums and the shots of native dancing—20th



AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER Romance in the big city generally involves cab drivers, motherly landladies, starving artists and models. *Affair With A Stranger's* no different. It's a woman's story with a handsome hunk of man in it. That's Vic Mature, a playwright, unpublished. On New Year's Eve, in the middle of Times Square, he finds Jean Simmons and his worries are half over. She very conveniently falls in love and is shortly providing him with all the meals he'd otherwise have to steal from the automat. But before his movie's through, Mature owns a house larger than Long Island and is rumored getting a divorce from Jean. Flashbacks trace their courtship, his first Broadway flop, the birth of their baby, the strike-it-ich days. Those are the days that usher in siren Monica Lewis. She stars in Vic's plays and makes asses at him off stage. He resists her for a while—the question you may ask is, how long? You may well ask.—RKO (More movie reviews on next page)

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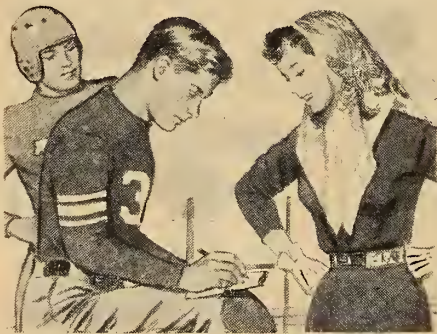
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To start school with a bang—

☐ Be a hide-beater ☐ Try soloing
Don't let those hermit blues set in! Have you a special talent, hobby? Gang up with kindred souls who share it. Help with the school paper, or posters for the fall prom. Or, hop on the bandwagon (who knows—you might be a Rosemary, junior grade!). And don't let calendar cares nag you. With Kotex, you can beat off "outline" blues, for those flat pressed ends don't show—so, your public will never know!



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Your heart's set on a big-time career? Better keep your mind on the future instead of each visiting fireman. Show the boss you're dependable. Promotion-worthy. What's more, come "those days", don't count on heaven alone to protect the working gal. Choose Kotex! That *safety center* gives extra protection—and you get lasting comfort, for this softer Kotex holds its shape!

Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

- ☐ Romeo & Juliet ☐ Kotex and Kotex Belts ☐ Moon 'n' June

Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic... they're designed to prevent curling, cutting, or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunkings; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two... for a change!



SHE HAD TO SAY YES Here's a small town in Arkansas that just sets there and lets the rest of the world go hang. They don't even mention money in this place. They pay each other in livestock and eggs. The town doctor, Boh Mitchum, is more interested in landing a trout named Hercules than any patients. People like Edgar Buchanan, Wallace Ford and Raymond Walburn run the stores and the jail, none of which are ever crowded. So suddenly an hetress (Jean Simmons) slides into town in a flashy Cadillac and wreaks enough havoc to last a hundred years. All she wants to do is repay the people of this town for saving her life when she was a baby. They sent her to a hospital when her father, who was still sniffing for those oil wells, couldn't afford it. How she repays them (mostly by disrupting the entire economy) and how she falls for Dr. Mitchum is what this movie's all about.—RKO



THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE In 1745 every Scotsman worth his salt was fighting George II. Unfortunately, George II won and no Scotsman could go home again (if he did he was hanged for a rebel). This is Errol Flynn's problem. He owns a castle in Ballantrae, and has a fiancée (Beatrice Campbell). He does manage to see her one night for a kiss, a promise of undying love and some money. The money will take him and another rebel (Roger Livesey) to France. But someone tips off the Redcoats and Flynn is shot, falls into the sea. Dead? No. They fall in with a crew of pirates, fight duels, toss rival pirates overboard, and finally amass a fortune. They return to Scotland, stage a war with the Redcoats in their own castle and Flynn is locked up. Redcoats think they're going to hang him, but they don't know about the secret passage.—Warners.



SEA DEVILS This movie crosses the Channel so much you get seasick. It takes place in the days when Napoleon was threatening to invade England and there were so many spies you never knew which side they were on. That is Rock Hudson's problem. He's a smuggler, owns a little boat. One night Yvonne de Carlo, draped in mystery and a low cut gown, asks him to take her to France. She wants to ransom her brother, she says; he's being held by the revolutionaries. A few hours later Hudson lovingly drops her on the coast of France. Next time he sees her she is all dressed up like a countess who is a French spy. Rock doesn't think twice; he kidnaps and delivers her to the British. Naturally, the British send her back to France, because she is no spy. That is, she is a spy but an English spy. When Napoleon finds that out, there's trouble! And Rock's crossing the Channel again. Among those ashore are Maxwell Reed, Denis O'Dea, Jacques Brunius.—RKO

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

sweet and hot



** Highly
Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars:
Average

by leonard feather

FROM THE MOVIES

Whew! Never before in the history of this column has there been such a mountainous monthful of movie music piled on my record changer. Looks as though Hollywood is again becoming aware of how mutually helpful the studios and Tin Pan Alley can be to each other. Following are some of the more interesting items.

ALL I DESIRE—title song by Tony Arden & The Four Lads* (Columbia); Camarata (Decca); David Rose (MGM); Bob Manning* (Capitol).

THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL—*Love Is For The Very Young* by Victor Young* (Decca).

BRIGHT ROAD—*Suzanne (Every Night When The Sun Goes Down)* by Harry Belafonte** (Victor).

BAND WAGON—sound track album by Fred Astaire, Nanette Fabray* (MGM).

CINEMA RHAPSODIES—Vol. I by Victor Young* (Decca).
This is an EP record by Victor Young's Singing Strings group, featuring *Moulin Rouge*, *Ruby*, *Hi-Lili Hi-Lo* and *Change of Heart*, the theme melody from *Forever Female*.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—sound track album by Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe** (MGM).
This may surprise you! We already knew Jane was a good singer, but Marilyn does all right too. They both do separate versions of *Bye Bye Baby* and are featured together on *When Love Goes Wrong* and *A Little Girl From Little Rock*.

JENNIFER—*Angel Eyes* by Nat Cole* (Capitol); Ella Fitzgerald** (Decca).

LIMELIGHT—*Terry's Theme* (now retitled *Eternally*) by Jackie Gleason* (Capitol); Johnny Smith* (Roost); Ron Goodwin (Coral); Hugo Winterhalter (Victor); Richard Hayman (Mercury); Victor Young (Decca); Noro Morales (Victor); Wally Stott (Columbia); Jimmy Young (London).

MELBA—*The Melba Waltz (Dreamtime)* by Patrice Munsel* (Victor); Percy Faith with Frank Parker & Marion Marlowe (Columbia); Victor Young (Decca); Tony Craig (Vogue). *Is This The Beginning Of Love?* (Victor).

THE MOON IS BLUE—title song by Sauter-Finegan (Victor); Silver Strings (Victor).

MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD—album by Percy Faith* (Columbia).
This LP features the fine double-length Faith versions of *Return to Paradise*, *Ruby*, *Moulin Rouge* and *The Bad & The Beautiful (Love Is For The Very Young)*.



* once I had blond hair...



then I turned drab and mousey...



Photograph by Mark Shaw, courtesy of MADEMOISELLE



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New Playtex® Magic-Controller Panty Brief!

Boneless non-roll top and hidden "finger" panels make a difference you can measure—no matter what your size!

Here it is . . . a brief with *all* the figure-molding virtues of the Magic-Controller Girdle . . . a brief that gives you the figure *and* the freedom for summer's revealing clothes.

It hasn't a single seam, stitch, stay or bone—hidden "finger" panels firm and flatten you, tone and support you naturally from waist to thigh.

Magic-Controller Panty Brief is all latex, fabric lined, one piece and wonderful. It's invisible under your sleekest slacks, washes in seconds, and you can almost watch it dry!

If you've *ever* worn a brief, see the *difference*. If you think you *can't* wear revealing playclothes, let Magic-Controller Brief *show* you!

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hollywood report continued

means when David O. Selznick checks into Lebanon Hospital for a physical check-up and lists not his wife, Jennifer Jones, as his closest friend and/or relative to be notified in case of an emergency—but Joseph Cotten?!!

QUICK QUOTES:

Asked if she knew anything about love, Debbie Reynolds said, "No, but I'm ready." Wow! . . . Evelyn Keyes, asked why it is she looks prettier and younger than when she was here two years ago, replied, "With me the new switch in show-business isn't 3-D but 3-L: eat Lightly, sleep Late, always be about to fall in Love" . . . Know how a gal gets all a-flutter and a-fluster when you ask her if she'll marry a guy? Well, I asked Rosemary Clooney if she'll marry José Ferrer and this is her word-for-word answer on my tape-recorder: "If you say in your Modern Screen column that I'm going to be married—uh, well—I'm afraid to say definitely that I *will* be! That is to say, you see, you can say I *might* be at the time your readers read this and not look stupid to your readers—oh, you know what I mean!—because I still have marriage very much in my mind and so does José!" (!)



Clooney

ODDS BODKINS:

Terry Moore's been complaining to everyone that the publicity her studio gives out about her isn't very dignified. But hey, Terry, what about those sexy poses you get yourself into for the photogs? . . . Farley Granger sends out form letters telling romantic girl fans of his why he can't marry them . . . Mitzi Gaynor can say, "Look, no scar!" Since her sawbones performed a plastic job on her appendectomy . . .

Movie star who never lets her public down: Joan Crawford. Always bright and shining in hat, gloves, furs, simple jewelry, sharp makeup and driving a *crazy* car, that's our Joanie . . . Anna Maria Alberghetti, the girl you liked so well in *The Stars Are Singing*, is really growing up. She has been signed to fill the tights originally intended for Jane Russell in *Red Garters*—and once more she'll be playing with her pal, Rosie Clooney . . . Janet Leigh still hasn't seen *Jet Pilot*, the movie she made with John Wayne for Howard Hughes. The necklines of her dresses four years ago, when the picture was made, were much lower than they are now!



Gaynor

Dottie Lamour got over the mumps in time to celebrate her tenth wedding anniversary with Bill Howard and guess what? I'll bet they'll celebrate 50 more! . . . Ingrid Bergman's ermine wrap is still hanging in a Beverly Hills fur storage vault, after all these years. Once a year the storage bill goes to her attorney, Greg Bautzer . . . Sunset Strip sight: Charlie Chaplin, Jr., and his ex-stepmother, Paulette Goddard . . . Frank Lovejoy has lowered his sports car two inches so that he can strike matches on the pavement.

... June Haver loves the packages of cheese her Hollywood pals have been sending to her in the convent. She is also enjoying the caramel corn.

SEX APPEAL:

Hey, what did you think of Janie Powell in *Small Town Girl*? Grown-up all of a sudden, isn't she—all this and pretty, poised and surprisingly sexy! ... The script for Joan Crawford's new picture at MGM, *Torch Song*, describes the woman who plays the leading role (and kiddies, I do mean Joan herself!) as having beautiful legs. So, first day back on her old home lot after a ten-year absence, Joan got herself rigged out in leotard and mesh stockings for her dance rehearsals with Chuck Walters and, sure enough, there they were—the most beautiful legs in town! ... Incidentally, Penny Edwards has plenty upstairs too but have you ever noticed her gorgeous gams?



Crawford

Wheweee ... Something I never expected to see: Shelley Winters in hat and gloves ... I had a feeling George Sanders would emerge as an entirely new character in *Call Me Madam*, and sure enough he did, opening up a brand new field for his acting services. His fan mail now shows that you gals are drooling over him, and about time ... And you guys will be oh-ing and ah-ing little Natalie Wood pretty soon. Here's a child star who's growing up into a real looker.

Despite Rita Hayworth's denials, her biggest romance since Aly Khan is Manuel Rojas (pronounced Ro-hass), the Chilean polo player. They sizzle when they're together! ... Richard Burton, an independent cuss, has this to say about himself: "If I saw myself on the screen I would see room for improvement so I don't see myself. Anyway, I don't have any sex appeal and I don't like movies!" ... Wait and see if I'm not right with the prophecy that Herb Shriner will be a big star, on the order of the late, beloved Will Rogers, when *Main Street To Broadway* hits the nation's screens ...

FUNNIES:

Farley Granger thanked Don McNeill for asking him to make a guest appearance on Don's "Breakfast Club" radio show: "After eight months of being suspended by Sam Goldwyn, I needed a free meal!"

Tommy Morton wants you to know that Hollywood's a place where every kick in the pants is a step forward ... Jean Peters asks if you know the difference between a buffalo and a bison? A buffalo is an animal that roams the plains and a bison is a



Peters

receptacle that an Englishman washes his hands in ... Fascinating problem submitted by Dale Robertson: What does a drunkard see when he staggers into a 3-D movie—6-D? ... Bob Wagner's definition of a Hollywood phony: a guy who has a million things on the fire but hasn't got a pot to cook in ... Rory Calhoun says the only thing they use radio for any more is to sell television sets ... Gossip item mentioned that a producer was seen with a gorgeous blonde. "That was no gorgeous blonde!" shrieked his wife. "That was me!"



A pain

in somebody's neck

or...

a throb

in somebody's heart?



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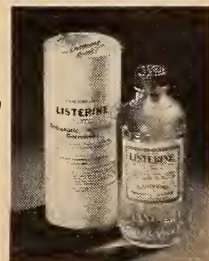
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Listerine stops bad breath instantly and usually keeps it stopped for hours on end. In fact, in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll

products, it was tested against.

No Chlorophyll Kills Odor Bacteria Like This ... Instantly

Listerine instantly kills millions of germs, including germs that cause the most common type of bad breath ... the kind that begins when germs start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.* Chlorophyll does not kill germs; brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Listerine does!



The most widely used antiseptic in the world

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

ON TV ... LISTERINE "SUMMER THEATER"—See your paper for time and station

The year's biggest shock to the
entertainment world was Bing's calm
announcement that he's ready to retire. He has
private business to attend to.

BY JACK WADE

bing crosby: "it's time to quit"

■ It was in June, just before he and his boy Lindsay pulled out of Europe that a jaunty little man named Bing Crosby sat in a large rococco hotel room in Paris and with typical Crosby levity announced his impending retirement.

"I'm 49," Bing said. "I've been around a long time, and I think I've earned a rest.

"They've got me penciled in to do *White Christmas* with Fred Astaire—I guess that'll roll in August—and then another *Road* picture with Hope, and that's it.

"Of course, if something very good comes along,"—Bing pressed his right thumb and index finger together—"the *pièce de resistance*, I'll probably do that one, too. But I've had it, and it's time for me to stop. Why, man, I'm as old as Hope."

"Is Bob Hope thinking of retirement?" someone asked.

The Groaner ran a hand through what is left of his hair. "Of course not." He grinned. "The public isn't that lucky . . . Well, I've got to hit a few today. I'm entered in the French Amateur (Golf Championship)."

And with that Der Bingle was off. Casual, nonchalant, seemingly light-hearted, he attached no importance to his announcement, didn't even consider it newsworthy enough to call a full-fledged press conference. The most fabulous career in motion pictures was on the verge of coming to an end, and its possessor considered it on par with a round of golf.

As a matter of fact that same day, Bing drove out to Chantilly, some 30 miles from Paris, to compete (*Continued on page 72*)



"Comment ca va, Old Boy?" Crosby's nonchalance captured French hearts at the Moulin Rouge hospital benefit. After his European jount with Lindsay, Bing will go home to moke two more pictures and devote himself to Gory, Philip and Dennis.

Thrilling Beauty News for users of Liquid Shampoos!

LUSTRE-CREME is the favorite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood stars... and you'll love it in its new Lotion Form, too!

Marilyn Monroe

starring in

"GENTLEMEN PREFER
BLONDES"

A 20th Century-Fox Production
Color by Technicolor



MARILYN MONROE says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

Now! Lustre-Creme Shampoo also in New Lotion Form!



NEVER BEFORE—a liquid shampoo like this! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form is much more than just another shampoo that pours. It's a new creamy lotion, a fragrant, satiny, easier-to-use lotion, that brings Lustre-Creme glamour to your hair with every heavenly shampoo!

VOTED "BEST" IN DRAMATIC USE-TESTS! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form was tested against 4 leading liquid and lotion shampoos... all unlabeled. And 3 out of every 5 women preferred Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form over each competing shampoo tested—for these important reasons:

- * Lather foams more quickly!
- * Easier to rinse away!
- * Cleans hair and scalp better!
- * Leaves hair more shining!
- * Does not dry or dull the hair!
- * Leaves hair easier to manage!
- * Hair has better fragrance!
- * More economical to use!

Prove it to Yourself...

Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form is the best liquid shampoo yet!

Yes! Now take your choice:

Famous Cream Form... or new Lotion Form



Famous Cream Form in jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$1.
(Big economy size, \$2.)

New Lotion Form in handy bottles, 30¢ to \$1.

POUR IT ON — OR CREAM IT ON! In Cream Form, Lustre-Creme is America's favorite cream shampoo. And all its beauty-bringing qualities are in the new Lotion Form. Whichever form you prefer, lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme leaves your hair shining-clean, eager to wave, never dull or dry.

That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!



*Best-known beauties have it...
so can you!*

Cathy Avery's complexion wasn't always the peaches-and-cream perfection it is today. She says a change to Ivory and regular care worked the magic. "I'd like to tell every girl," says this popular model, "what wonderful things Ivory's purity and mildness can do for her complexion!"



*Brand-new beauties have it...
so can you!*

Young as she is, this little Miss has a beauty tip for you—a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap. Famous for pampering delicate skin like hers, Ivory is advised by more doctors and skin specialists than any other soap.



*You can have That Ivory Look
in just one week!*

It takes so little time to have a lovelier complexion if you just do this: change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory. In seven days your complexion will look smoother, softer, younger! Yes, you'll have *That Ivory Look*.



99 44/100% pure...it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!



Constant dates in Hollywood made Bob so lonesome for Ursula in England, he flew to the US to join her in a visit to his hometown.

HERE IS MODERN SCREEN'S FRANK ANALYSIS OF THE ROBERT TAYLOR-URSULA THIESS COURTSHIP.

Why doesn't he marry the girl?

by Consuelo Anderson

■ It is an unwritten rule in Hollywood that every actor who gets a divorce eventually re-marries.

Clark Gable, Dick Powell, Alan Ladd, Humphrey Bogart, Cary Grant, Michael Wilding—the list goes on and on including practically everyone except Spangler Arlington Brugh, a strikingly handsome 41-year-old actor who for 19 years has been playing in motion pictures under the name of Robert Taylor.

More popular than ever before—the result no doubt of his appearance in *Quo Vadis*, *Ivanhoe*, *Above And Beyond*, *All The Brothers Were Valiant*, *Ride, Vaqueró*, and *Knights Of The Round Table*—Bob Taylor admits that he has lost his heart to Ursula Thiess, the German actress now under contract to RKO. “But I don’t know about marriage. After all, my divorce first became final in 1952, and I’m here in England, and Ursula’s back in Hollywood, and who knows whether anyone’s ready for marriage?”

Now, Bob Taylor is one of the few actors in the business who talks modestly, honestly, (*Continued on page 74*)

They shouldn't
have fallen in love
—but they did.
So with courage
and honesty these
two decent people
are facing their great-
est problem together.

BY PAMELA MORGAN

One sunless afternoon in a small bachelor's apartment overlooking the sound stages at 20th Century-Fox, a tall, lean, well-muscled actor sat in an easy chair reading the afternoon newspapers, reading in fact, his own journalistic cremation.

Like most talented artists, Gene Nelson is a sensitive, easily-hurt man, and when he read that, among other things, he was a "home-wrecker, a regular junior Don Juan, an actor who obeys his first impulses and nothing else," his large blue eyes grew small and flinty. He bit his lower lip hard and there burned into his mind the unforgettable realization that for love, the true love, a man must be willing to sacrifice everything—his reputation, his work, his money, his life.

Sitting there in that furnished apartment, his soul filled with a quiet fury, Gene Nelson asked himself what crime he had committed that such a vicious attack should be visited upon him.

He had fallen in love with Jane Powell, a beautiful, honest, talented young star who had fallen out of love with her husband. For this, he was being treated like a Bluebeard.

The simple truth is that the Jane Powell-Gene Nelson romance is one of the truly great love affairs in Hollywood's long and tempestuous history, also one of the most honorable and sincere, because these two kids are young people of candor, integrity, honor, consideration, and background.

No woman can padlock her heart to love, no man blind his eyes to beauty and it is a tribute to the character of Gene and Jane that never once in this whole romance has either of them stooped to deceit, evasion, or falsehood.

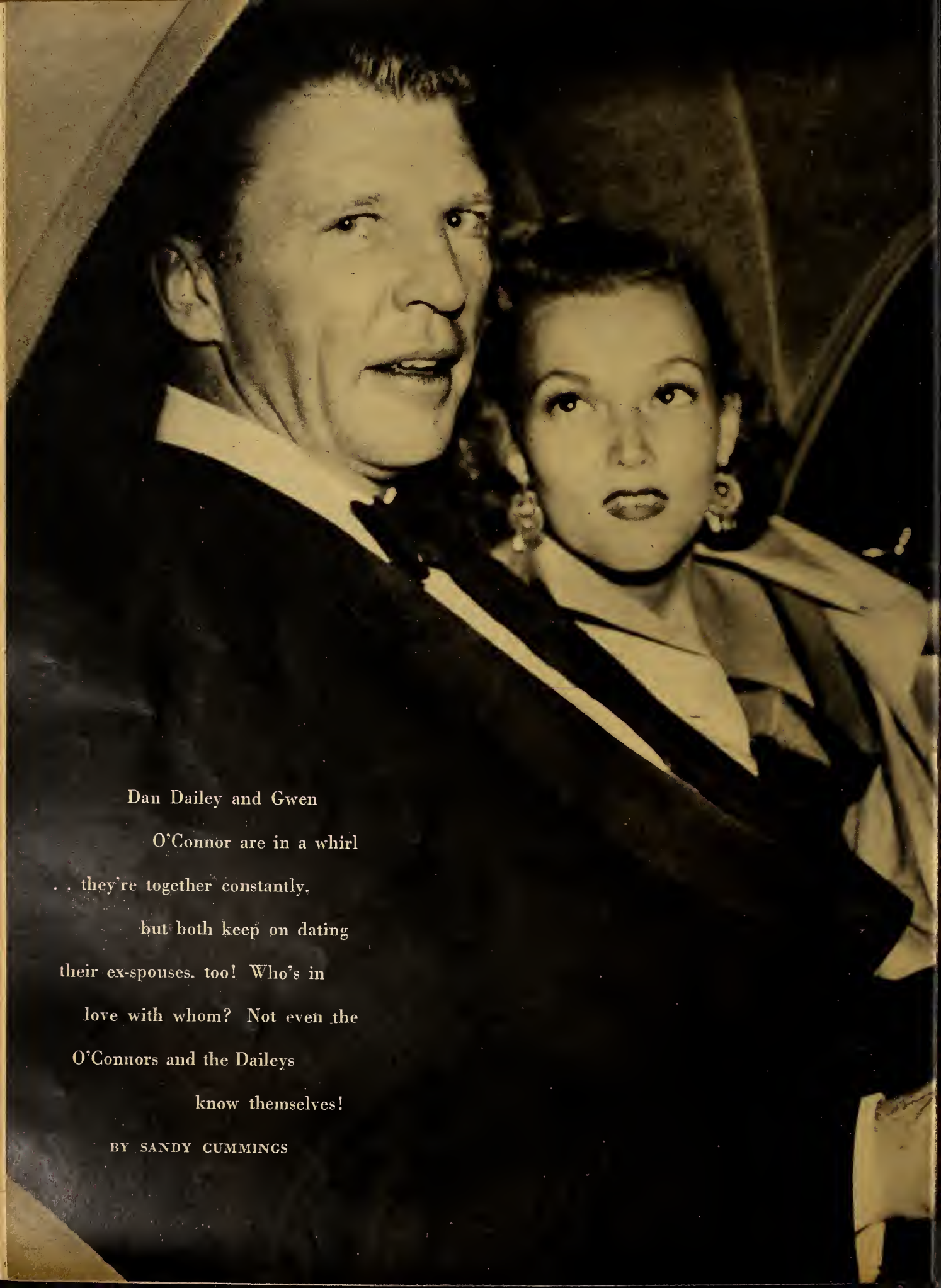
Both were dissatisfied with their marriages long before Jane was borrowed from MGM to star opposite Gene in *Three Sailors And A Girl*. (Continued on page 81)



Gene Nelson and Jane Powell:

"HOW WE FELL IN LOVE"





Dan Dailey and Gwen

O'Connor are in a whirl

... they're together constantly.

but both keep on dating

their ex-spouses, too! Who's in

love with whom? Not even the

O'Connors and the Daileys

know themselves!

BY SANDY CUMMINGS

hollywood muddle



"We're more mixed up than this spaghetti," cracks Don O'Connor about his and Gwen's marital problems. But Hollywood suspects he's just laughing to keep from crying. With Gwen concentrating on Dan Dailey (left) there's little chance of an O'Connor reconciliation.

■ When Donald O'Connor's attractive, 26-year-old wife stalked into the California Superior Court a few weeks ago to pick up her divorce, reporters were a little disappointed to find Gwen unescorted by lanky Dan Dailey.

Ever since her marital breakup, Gwen had been seen practically everywhere with the tall, talented hooper, and it was anticipated that in her hour of need he would remain at her side, a bulwark of comfort and reassurance.

In Judge Otto Emme's court, however, there was no sign of the great Casanova that particular day. A friend offered the possibility that he might be enjoying the company of half-a-dozen horses or half-a-dozen girls.

Anyway, Gwen O'Connor, demurely dressed in a tailor-made suit, her marriage ring removed, ambled into court flanked by her attorney Bernie Silbert, a rotund old hand at Hollywood divorces and by Nancy O'Hanlon, the former Nancy Clark of films who is married to George O'Hanlon, the TV comic. Nancy came along as a witness to corroborate Gwen's testimony as to what a bad boy her husband had been.

(Continued on page 84)

Great Day Coming!



Even for first-time parents Virginia and Mike started shopping early for their baby. They're going to completely remodel their house, too.



Horses and long-horn cattle will be O'Shea Junior's pets, but until he's really old enough for ranch life he'll need some gentler companions.



Virginia and Michael O'Shea have no preference for boy or girl. As Mike admits, "I'm crazy about little girls, but so it's a baby, so it's ours, so we'll love it." They have definite ideas about the advantages they want to give their child: education, sound religious background, lots of friends.



Feminine Virginia boosts a luxurious christening robe. Practical Mike's all for a plain cozy undershirt. Baby'll have both.



Ginny Jones of St. Louis had lots of books and dollies before she grew up to be a movie star. But O'Shea missed all that, is making sure his kid doesn't.



"So if he wants to be a 6-Day Bike Rider he'll get a good start," says Mike as Mrs. Mike spoofs his choice of vehicle.



"Uncle Bernie" of the famous toy shop has sold Virginia on a cuddly rabbit; Mike had something more rugged in mind.



Virginia's not ready for maternity clothes yet—but she simply can't resist shopping for them. Perhaps Mike's calling her "Fatso" has something to do with it.



"Nothing today, just looking." Mrs. O'Shea leaves Hollywood's maternity shops empty handed, but with lots of ideas.

■ Due to one thing or another—the noon-day sun of the San Fernando Valley, maybe, or simply the fact that the baby was still six months off—the expectant couple did not look terribly expectant at the moment. They did not, for example, look anywhere near as expectant as their bulldog, who appeared ready to expire from sheer button-eyed anticipation at any moment. It was hard to know what he anticipated, but then, bulldogs are inscrutable that way.

Michael O'Shea, cast these days in the role of incipient pappy, wore denims, a

baseball cap and a warmish look. He'd earned the last; an enormous tree-felling job was going on back in the stable-area of the O'Sheas' ranch, and O'Shea had helped fell a few. Virginia Mayo O'Shea was a lot cooler. She is disqualified from lumberjacking until after early November at least. She had on bright red pedal-pushers, their usual accoutrements, and she was not yet entitled to be called Fatso, O'Shea to the contrary.

"Fatso," said O'Shea, "should you sit out in the sun?"

"Certainly," said Miss Mayo. "Don't

you start that now. You know," she said in another direction, "what surprises us is that there's so much interest in all this. Not that it's not flattering. But it seems so—"

"People *do* have babies," said O'Shea. "I have it on excellent authority. Some people after a year, some after five, some ten. We've been married six years. We refuse to look on it as a miracle."

"As a matter of fact—" began Miss Mayo.

"As a matter of fact," said O'Shea, "this one has (Continued on page 87)



Nobody wants to
believe it. But every-
body in Hollywood is
worried about The
Most Beautiful Girl In
The World . . .

IS LIZ LOSING HER BEAUTY?

by Susan Trent



■ At Hollywood sewing circles these days, a frequent subject under discussion is that of Liz Taylor's looks. The girls get together behind closed doors and pound the subject into the floor. "Have you seen Liz lately?" "Don't you think she's losing her looks?" "What do you suppose is happening to her?" It's all part of the girls' fun, the age-old feminine twist of jealousy where a beautiful woman is concerned. Much of it is cattiness and wishful thinking, despite the fact Liz is a well-liked girl. But the talk would never have started if there had been no basis for comment.

If it is true—and the cameramen who know are beginning to notice it—Liz had best look to her laurels among the other beauties of Hollywood.

There was a time, last May, when an accident on the set of *Elephant Walk* came near to causing her the loss of an eye. The blast of a wind machine lodged a tiny sliver of steel in her right eye, and the doctor removing it found it had penetrated 3/4". If it had gone 1/16" in the opposite direction, he said, it would have pierced the iris. It was an extremely painful injury, and less than a week later it became infected and Liz was taken to the hospital, where she remained for a week.

This was a near-miss that was beyond Liz' control, but the thing that people are talking about is not. She has a God-given gift of beauty, a beauty that was evident from the time she was a tiny child until she blossomed in adolescence into a strikingly lovely young woman. The combination of her pale skin and black-lashed, violet eyes has been enough to make men wish knighthood were once again in flower, that they could do daring deeds to win the heart and hand of such a maiden.

Now there is talk that the freshness of her appeal is beginning to fade. If so, it is the course of nature, for every girl has a beauty of her own, whether or not she looks like Elizabeth Taylor, during her teens and early twenties. The firmness and the brightness begin to disappear along with the years, (*Continued on page 90*)

See page 38-39: How The Stars Preserve Their Beauty!



Beauty is every woman's job

Not all women are born beautiful. But each and every female has an obligation to herself to make the most of her natural equipment. It takes hard work . . . but the results are worth it!

By TERRY HUNT

■ Bob Wagner took a long, lingering look at Terry Moore's delightful figure which at the moment was filling out a clinging bathing suit to the male viewpoint's utmost satisfaction. "Terry," he exclaimed, "I just don't believe it!"

"Just don't believe what?" Terry asked.

"Why, the story that you work out in a gym with barbells. Where are all the bulging muscles?"

Terry laughed. "You're behind times, boy," she replied. "It's true—I do work out with barbells. So do a lot of other girls these days. But we don't wind up with bulging muscles, and we're not trying to become lady weight lifters. We're just following the latest scientific methods to stay fit."

Terry Moore puts it simply by explaining that the science of beauty and health is keeping step with the progress being made in many other fields in this atomic age. As a veteran in the field of keeping glamor alive in Hollywood, I can report that great strides are being made in the profession of physical fitness, particularly in relation to beauty and mental health. Such educators as Dr. Laurence E. Morehouse, of the University of Southern California, Dr. Harvey Billig and Evelyn Loewendahl of Stanford University, and Eleanor Metheny, author of "Body Dynamics," have accomplished amazingly valuable research in this respect.

However, the purpose of this (*Continued on page 86*)



Gloria Gordon started off her exercises with this thigh, calf, and ankle exercise. Take position as illustrated, with ankles locked, under the weight. Bring feet up until the knees are locked, then return to first position.

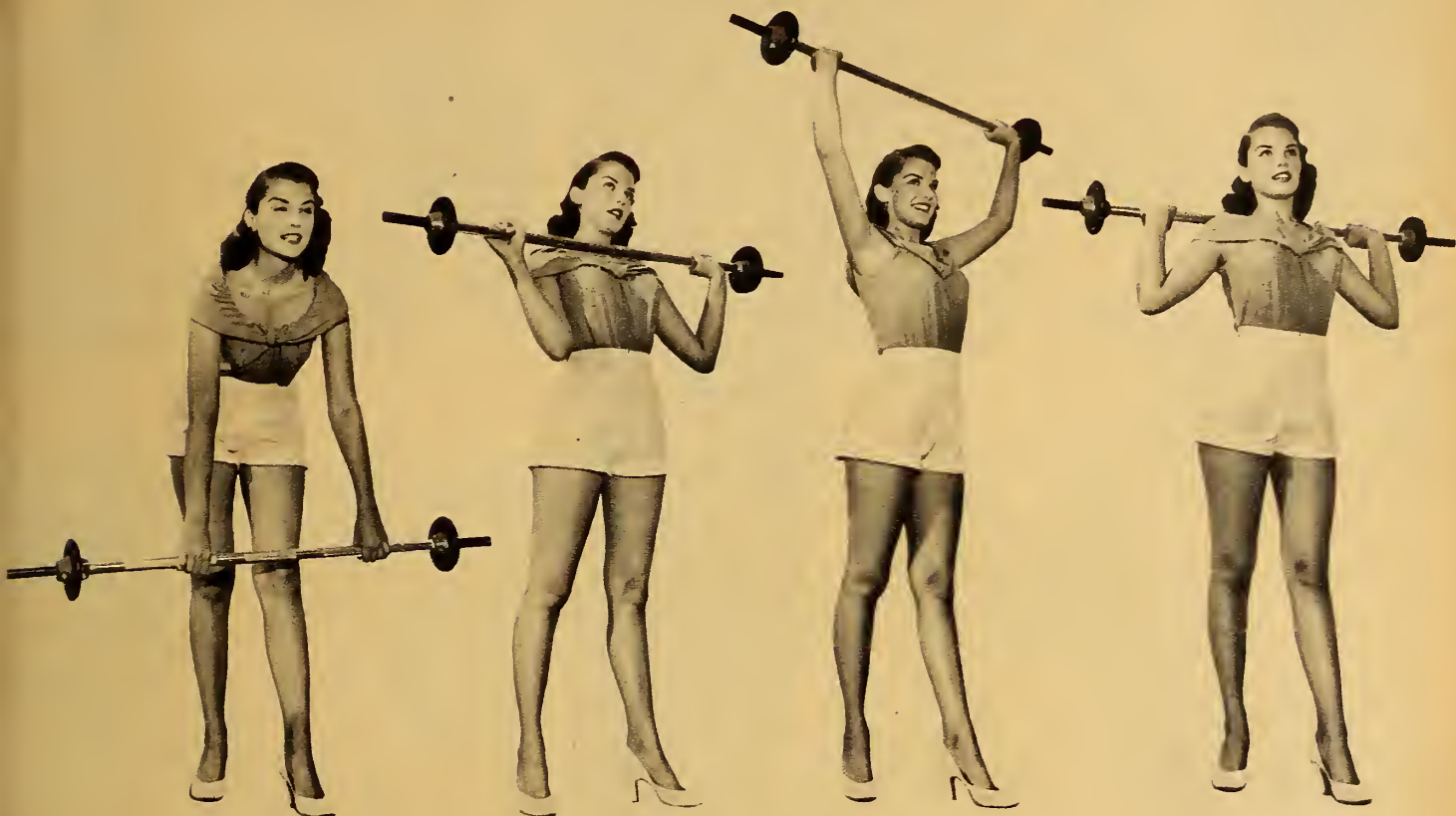


An excellent conditioner for the arms, bust and back is this exercise. Take position as illustrated, then slowly pull bar down to chest. Next, return to original position, slowly. Watch your breathing, making sure you inhale as you let bar up, exhale as you bring bar down.



This exercise keeps the hips and thighs trim and supple. Lying as illustrated, on a heavy table, grip the sides of the table and kick scissor fashion with the knees stiff. Swing the legs for about 30 seconds. Do two sets, resting between for a minute.

CISES RECOMMENDED FOR KEEPING YOUR FIGURE SLIM. DO THEM AT HOME OR AT YOUR LOCAL GYM.



Barbell exercises aren't hard to do. Start off with this simple one: Place barbell on floor, then pick up, bring up to chest, as illustrated. Then raise it above the head, and lower to back of neck. Next, reverse the procedure, and finish by placing on floor. Be

certain not to perform with a jerky movement. Repeat exercise six times, and increase every other day to a maximum of 12 times. This exercise is not to develop big muscles, but to develop the back, arms, bust. You'll be very pleased with the results.



For toning up hips, thighs and mid-section, take position as illustrated. Then move legs in bicycle fashion for about 30 seconds. Breathe at will. Begin with two sets a day. Increase one minute only after you can do the exercise without strain on midsection.



This bicycle exercise is excellent for the legs. Terry, whose physical education programs are used by the Army Air Forces, recently opened a new Health Club exclusively for women at 12446 Ventura Boulevard, Studio City, near Republic and-U-I studios in Cal.



Gloria finishes up her exercise regimen with a few minutes on the hip-reducing machine. There's no work to this one . . . just lean back and let the machine whittle away excess poundage. It's easy as pie.



The early bird around Del Monte catches Doris up looking scrubbed and sexy and "full of beans." After she gets full of eggs and bacon and a mountain of wheat-cakes, she's ready to go. The rest of these pictures show where she went—and what she did.



True sight-seers, the Melchers hustled down to the Associated Artists Gallery in Carmel, California. There they fell for a harbor scene by Sam Harris.



Doris won't stop for anything but dogs when she's touring; and she's constantly hungry. Her dilemma's solved by her carry-all. It holds a picnic or a puppy.

THE PRESENT'S PLUS-PERFECT. THE FUTURE COULDN'T LOOK ROSIER. BUT DORIS AND MARTY

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

BY CARL SCHROEDER

MEMO: TO THE EDITOR OF MODERN SCREEN

"Dear Chuck: I hope this report will explain about that picture you wanted of Doris Day in the red bathing suit, and a few other things. . . .

There has been a lot of nonsense written about Doris Day, which comes from the fact that she has been interviewed over 600 times by well-meaning writers who could only be allowed about an hour during lunch time at the studio.

So, like you requested, Boss, I talked Doris and her husband, Marty Melcher, the astute young agent, into accompanying them on the last lap of their vacation,



Here's a nifty hat that gives Doris' pony-tail the run-around. She and Marty spent hours in Del Monte's Cabbages and Kings shop.



"This'll shake my New Englander up," grins Mrs. Melcher. Marty's a conservative, Doris loves California's gay colors, keeps urging him to be more informal.



"Lend me a dime to look at the seals?" She got her dime. She focused in. Then swore a big, fat walrus winked at her.



The good old days were never like this. Doris gave an impromptu performance at California's historic first theater in Monterey.



Marty and Doris, who never go night-clubbing, made a big thing of dancing at the Del Monte Lodge. In Hollywood they prefer stay-at-home fun with Doris' son Terry.



Her feet may give out after a busy day—but never her appetite. Doris designed her smart evening dress with a jacket herself.

TOOK A JOURNEY INTO EACH OTHER'S PAST—AND FELL IN LOVE ALL OVER AGAIN EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

along with our photographer, Mr. Bob Beerman.

"It is sort of a dirty trick," Marty said over the telephone, "but you have caught us so to speak just as we are going out the door, so you may as well come along. We are headed for Del Monte Lodge. If you can keep up with my new Olds, we're leaving in a half hour and we'll meet you at Blackwell's Corner for lunch."

"It's a date," I agreed, "and tell Doris to pack that sensational red bathing suit. The Boss wants to see how she fills it out."

Well, we barely made it. We picked

up the Olds light green convertible just as it turned onto Sepulveda a couple miles behind—that Marty certainly wheels a car—until we got trapped by a big diesel truck. By the time we shook ourselves loose, there was no Olds in sight, so we hit out for Blackwell's Corner. When we pulled up, there was nothing but a gas station and a lunch counter. Some joker, that Marty. Anyway, we stopped for a beer and a hardboiled egg, and by the time we reached Del Monte Lodge, the Melchers had checked in and retired.

Next morning we went into the dining room ten minutes after it opened. Being

a little put out, we pulled up chairs alongside Doris and Marty without a word. Doris looked up from behind a yard of breakfast menu and said to the waitress, "I'll have ham and wheatcakes—and could you put a couple of big-eyed fried eggs on top of the cakes?"

Marty gave us an accusing look. "Where were you guys? We were going to meet at Blackwell's Corner."

"A likely story," I snapped. "We followed your road-racing Olds until we lost you. I got a life-size picture of our movie star, here, stopping at that lunch counter."

"Is that so?" (Continued on next page)

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY continued

Doris countered. "For one thing, we didn't take the Olds. I talked Marty into using the Cadillac. For another, I can prove we stopped at the Corner."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah—right above the counter there's a sign reading, 'If you prefer to put ashes and cigarette stubs in your cup, please tell the waitress—she'll serve your coffee in an ash tray.' Now, did we stop, or not?"

"You stopped," I agreed. I watched Doris polish off the wheatcakes and order a glass of milk. She had on a white sweater filled in the right places. She was also wearing a scrubbed and slightly sexy look, which is pretty good for anyone to achieve at seven-thirty in the morning. I was beginning to like the assignment.

So I said to Doris, "First off, how about climbing into the red bathing suit?"

She looked out through the huge plate glass window, across the 18th green, out over the blue Pacific. "Don't be ridiculous," she said, "the sun's not out. I'm not freezing to death for anybody."

"Okay," I suggested, "let's get out on the golf course for a few shots."

Marty put in his two-bits' worth. "Nix," he said. "Doris doesn't play golf, and she won't pose for any phony pictures about a sport she doesn't go in for."

There you get an idea how difficult it is to deal with some movie stars. "Okay, Doris," I countered, "Pebble Beach is the golfers' paradise, but you don't play golf. You tell us what you will do."

"That's a deal," she retorted. "Let's go."

We did, and I learned a lot of things in the next few hours—about this country we live in, and more particularly about Doris Day and her husband.

For one thing, Doris told me, "You know, we've had the time of our lives in the last few weeks. We've traveled 4,300 miles. I've met a lot of wonderful people and the best thing is I've learned to know my husband."

"Oh, I dunno—you've been married quite awhile and you seem reasonably well acquainted."

"I don't mean that," Doris said as we walked through the grounds of the Lodge toward the swank Del Monte shops. "I never quite got Marty's tastes—you know, always in the dark, quiet business suit. After all, we live in California, where you owe it to your surroundings to go a little overboard with the color and the cut. He claims that some of the outfits I try to push him into make him look like a race track tout. But now that I have visited his home town of North Adams, (Continued on page 62)

FOR THE FIRST TIME DURING THEIR TWO AND A HAL



"Yipes, the place is going to the dogs," yipped Dodo. She was all set to buy out the shop till Marty told her "no money," and the poodle couldn't find anything to suit her. There's nothing like shopping in California.



On famous 17-Mile Drive Doris and Marty visited the scene of the wreck of the John B. Stetson. Dozens of ships crack up here because of the heavy fog. P.S. These are the first white shoes M. Melcher ever owned.

Doris takes her first tennis lesson from professional John



YEARS OF MARRIAGE THE BUSY MELCHERS TAKE TIME OUT JUST FOR FUN AND JUST FOR EACH OTHER.



"Anybody home?" When the diver didn't answer Daris' polite "How da," she decided to investigate. Fisherman's Wharf outside Pebble Beach, California, has many such interesting displays.



"Get ready . . . get set . . ." then Mrs. Melcher let fire with her miniature silver pistol to start the sailing races. She got hungry before the finish, dived into the galley: still doesn't know what yacht got what.

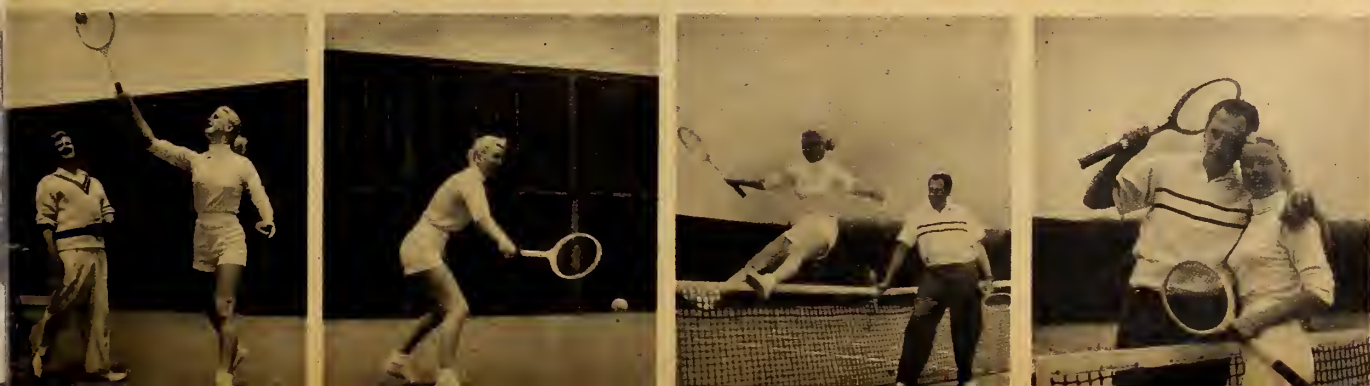


Morty Melcher comes off a paar second when there's a com-pat-ible pooch around. So, while his wife flirted with ather lucky dogs, he reloaded the camera far more scrapbaak snapshots.



Partrait of an agent spaan-feeding a client. Or better still, o devated husband pompering o wife who laves it . . . and him. Keeping this girl fed requires mountains of food—and she wasn't thinking of hamburgers.

Gardiner. Teacher says, "What coordination. What savvy." And we say "What form." Final score? Love, all.





Meet Miss Cinderella
of 1953! She's Elaine
Stewart, the girl who
dreamed her way
straight into the hottest
new career in Hollywood.

BY JIM HENAGHAN



"SHE OUGHTA BE IN PICTURES!"

■ Things were going very well at the first press screening of an MGM picture called *The Bad And The Beautiful*. If you saw the movie, you'll remember it was all about Hollywood—and how a producer made the town click according to formula. All the familiar elements were there, all the familiar success stories. The rise of a writer, a director and a star. It ran like a collection of Cinderella stories.

In the back of the projection room on the Metro lot, the publicity man assigned to the screening leaned against the wall and felt good about the whole thing. He knew what was in the picture—and he knew how it was going to be received.

Then something went wrong. Not exactly wrong, maybe, but different from how it was supposed to go. A tall, dark-haired girl appeared on the screen and the audience began to get restless. Some of the reviewers took their programs out of their pockets and held them up to the light, to see who this girl was. Her name was Elaine Stewart.

The next morning the press agent was in the producer's office.

"It was the doggondest thing," he said. "The minute this kid showed up on the screen everyone sat up and took notice. There was a whispering murmur and a shuffling of programs you'd have to hear to believe."

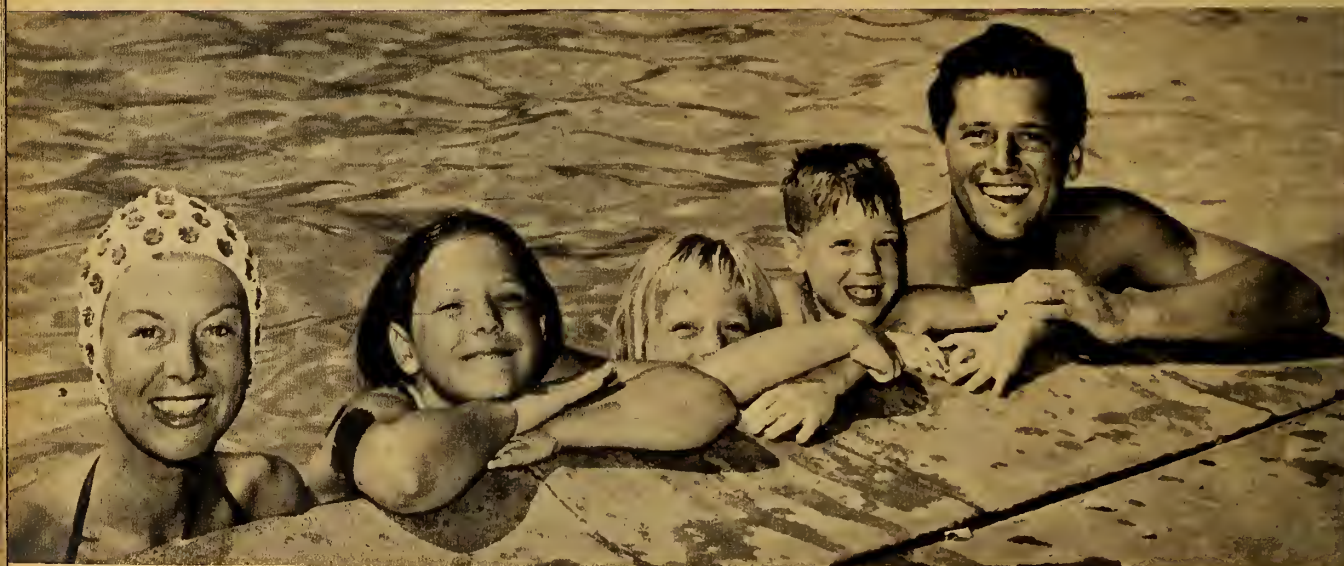
"Hmmmmm," said the producer.

Now "Hmmmmm," in Hollywood can mean many things. But one thing it does mean is action. Good or bad action, maybe, but action. In this case it was good, because as soon as the producer was alone, he picked up his inter-com phone and called a meeting of his staff.

As soon as they had gathered in his office, he said, "We have a great report on this new girl, Elaine Stewart—and I have a hunch we have a winner. Let's get moving with her. The coaching, the dancing, the works. And let's put her into something quick. I want more reaction, fast."

That was several months ago, quite a few months ago. Today, the success of Elaine Stewart as a movie star is assured. Her name is up in lights on her own. The press and magazines have adopted her. She's at the point in the story where the glass slipper has been tried on and fits. It all began in a dark projection room, where the rustle of programs indicated interest. (Continued on page 76)

He never said "can't"



Gordon MacRae's family life with wife Sheila, children Meredith 9, Heather 6, and Gar 5, is as successful as his career.

Any guy but MacRae
would figure he's got it
made and sit cozy.
He's got a different slant:
When you're at the
top there's no place
to go but UP.

BY LOU POLLOCK

■ When we'll start riding space ships through the solar system, and the scientists get around to outfitting them with the inevitable jukebox, the first nickel in the slot will probably get you Gordon MacRae's voice. It will ring out confidently amid the cosmic rays and darting meteors just as if it belonged there. And as far as Gordon is concerned it does. They'll need song up there won't they? How are the acoustics around Mars and Jupiter?

It isn't that he considers himself the biggest name in popular music; others are heard more frequently perhaps. But that is only because they have sought to secure their positions in the one field. Not Gordon. Against a background of success as a movie, radio and recording artist, he spends little time contemplating where he is compared to the thought he gives about where he is going; in addition to the three pursuits already listed there is TV for him surely, concerts and multi-thousand-a-week night club engagements undoubtedly, opera very likely, and after that—well, that's where the space ships will fit in nicely.

That's why nobody worried about Gordon's plans when Warner Brothers decided to shut down for a few months pending a study and preparation period for 3D production. With other stars wondering about their next step Gordon was up to his baritone tonsils in projects that range from opening a Lake Tahoe night club with Peter Lind Hayes to studying opera at Milan, and from offering to sing at Ann Blyth's wedding to starting off on a nightclub tour.

Accustomed as Hollywood is to high (*Continued on page 68*)





Warm love scenes with Bob Wagner on sunny Floridian sands sent "engagement" rumors flying back to Hollywood.

by Steve Cronin

IS TERRY MOORE HEADING FOR TROUBLE?

**TERRY'S A PRESS AGENT'S DREAM THESE DAYS WITH
HER CURVES AND HER FAMOUS BEAUX. BUT . . . IS SHE
LIVING HER PUBLICITY UP JUST A BIT TOO MUCH?**



■ From Florida, where the moon hangs low over the palm trees, and a press agent's thoughts turn, naturally, to love, came the news: "Terry Moore is going to marry Bob Wagner."

That news, flashed to Hollywood, hit the town like a bombshell. That town had learned to expect amazing things from Terry, but this was something! She had been out on only a couple of dates with Bob before they left for location in Florida. And now she was going to marry the boy?

It turned out the story was a phony. It was as much a bombshell to Terry and Bob as to Hollywood. Here's how it happened:

The press agent for the *12-Mile Reef* company in Florida was looking around for ways to publicize the picture. It happened that Terry's divorce from Glenn Davis was to be final the next day. So he wired the three press services to that effect. Like a good press agent, he added that Terry was being linked romantically with Robert Wagner, her co-star in *12-Mile Reef*.

Two of the press services sent the news out as it had been reported to them. The other burst out with: "Friends of Terry Moore and Robert Wagner said the pair will be married next week."

Nobody was able to find out how the erroneous story started. One clue was a line in the script. Bob had a line in which he said to Terry's parents, "We're married." Perhaps someone overheard it and misunderstood.

Or it might have been caused by Bob's jauntily routine with gals he knows. He'll say to them, "Hi, doll, why don't we get married?"

Whatever the cause, pandemonium broke loose. The story hit front pages everywhere. Bob's sister called him tearfully and said, "You might have waited until the folks got back from Hawaii." Terry's lawyer long-distanced: "For heaven's sake, don't get married until I send you the divorce papers to sign. It won't be legal!"

Terry and Bob spent most of their time telling people that they weren't getting married. They were, (Continued on page 69)



A clear blue sky, colorful flowers, trees, and beautiful music, played by world-famous violinist Harold Stern and his orchestra, set the gala mood of the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood fashion party. The MODERN SCREEN Star Board

Members who viewed, approved and voted the fall-winter fashions and accessories are shown above—left to right: Bob Horton, Barbara Ruick, Barry Sullivan, Mona Freeman, Jeanne Crain, Jeff Hunter and Keenan Wynn.

hollywood goes to a fall fashion party

■ Going places—whether you're a career gal, country gal, school gal or just a lucky stay-at-home gal—these wonderful basic glamor-wise award winning fashions are for you! The new fall and winter fashions of 1953, modeled by Hollywood's top mannequins, were paraded before MODERN SCREEN's Hollywood Fashion Board of terrific motion picture personalities at a fashion luncheon party held on the fabulous estate of society's Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Putnam in Bel-Air, California. Hundreds of balloons decorated the grounds, goodies were served by the famous Brown Derby and exciting door prizes were given by top manufacturers. After the show stars posed in the winning fashions for these and the following fashion pages. (Continued on page 67)

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT FROM STORES ON PAGE 66

Umbrellas by Wilshire Awning—Beverly Hills



Ann Blyth in Doris Dodson's classic sharkskin jersey frock—angora trim, patent leather belt. Sizes 7 to 15. Dark green, red or navy. About \$18. See Ann in MGM's new Technicolor film *All The Brothers Were Valiant*.



Elaine Stewart and Ursula Thiess pose with colorful party decor, Leetex balloons—all "easy on the eye."



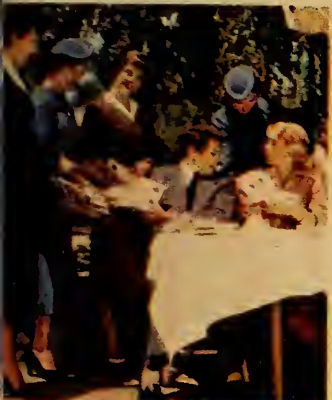
Bob Stack, Louis Calhern, Barry Sullivan and Ricardo Montalban discuss the male viewpoint on newest fashions with lonely Leon Hagen.



Mona Freeman and Cyd Charisse get a party souvenir from Keenan Wynn—Paper-Mate pens engraved, M. S. Fashion Party.



Shelley Winters draws the number of some lucky door-prize winner, Jean Hagen watches and hopes.



Hostesses of TWA, United and American airlines give hints on career clothes to Bob and Barbara.



Mrs. Cleveland Putnam, hostess of MODERN SCREEN fashion party, presents Greer Garson, a door-prize winner, with a Crosley radio.



3-D triumphs in the Holeproof hosiery exhibit at party—the model wears cerise and chartreuse—colors of the Holeproof hosiery box.



Keenan and Bob congratulate guest, June Taylor, for her spectacular swimming performance.



Janet Leigh, an MGM star, in College-Town's wool flannel belted skirt. About \$7—colors, sizes page 54. Catalina sweater. Cameo's Can't Run Burmalace stockings. American Beauty compact. Samsonite luggage.



Jeanne Crain in Princess Junior's dress of Dynalure jersey knit. 7 to 15. Also available in brown, tan trim. About \$11. Moxee casuals. Nylon hosiery, 15 denier Kno-Run, by Holeproof. Jeanne wears a Waltham wrist watch.



Mitzi Gaynor in Joselli's wool suit—velveteen trim. 7 to 15, also 8 to 18. Grey only. About \$50. Holeproof nylons, full-fashioned 15 denier 60 gauge. Samsonite luggage. Mitzi is now in 20th's *There's No Business Like Show Business*.

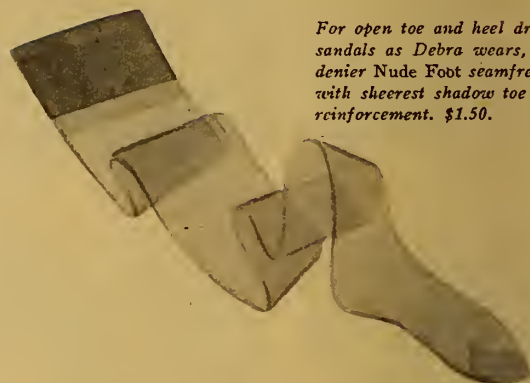


Debra Paget, appearing in 20th's *Prince Valiant*, pretty as a picture in Princess Junior's frock of acetate and rayon flannel (crease resistant finish). The full, flared skirt is trimmed with Soutache braid to match the contrast buttons and belt. Grey, tan or blue. Sizes 7 to 15. About \$11. Debra wears a Waltham watch; holds an American Beauty compact.

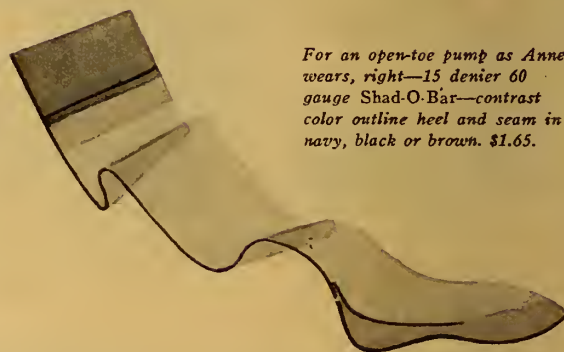
hollywood goes to a fall fashion party

HOLLYWOOD-APPROVED FASHIONS
MAY BE BOUGHT FROM STORES
LISTED ON PAGE 66

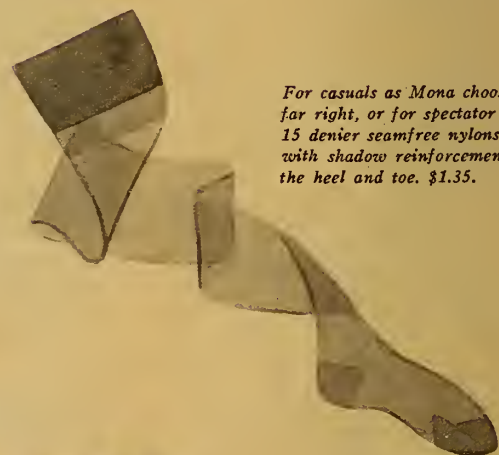
NYLON HOSIERY STYLES FOR YOUR SHOE WARDROBE BY HOLEPROOF



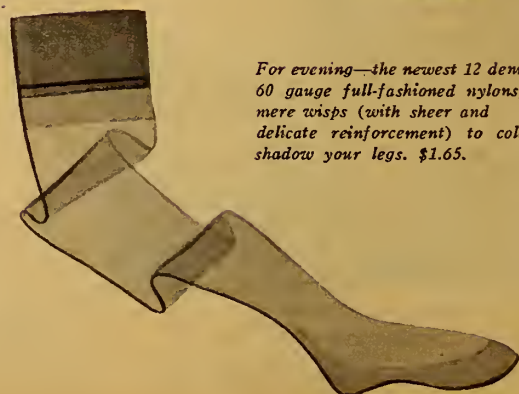
For open toe and heel dress sandals as Debra wears, left—15 denier Nude Foot seamfree nylons with sheerest shadow toe reinforcement. \$1.50.



For an open-toe pump as Anne wears, right—15 denier 60 gauge Shad-O-Bar—contrast color outline heel and seam in navy, black or brown. \$1.65.



For casuals as Mona chooses, far right, or for spectator pumps—15 denier seamfree nylons with shadow reinforcement in the heel and toe. \$1.35.



For evening—the newest 12 denier, 60 gauge full-fashioned nylons, mere wisps (with sheer and delicate reinforcement) to color-shadow your legs. \$1.65.



Anne Francis poses in Doris Dodson's two-piece dress of sheer wool with fringed stole. The blouse has a turned-over collar and cuffed raglan sleeves. Huge fringed patch pockets trim the skirt that has an inverted front pleat. Plaid—rust, beige or red with black; black top only. 7 to 15. About \$25. Anne, a 20th star, is in Warners' new film *A Lion Is In The Streets*.



Mona Freeman, last seen in RKO's *Angel Face*, in another Doris Dodson frock. The blouse with its ruffled jabot-like tab is of wool jersey. It is trimmed with the fabric of the multi-color striped taffeta of the widely flared and gored skirt. 7 to 15. Blouse available in mauve, orange or blue—multi-color striped skirt only. About \$18.



All decked-out in her pretty fashion, Barbara Ruick shows guest Louis Calhern her gift of a precious Waltham watch.



Happy-go-lucky and ready to take off, Mona, with her wonderful gift set of handsome Samsonite luggage.



Gifts of Holeproof hoisery for the stars—Jeanne Crain accepts her ribbon-tied box from the Brown Derby captain.

hollywood goes to a fall fashion party



Cyd Charisse, now in MGM's Technicolor film *Band Wagon*, poses in a College-Town wool flannel skirt. About \$8.50. Grey, brown or navy—or in windowpane check. This skirt, like Janet Leigh's (pg. 51), comes in sizes 9 to 17; also 10 to 18. Janet's skirt available in grey, brown, black, green, royal, brandy or navy. Cyd's sweater by Catalina. Copper jewelry, Roslyn Hoffman.

FOR CASUAL CLOTHES— CASUAL SHOES BY MOXEES



CLASSIC: Brown, red or black leather. In sizes 3 to 10; AAA-C. About \$7. *Handsewn in genuine Moccasin construction.*



LACED JESTER: Red leather—cream cushion sole and trim; saddle tan or wild oats—brown cushion sole and trim. Sizes 3½ to 10; AAA-B. About \$8. Worn by Jeanne Crain (pg. 51).



LACED SHELL: Wild oats (neutral color), brown or red leather. Sizes 3½ to 10; AAA-B. About \$7. *Handsewn in genuine Moccasin construction.*



SADDLE: White with brown, black or navy trim. Sizes 3½ to 10; AAA-C. About \$7. This basic style is a must for your shoe wardrobe.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY
BE BOUGHT FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 66.



Lassie Maid's coat of checked wool that goes places in style is worn by Jean Peters, now in 20th's *Vicki*. About \$50, in beige, rose or medium blue. Jean wears Prim's *Career Girl*, 15 denier—51 gauge Prim nylons that feature preferred styling—the Color-Genic heel, delicately shaded with a tone-on-tone effect to lend ankle-interest.



Dawn Addams and Shelley Winters chit-chat about the latest Hollywood doings on arrival at the M.S. fashion party.



Ricardo Montalban helps Cyd Charisse select her luncheon from the bountiful table of *Brown Derby* specialties.



Anne Francis and Jean Hagen were delighted with their exquisite *American Beauty* compacts, gifts at fashion party.



A Puritan maiden lifts her full, full skirts to show Bob Stach the very sheer beauty of her Prim nylon hosiery.



It was tough... Mom was so protective.



I wanted to act. Didn't know how.

Jeff says if you
look before you leap
maybe you'll never
get your feet wet
—but it's a cinch you'll
stay where you are
longer. So if you're in a
hurry for success . . .



I got a fast shuffle. Quit my first job.

don't play it safe !

by Jeff Chandler



Was I an off beat character!



I told the producer what I wanted...

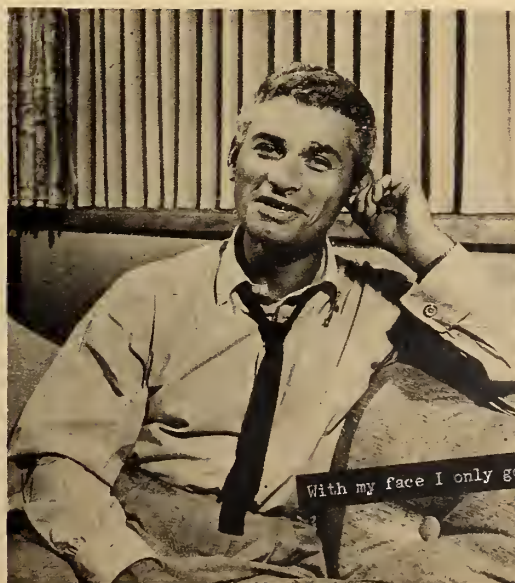


He could only turn me down... so he did!

■ When I was 14 in Brooklyn, our grade school Alumni Association held a benefit auction. As president of the Association it was up to me to maintain order. Shortly after the auction began a half dozen tough kids of the neighborhood walked in and began heckling the proceedings. They paid no attention to me when I called to them to stop. My duty was clear. I walked down among them to enforce my orders. They showed no respect for the president at all. They gathered in a half circle and let me have it... good.

Although I was big for my age and weighed more than any of them, I did a poor job of defending myself. I didn't know the first thing about fighting. They didn't need six to lick me—any one of those kids could have done the job alone. While they clouted away and I kept ducking away from one blow right into another I kept telling myself bitterly, "This will be a lesson to me." It was.

The lesson wasn't just about the advisability of taking up boxing. The lesson also dealt with the fact that you can't play life too safe. That's exactly what I had done up to that time. My mother had always been over-protective about me and I had fallen into a pattern... almost unconsciously. I had never climbed a tree because I might fall, I had never been on a pair of roller skates because I might break a leg, I had never tangled with any kids because I might get hurt. Well, I was getting hurt in that auction, but the blows those guys were landing were doing more than just (Continued on page 78)



With my face I only got "mug" parts.

"Wet she is-
dry she ain't!"

Ply her with
Shakespeare—tempt
her with Shaw.
Esther won't climb
out of her pool.
Not while she's the
biggest splash
in the world.

BY JANE WILKIE



■ While escorting her sons to a studio party not long ago, Esther Williams was approached by a writer of movie scripts. "I want to write a picture for you that will make you happy," he said. "Let's get you out of a bathing suit for a change and give you a really dramatic part. Something that will make them sit up and take notice."

He followed with a tirade against her past pictures, referring frequently to the lukewarm reviews. Esther heard him out, smiling, and when he was finished she said, "But you don't understand. I *like* the kind of pictures I've been doing. Perhaps I want them better, but I want to continue with the same type of thing, including the water."

All of which goes to show that Esther Williams understands her own career a lot better than most people think. When, ten years ago, she first splashed onto the nation's screens, she became an overnight star. She has remained top box-office ever since, despite the fact her pictures have been ignored by award-giving organizations. With the exception of some really stunning water ballets, they have not been considered works of art. The flintier critics have reveled in bombasting her movies, and show people have latched onto the bandwagon of Esther Williams jokes. A reference to water in any sort of comedy script will inevitably draw Esther's name into the act. Tallulah Bankhead, talking about the picture *Lifeboat* in her first nightclub appearance, said it was during the making of that movie she first met Esther Williams. "She wasn't in the picture—she was just swimming by."

Esther has become the epitome of the mermaid and of the bathing beauty, and since the inception of her career, American households have switched from

Weissmuller to Williams when referring to anything from a soggy state to a well-stacked form. She herself joins in the banter, and recently remarked that for her, life was one damp thing after another.

Some of the merriment has been barbed, such as the comment of the late Fanny Brice, "Wet she's a star—dry she ain't." This sums up the attitude of the critics, who lambast her "dry scenes" and who feel that Esther's continued submergings for the screen are eventually going to erode her entire career. They are growing tired, they say, of seeing Miss Williams inevitably dunked in a pool, as was Paulette Goddard in a bathtub.

The point is that Esther's fans are *not* tired of watching her swim, and according to reaction gathered from all over the country, would scream for a refund of their money if they saw their favorite in a film that did not include a tub, pond, lake, river or ocean. It has been established that movie goers expect Fred Astaire to dance in a movie; Bing Crosby to sing; Roy Rogers to ride; and Esther Williams to swim. It is a point that critics overlook.

To make her fans happy she must swim, and to make them happy, she must also be Esther Williams and nobody else. This is a fact which reviewers might well think over, in the event they wonder why, with mediocre films, Esther stays in the top ten on many polls. There are actors who are such fine thespians they can submerge their own personalities in each role they undertake, and while these people are highly regarded, they seldom attain the rush of popularity held by those who, regardless of their role, are always themselves on the screen. John Wayne is an example, Bette Davis another, Bing Crosby yet another. They (*Continued on next page*)



may play Tom or Dick or Harriet, but they are themselves, and they are so strongly niched as personalities that you know before you see the picture what kind of a movie it will be. Esther, too, falls into this category.

Why does she consistently hold her position in the top ten? By academic standards she is not beautiful, yet hers is a pleasing face, with smiling hazel eyes and a wide, generous mouth. Her five feet and eight inches towers above the average girl, yet she moves with such easy grace that attention is called only to the fact that she possesses a strikingly lovely figure. Her personality has neither the atomic quality of a Hutton nor the dignity of a Garson; instead it projects a warm, rather simple sincerity. It is this personality that the fans like. They think of her as glamorous, because she is a movie star, but they also feel she would be easy to know and fun to know. They have come to know her as a person through the medium of movies, and they are perfectly content with the kind of movies that star Esther.

So is Esther. But she wasn't always. Five years ago she approached MGM executives in determination to end her movie career. "I want to have children. I want to stay home," she told them. "I'd rather have babies than put myself through this torture."

It was a decision made because of many things. First, she wanted children and the chance to be at home with them and with Ben. Possibly she would have foregone this point had she felt she was making any kind of contribution to films, but she was certain she was not. She found the career of a movie star, especially one which included months of rigorous rehearsals for her swimming numbers, an exhausting procedure without any foreseeable reward. Reviewers were panning her pictures, with the exception of throwing an occasional bone in the form of, "Naturally, the numbers are beautiful." How, said Esther, could they assume that hanging from helicopters and whipping down greased slides was "naturally" beautiful? These things had cost her long hours of back-breaking labor, yet critics tossed them off as a "natural" thing. She was tired, she said, and she wanted to go home and stay home.

MGM brass hats then ladled out to her the tonic that they keep in preparation for their disillusioned stars, and while it may be a much-used concoction, it is one that contains considerable truth. They pulled some statistics out of a desk drawer and pointed out to Esther that she had hit the top ten. This meant, they told her, that she had at last arrived, after an investment of a great deal of energy both on their part and on her own. She was now a commodity, and no longer belonged to herself. "People like your pictures," they said. "You have something to offer."

That was the clincher. Esther had been convinced she had nothing, and suddenly the whole outlook was changed. As one director kidded her, "You're just as good as most actresses in the business. If you weren't, you couldn't say those lines they give you."

FROM that point on, Esther settled down and decided to do the best possible. If she could improve the numbers or the scripts or her performances, so much the better. She had been thinking of her career as a brief and fluffy thing about which she would one day tell her grandchildren. Now she felt stimulated and enjoyed the work once more. "It was like a marriage," she says now. "All the mysticism and initial excitement had gone out of it and I settled down to do an exacting and enjoyable job."

She went on personal appearance tours,

and attended script meetings, insisting on pictures that made people happy. She made contributions and objections, such as the time she balked at portraying a Tahitian girl in *Pagan Love Song*. She felt the studio had spent so much money in exploiting her as the All-American girl that to play a Tahitian, in her opinion, would be bad casting.

Since the time of the switch in her attitude Esther and MGM have enjoyed a pleasant, down-to-earth relationship, and if she was asked to do a picture she didn't like, she tried to find a better working arrangement for it, always with an eye to the box-office. It has resulted in her being one of the studio's most valued stars, because she works always with them. When people have tried to console her after reading a brickbat review, she says, "I'm not nervous about what the critics say, so don't you be nervous about it. If something inside me demanded dramatic roles I'd have fought for them. As it is, I only want to improve myself with each picture, and each picture along with me, so that

the october issue
of modern screen
is loaded with extras!
delectable
marilyn monroe is
on the cover—
photos of the fabulous
"girls wanted" contest
winners inside.
on sale september 8

people don't grow tired of me. People in town may think I'm frustrated because I haven't an Oscar, or lazy because I continue to make my own type of picture. I'm not lazy—I've never worked harder than I have in the last few years, concentrating to make everything right."

Esther makes an average of two-and-a-half pictures a year. Each requires two months of rehearsals, three months to shoot, and a month of publicity and retakes and dubbing. This results in the work overlapping, so that she has had free time only when pregnant. She is now expecting a third baby, and is luxuriating in the days spent at home with her two sons. "I'm like a hatband that's been stretched for years and then suddenly comes back to normal—and the tension is all gone."

A question that Esther doesn't answer, possibly because she doesn't know the answer, is why, if she is so enchanted with days at home, doesn't she give up her movie career entirely? The answer probably lies in her nature, which is one of extreme vitality. In school she was a straight-A student, Vice-President of the student body, head of the Athletic Association, she wrote plays for the football rallies and was in the middle of every club on the campus. It was as if she had tumbled onto a conveyor belt and couldn't get off, and it is fairly certain that whatever she tackled in the way of a career, Esther would have been on top. She

possesses a drive that will never allow her to sit at home in the midst of her brood and grow sleepy and plump in a sedentary life.

Despite her current concentration with her career, there are many facets of it she dislikes. There are few women who, in the first months of pregnancy, would have the will to forget nausea in order to water ski for the cameras. And there are few women who wouldn't blush at the scrutiny given their figure because their career was built on its existence, or grow tired of the never-ending insistence that they look pretty every minute of every day, without let-up. Esther does these things because they are a necessary part of her career. By now she forces a smile when strangers ask her when she learned to swim. It is the question most asked, and has been asked well over 2,000 times. Publicity, says Esther, makes it difficult to hold on to things that matter. "Kim says something funny and bright, and Ben and I laugh about it, and before the week is up I give the anecdote to a writer who is struggling to gather his 11th story about me. Then I see it in print, and somehow the charm is all gone. It doesn't belong to me any more. It's the same way with pictures. Ben and I are asked to sit in front of the fire and look dreamy-eyed for a photographer, and we do. And then the next night, when we do the same thing only for ourselves, something is gone, from it, something we should have."

HER marriage to Ben, as any marriage in Hollywood, undergoes stress and strain far beyond that endured by the average couple. Fortunately, Ben has never been irritated by the superficial attitude of people that Esther is "the star" of the family. He has his fingers in several business ventures of his own, and in addition to them has the foresight and ability to advise Esther on the management of her own career. This in itself is a big business operation and Esther, who was never accustomed to handling a lot of money, is grateful that Ben is enough of a financier to see that her money is wisely invested.

From time to time they have suffered the usual Hollywood reports that their marriage is on the rocks, and through Ben, Esther has learned to ignore them. It used to be that he would come home from work and find her rattling a newspaper in anger. "Listen to this," she would storm, and begin reading him an item to the effect that the Gages were all through.

"What's for dinner?" Ben would say.

"How can you ask such a question? Don't you care what people are saying about us?"

"Look. These columnists have to make a living," he'd say. "Why don't you get off their backs?"

Esther realized this was the only attitude to adopt toward false rumors, yet every time they pop up, they begin weaving a web around the lives of the two people concerned. The last batch of rumors spread over town so rapidly that in one day the movie colony had been advised via its inimitable grapevine. That night Ben and Esther were due at a social wingding to which "everybody" had been invited. When they walked into the room they could feel the tension about them, a mass of minds seemingly working in the negative. It was almost as if those assembled expected some sort of a show and would be disappointed if they didn't get it. Wherever Esther goes she is photographed, but that night they were faced by a perpetual barrage of flashbulbs. "They all think," Esther whispered to Ben as they danced around the floor in flashes of blinding light, "That they're getting what will be captioned 'the



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Step into the spotlight with Doris Dodson's glamour-touched dresses and wait for the applause. You'll get it! (Left) **Pearls and glitter on satin** dramatize this important soft suit dress in acetate and rayon Ottoman crepe. Pink, blue, off white; also in black. 9-15. About \$18.

(Right) **Elegant mink** trims the belt of this Kasha cloth dress (70% wool; 15% nylon; 15% fur.) California pastels: pink, yellow, blue, natural. 9-15. About \$25.

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last picture of Ben and Esther together." It is a happy fact that the strange rhythm of Hollywood does not irk Ben. "If it did," Esther says, "I'd go out of my head." He is the one who keeps her from worrying, but of course it's impossible to protect her from it entirely. She has said that with the new lease on her career five years ago she went at it with new vim and vigor. This is true, because it has been proven to her that she had a talent to offer, that fans liked her movies. But she still worried about her acting.

"I THOUGHT I was a rotten actress and that they could bury me any time they wanted to. Then two years ago I made *Texas Carnival* and Chuck Walters, the director, sat me down and talked to me like a Dutch uncle. He reminded me that every time anybody mentioned having seen one of my pictures I'd either change the subject or try to say the unkind thing for them. 'Just because you think you're not an actress, you're trying to prove it,' he told me. 'Take the chip off your shoulder and stop undermining yourself.'"

"He told me to start thinking about ways to take what I was and make myself better. I took his advice on that picture and then in *Skirts Ahoy*, for the first time, I could believe what I was doing. I'd been looking down on my scripts, and now I began to work with the writers, and from that time on I could feel my performances getting better. By the time I made *Easy To Love*—that was the first time I went every night to see the daily rushes after work—it's sort of like a classroom, you learn so much—I realized that the picture was too easy for me. Chuck said to me, 'Do you realize how far you've come from *Texas Carnival*?'"

It was this encouragement, a fairly recent development, that has given Esther a real go signal on her career. She is anxious now to improve each picture and to improve with each picture, and feels that her own maturity has outgrown the old

style Esther Williams vehicle. She wants them to have more meaning and more solid feeling and less fluff, but she is wise enough to know that they must be in the same mold to keep her following. The same thing, only better each time. The next one will be *Athena*, and if Esther does what she hopes to do in this movie, audiences will begin to believe that Miss Williams can act as well dry as she can wet.

There is a definite reason behind all this new determination. Esther has seven more years to go on her current contract with MGM, and has had a clause written in that during the last five years she will be allowed 18 months off. This will be broken into three periods of six months each, and during each half-year she will star in her own aquacade. Ben is working toward this by getting his various business enterprises squared away so they will operate smoothly in his absence.

"I'll make pictures solidly for the next two years," says Esther, "and then we'll buy a big trailer or an old railway car and pack up the kids and the show, and go wherever people want to see us—France, England, Africa, it doesn't matter. In the meantime, I have to keep my name perking so that people will want to see the show. And then, for all the work and the worry, we'll have our own set-up."

As we said before, Esther Williams understands her own career quite well, and has no intention of winding up, as so many screen luminaries do, without a peso in her pocket. Years ago Joe Pasternak gave her a bit of advice. "If you want to be considered a great actress and win an Oscar," he said, "we can fix it up for you. You can be a floozy without makeup and we'll put you in a black satin gown and lean you against a lamp post. Maybe you can even be a little high. You'll go over great. The only trouble is, you'll be through in pictures."

Obviously, Esther hasn't forgotten a word he said. **END**

sentimental journey

(Continued from page 42) Massachusetts, I understand a lot of things."

"Like, for instance...?" "Well, like any man's reluctance to discard his early environment—the things that built his character. Most people hate change, and so did Marty. Now he's beginning to like sports clothes, but he tempts my feminine tastes with just the right amount of conservatism. All of us live under certain restraints. When it comes to New Englanders like Marty, the proof of that is in their reluctance to go overboard in clothes—or conversation. But when it comes to other things—well, stand back and look out!"

"Meaning...?" "Meaning, in Marty's case, for instance, something like potato pancakes. You know, a lot of people grow up thinking about how great the pies were that Mama used to bake. But when they go home and get a taste of those pies, they realize that Mother wasn't a good cook at all. She was too busy to learn, raising a big family. They just thought she was a good cook, because they were hungry all the time. In the case of Marty's mother, when the family gathers at the old home, they feel so sorry for the absent members not being there to taste Minnie's potato pancakes that they send them wires of condolence."

"Outside of the potato pancakes, you like Marty's family, too?"

"Why not?" Doris Day asked. "Sure, I

live in Hollywood, and I'm certain people must get a funny idea, sometimes, reading about all the so-called glamor. I am an actress, true, and proud of it, but I'm more of my home town of Cincinnati than Hollywood, and that's not trying to compare the respective merits of either place.

"I've heard it said that actors don't know that other people are alive. That isn't true. I love the movie business, and there are many wonderful people in it. Acting is not as tough, or as easy as people make it out to be, but the profession does consume a lot of your time. For instance, it's a crying shame that I had to go all this time without meeting people like Marty's brother, Harmon, and his wife. We just couldn't get away, that's all, until we visited them this year in Athens, New York. It's not a big place, but it has that wonderful home town atmosphere. You know, we drove up there, arriving in the early evening. After dinner, we went upstairs to talk. We were just sitting there when we heard voices. We looked out the window, and the big tree was loaded with children, peeking in. Outside, before the evening was over, there seemed to be hundreds of them. I went outside and made with a lot of autographs. There was no yelling and pushing and screaming. They were polite and well-behaved. They'd never seen a movie star before and simply wanted to say hello because they felt curious and friendly. I really felt humble."

All of a sudden, Doris stopped talking, like she'd felt she was saying too much, and began to shop. When Doris begins to shop her name might as well be Doris

Oglethorpe of Double Dubuque, Iowa. In other words, like every other woman, she forgets where she is.

She tried on a white sports hat and bought it. She tried on a few other things and bought them. She progressed to the jewelry counter and looked at Marty with an inquiring look.

"No money," he said, solemnly.

Believe it or not, at that moment a large French poodle walked in, and gravely put his paws on the counter, gazing intently at all the baubles.

"Looka him," Doris said, "he's loaded."

We used up most of the morning trying to get our foot out of the door of those fascinating little shops—prices just as low as in Hollywood, too. Marty held back when Doris steered him into a place called Cabbages and Kings, Ltd., but a moment later he lost his head in miles of tweed yardage. He delved into the cloth like a thirsty man at cocktail time. Then he paused, and looked at Doris inquiringly.

"No money," she said, solemnly.

THEY went from there to a place called Pebble Beach Interiors, because their house is furnished in French Provincial. "We used to be Early Americans," Doris explained, "but every time we went somewhere to visit, our friends' homes were done in Early American. We felt like we'd never left home. French Provincial isn't as stuffy as it sounds. Very informal, depending on your selection." They looked at a magnificent chest of drawers—it must have been more than a hundred years old, and turned to photographer Beerman with a double inquiring look. "You're an expert at a lot of things," Doris said to Bob. "What do you think?"

"Never mind about the money," Bob replied carelessly. "It's only \$750." Doris made a note of that.

At this point if my report moves a little too fast for complete details it is because Doris Day was not in a mood for stopping. She took off in a small whirlwind for the Del Monte Lodge Beach Club for her initial and somewhat furious tennis lesson from the popular professional, John Gardiner. John, ex-captain of the Penn State Teachers' College team, ex-football coach at Monterey High, found Doris a more than satisfactory pupil. "My specialty is teaching children," he said, "and Miss Day has every bit as swift a grasp of the fundamentals as a 12-year-old, which is about as high a compliment as I can pay. Not only that, but with all respect to the swell football players I've coached, if every member of my team had the coordination savvy she has we'd have won a couple of state championships."

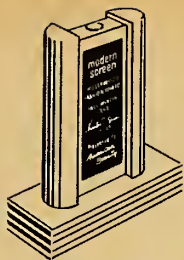
John didn't really have to say it. Looking at Doris it was apparent that she isn't going to be a beginner very long. Marty, watching her swing at the tennis balls pitched into her, commented, "I play a little tennis myself, and I may be sorry I ever suggested this."

While Doris got busy sweeping the court off with a tennis ball clearing contraption Pro Gardiner had invented, I casually asked Marty, "What one of Doris' records have you liked the best?"

"Curious you should ask that," he replied. "My favorite is a platter that was a rare thing for Doris in that it didn't break any records selling. It was 'Something Wonderful,' from *The King And I*."

"Mine's 'Mr. Tap Toe.'"

"Well, everybody to his own taste," Marty replied, "but I suspect that anything I say to you is liable to find its way into print, so you might throw in a word for her album of *By The Light Of The Silvery Moon*—and her newest release, a real gone thing called 'The Purple Cow.' Paul Francis Webster and Fred Speilman



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follow the stars

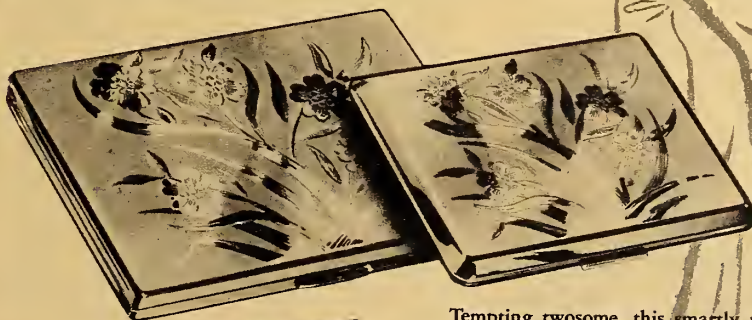
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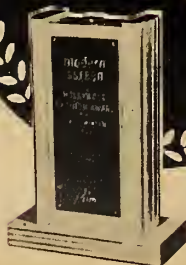
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wrote it, and they won't care if you plug it."

Doris came up and broke into the conversation. "I'm going to start the yacht race. Let's get with it."

We did. There was some confusion at first. Some of the yachtsmen paid more attention to Doris than they did the starting line and had to jockey around again for position. Eighteen people and two dogs came up to say hello. Then Doris fired the starting pistol. To be frank about it, we never did find out who won. For all we know, they may be out there yet, because Doris announced that she was famished. She could use a big lunch.

"I could handle a hamburger," Marty stated.

"I was speaking of real food," Doris put in as Marty turned the Cadillac toward Carmel.

Happy to see that they didn't agree on everything, I asked, "Do you two always bicker like this?"

"We're human," Doris returned. "All humans bicker. They also sometimes have arguments. We have arguments. Marty, do you remember the time . . .?"

Comedian Sid Caesar was invited to a party where the then Gen. Dwight Eisenhower was a guest. Caesar did his impersonation of a Russian soldier, and later Eisenhower congratulated him: "How did you ever learn such perfect Russian?"

Caesar confessed: "Sir, I don't understand a word of it. It's just double talk."

Eisenhower laughed: "Well, you certainly had me fooled!"

Marty remembered, but he couldn't recall what started the small beef. The first thing they knew the trivial matter was on the verge of becoming important. So, as usually happens in any normal family, one or the other began to laugh. This time it was Marty. He said, "If we can't see it my way, I'm going to pack up and leave."

Doris retorted, "Go ahead, see if I care." But their son, 11-year-old Terry didn't see her grin. He quietly went upstairs and was back down again in a couple of minutes, carrying his Erector set case.

"If Marty goes, I go too," he declared loyally.

In the laughter that followed, Terry knew his mother and dad were kidding. When he went out to play, he left his Erector set behind. Doris looked into it and pulled out two pairs of blue jeans. She looked at Marty through a vague little mist in her eyes. He put one big arm around her. "Personally," he said, "I think the lad is getting careless. If we were really going to leave he should have at least packed his razor and a few blades."

YES, Mr. and Mrs. Melcher bicker sometimes, but they have a graceful way of giving in to each other. Take the matter of the hamburgers. Marty found us a place to get them, but there was a line of citizens waiting, and no place to sit down. Doris asked Marty if he'd ever had a Mexican hamburger. He couldn't say that he had, so we crossed the street to Carmel's favorite Mexican restaurant. Here, Marty learned that Doris' idea of a Mexican hamburger is a tacos. For the uninitiated, a tacos is a pie-shaped piece of crust with beef nestled in a nest of shredded lettuce and red hot sauce poured in the open end. If you've never had one the reaction can be like swallowing the hot end of a cigar. Marty complained somewhat bitterly. Then he ordered two more and downed them with relish.

"Just like a man," Doris observed.

"Afraid to try anything new, and then he goes overboard. Tonight he'll accuse me of promoting him a tummy ache, and tomorrow he'll want to come back to the same place."

As we left the Mexican restaurant, the sun burst out through the dissipating fog. Marty suggested we take a tour of the fabulous 17-Mile Drive along the coast. "All right, you tourists," Doris announced, "here's something we've never seen before." Marty stopped the car near a sign which indicated that a ship called the John B. Stetson had been wrecked there, running aground on the rocks on the wild night of September 4, 1934. Doris clambered on a huge rock, struck an oratorical pose. "Here," she declared, "is the finest meeting place of land and water in existence."

"Hey, Doris," I suggested, "you ought to be a writer."

"Not me. It was Robert Louis Stevenson who said that. I've been reading the brochure." She pointed toward a monstrous rock jutting into the ocean. "That," she said, "is Point Joe, where some of the most disastrous shipwrecks in the world have taken place. What happens is that ship captains on stormy nights mistake it for the entrance to Monterey. A lot of good men have gone to their deaths here."

Our next stop was at a small point looking toward Seal and Bird Rocks a half-mile out into the ocean. Doris borrowed a couple of dimes from Marty, and they looked through the powerful glasses.

"Well, what do you know!" Marty exclaimed, gazing at a couple of pompous, heavily moustached seals swaggering across the rocks. "Now I know where some Hollywood executives take their vacations!"

"Look, Marty," Doris interrupted, "there's us!"

Marty swung his glass around to a close-up of Mr. and Mrs. Seal lazily and affectionately nuzzling each other. Suddenly Mrs. Seal rar'd back and took a healthy, ferocious nip at her spouse. "Uh-uh," Marty laughed, "that's us all right."

Before Mrs. M. could answer the sun ducked under a cloud. Then the fog rolled in. Doris was both sleepy and hungry at the same time, so we all went back to the Del Monte Lodge. I knew how you felt about getting that picture of Doris in the red bathing suit, but we still had tomorrow. Besides, after dinner that night, we picked up some pictures of Doris and Marty dancing together. Marty said that it had been almost two years since any photographer caught them dancing. Beerman promptly asked for a shot of them dancing and kissing at the same time. "No chance," Marty retorted. "We'll leave that for the young couples who are happy today and divorced tomorrow."

You got to respect an honest attitude like that. So, with the sound of the roaring surf in our ears and the moon rising over a young couple spooning under the Monterey cypress trees we took leave of the merry Melchers until the next day, which happened to be—

"SUNDAY? Work on Sunday?" At breakfast, Doris wasn't so sure.

"Now, about that red bathing suit," Bob Beerman began.

"That's definitely out on Sunday," Doris jibed, "but I'm all for some more sightseeing. I want to see that old theater in Monterey and go to Fisherman's Wharf—and you can tag along for pictures, if you can get all you want before it's time for Marty and me to go to church."

Our first stop was the little theater, perched on a Monterey hillside. Doris read the inscription on the door with as much feeling as she put into her lines in her new Warner picture, *Calamity Jane*.

"Many a miner passed through this door,
Who swore he'd never come in any more.
'Twas here they eased him of nuggets of gold,
For this was the place the booze was sold.
One drink was enough to make him want more;
And pretty damsoon he was flat on the floor.
On sobering up he would always swear off,
Then come back the next day for a drink for his cough."

Inside the theater the charming custodian, a Mrs. Stewart, served as our guide. She took Doris up on the tiny stage which is almost exactly like it was when an adventuresome ex-sailor named Jack Swan built it better than 100 years ago. Plays are still given here three times a week. "Gee," Doris said, "I'd like to give a performance here, sometime!"

"Why not now?" we encouraged.

So Doris sang some old songs and the long empty benches seemed to be suddenly filled with the ghosts of early Californians who had cheered their favorites in this tiny little place. Marty, who had been in one of the side rooms, rummaging around in the ancient wardrobes, came out from the wings, first in a policeman's helmet, then in a stovepipe hat. "I always knew the ham would come out in me some day," he said.

It's a little difficult to put it clearly, but these two people have a great reverence for the historic old places they've visited all over the country on their sentimental journey even though they clown a little.

Afterwards we roamed through the streets of Old Monterey, stopping by General José Castro's headquarters, the House of the Four Winds, so named for its weather vane, and other storied buildings. Then we headed for the pier where Marty disappeared to prow around the salmon boats and ask the old salts how fishing was. Doris poked into the dozens of little curio shops and cafes, autographed pictures for soldiers. We lost her in the crowd. Ten minutes later, we found her, leaning over the rail of a pier extension, gazing at a sea lion circling around in the back of the restaurants waiting for a handout. She seemed lost in her own thoughts.

"Sea lions lead a very happy life, I am convinced," she said.

"I know," I replied, "you're hungry again."

"However in the world did you know?"

So we rounded up Marty, located a spot for a steak sandwich, and the last we saw of Doris and her spouse, they were headed for church services in Carmel. (Doris is a Christian Scientist.)

Next morning, Doris and Marty planned to be up at six-thirty to leave for the last leg of their vacation in San Francisco. Photographer Beerman and I were up earlier, packed and ready for the return trip to Hollywood.

"Come on, Bob," I urged, "we got to get back early—"

"Wait a minute," Bob said. He went over to a house phone in the lobby of the Lodge. I heard him ask for Doris. There was a silence, and then he hung up.

"What was that for?" I asked.

"Oh," Bob replied, "I just thought I'd take one more try at getting Doris to pose for me in that red bathing suit."

"What happened?"

"Well, I got Marty on the phone—and he said Doris would be simply delighted to climb into a red bathing suit at six-thirty in the morning. The only trouble was that she was sitting in a red bathtub and said for me to go take a running jump in the Pacific!"

END

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Buffalo, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
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Monroe, La.—Silverstein's
Montgomery, Ala.—Alex Rice
Nashville, Tenn.—Armstrong's
New Orleans, La.—Maison-Blanche
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
Olympia, Wash.—Paulson's Salon
Ottawa, Ill.—Mayme Reardon
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St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Paul, Minn.—Schuneman's
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Spokane, Wash.—Eastern Outfitting Co.
Springfield, Ill.—Roland's
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Washington, D. C.—Jelleff's

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY—Pgs. 51, 52, 53

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Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
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Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbel's
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Omaha, Neb.—J. L. Brandeis & Sons
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Schenectady, N. Y.—H. S. Barney Co.
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Sioux Falls, S. D.—Shriver Johnson Co.
Springfield, Ill.—Myers Bros.
Stockton, Calif.—Katten & Marengo
Troy, N. Y.—Frears
Waco, Texas—Goldstein-Migel Co.
Waterbury, Conn.—Howland-Hughes Co.
Waukegan, Ill.—Globe
Wichita, Kans.—Buck's Inc.
Winston-Salem, N. C.—Arcade Fashion Shop

JOSELLI (suits)—Pg. 51

Birmingham, Ala.—Berger Phillips
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Minneapolis, Minn.—Maurice L. Rothschild
Newark, N. J.—Hahne & Co.
New Orleans, La.—Mark Isaacs
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman's
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh & Bros.

LASSIE MAID (coat)—Pg. 55

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Newark, N. J.—Hahne & Co.
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel's
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh & Bros.

MOXEES (casual shoes)—Pgs. 51, 54

Anchorage, Alaska—Northern Commercial
Arlington, Va.—S. Kann Co.
Atlanta, Ga.—Thompson, Boland & Lee
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild-Kohn Co.
Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Hens & Kelly
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner Co.
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Macy's
Las Vegas, Nev.—Jonbachs
Miami, Fla.—Richard's
Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Co.
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger
New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Omaha, Neb.—Larry's c/o Phillips
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Paul, Minn.—The Emporium
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh & Co.

PRIM HOSIERY—Pg. 55

Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros.
Baltimore, Md.—N. Hess Shoes
Beverly Hills, Calif.—Joseph Shoe Salon
Chicago, Ill.—Charles A. Stevens
Cincinnati, Ohio—Gidding Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—Bailey Bros.
Dallas, Texas—Margo's
Des Moines, Iowa—De Arcy's
Detroit, Mich.—B. Siegel
Evanston, Ill.—Joseph Shoe Salon
Jacksonville, Fla.—French Novelty
Kansas City, Mo.—Rothschild's
Los Angeles, Calif.—Innes Shoe Store
Los Angeles, Calif.—Wetherby-Kayser
Minneapolis, Minn.—Powers Dry Goods Co.
New Orleans, La.—Keller-Zander
New York, N. Y.—Blackton Fifth Ave.
Omaha, Neb.—Herzberg's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Rochester, N. Y.—Krolls
San Francisco, Calif.—Joseph Magnin
St. Louis, Mo.—Sonnenfeld's
Tulsa, Okla.—Dorothy's
Tulsa, Okla.—Street's
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh's
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Wichita, Kan.—Long's

PRINCESS JUNIOR (dresses)—Pgs. 51, 52

Atlanta, Ga.—Davidson-Paxon
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild Kohn
Beaumont, Texas—The Fair
Birmingham, Ala.—Loveman's
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Charlotte, N. C.—Belk's Dept. Stores
Charlottesville, Va.—Leggett's Dept. Store
Davenport, Iowa—Petersen-Harned-Von Maur Co.
Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Wolf Dessauer Co.
Hartford, Conn.—Brown-Thompson, Inc.
Hutchinson, Kans.—Wiley's Dept. Store
Jacksonville, Fla.—Furchgott's
Knoxville, Tenn.—S. H. George & Son
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Miami, Fla.—Rich's
Milwaukee, Wis.—Ed Schuster
Newark, N. J.—Hahne & Co.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel's
Phoenix, Ariz.—Korrick's Inc.
Pontiac, Mich.—Arthur's
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's
Sacramento, Calif.—Weinstock Lubin
Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.

SAMSONITE LUGGAGE—Pgs. 51, 53

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Cincinnati, Ohio—Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee's
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris Co.
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods
Des Moines, Iowa—Yunker's
Grand Rapids, Mich.—W. W. Wurzburg's
Houston, Texas—Foley's
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
Louisville, Ky.—Stewart's
Miami, Fla.—Burdine's
Minneapolis, Minn.—The Dayton Co.
Memphis, Tenn.—Goldsmith's
New York, N. Y.—Bloomindale's
New York, N. Y.—Gimbel's
Oakland, Calif.—H. C. Capwell
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Portland, Oregon—Meier & Frank
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr
Toledo, Ohio—La Salle & Koch
Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.

fashion party

(Continued from page 50) The excitement and activity of the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood fall fashion luncheon party began the minute the stars stepped from their limousines onto the vast Putnam estate. Anne Francis (Mrs. Bam Price), Barbara Rush (Mrs. Jeff Hunter) holding the arms of their handsome husbands, Greer Garson, Louis Calhern, Shelley Winters, Jean Hagen were the first to arrive. The members of the M. S. Fashion Board were seated close to the ramp where the models paraded the fashions. Shortly after luncheon was served by the Brown Derby waiters, the music played the introduction to the event and the show was underway. The merchandise shown included—suits, junior dresses, coats, sportswear, casual shoes, hosiery and jewelry—flown to Hollywood from all over the country. The smartly styled junior dresses—a size, not an age, were shown in groups and the garments from the groups were viewed, approved and voted. Dresses in the new miracle fibers woven to give the smart jersey-look, as well as ever-popular 100% wool jersey, won the unanimous vote of the Board. Wool suits, separates, coats and skirts in classic styles also won top honors. Sweaters in wool and new washable Orlon came through with flying colors, too. Casual shoes, flattering to the legs and smart with classic togs, were shown and approved. The nylon hosiery shown was a display within itself. The stars gave the hosiery the *acid test*—for construction, sheer beauty and for new fall costume colors. Seamfree hosiery was a favorite style for sports clothes; full-fashioned, of course, won the vote for daytime town clothes; and sandal foot, full-fashioned or seamfree, for evening costumes.

The gals—Jeanne Crain, Mona Freeman and Barbara Ruick—were the fashion experts on the Board and gave the boys—Barry Sullivan, Jeff Hunter, Bob Horton and Keenan Wynn—helpful hints, and the woman's viewpoint! But to the gals' surprise the boys were wonderful judges because when the votes were compared and counted the boys had selected the same fashions and accessories as the gals. The guest stars on the sidelines were very helpful as they applauded and voiced Oohs and Ahs while the fashions were shown. After the fashions and accessories had been selected, some of the stars posed in the winning fashions for the M. S. fashion pages. Then the stars on the Board as well as the guests drew numbers for the door prizes. American Beauty compacts, Crosley radios, Paper-Mate pens, Sherwood lighters, Coty's famous "Emeraude" Toilet Water, Waltham watches, boxes of hosiery and, last but not least, Samsonite luggage were among the coveted gifts. Mona Freeman was delighted to win a two-piece set of Samsonite luggage, and thought it a wonderful start toward a complete set—adding a piece in the same pattern and color at any time (page Santa, please).

A spectacular swimming exhibit was given by guest, June Taylor, American Amateur champion of Solo Synchronized Swimming for 1951-53. June's dramatic swimming performances with music in her red devil's costume and, in her sequin, pearl and rhinestone one took the star's breath away—surely a glamor finale!

Board Member Film Credits: Bob Horton, MGM's *Arena*; Barbara Ruick, MGM's *Affairs Of Dobie Gillis*; Barry Sullivan, MGM's *Cry Of The Hunted*; Mona Freeman, RKO's *Angel Face*; Jeanne Crain, 20th's *Vicki*; Jeff Hunter, 20th's *Sailor Of The King*; Keenan Wynn, MGM's *All The Brothers Were Valiant*.



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like an invisible shield to keep you from offending—your clothes safe.

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Creamy-soft, Fresh is gentle to skin, not sticky or greasy. Try Fresh today. There's a Fresh with Chlorophyll, too!

*Fresh is a reg. trade mark of The Pharma-Craft Corporation
Also manufactured and distributed in Canada



New keeps you Lovely to Love Always

he never said "can't"

(Continued from page 46) compression egos it is just getting around to realize what makes Gordon zing as well as sing. Everyone who knows him has a different way of putting it, but what they put ends up the same picture—that of a fellow who is so sure of himself that his dreams have trouble catching up with the actual facts of his accomplishments.

Take Bing Crosby. The first time he was out with Gordon he gave forth with an impressed, "H'm!"—and Gordon wasn't even singing at the time, just playing golf. Invited out a few years ago to the links by Bing, who wanted a look-see at the new rival he had been hearing so much about, Gordon was both pleased and thrilled with the meeting. But he wasn't abashed any. He got himself a birdie on the first hole, a par on the second and a hole-in-one on the third. That's when Bing delivered his opinion. "Nothing around here is going to stop this boy," he said, and repeated it to his friends in a number of variations.

"In the first place," as Gordon says, "I'm not shy by any means. My father taught me to make friends—it's an old family tradition. So why hang back with anyone you meet, no matter who they are? And in the second place I've known for a long time what I wanted to be; wouldn't I be a fake walking around, looking and talking humble, as if I actually felt I didn't deserve it all? There is something unhealthy in that kind of self-deprecation."

THEN there is the observation of a studio talent head, made just the other day. "The way Gordon handles his life and ambitions reminds me of an applesauce peddler selling his fruit at a dead run," he said. "He bangs and bounces the cart along so that half the time his apples are in mid-air. He makes sudden stops, swerves and twists in sudden changes of direction, but never does the cart tip over and never do you feel he doesn't know where he is going. And . . . he sells a lot of apples that way."

"Well, where is he going?" the studio executive was asked.

"Up!" came the succinct reply. "He's so sure of that that he expects even bad breaks to turn out well—and I'm a son-of-a-gun but they always do."

The studio man could have been thinking of a little mix-up Gordon went through recently involving his radio program, *The Railroad Hour*, on which he has starred for the last five years. His sponsors decided they would like to duplicate the program over television and set about making a film of the show. Naturally they wanted Gordon as their star but his movie contract with Warner Brothers forbade him any participation in TV presentations.

"Well, how would you feel if we used another singer?" the sponsor's representative asked.

"Go ahead," replied Gordon, and he okayed the project without reservation.

No sooner had word of this spread than his friends came around with shocked expressions. "It's a dirty shame that you can't star on the TV version of your show," they commiserated. "Especially since you were the original star!"

"Don't worry," Gordon replied to all of them. "It will work out."

It did. The films were made. The sponsors studied them and at the same time studied some surveys assaying the probable cost of TV presentation against possible benefits. The recommendation of the survey experts was unanimous on the point that best results would not be obtainable for a period of two years yet.

The railroad people decided to follow this recommendation and hold-off from TV for that period.

"Two years," commented Gordon's wife, Sheila. "Why that's exactly when your contract with Warner Brothers ends. You'll be able to accept then."

"That's right," said Gordon—and didn't even look surprised. If a fellow is going places things have to straighten themselves out some way, don't they?

As a matter of fact Gordon won't have to wait that two years to go on TV shows. Just the other day his studio announced a sudden reversal of policy; certain of its stars would be permitted to make video appearances. Gordon, of course, is one of these.

"What is it with you, luck or what?" he was asked when this became known.

"What's the difference?" asked Gordon. "Look, I'd be just as satisfied if I didn't get into TV for two years, or for ten more years as far as that matters. There will be TV in 1963 as there is '53. I've got lots to do. There's a whole world of opera I'd like to explore. I'm a half-baked artist—I know a little, but I want to get done on both sides and know a lot more."

"If you start studying opera you may get out of the public eye," he was told. "Would that be wise?"

"It's always wise for a singer to round out his talent," came Gordon's reply. "Dorothy Kirsten, Nadine Connor, Rise Stevens guest-shot on my program and we sang numbers from the light and popular repertoire. Now I'd like to reverse the process, add another dimension to myself and sing in their field. I'd be a 3D performer then."

A gal reader who wanted a date with Robert Taylor explained: "Not for the usual reason but because I'm writing a book." She P.S.ed: "The book I'm writing is my diary."

Earl Wilson
N. Y. Post

There was the problem of his recording affiliation. For some years he had sung for the Capitol Record label without achieving a real hit number. "Move to another outfit," he was advised steadily. Then his contract with Capitol ran out. Now he was in a position to change and his friends fully expected him to. To their surprise Gordon signed right back with Capitol again.

"What's the idea?" they asked.

"Oh, I don't see why I should walk out on them," he replied. "I've been with Capitol for five years and I think that rates a little loyalty between people, don't you?"

No, they didn't. They told him he was crazy. Whereupon he made a record for Capitol entitled "Congratulations To Someone," backed up on the other side of the platter by a song called, "How Do You Speak To An Angel?" It caught on with record buyers and sold like 79-cent nylons in a bargain basement.

"Nothing happens in a man's life that doesn't help him . . . if he'll only look at it that way," Gordon has said. "When I came out of the service my friends felt sorry for me. They said that while I was in the Army singers like Como, Sinatra and Dick Haymes, who didn't have to serve, were establishing themselves. Now I would have to start from the bottom again. But what they overlooked was that my four years as a soldier had given me a maturity, a confidence in myself that would more than make up for the time I had lost. And it did. I not only knew what I could do but I could convince others that I could do it. For instance, I didn't have to worry about being nervous and

tongue-tied when I talked to producers; talking to colonels is far more fearsome."

As for talking to colonels, Gordon did a lot of other talking in the Army; from 1942 to 1945 he was a bombardier instructor in the Air Force at Ellington Field, Texas. All through the war he had asked for overseas duty but because of his fine record was considered much more valuable teaching combat to others than engaging in it himself.

Only bombardiers were to remain at Ellington Field, Gordon was told. Gordon immediately got the idea of requesting reassignment to navigation. His fellow officers laughed at the idea and told him that gag had been tried before and never with success.

"I'll ask anyway," Gordon replied, adding, with his usual confidence, "Maybe I'll be the first one to succeed."

He was. It seems that a study of his record at air force headquarters had revealed the fact that Gordon should have been a navigator in the first place!

His friends had hardly gotten around to congratulating him on the successful culmination of this piece of strategy when they were given reason to repeat the whole performance. What Gordon really wanted now came through—his discharge.

When he arrived in Hollywood he questioned every step of the process of becoming a star, especially the one by which agents cool off ambitious clients by stating that they are not yet ready for big things. Such cold water just sizzled and turned into steam when it hit him. It still does when anyone tries to curb his ideas or questions his potentialities.

"Why if I accepted all that people tell me I'd still be singing with an orchestra and sleeping in busses when we made overnight jumps," he declares. "For that matter I probably wouldn't even be married. Sheila said yes to me when I wired a proposal from Cleveland where I was singing with Horace Heidt. She flew west from New York but when we applied for our marriage license the clerk said we must establish a ten-day residence in the city. I argued that I never stayed anywhere more than a week when on tour. A friend said, 'Look, Gordie, you can't argue with city hall.' He advised me to give up the idea of marriage until the tour was over. I argued anyway. The clerk called in her superiors for consultation. All kinds of statutes and special dispensations were looked up in a lot of big books . . . and when it was all over we got our licenses!"

Gordie raised an emphatic finger. "You see . . . you can argue with city hall," he said. "If you're going to get places in this world you have to argue with city hall, whether city hall is a producer or a band leader or a TV big shot, all during your career. Nobody hands you that extra dollar, that better job, that bigger chance. You have to hand it to yourself!"

WHEN Gordon made this last statement he was just finishing off a plate of ham and eggs for his luncheon at the Warner Brothers commissary. He looked pleased with his meal. "Very good ham and eggs," he pronounced. "Almost as good as if I cooked them myself."

"You mean you can cook, too?" someone else at the table asked.

Gordon leaned close. "Cook?" he repeated. "Listen, when I was seven years old back in Syracuse I used to get up some mornings and cook the family breakfast."

"Why?" he was asked.

Gordon waved that question aside as improper and substituted a better one. "Why not?" he came back. And that's the way he feels about anything he wants to do. Why not? END

is terry moore heading for trouble?

(Continued from page 49) as the old Hollywood saying goes, good friends.

The "engagement" fiasco apparently was no fault of Terry's. But it adds another chapter to her blossoming career in the public prints. This career has proven stimulating to her film fortunes and it may continue to do so. But it might also spell trouble for Terry.

Terry Moore shows signs of becoming a top and exciting star in the Hollywood firmament. Few young players have evoked as much attention in the film columns in the past year and a half. And few actresses can boast of an Academy nomination at the tender age of 23.

But a view of Terry's career also shows danger signals, which she might do well to study. There are indications here and there that could blow up into serious personal and career problems some day.

TERRY was the quiet, home-type of girl during her early film career. She started in Maryland when she was 11, and appeared as Ingrid Bergman as a girl in *Gaslight*. She was Helen Koford then.

Several years later, she landed a contract at Eagle-Lion as Jan Ford. Columbia, which had her for a previous picture, rediscovered her for the important role in *The Return Of October*. The studio took over her contract and again changed her name, since she was appearing opposite Glenn Ford.

She was a wholesome, ambitious girl, but thoroughly unsophisticated. When she was making *Mighty Joe Young*, she appeared so naive that hair-dressers had to take her aside and give her some blunt facts on how life is lived in the film business.

Terry enjoyed five profitable years at Columbia. But although she had gained good experience, she was hardly distinguishable from a dozen other young actresses. When her contract came to option time, she wasn't renewed.

"You seldom get a second contract at Columbia unless you're a Rita Hayworth," an executive explains. "Terry was earning about \$1,000 a week. That meant she was too expensive for the producers of smaller pictures, and she didn't have enough draw for the bigger producers."

Being an alert kind of a girl, she started looking around. She heard about the role of the young girl in *Come Back, Little Sheba*. It sounded like a natural for her. Armed with the sexiest photos she could find of herself, she marched into Hal Wallis Productions and did a selling job on herself. Eighty-seven other girls were considered, including Marilyn Monroe. Terry landed the part.

She was determined to escape the "girl next door" kind of typing that had bogged down her career. She told the publicity chiefs bluntly; "Let's make this the sexiest publicity campaign on record. Let's out-Monroe Monroe."

The publicists were happy to cooperate. The basic story of *Sheba* concerned a middle-aged couple. That wasn't very salable from an exploitation standpoint. A livelier gimmick was needed. Terry nominated herself and was promptly elected.

Terry pitched in with amazing vigor. She told one reporter that the studio wanted her to display a quiet kind of sex in her role.

"They've done everything they can to make me look less sexy," she commented. "I started out wearing sweaters

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in the picture, but the director, Danny Mann, wouldn't let me wear them.

"I have to wear blouses, and my bra is even strapped down to lessen the curve. My hair style couldn't be simpler, and I'm not allowed much makeup.

"Because I play a college girl, I can't do obviously sexy things like casting sly glances or using a sultry voice. The director told me to think sexily. The only way I can get across the idea is with my eyes."

Terry, as millions of movie-goers can attest got it across!

The same kind of change—from tender rosebud to full-blown rose—carried over from Terry's professional life to Terry's personal life.

Nobody knew much about Terry's romances until Glenn Davis came along. It's possible that she didn't have any. Her dates consisted largely of childhood chums who lived near her Glendale home. School proms, ice cream sodas and that sort of thing. Her only dates with Hollywood personalities were at beach parties and other events staged strictly for movie magazine layouts.

But Davis changed all that. He may not have stayed in her life very long, but he certainly caused some changes.

As everyone knows, Davis had been thrown over by Liz Taylor and was nursing a six-foot torch. If anyone was ready for a rebound marriage, he was.

He was infatuated when he first saw Terry. She seemed to him the wholesome, outdoor type of girl with the same kind of California upbringing he had. There was none of that indoor sophistication he had grown to dislike ever since Liz gave him his gold football back.

Terry and Glenn had a couple of dates together, then she was called to Chicago for a City of Hope benefit. She asked if he could come along, and the benefit sponsors were happy to have him appear. Shortly afterward, he was slated to tour Hawaii with a basketball exhibition. He invited Terry and her mother to take the trip as his guests.

An engagement was inevitable. Anyone who has been on a boat trip knows how the heart grows fond under the moonlight on shipboard. Love, they thought, found Glenn and Terry, even though his future mother-in-law was along on the trip.

Terry fell hard. Serious relations with the opposite sex were a fairly new matter to her. She had led a sheltered girlhood and was too wrapped up in her work to have much time for boys. Now the famous all-American football star, with the body of an Adonis, was saying that he loved her. No wonder she lost her heart. What girl, Liz Taylor excluded, wouldn't?

The wedding was a highlight of the Glendale social season. The all-American boy and the beautiful movie star went off smiling in a shower of rice. The smiles didn't last long. Terry and Glenn separated two months and 25 days after the wedding.

What broke up the marriage?

Let's look at the evidence. When she applied for divorce on April 15, 1952, Terry complained that Davis kept her in "a constant state of turmoil."

"He would go around asking my friends if they thought I could really act," she told Superior Judge Louis H. Burke.

"When people complimented me and told him how well I was doing as an actress, he would say they were all a bunch of frauds and said things like that to flatter me."

She added that once he drove her to tears by driving her and some friends at the speed of 105 mph. "I cried and cried and begged him to slow down, but he just laughed and said it was all very funny," she said.

Of course, the evidence needed for a divorce under California law seldom tells the whole story of a marital breakup. Friends report that he wanted her to give up her career and live with him in Lubbock, Tex. Being a talented and ambitious actress, she would naturally revolt at this.

"Terry found out that Glenn was just like a movie star," an intimate reports. "He had been in the limelight even before she had, and he enjoyed it. There just wasn't room enough for two stars in one family."

THEN came a new kind of legend.

Hollywood buzzed with the report that a fabulous film tycoon had come between Terry and Glenn. Adding fuel to the report was the wildfire rumor that the athlete had beaten him up.

After the Davis episode in her life was finally over, Terry began to see her millionaire suitor more and more.

Once she was entertaining some family friends in her hotel suite during a personal appearance in New York. A dignified stranger appeared at the door bearing a lovely mink coat.

"Mr. So-and-So sent this," he announced. Then he tipped his hat and left.

A shocked silence followed. Terry hastily explained that the tycoon had taken her to the airport in Los Angeles. She had left her mink coat in his car, and he dispatched it across the continent by special messenger on the next plane.

"Hmm," said the old friends politely. But it was an awkward moment.

The tycoon didn't particularly approve of Terry's all-out sex campaign—though he'd never noticed her till she embarked on it. He actually put the kibosh on one press agent's stunt. Terry'd been all set to demonstrate that a girl could be dressed—more or less—in one handkerchief, if that handkerchief were artfully draped, but the tycoon said it "wasn't dignified." Regrettably, Miss Moore declined to pose.

That was about the only curb she placed on herself, however. In Europe, to make *Man On A Tightrope*, she explained to reporters that playing a whip-cracking circus queen had added an inch and three-quarters to her bust.

"The movement develops your pectoral muscles. It's not a wrist or arm movement, but with those pectorals—"

Home again from foreign shores, the new Terry Moore continued to operate. "I've got a terrific body, why not promote it?" she asked columnist Sheila Graham. She confided to someone else, "It's not what you've got, it's the way that you sell it." She and the tycoon seemed to be washed up by then, so Terry and Nicky Hilton began night-clubbing. One-time fans talked snidely. "She's going in for Liz Taylor's cast-offs."

She became the favorite of a half-dozen young oilmen from Texas who would fly

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

6, 7, 8—Bert Parry; 12—J. B. Scott; 13—International News Photos; 26—INP; 29—Staff; 32, 33—PicTory; 34, 35—Beerman, Parry; 36—MGM; 38, 39—Beerman, Parry; 41, 42, 43, 44—Beerman; 44—Parry; 46—Desert Sea News Bureau; 47—Warner Brothers; 48—Globe Photos; 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55—Globe Photos, Photographers: Carlyle Blackwell, Nate Culter, Larry Barbier, Jr., Jack Stager; 56, 57—Beerman, Parry; 58—MGM.

to Hollywood in their private planes just to have a date with her. Before her Florida location, she was dating heavily with attorney Greg Bautzer, who usually squired more mature stars like Jane Wyman, Joan Crawford and Ginger Rogers. Another favorite boyfriend was Al Besalink, the playboy-golf champion.

Then came Bob Wagner. They hadn't met until they started wardrobe fittings for *12-Mile Reef*. They dated for the Academy awards and the Romanoff's party afterward. They saw a lot of each other in Florida, what with water skiing, dancing and other pastimes. They liked each other's company, but marriage was the farthest thing from their minds. Bob has said repeatedly that he isn't ready for marriage.

All these affairs could react negatively on Terry's career. If she continues to play the field with such vigor, she could hit the same kind of reaction that Liz Taylor faced after her two engagements and her short marriage to Hilton.

ANOTHER danger signal for Terry Moore is the kind of publicity she has been getting since *Come Back, Little Sheba*. It came about as a normal reaction to her awakening to the facts of life in Hollywood.

She posed for some of the most sizzling art to come out of the studios. She pitched in enthusiastically on the sweater layout to end all sweater layouts. She posed in eight kinds of woolen garb, illustrating degrees of sexiness that can be achieved. Her mother, who makes much of her wardrobe, fashioned the sweaters for her.

She sponsored quotes of this quality: "Men always amaze me. I get to like a man and I think he's nothing but a good friend. I'd like to keep it that way, but suddenly I find out that he wants to get serious."

"That happened with a man I know, a business executive. I thought he was a very good friend and nothing else. Then I start to get all kinds of telegrams and things from him, asking for dates. He already has a wife!"

This line of publicity is splendid for attracting attention and establishing a personality. Certainly Terry has progressed farther in the past year than she did in all the rest of her Hollywood career. But no Hollywood career has been successfully sustained on sex alone. Somewhere along the line, ability and talent have to prove themselves. Although Terry nabbed an Oscar nomination, she has yet to make a real dent as an actress.

Also, there is a point when the sexy buildup can be a deterrent rather than a stimulant. Marilyn Monroe found that out. She zoomed to the top as a brilliant new name after one of the most effective publicity campaigns in Hollywood history. But then things began to get out of hand. The sexy routine was overdone, and the result was bad for her and her pictures. The climax came with the now famed attack by Joan Crawford. After that, Marilyn modified her tune.

Terry faces an added hazard. Since her ascent to fame, Marilyn's has produced little of a sensational nature; she has concentrated on a guy named Joe. But Terry has played a wide and exciting field in the romantic game. This reputation, plus her sexy publicity, could make for a bad impression on the movie fans.

TERRY Moore is a vital, interesting and likable girl. That's one of her main troubles—she wants to be liked.

"She wants to be all things to all people," said one of her closest observers. "She tries to be the Laughing Girl, The Serious Student, The Outdoor Girl, The Indoor

Girl, according to the likes of the person she is with. She wants to please, but the trouble is you can't please everybody."

Terry tries to please the person she is with at the moment. But that sometimes means hurting another person who is not present. Take a recent happening.

A public relations counselor undertook to advise her on her publicity. The young fellow's arguments sounded logical, and she wanted to please him.

A few days later, the man who directed publicity for *Come Back, Little Sheba* received a letter from Terry. It was a sharply worded statement that indicated she was displeased with the publicity on the *Sheba* campaign. Hereafter, she wrote, all her publicity would have to be cleared through the young man who had counseled her.

Needless to say, the *Sheba* press agent blew his top. Hadn't the *Sheba* campaign resulted in an Academy nomination for Terry? He called her home immediately.

Her mother answered. "Terry isn't here," she said.

"Just tell her I got her letter," was the reply. "Tell her there will be no need to clear any publicity. There won't be any. I'm clearing out the files on her and destroying all the photos."

A few weeks later, Edith Head, the designer, called the *Sheba* publicist. "Terry Moore is here," she said. "She wants to borrow a dress from the picture to wear to a premiere. It's just a formality, but I had to get your okay."

"The answer is no." Two minutes later, Terry was in his office, sobbing that she had never seen the letter he received. But press agents, like elephants, never forget. She didn't get the dress.

On another occasion, she was on a personal appearance in San Francisco. Ardent

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*Ann Pinkham, modern-day voice of Lydia Pinkham.

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| Howard Keel | Maurice O'Hara | Shirley Temple | Van Johnson | John Wayne |
| Frank Sinatra | Alan Ladd | Debra Paget | Elizabeth Taylor | Joel McCrea |
| Gene Kelly | Jane Fonda | June Allyson | Dawn Marshall | Humphrey Bogart |
| Sally Forrest | Faye Dunaway | Linda Darnell | Jerry Lewis | Ray Bolger |
| Beth Bonan | Ann Baxter | Mona Freeman | Mark Stevens | Scott Brady |
| Virginia Mayo | Hedy Lamarr | Betty Grable | Loretta Young | James Stewart |
| | Carole Wilson | Carole Lombard | Joan Crawford | Audrey Hepburn |
| | Dana Clark | Jane Leslie | Greer Garson | Marilyn Monroe |
| | Jeff Chandler | Jane Russell | Terry Moore | Debbie Reynolds |
| | Doris Day | Shelley Winters | Janis Paige | Olivia DeHavilland |
| | Lana Turner | Joanne Crain | Gregory Peck | Bing Crosby |
| | William Holden | Lauren Bacall | Wm. Lundigan | John Derek |
| | Gary Cooper | Gloria DeHaven | Ruben Young | Cory Grant |
| | Malvina Reynolds | Pia Maymorn | Vic Damone | Donald O'Connor |
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Nicky Hilton had flown up to rendezvous with her. She pledged the publicist accompanying her to secrecy. "I don't want it out that he's up here seeing me," she said.

An hour later, the publicist overheard her on the phone. She was telling Louella Parsons all about how Hilton had come to San Francisco to see her. It was the same old story of Terry wanting to please.

You can't always do that in Hollywood. The town is full of people who live off movie stars. They will use the stars to their own advantages, and that means

hurting someone else, almost inevitably.

Terry can't please everybody, and she will have to learn who are her real friends and brush off the others. There is no malice in her makeup. The petty things she might do are usually the result of someone else's connivance.

Terry has all the elements for a sturdy success in pictures. She has a pretty face, a sexy build, lots of vitality and an eagerness to learn more about acting. She has worked hard to get where she is, and she can go higher—if she will heed the danger signals.

END

bing crosby: "it's time to quit"

(Continued from page 26) in the golf tournament against a Frenchman named Pierre Bouchayer. Clad in a bright yellow sweater, his favorite checked cap, and playing effortlessly in the rain, the Groaner won his match handily.

The next day Bing lost his third round match and was put out of the tournament. "Even Lindsay could do better," he cracked. Only son Lindsay had gone over to England to watch the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth from the window of the Alan Ladd's hotel suite.

BING's announcement concerning his departure from the motion picture field doesn't mean that he's giving up show business. Entertaining is in his blood. He likes to sing. He loves to make people happy. But he no longer sees any sense in becoming a slave to time. This is why the advertising agencies and the various cigarette sponsors are finding it impossible to pin him down to accepting any of a half-dozen different television offers, and why he will not put his name to any motion picture contract which calls for him to make a certain number of films a year. "The way he feels now," a writer friend of his recently explained, "Bing wants to taper off, maybe do guest shots and his recordings and nothing else. Once he makes a definite commitment such as a radio show, then he's tied down. For example, on this recent junket to Europe, he was recording half-a-dozen radio shows.

"He's a man who has never liked to work, and he's spent the last 25 years doing exactly that. He doesn't regret any of his accomplishments. He's glad he's done all the things he's done. But if it weren't for Dixie and the boys, if it weren't for his brother Everett constantly making deals for him, Bing would have been just as happy as a part-time crooner on some two-bit radio show.

"I know this sounds kind of screwy because this guy is loaded with a hefty bank account, but he's never been ambitious. Even as a young guy he realized that money didn't necessarily mean happiness."

Strangely enough, no one in show business seems to take Bing's retirement plans seriously although the man has a long record of saying exactly what he means.

In fact, one week after the crooner said his days in films were limited and that he just wanted to relax, play golf and take it easy, a representative of the Ford Motor Company rang him up in Paris.

"Look, Mr. Crosby," he explained. "The Ford Motor Company is having a two-hour television show on two different networks. Part of our 50th anniversary celebration. We want you to appear on the program. How about it?"

"I don't mind," Bing said, "except that I'm here and you fellas are there, 3,000 miles away."

"Don't worry about that," the Ford man

said. "We'll hop a plane and photograph you in Paris." Whereupon Mr. Wicliffe Crider, a vice president of Kenyon & Eckhardt, the advertising agency that controls the Ford account, caught a plane to France on a Friday.

A day later Bing, and a friend of his who plays the guitar, turned up in a local Parisian studio where the Groaner was asked what he'd like to do on the show.

"Let me see," he said. "Over the years I've sung a lot of tunes. The one that's done the most for me is *White Christmas*. That's the one I want to sing. Besides," he added, "with all the Paris distractions of the Louvre and other art works, who can learn new material?"

Bing also asked if Bob Hope had been signed for the Ford TV show. When told that Hope wasn't appearing, the Groaner cocked his left eyebrow in feigned surprise. "Impossible," he cracked. "Hope's on everything else. And speaking of old ski-nose, you know something? I've been eating so much pressed duck in these French gastronomic parlors that I'm starting to walk like him."

It took a little less than an hour, and the advertising man had his Crosby telefilm. He winged back to the States that same night, and 48 hours later, Bing, living it up along the Champs Elysées, was being seen and heard on more than 50,000,000 television sets throughout the U. S.

THE people who caught Crosby on that particular television program remarked that he looked very much like the gay, carefree, insouciant Groaner of old, but the truth is that ever since Dixie's death her widower has been going around with a heavy heart.

It's no secret that one of the reasons Bing and his son Lindsay went to Europe this past Spring was to get away from familiar surroundings, an environment which would arouse old memories of Dixie.

But a man can't run away from himself, and it's in Bing's heart and mind that he carries the most poignant memories of the little woman who married him in adversity, inspired him to success, and blessed him with four boys on the way up.

In Europe, for example, whenever he was interviewed, he somehow always managed to say in one way or another, "Dixie has left a very big void in our house." And then a veil of sadness would pass over his eyes, and he would take out his pipe and fill it with tobacco and say something casual like, "I've always smoked a lot, but my voice has never been bothered by the vice." And then the newsmen would ask more questions, take the interrogation away from Dixie and center it on his European trek.

"How do you like Paris, Monsieur Bing?" And Monsieur Bing would say, "I give it the regular tourist bit. I like to wander around the Bois de Boulogne and the

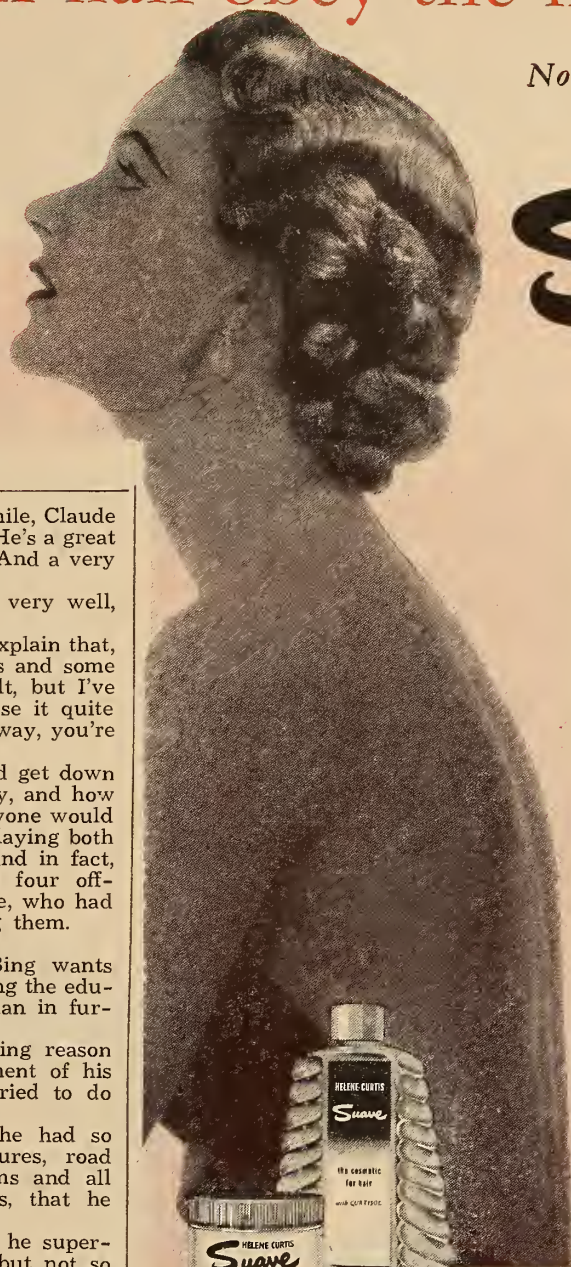
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Like most husbands, this father of four used to nod and say, "Okay, Dixie, I'll see to it that they toe the line." But the job usually reverted to Dixie and she had her hands full, because whenever she'd approach Gary and say, "How can you possibly wear a green shirt with blue trousers?" Gary would say, "That's nothing. Did you see Pop this morning?"

Dixie would explain that Bing was color blind and that the boys were never to follow their father's example in dressing, but this filial tendency of theirs was something she never succeeded in overcoming.

Before Dixie passed away, before, in fact, she submitted to the operation which revealed her incurable illness, she sensed that she might not be around very much longer, and she and Bing had a long talk on what they wanted for their sons.

DIXIE pointed out that in many ways a celebrated father is a handicap to sons. Sometimes they feel that they can't hope to equal the old man in achievement so they never try. Dixie also knew that there was a tendency for the boys to slide through on their father's reputation. She was afraid that the boys wouldn't do well in school because they had no incentive. She and Bing had set up large trust funds for each of them. Why would they study and make something of themselves? Basically it would come down to character, to breeding, to training, to the thoughts and ideals and objectives she and Bing had imbued in them.

If the boys turned out well, then she and Bing had made a success of their marriage. If the boys didn't, then she and Bing had failed. On that they agreed.

Now that Dixie has passed on, and Bing must shoulder the full load, he is determined to see that his sons develop into men of character. "They've got to have a goal in life," he says, "a philosophy. They've got to know where they're heading, and they've got to make their own way. And until each of them is 21, I'm going to keep right on their tails seeing that they stay in line."

Bing promised his Dixie that he'd look after their sons, and if that calls for abandoning his motion picture career in order to get more overseeing time—well, that's nothing.

Two decades ago, a bright young actress at the pinnacle of success abandoned her career for husband and children. Dixie Lee Crosby abandoned it permanently for what she felt was a woman's real work in life.

In Bing's mind, he's merely finishing the job they started together. He hopes to get the time to finish it well.

Champs, and every once in a while, Claude Dauphin comes along with me. He's a great guide, shows me all the sights. And a very fine actor, too."

"And can you speak French very well, Monsieur Bing?"

And Crosby would grin and explain that, "I've been to France four times and some of the phrases are very difficult, but I've managed to learn one, and I use it quite a bit. I know how to say, 'Go away, you're bothering me.'"

But eventually the talk would get down to the youngest Crosby, Lindsay, and how he liked Europe; and then everyone would quickly realize that Bing was playing both mother and father to his son and in fact, would have to look after his four offspring without the help of Dixie, who had done the lion's share of raising them.

THERE is little doubt that Bing wants to spend more time supervising the educational progress of his boys than in furthering his own career.

This is probably the motivating reason behind the projected abandonment of his motion pictures. Of late he's tried to do no more than two films a year.

While his boys were small he had so much to do, what with pictures, road trips, recordings, radio programs and all of his many business interests, that he didn't see too much of them.

Last year when Dixie was ill he supervised the boys rather closely, but not so closely that Gary, the oldest, wasn't on the verge of "busting out" at Stanford.

"I made a mistake with Gary," Bing told me a little while ago. "I gave him a car as a graduation gift when he got out of prep school. He took it up to Stanford, and I don't think he cracked a book. Dixie wrote him a strong letter—that's putting it mildly—and told him that if he failed in his studies we'd see to it that he went right into the Army. Well, he didn't fail."

Of course, Bing has always made it a point to spend at least one month every summer with his gang up at the Crosby ranch in Elko, Nevada. And he's always seen to it that his boys work diligently for their salaries. In fact he's been so intent on not spoiling them that occasionally a friend will tell him that he acts more like a Prussian drill master than a loving father.

Bing admits that friends of his offspring frequently regard him as a two-headed monster but he also recalls Dixie's recurrent criticism of his behavior as a father, "Bing, you're too easy on the boys."

It was also Dixie's contention that her husband overlooked his sons on their table manners and their general social decorum.

why doesn't he marry the girl?

(Continued from page 29) and straight to the point, and while he admits the warmth and affection he feels for Ursula, and she undoubtedly feels for him, he is nevertheless afraid to broach the subject of marriage, because in his own heart and in his own mind, he's afraid to take the fateful step. And not without good reason.

He's been burned once. In 1939, after a tempestuous and highly-publicized courtship, he married a charming, levelheaded actress, Barbara Stanwyck, who was five years older than he. Now Bob knows much about the transiency of his own affections. And he simply doesn't want another marriage that won't last.

All Hollywood, however, insists that the ceremony is as inevitable as the rising of the sun, and moreover, and this is most unusual, everyone prophesies that a Taylor-Thiess marriage would be lasting and certainly the best thing in the world for these two people. Separated, they are lonely and miserable, while together, they are vivacious and happy.

LATE in May, for example, before *Knights Of The Round Table* got under way, Bob flew into London for a little pre-production work. Excitement was riding the crest in England—it was just before the Coronation—and there was much to do and much to see in the old city. Only Bob was homesick for his Ursula.

Being a man of action he picked up the phone in the Savoy Hotel and called his pilot, Ralph Couser, back in California. "Things are awfully dull for me," he said. "How about you flying mother and Ursula to Beatrice?" (Beatrice is a picturesque city of 12,000 in Nebraska where Bob was raised.) Couser said, "Sure. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to catch a plane out of here," Bob said, "and you can pick me up in Chicago."

Bob Taylor has owned a twin-engine Beechcraft for many years, one of the few luxuries he indulges in; and not long after he hung up on the transatlantic phone, his mother, his girlfriend, and his pilot were heading for Nebraska.

Bob, in turn, took off from London, land-

ed in New York, then went on to Chicago where Ralph and Ursula picked him up, taking him eventually to Beatrice.

Bob and Ursula had only three days together in Beatrice, but you can be awfully happy in three days.

"We just drove around," Ursula says. "Bob showed me where he had lived and played as a little boy. He pointed out the Methodist Church where his parents used to sing. Just sight-seeing things like that."

Whether Bob and Ursula arrived at any agreement in Nebraska concerning their future, neither is saying—except that in all their conversations they have scrupulously avoided any discussion of marriage. It's as if the topic were tabu, as if it would destroy the climate of their relationship.

"We have both been married," Ursula says. "We know what the experience is. And we have absolutely no plans, either with each other or anyone else."

Yet when Bob kissed Ursula goodbye in Nebraska, reports spread like a prairie fire that the German-born actress would meet him in Europe later this year and perhaps even honeymoon abroad.

THERE is no doubt but that in her heart, Ursula Thiess hopes this will happen, although she is much too tactful to give voice to her hopes.

Ever since she first met Bob over a year ago—it was at a party thrown by her agent, Harry Friedman—she has refused to date any other man. She regards Taylor as the one perfect gentleman, and like most girls of Germanic background, she doesn't consider herself to be his equal.

All she wants to do is to cook for him, to clean for him, to serve him and make him happy, because her greatest joy in life is giving of herself.

If Bob Taylor asked her to give up her acting career, she would do it in a minute. She has none of the aggressive spirit, none of the overwhelming ambition, none of the force which drives Barbara Stanwyck on to endless work.

As Bob's mother, a very discerning and intelligent woman, says, "I like Ursula. She's a lady. No drinking, no carousing around. She never complains. She lives alone in that little one-room apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, and I like to see her occasionally. I'm not a match-maker, and

I know absolutely nothing about how Bob and Ursula feel toward each other. I do know, however, that Bob is entitled to any happiness he can get. He has always been a good son, and he has always lived a clean and upstanding life. He's a sincere man and he always expected his marriage to be as happy as mine and his father's. As he's grown older, I'm afraid he has grown a little disillusioned. But I'm glad he has Ursula for a friend."

No matter what she may or may not say, Ursula wonders how Bob will be affected when this September he meets her children for the first time. Ursula hopes to go back to Hamburg this Fall and to collect her daughter and son, Manuela 9 and Michael 7, and to introduce them to Taylor somewhere on the continent.

Bob likes children. He always has, but whether he would marry the mother of two offspring, whether this would have any effect upon his marital outlook—these are the things no one knows.

Bob is 41, although he looks much younger, and perhaps a ready-made family would be perfect for him—many of his friends think so—but he himself doesn't know his own feelings. It is quite a responsibility to make a home for a woman and two children. Jimmy Stewart pulled it off very neatly and then added twins to the family package. But whether Bob Taylor will see his way clear to assume the same burden depends entirely on how much he wants Ursula Thiess as a wife.

Not many people know it, but Taylor has never reached the financial brackets of, say, a Clark Gable or a Spencer Tracy. He started out at Metro in 1934 for very little money and after 15 years reached a \$3,500-per-week salary. When he was divorced from Stanwyck, Barbara not only got their home which she promptly re-sold for \$146,000 but she also insisted upon a little clause in the financial settlement which calls for her to receive 15% of Taylor's gross earnings until her remarriage. The basic truth is that Barbara Stanwyck has earned much more money in her career than Taylor has, but Taylor has never uttered a single word about that financial settlement.

The point, however, is that financially he may not feel himself able to take on Ursula and her children. He bought his mother a lovely home many years ago. He sleeps in the servants quarters and hangs his clothes in a kitchen alcove; and he pays all the bills plus upkeep of his plane and salary for his pilot, and what with taxes, he doesn't have very much left at the end of a year.

Unlike other actors who have gone abroad for 18 months to escape Federal income levies, Bob has never even suggested that to his studio although it would have been extremely simple for him to have stayed on in Europe after he finished *Quo Vadis*.

Ursula Thiess, of course, earns a weekly salary from RKO although she has yet to make a film there, but it is a relatively small salary, and I'm sure she would abandon it if Taylor could ever get around to proposing marriage.

WHEN they're together in Hollywood Bob and Ursula like best to meet at her apartment where the actress prepares delicious home-cooked meals. "We like being at home, like to talk to each other. I like to cook, and somebody already told me here in America—that is the best way to a man's heart. It is nice to talk to Bob. When he is away, I am extremely lonely, unhappy. I have a few friends, but right now they are in Europe; and when people talk to me, reporters—well, I am extremely horrified. I read only recently about such terrible stories concerning me and Barbara Stanwyck and Bob. How you call it,

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a triangle? It was ridiculous. I have never known Bob when he was married.

"I know it is part of being an actress, this publicity, but with me it is a little different. I am the mother of children. I hope to bring them over to this country shortly, and I have a kind of responsibility as a mother. There are schools, and children can be very brutal, and one must always think of these things.

"When Bob and I are together, we talk of many things. It so happens that we are not people who go very much to night clubs or previews. We enjoy talking. We are friends. I cannot say what will come of our friendship. Reporters can make up stories. They can say things that hurt us, but they are not true."

Two years ago the girl who speaks thus could speak no English at all. At the time she was 25 and had arrived in this country, fresh from Hamburg, on the heels of a lucky break.

A photographer had shot some photos of her in Germany and had sent them in to *Life*. Howard Hughes had seen them and ordered RKO executives to cable an offer.

When Ursula received this first wire she was convinced it was a gag and ignored it. The second wire, however, seemed genuine, and a month after she received it, she was in Hollywood, studying English under the aegis of drama coach Florence Enright.

URSULA Thiess was born Ursula Schmitthuth in Hamburg, Germany, 27 years ago. Her father was an importer of sorts, and when the war broke out in Europe, his business went to pot. An only child, Ursula was married at 18 to film director George Thiess. They had two children.

Luckily, the family managed to survive the allied bombings and the general devastation of the conflict. The Thiess marriage was not that lucky. It was dissolved in

1947 with Ursula and the two children going home to live with her mother.

Faced with the necessity of earning a living, the tall, beautiful German girl became a photographer's model earning very little money, just managing to keep body and soul together.

Then came the lucky break of the *Life* photographs and the RKO contract. In four months, a ridiculously short time, Ursula learned English and learned it so well that she was ready to accept major speaking parts.

Florence Enright says, "I've had bright pupils before, but Ursula was one of the best. She showed great industry. She worked hard."

A few days after Ursula was pronounced "ready to work," an independent production outfit called The Film Group checked in at RKO and asked for an actress who might play the lead in *Monsoon*, a Technicolor film to be shot in India.

RKO said, "How about trying Ursula Thiess? She has a face like an angel and a body like a goddess."

The boys from Film Group took a fast gander. Liking what they saw, they put Ursula aboard a plane to India. Three months later the film was finished and Ursula en route to Hollywood, stopped off in Hamburg to see her family. It was a joyful reunion, of course, and Ursula told them all about America and India and Hollywood; and she promised to do her best about bringing her children to California, a very difficult process since Ursula herself has only a visitor's visa and unless it is extended, she may be deported from the country.

After *Monsoon* and back in Hollywood, the German beauty with the grey-green eyes worked hard and long on her dramatics. At her agent's party one night she met Bob Taylor. It was an informal intro-

duction, "Miss Thiess, may I present Bob Taylor."

Taylor is one man who uses the slow approach. No fast line. No aimless chatter. He is handsome, debonair, and socially at ease, but he never tries to impress.

He let a few days go by, and then he phoned Ursula. He asked her out to dinner. She suggested dinner at her apartment. That's how it began, and it's grown bigger and better since that beginning.

At the moment, Bob Taylor is the hardest working actor in motion pictures, seven grade A films in two years and three more coming up. And as one friend has said, "This guy has been so busy he's scarcely had time to read his mail. No kidding. Besides, by nature he's sort of a lone wolf. Likes to hunt and fish. Maybe concentrate on one dame. The kind of schedule he's had this year, it's lucky he could even manage a coffee-date."

Ursula Thiess has never gone hunting or fishing with Taylor, and I once asked Bob why. It seems that years ago he tried taking Barbara Stanwyck along with him on these jaunts. She didn't particularly like them, and now he's convinced that all women feel the same way about his outdoor activities.

WHAT he doesn't know is that Ursula Thiess is one woman who would follow him to the ends of the earth at the mere beckoning of his index finger. When he does realize that fact, he'll probably marry the girl, because he is basically a man who loves a home and wants a woman to cherish.

In Hollywood today they are giving even money on a Taylor-Thiess marriage—either late this year or early next or "just as soon as this guy gets enough time off to realize what a beautiful babe he is holding in his heart."

END



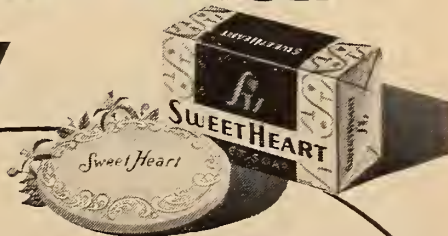
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"she oughta be in pictures"

(Continued from page 45) but from that point on the public—the only true Prince Charming in show business—took over and made the story of Elaine Stewart come true. The public, then, ought to know about her. Here is her story.

It all began, of course, before Elaine was born. A young girl, of Spanish ancestry, decided to abandon Europe and start her life in America. She was 18. A young man, of German descent, made up his mind to the same thing at the same time. He was also 18. On a murky day, early in the century, they boarded the same boat in Holland and set sail through an early morning fog for the new land. An hour after sailing time they met at the rail of the ship, and together watched the bulky final outline of the European coast slip into the distance. Then they turned and looked at each other.

Love at first sight is an expression that has been kicked around a good deal by the fiction writers, but the meeting of Ulrich and Hedwig was pretty close to it, at least as far as Elaine's dad was concerned. Within two days he was trying to get the captain of the ship to marry them, and making a great to-do about the matter. The captain, however, would have none of it, and Hedwig, a sensible girl, had minor objections, among which were the simple facts that Ulrich was a smart 18, had no money, was going to a strange land, didn't know the language and had absolutely no prospects.

It was five years later, after a long-distance romance between Chicago, where Hedwig settled, and New York, where Ulrich had gotten a start, that they finally married. And after a couple of years of nothing happening in Manhattan, the Steinbergs moved across the river to Montclair, New Jersey, and settled down for life.

ELAINE STEWART (then Steinberg) was born in Montclair, the eldest of four children. Her father by that time was a policeman and the family, although not in dire circumstances, didn't find it too easy to get along in a wealthy community on an honest cop's take-home pay. So Elaine was no pampered darling, and at a very early age, particularly after the other kids came along, learned the rudiments of cookery and house cleaning and the chores a girl in a poor family has to apply herself to instead of play.

But she was a dreamer. Mornings, as she walked to school, she'd vision a future that didn't seem probable. At first it was just pretty clothes and leisure and all the money she could spend. And then, under the spell of movie magazines, there came the dream of being a famous actress—but this was the most improbable of all, because even though she knew the Cinderella story had happened really, she couldn't picture it happening to her, or anybody in remote Montclair for that matter.

But the impulse to get closer to her dream was strong and when she was 13 years old it was decided she ought to get a job after school to help bolster the family income, she headed right for a movie theater and went to work as an usherette.

As Elaine herself remembers, she was not a particularly pretty girl, although others say she was. It was too early for her desire to be an actress to be called an ambition; it was still only a dream. But standing in the dark at the top of an aisle, watching the handsome shadows flit across the screen and listening to their voices she felt very close to them, almost part of the life they lived. She found herself patterning her dress, in a modest way, after

the stars she saw and inadvertently mimicked them. And, unlike most kids who have to work after school, she could hardly wait to get to her job each afternoon. It was better than classes.

There were times she almost lost her job. Some pictures more than others affected her like a drug. One of them was *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, an MGM picture incidentally. She was so taken with the loveliness and artistry of Lana Turner in this one that she staggered through the run of the show in a heady fog of confusion, often trying to seat several people in one seat—and not hearing a word that was spoken, except on the screen. It was about that time that the manager decided she'd be better off in the air, and he transferred her to the box-office, where she spent the next couple of years selling magic through a small round hole in a plate glass window.

Elaine was not a particularly popular girl in high school, something that would be hard to understand without her own explanation.

"We didn't have very much money," she said, "and most of the kids who went to school with me came from pretty well-off families. My wardrobe consisted of one skirt and one blouse—and I was always ashamed to go to parties and things like the other kids. Consequently, I didn't go out much, didn't mix with the other girls much, either."

NECESSITY finally took her away from the cinema. She was about 18 and the time had come to either marry or get into a line of work that offered a better future than a girl would find in a movie theater. She wasn't interested in any special boy, so she left her box-office and went to work as a secretary-nurse to a doctor. For a whole year she thought she had found her niche in life.

It might have been about this point in her life that Elaine finally took a good look in a mirror. She liked what she saw. Then she looked at some of the fashion magazines and decided, too, that most of the girls she saw on the covers and in the ads had nothing more to offer than she had. So, without any knowledge of how to go about it, she started for New York one morning to become a model.

The modeling business in New York is almost as difficult to break into as the movies, but Elaine didn't know that. She had read somewhere that a man named Harry Conover was big in this line, so she took a subway to his Vanderbilt Avenue headquarters and presented herself to his secretary.

Now getting to see Harry Conover personally without an appointment, and generally a letter of introduction, is almost as easy as paying a casual call on the mayor. It just isn't done that way. The secretary was rather astonished that anyone would try, and for that reason she brushed away many of the objections and after a few hours ushered Elaine into the presence of the big man.

Harry Conover's first impression is worth noting. "Never," he said, "have I seen such a get-up. Elaine was dressed as she thought a model ought to dress—and it was startling to say the least. She wasn't wearing an outfit, but a costume—all wrong. She was wearing as much make-up as the average clown. But I could see she had beauty beneath it all, and, more important, poise and class."

As Elaine remembers it, Conover stood behind his desk for a few minutes and stared at her pop-eyed. He asked her a few questions and then came around and gave her some advice.

"Get rid of those clothes," he said. "Get a simple black dress with nothing on it.

Then wash off all that goo and come back here next week. We'll see."

On the appointed day, Elaine showed up at Conover's office a different girl. She was wearing a black number as simple as they sold at Macy's and just a trace of lipstick on her face. And her hair was pulled back tight from her forehead. No jewels. This time Conover liked what he saw and got out an application blank. Elaine Stewart was a model.

WITHIN a few months Elaine was one of the hardest working models in New York. She still lived in Montclair, but she came to New York every morning and made the rounds of the photographers when Conover had no assignment for her.

"One of the reasons I got so many jobs," she said, "was that I worked when it was raining. In fact I'd look forward to rainy days. In bad weather most of the models stayed home, unless they had to go out, so I'd trot around to the photographers and advertising agencies and pick up the work that came in all of a sudden."

She is photogenically almost perfect, so Elaine's face soon began to appear on the covers of magazines—and pretty soon she didn't have to look for jobs any more, they came looking for her. She thought for awhile that this was the life she'd live, that she would always have a good income, and the work was pleasant, so why try for anything more. Hollywood was still a dream, still not an ambition.

If it hadn't been that models began working in television Elaine might never have even considered the dramatic arts. But after appearing on a few shows, just to show her face and figure, she decided she'd better learn a little about theatrical deportment. She began to study and the next thing she knew she was acting. It was just as simple as that.

Hal Wallis was the first producer to believe that Elaine Stewart might have something for pictures. He had seen her on a TV show and arranged to have her come to see him in his office. Wallis is a canny man, noted for his discovery of unknown talent, and he liked the presence Elaine had. So, without a test, and knowing full well she had no theatrical background, he signed her to a contract and sent her to California to appear with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in *Sailor Beware*.

They may be the greatest comics in the movies, but Martin and Lewis are the toughest actors in show business to debut with, no matter how beautiful you are. The only supporting player who ever got any notice with them was a chimpanzee. Elaine was good in their picture but lost in the mad, mad shuffle. And when her option time came around she was dropped automatically, because they had nothing for her to do. Elaine might have gone back to New York, but she met an agent named Johnny Darrow.

Darrow is the kind of man who doesn't believe anybody ever got anywhere giving up, so he took Elaine in hand and escorted her to the studios where he wore out carpets in front of executive desks telling big shots how wonderful his client was. The result was twofold: Elaine got a job at MGM, and found herself the possessor of a driving ambition to be a movie star.

ELAINE made five pictures at MGM and very few people knew she was on the lot. True, her parts were small, but they were the type known in Hollywood as build up roles. Elaine was a happy girl. She was studying and learning fast and every time she walked away from in front of a camera she knew something she hadn't known before.

It all came across at once in *The Bad And The Beautiful*, in which she played,

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oddly enough, the girl who walked into a big studio and took away the star's beau. That was just the story she had dreamed when she was an usher at the Bellevue Theatre in Montclair, and Lana Turner was the star she dreamed it about.

You may have noticed in the past few months that Elaine has been getting a lot of publicity as a new sex queen of the movies. MGM is really not responsible for this, because the heads of that studio feel that a girl must have more than just a beautiful face and body to cut the mustard at the box-office. It has been spontaneous — and it has Elaine worried.

"Obvious sex," she said, "is bad. I know. I was an usherette and I knew what the customers thought of it. Selling sex like fish is not only bad taste but the worst possible approach to success an actress can take. There are so many other emotions in life that people like to see on the screen. I don't want to be a sex star."

ASKED what she thought a star should sell, Elaine said: "I think you might call it glamor. Marlene Dietrich has it — and more than likely always will. She has it even though she's a grandmother. Lana Turner has it. She's never been obvious in her screen portrayals. It's her talent — and her glamor — that have kept her a star for years. I hope to be like her."

Another quality Elaine Stewart believes a star must have is gentility.

"I know movie-goers as they are in a small town," she said. "They're family people — and they like gentleness in the characters they see on the screen. If there is something you might call passion in a character on the screen it has to come from within them. It can't be tossed out into the front row. Most of the youngsters I know who go to the movies want to be like the stars they see — so they have to admire them. You can't really admire a girl if she's just plain wanton."

Elaine Stewart today lives just about that kind of a life. She is, off-screen, a quite simple person. She dresses in good but simple taste. She lives simply, in a small apartment she shares with another girl who works at the studio. Her private life is very much the same as it has been

all her life. She has no steady beau, and goes out only a couple of nights a week — and then to places that are not too fancy, but gathering places for the ordinary people of Hollywood.

Like it has always been, Elaine's biggest drive is earning a living. She has not forgotten the struggle the Steinberg family had when she was a little girl — and she doesn't intend to. She wants to make enough money to see that her dad and mother, the lovers of the immigrant boat, are comfortable in their declining years. She wants to see that her brother becomes an engineer who can build the bridges he dreams about now. She is fanatical about her family and carries a wallet full of pictures of them, which she shows to anyone who will look at them.

She may not be a top star yet, but MGM predicts without reservation that she will be. To assist this prediction the studio sends her out on the road to attend premieres of her pictures, and to show her to exhibitors about the land. One of these trips recently took her back to Montclair — and led to a citizen of that town making the understatement of the year.

Elaine's return to Montclair was a big event. Naturally there was a police escort; papa's a police sergeant now. And there were parties and receptions and personal appearances galore. But Elaine did manage to get a few free moments and at these times toured the city alone, looking in on the places she knew as a girl.

She's changed considerably since her high school days. Quite considerably. So it is not odd that a young man, standing on a Montclair street with a bunch of cronies, saw her coming out of a store and gave the longest whistle of appreciation he'd ever gotten out.

"Wow!" he said. "Who's the redhead?"

"That," said one of his pals, "is Elaine Steinberg. She used to live here a few years ago. She went to school with us."

"No kidding," said the whistler, who had not apparently seen the parades. "She ought to be in the movies!"

Well, old boy, she is. But good! **END**

don't play it safe!

(Continued from page 57) giving me pain, they were hammering out a new policy of living for me.

On my chest today are still faint scars attesting to the resolution I made that afternoon. Because I went out and did climb a tree. Going up wasn't bad but coming down I got panicky and hugged the trunk so tightly that I nearly cut a groove in the rough bark, or rather, it was the other way around and I got grooved. There is a floor in a New York skating rink that must be permanently weakened because I did get on skates and I did fall — repeatedly. And there are fellows around my old neighborhood who can recall, if they want to, that eventually I wasn't such a sucker for a left hook; at least I did learn how to hook back.

But there is more to it than that. Checking the route I took to get where I am today I can recall a lot of safe "stations" I reached on the journey and I remember how strong the temptation was each time to stay "put" and not take any chances on what might be further down the line. I see an office in New York where I might still be sitting, hunched over an art desk, my yearning for an acting career probably long stifled. I see a store, a lot of stores,

where I might still be clerking. I see, too, a restaurant where I might be serving up hamburgers and coffee (or maybe by now I would have worked up to de luxe dinners with choice of soup or salad).

I REMEMBER half a hundred times where I might have wriggled into a secure little niche and lived a secure little life. The urge to do it was strong; I was brought up to think this way. But my lesson was a strong one and I didn't. My lesson was that if all there is to living is the process of preserving one's self that's the way to do it — "hole up" somewhere where you won't get harmed, like a piece of moss satisfied with the sustenance it gets clinging to a stone. And the rest of my lesson was that being alive means more than this; being alive means developing as well as growing, using what you are to become what you can be.

My mother's constant solicitude for me probably stemmed in good part from the fact that I was not only her only child but all she had to show for a broken marriage. She tried to guard me from a life that had shown her very rough corners and she thought she could anticipate trouble for me by doing my thinking and even trying to guide my emotional reactions. Some of the ordinary phases of a boy's development, that are taken casually by most parents, or at least accepted

philosophically, tended to cause crises in our household. When I was about 11 years old and, in mother's opinion, ready to know all about the bees and the flowers, she was in a deep quandary on how to import the proper knowledge. Like many mothers in such cases she turned the whole job over to someone else—in this case, an uncle of mine.

He called me out to the sun porch one afternoon for a private "talk" in which not a word was said; he just handed me a 900 page book on eugenics which had been laying on a shelf in the house for years. What he and mother didn't know was that I was exactly 900 pages ahead of them—I had already read the book in secret early morning sessions. I don't know how much good I got out of it morally, but toting that big volume around certainly helped develop my muscles physically.

From earliest memory I had always wanted to be an actor and from a time just about as early there didn't seem to be anything definite I could do about it. Yet, I know now, that the reason I pushed for class presidency several times, and won several times, was to satisfy instinctive yearnings to "perform." Getting on my feet to make a speech to my classmates was the closest I could come to getting on a stage and portraying a role. Just the same, when I graduated from Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn it was to take art training rather than enter a school for drama. My mother, while not opposed to my ideas about acting, couldn't get herself to think of the stage in terms of a definite future for me. "You'll be getting a steady salary sooner as an artist than as an actor," she said. She was quite right. The salaries I eventually got in my early acting days were not steady and, in fact, were no salaries; they were "handouts."

AFTER several years as an art student I got a job doing advertising layout work in New York. My salary was \$18 a week and in return for this I not only did my own work but found time to assist the fellow at the next desk who seemed always to have tough going with his assignments. One day he showed me his paycheck; he was getting \$35 a week! "You're a little underpaid," he advised. "See what you can do for yourself."

I confronted the boss with my request for a raise and he finally agreed to up me to \$25 a week. But my next check remained the same and when I complained he told me that all raises had to be approved by the home office in Chicago, a process which might take weeks or even months. I felt exactly as I did the day the six kids clobbered me at the auction. "Cancel my application for the raise," I told the boss.

"Oh, fine!" he said, approvingly. "Also cancel me," I went on. "I'm quitting."

I had decided to seek new vistas, but those I found were not new enough. Returning to the art institute I was given a berth as an assistant instructor with free additional training as my only payment. For spending money I reverted to a childhood pursuit—gathering up pop bottles and turning them in at the market for cash.

I wasn't a very happy boy in those days; not because I was short of money, but because I was short of a satisfying prospect in life. It took a little time for me to figure things out but after a bit I decided that I needed a little love—and what I loved was the stage. One evening a pupil of mine took me to the Lyceum theater where the Feagin School of Dramatic Art was staging a play . . . and the marriage was made. The next day I walked into the school and announced that I was willing to do any kind of work for any length of time



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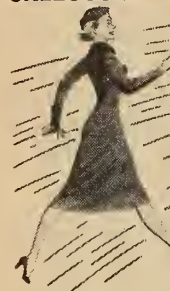
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if only they would teach me acting. It was a bargain, the best I have ever made. I had lots to do but they paid off with a scholarship that made me feel rich.

It only takes a few words to tell all about this but actually this started off a period of years in my life when I earned only pitiful pennies, at a time when jobs were plentiful and wages good—and yet I envied no man. The truth was that I was buying the kind of work I wanted, stage work, with the salaries I might have had doing other things. And I was happy to do it.

When I was invited, about this time, to take a job as assistant stage manager at the Millpond Playhouse in Roslyn, Long Island, at \$10 a week plus room and board, I didn't hesitate a moment. And though I had quit one job because they were slow giving me a raise to \$25 a week, I saw nothing inconsistent in the fact that I stuck on at the playhouse when my ten dollars was cut to five dollars a week, and even when the five failed to show up for weeks at a time! With each dime I didn't get, my option on a fine future was stronger, or at least that's the way I felt. I wasn't living a safe and sane life, there were nights in the playhouse when we had to go scrounging around for wood or coal to keep from being frozen to death, but it was a very hopeful one! Why I actually played lead roles at the playhouse! No fat salary check, no fine clothes, sporty car or comfortable apartment, could give me the same thrill.

Ten dollars a week. It stayed as my top salary for a long time . . . when I got it. It was exactly my salary when I left the playhouse with a buddy of mine, Bill Bryan, to open up a new summer theater in Marengo, Illinois. We started from scratch, yet I never had a bitter moment. On the contrary I was bathed in a prospect of happiness. The season we put on was a successful one and I look back at each day I spent there (it is known as The Shady Lane Playhouse and one of the best known in the country) as a bright page in my life.

Just about this time, as the movie scripts I have it, came the war. I had returned to New York from Marengo, and was crossing Seventh Avenue one afternoon, when I saw Bill Bryan walking towards me from the other side.

"Where you been?" I called.

"I just enlisted with the cavalry," he yelled back, as we neared each other. "Why don't you join the same outfit?"

"But I wanted to get into the air corps," I returned.

"Oh, let's stick together," he urged.

Just as we met in the middle of the street I made my decision. "Okay!" I said.

If a writer ever gave me such a scene to play in a picture I'd tell him he was crazy—but that's exactly how it happened. In no time at all we were both stationed at Ft. Riley, Kansas, and I was getting my basic training in riding which, the way the Army does it, begins with learning how to use a shovel.

Nevertheless I got so emotionally involved with horses that when the army decided to motorize the cavalry I resented it as bitterly, I think, as any of the regular old army wranglers we had for sergeants. In fact I applied for officers' training in anti-aircraft and, making still another switch later on, wound up my four years of service as a lieutenant in the infantry. At that time I found myself with more money than I had ever had before in my life, almost \$3,000 in cash or due me in terminal pay. It felt good. There was a strong temptation to get a job, try and save more money, and build myself up financially. "You're not a kid any more," my friends told me. "You've got a chance to be a solid citizen now."

They might have been right. But even if I wasn't a kid I still had the same dreams. I decided to bet every penny of my money on myself as an actor. I went to Hollywood, bought a thousand dollars worth of clothes, and started to find a job in radio or movies. In five months my money was gone and producers knew me only as another name on a long list of hopeful actors which they rarely bothered to check.

"Now will you come home?" my mother wrote.

I didn't. I applied for a job as counter-man in the White Tower hamburger stands. And almost at the same time I got my first radio job—a few lines to say on a local 15-minute show that brought me a total of \$14 in take-home pay. But I must have given the show at least 14 dollars worth of acting because I was called back to do it again next week. It was all the encouragement I needed.

I started knocking on doors like crazy. A few more small jobs came my way. Then, one day, upon learning that a radio producer was looking for someone to play an important part in his show of the coming week, I decided to declare myself a contender. I approached the situation somewhat haltingly, I guess, and soon found myself on the receiving end of a brush-off. As I turned to leave, I planted a firm foot and asked to read for the part right then and there. The reaction to this was skeptical but agreeable. So I read.

Well, I'd like to report that I got the part. I didn't. But I impressed the producer sufficiently for him to give me another part on the same show.

And from that time on I started to click in radio. Soon, with shows like "Michael Shayne, Detective" and "Our Miss Brooks" to my credit I began to get attention from the movie studios . . . but not the kind of attention I wanted. It was apparent soon that I could get into pictures but only in small "mug" parts.

"You don't think you're a leading man type, do you?" asked one producer incredulously.

I nodded. It wasn't a matter of vanity. I have never considered myself a pretty boy. But from my experience on the stage I knew that an audience doesn't consider handsomeness to be the most important requisite of a character in whom it can interest itself. The drama of life, which makes the best kind of drama on stage, happens to all sorts of fellows, including those who wouldn't be selected to pose for collar ads.

But the producer laughed. He mentioned a former gorilla-visaged wrestler, now turned actor, as the sort of character he compared me to. "If he refuses to do a job for us we'll call you," he said.

I wanted to get into the movies and had I been willing to accept parts like this I could have gotten started much sooner . . . but I was still determined not to play scared about my career. I waited and I kept trying out for the kind of part I wanted. One day it would come along and I was willing to gamble. One day it did.

When Universal-International decided I was just the man they wanted to play the group leader in *Sword In The Desert*, I knew I had been right all the time . . . not playing my dreams safe.

"This is a story of a group of fighters fighting for their people," the producer at Universal-International told me. "They have no place in the world and they want to make one for themselves no matter what the risk. Do you think you can understand the part?"

Understand it? I think so!

END

(Jeff will soon be seen in U-I's *East Of Sumatra*.)

how we fell in love

(Continued from page 30) They said nothing about this because they are people who bear rather than share their problems. But both of them, without seeking it, were ripe and ready for the exciting companionship they once had found but could find no longer in their own marriages.

No one ever knows the truth about any marriage except the participants, and in many cases even the principals are afraid to acknowledge the diminution in mutual respect and affection. It is common practice to judge the success of a marriage by the exterior trappings—big house, big car, big career. And with that standard of measurement the Janie Powell-Geary Steffen *entente* was a huge success. But was it a big success in Janie's heart?

Geary was the first love in her somewhat sheltered, inexperienced life, the life of an unsophisticated 18-year-old girl. Despite the fact that she is Protestant and he is Catholic, despite the fact that she is in show business and he is not, despite the fact that there are great differences in their temperaments, backgrounds, and outlooks, Janie and Geary were married. And it was only after marriage that Janie matured into full womanhood and could appraise men with a realistic eye.

It is safe to say that had Jane Powell met Gene Nelson before she met Geary Steffen, she never would have married Geary in the first place.

Only she didn't meet Gene until three and a half years ago, and the meeting was most perfunctory. "I was down at the beach with Miriam," Nelson recalls, "and Jane was there with Geary. I'd known Geary for some time, had seen him around the skating rinks, places like that. He introduced us to Janie. We said hello and then, as I remember, went back home. I used to ice-skate in the Sonja Henie troupe and so did Geary. Only he came a few years after I left."

Once in a great while there is an instantaneous rapport between two people, a spontaneous combustion of sorts, but between Janie and Gene on this meeting-at-the-beach occasion, there was nothing like that.

Jane and Geary went on to have some children, and Gene went on to become a big dancing star at Warner Brothers. The Nelsons and the Steffens rarely ran into each other.

Early this year, however, a small, talented, lyric writer named Sammy Cahn was working as a Warner's producer. Sammy had written some lyrics for Janie at Metro, and when he was putting together *Three Sailors And A Girl*, he quite naturally remembered the cute little star and sought to borrow her from the Culver City lot.

Having nothing scheduled for Janie, MGM was happy to loan her out for \$75,000. When Gene Nelson heard that Jane Powell was coming to Warner's, a broad grin filled his face. "It's always exciting to have a new partner. When Janie reported to the studio, I was one happy guy. It was the feeling of newness. Nothing else."

As anyone who has ever worked at Warner's will tell you, Gene Nelson is the friendliest actor on the lot, also the kindest. It's in the nature of the man to help people.

With Janie he was his usual bouncing, effervescent self, joking, kidding, showing her around, taking lunch with her, walking across the street to a restaurant called The Smokehouse.

As one publicity man said during the course of the production, "You'd think

Nelson and Powell were brother and sister. They're the happiest. Real crazy!"

EVERY married woman, consciously or sub-consciously compares every man she meets with her husband. And similarly every married man compares the girls he encounters with his wife.

Jane and Gene did exactly that, and gradually, almost imperceptibly they looked forward to seeing each other. They were glad to leave home and get to work. In a business where many leading women cannot abide their opposites, the Nelson-Powell relationship offered a refreshing contrast. "The truth," one chorus girl told me a few months ago, "is that when Janie Powell and Gene Nelson dance, they look as if they were blown together."

There is no doubt but what friendly propinquity engenders affection, especially if both parties are basically unhappy at home; and it wasn't very long before Jane and Gene became fast friends.

"It was the darndest thing," Nelson recently explained to a friend. "We'd be having a cup of coffee and I'd catch myself looking at Jane in the strangest way. Not with my eyes but my heart. I remember giving myself a little pep-talk. 'You're a grown-up boy. Stop mooning over this kid.'"

But there is a strange, nameless chemistry in sexual attraction, and each time Jane and Gene would glance at each other or drop a word, they would smile, their blue eyes would twinkle, and their hearts would beat just a little bit faster.

But everything was under control. Had anyone at that point approached either of these two players and said, "Look, I think you two kids are falling in love," the interloper would have been laughed off the lot. For insofar as they were concerned, Jane and Gene were maintaining the fiction of their individual idyllic marriages. They were a pair of respectably married stars who were having one great time making a film together. They worked hard, and they played hard, and whenever there were a few spare minutes between takes, they could be found sitting on the steps of each other's dressing room, gabbing and joking and discussing their next sequence together.

"When we saw each other," Gene says honestly, "for me it was like riding on clouds."

It wasn't that way for Gene Nelson at home. After 11 years of marriage to Miriam, a marriage hampered by one separation and blessed by the arrival of one son, Gene's relationship with his wife had deteriorated into an arrangement of mutual tolerance.

Certainly, it was no fault of Miriam's, for here is a young woman of beauty, intelligence, and understanding, a woman who had stood by her man when he had no money, no job, only hope.

Here is a woman who gave up her own professional dancing career when Gene was lucky enough to get a movie contract, a wife who had filled in as secretary, companion, cook, mother, and jack-of-all-trades, a wife who, after giving her man one son, suffered a near-tragic miscarriage last year.

MIRIAM had done everything to make Gene happy, and he, in turn, had worked his head and feet off to give her and Chris all the comforts and security to which he felt them entitled. Only somewhere along the line, the love they had once felt for each other had cooled. They had tried to fire it up again, to make it blaze with zest and passion, but something inexplicable had been lost. And it was no one's fault. (Continued on next page)

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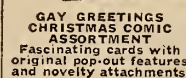
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But a man has his work, and Gene has always been happy at dancing, and, with Jane Powell beside him, no one ever imagined that he was not the most well-adjusted actor on the lot. But during the filming of *Three Sailors And A Girl*, the terrible soul struggle that was to alter his life began to make itself known.

"One afternoon," he recalls, "after Janie and I had been working together for many weeks, we were taking lunch or something. I didn't want to say it, didn't want to louse it all up by getting serious, but sometimes you feel all choked up and you've just got to say what's in your heart and mind, and I tried to pass it off as a gag, and I said very lightly, 'Janie, something's happening between us.' And she smiled and said softly, 'I know it, Gene.'"

That evening after work, Gene and Janie had a drink together, and while neither of them would discuss their individual marriages, it became apparent to both of them that there was some inadequacy, some mis-mating along the line—because if these two people were idyllically married to another man and another woman, or if even one of the marriages was so ecstatically happy, what were the two of them doing there in a restaurant? Each should have been terribly anxious to get home.

This realization, of course, went unspoken. All Jane and Gene knew was that they liked spending time together. Both were very much afraid of delving any deeper.

It was Gene who made the first break, and it came not long after Janie's birthday party. Gene had been asked along with his wife, and Marsh and Barbara Thompson and Earl Brent, Janie's arranger, and Andy and Della Russell. It was on the night of April 1st, Janie's 24th birthday when Gene realized that he was very much in love with Janie. That at least is what he named his desire, the desire to see her all the time, to be near her, to work with her, to hear her voice.

Gene Nelson is an honorable man, and what he felt he kept to himself, hoping that somehow the tug at his heart would fade, go away, disappear. But it didn't. The more he worked with Janie, the greater the heartache, because he felt that under the circumstances nothing could or would come of what was probably a one-sided friendship. He was just a poor sucker who had gone overboard for a very wonderful, unattainable girl, a girl he was always sure he would love and respect if only from a distance.

Now when a man feels as Gene Nelson felt, his wife can read him easily. One evening after returning from the studio, the dancer was so obviously perplexed by his dilemma that Miriam edged up to him and said, "What's wrong?"

It was a fearful decision to make, but Gene made it. "I'd sooner cut off my right arm," he said, "than hurt you, but there's no sense, Miriam, in our living a lie. I've fallen in love with somebody else, and I want you to know the truth."

THEY talked until three in the morning.

Was it just an infatuation? Had he ever told Jane that he loved her? No, he hadn't. Well, maybe it would all pass. Maybe it was just a one-picture romance? Here was a husband hopelessly bedeviled and a wife trying to preserve a marriage which she knew in her heart might not be worth the fight for preservation. But where children are concerned, no rash decisions must ever be made. Then again, a woman's whole life is her marriage and to see one being dissolved after 11 years of effort and heartache is a confession of failure and love lost. No

one must easily relinquish what was fought for so dearly.

Under the circumstances, Miriam Nelson was superb. "I'm going to Las Vegas for a week or two," she said. "That'll give you time to think things out. Maybe this is an infatuation, a quick thing. Maybe you'll get it out of your system."

Miriam took off for Vegas, and the Nelson family friends descended upon Gene. "Are you crazy?" one demanded. "Is it true that you've asked Miriam for a divorce?" . . . "What sort of idiot are you, anyway?" . . . "Don't be a jerk, Gene. No one gets divorced after ten, eleven years." . . . "Think of your son, little Chris." . . . "Suppose you are unhappy. Who says you have to be happy all the time?"

They went to work on Gene, and they did a fine job on him. They got him so muddled he couldn't find his way home nights. They advised him when working with Jane Powell to say nothing more than, "Good morning," and, "See you at work tomorrow." They insisted that he give his marriage another try.

Gene finally agreed. He rang up Miriam in Vegas and said, "Please, Miriam. Come home, and we'll see if it gets any better."

Miriam came home the next evening, and Gene the next day began treating Janie Powell as if she were a leper. Janie couldn't understand the quick change. "We don't have to be friends," she told him on the set—and there was an unspeakable hurt in her tone, "but let's not be enemies."

Gene tried staying away from Janie. "As the Lord is my Witness," he says, "I tried to make every scene strictly business. But it killed me. It just did. By trying to kill off the love I felt for Jane I wasn't building up any more love for Miriam. It was just useless. It didn't work. I knew in my heart that I was completely gone on Janie."

As for Jane, she knew she had fallen in love with Gene. They had never more than held hands, but what she felt for him was more intense than anything she had ever felt for Geary.

The weekend the film was finished, Jane decided to go down to Palm Springs with Geary and to ask him for a divorce. She knew what such a request would cost her—friends, family, criticism, tears, legal hassels, but, like Gene, she saw no point in living a lie. Why be unhappy with one man for the rest of your life when you could live in joy with another?

She had been a good wife under many trying circumstances, none of which had ever been publicized. Geary had been a good husband, but she had fallen out of love with him. She wanted her freedom, and she knew the price would be heartache, but for love no price is too high.

Jane Powell had not set out to fall in love. It had just happened—the timing, the circumstances, the personalities. Call it destiny if you will. They had all jelled together, and she and Gene had fallen in love.

As best she could, and it was extremely difficult, Janie explained things to her husband and asked for a divorce. Geary reacted just as Miriam Nelson had reacted. Shock, hurt, anger, vituperation—each had its inning.

Geary also suggested the possibility that what Janie felt for Gene was not true love, just a mercurial and quixotic attraction. The talk was heated and long involved. Every man must fight for his happiness, and Geary had much to fight for, but when a man is faced by a woman who no longer wants him, there is only one move to make, to withdraw with graciousness and understanding; and this calls for insight, tolerance, and tremen-

dous character, three qualities Geary Steffen fortunately possesses.

Geary, however, did not step aside and say, "O.K., since Gene is getting his freedom, I'll give you yours, and you two kids can fly to Nevada, get married, and live happily ever after."

What he said in substance was this: "I think this is just an infatuation, that in time you'll get over it. You're going out on a personal appearance tour for six weeks. You take those six weeks and think everything over. Weigh everything carefully. If after six weeks you still want a divorce—well, we'll talk it over again." A trial separation.

Jane drove back to Hollywood alone that night, and driving, she made her decision. She had a right to a life of her own, a life of love. She saw no point in spending another 30 or 40 years with a man, however kind, admirable and upstanding, she no longer tempestuously loved.

That night she called Gene Nelson. They spoke for hours. Gene knew what a searing experience Janie had undergone. He'd done the very same thing himself with Miriam. Janie had two children to consider. Undoubtedly she would demand custody of them both. Her parents had been divorced, and she knew what life was like for children under such circumstances.

Gene knew that friends would "get to" Janie just as they had gotten to him, that they would advise a period of watchful waiting, cooling off. They would point up how much Janie had to lose, how millions of youngsters looked to her and Geary as the symbol of happy young marriage. He knew that Janie, in the final analysis, would have to erect her own bulwark, her own protection against the barrage of persuasion urging her to return to Geary Steffen.

THEY spoke and Gene then went off on a personal appearance tour of his own. He played Toronto. Strangely enough, Paul Small, Janie Powell's agent, had booked his charge into Toronto months previously. It was pure accident, not design, that Janie Powell followed Gene into Toronto.

Before leaving Hollywood, however, Jane said definitely, "I'll file for divorce when I get back—unless there's a reconciliation." She knew there was no chance for one.

Once Janie and Gene met in Toronto, they mapped out nebulous plans for their future. Gene was flying back to the Coast to effect a financial settlement for Miriam and Chris. Janie was scheduled to play Las Vegas late in May and early in June.

In May, Geary Steffen journeyed to Vegas, but there was no reconciliation announcement and he left a few days later for a fishing trip off the lower California coast.

Gene Nelson then flew into Las Vegas. He was separated from Miriam, and Janie was separated from Geary, and he saw nothing wrong in seeking out the company of the girl he loved. Once again, however, well-intentioned friends insisted that he and Jane refrain from seeing each other until she had made her divorce announcement official.

When Janie returned from Las Vegas, that's exactly what happened. The die was cast. Janie told her lawyer that she wanted a six-week divorce. Gene Nelson told his lawyer the same thing. The other two parties involved, Geary and Miriam, seemed to favor a California divorce which takes one year before it becomes final.

At this writing, the legal talent is dis-



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cussing all the various angles necessary for complete agreement; and luckily all four parties involved are people of stature and intelligence and good will. As one reporter recently commented, "There's not a bad bone in those four bodies."

Of course, Miriam Nelson and Geary Steffen are hurt. To be wanted no longer is a thrust which strikes deeply at one's vanity, but the human equation being what it is, who can possibly explain why people fall in and out of love. Undoubtedly there are reasons, psychological reasons profoundly imbedded in the lives and backgrounds of these people, but as Miriam Nelson herself says, "What caused all this is something far greater than I can explain. We're just praying that eventually it works out for the good of all."

Naturally in all such cases, the columnists look for "a fall guy." In this particular instance they have made Gene Nelson "the heavy" which isn't very fair.

NELSON didn't want to fall in love with Jane Powell. He realized that she was cute, peppy, frank, beautiful, witty, the possessor of charm, humor, and great talent. He never made any overt moves, never muttered one "fast" line, never attempted "a pass" of any kind.

"It's almost impossible," he's said, "to explain how we fell in love . . . or at least how I fell in love. We started out being friends and then Janie's friendship seemed to become an indispensable part of my life. Unless I saw her or talked to her I felt miserable. . . . Sometimes things like this happen, not only in show business but in every business, every walk of life. It just gets played up bigger when you're in the movies. I feel that no matter what business a person is in, he's entitled to

live his life as an individual, if he can.

"I've looked into my heart. I've searched my mind, and I'm trying to do what's right. We're all trying to do what's right."

It is a tribute to all the parties connected in this case that everything has been honest and aboveboard. There have been no secret meetings, no midnight rendezvous, no recriminations or name-calling. Everyone has behaved sensibly and as an adult, and, in times of a crisis, such behavior is extremely rare, especially in Hollywood.

Gene Nelson and Jane Powell hope to get married as soon as their divorces become final. This will be in six weeks or one year, depending on the state in which the divorces are obtained.

MANY years ago the movie colony was rocked by a similar marital earthquake when Laurence Olivier, while making a film with her, fell incredibly in love with Vivien Leigh, then the mother of a darling 5-year-old daughter, Suzanne, and the wife of Herbert Leigh Holman, a London barrister.

Realistic and intelligent people, they worked and solved their own problems; and in August 1940 when their respective divorces became final, Laurence and Vivien were married.

Today in sickness and in health, on-stage and off-stage, theirs is one of the most memorable and moving love affairs the world has ever witnessed.

With all the fervor it possesses Hollywood hopes the same for Jane Powell and Gene Nelson, two fine kids who are courageously obeying the dictates of their hearts lest they have no hearts left to obey. **END**

hollywood muddle

(Continued from page 33) The testimony wasn't long in coming. Gwen was sworn in—she made a pretty picture on the witness stand, cool, poised, competent—and enumerated her marital sufferings.

Of her smiling, versatile, hypochondriacal Donald, she said, "He would go out with the fellows almost every night, and if I said anything, he wouldn't speak to me for days. . . ."

"When friends would come over on Sunday, he would excuse himself for a few minutes and go out and play golf. . . . He would go down to the corner for a newspaper and then three hours later he would come home. That happened often. . . . He went to the fights three nights a week and played cards the other nights."

Nancy O'Hanlon agreed that such treatment had turned Gwen into a nervous wreck and added that Don never "seemed to want to go out socially. He'd say he was too tired and had to work tomorrow and then he'd disappear."

Judge Emme who has never worked in pictures, listened to the testimony and then awarded Gwen an uncontested decree of divorce. He also approved a property settlement agreement under which Gwen gets custody of the couple's daughter Donna, 6, and \$150 a month for the child's support. In addition, she received 20% of the first \$100,000 of O'Connor's adjusted gross income, 10% of the second \$100,000 and 5% of everything else.

Last year Donald was good for approximately \$225,000, and this year he should hit the \$300,000 mark.

FURTHER provisions of the settlement gave Gwen the family Cadillac, Don the Jaguar, Gwen the family home in Van Nuys, and Don custody of "O'Flynn," a

shaggy Irish wolfhound who in Gwen's words, "Is as big as a horse—or well, maybe a Shetland pony. Anyway, he eats like a horse. Costs \$24 a month to feed him."

It was a very amicable divorce. No dirty linen was washed in public. None of the basic reasons for the marital failure were disclosed, and 24 hours after the decree was entered in the record, Gwen, on the arm of Dan Dailey, ambled into a Hollywood night club by way of celebration.

It so happened that Donald O'Connor was sitting in the same club. As soon as Dailey caught sight of the little guy, he stopped dead in his tracks whereupon the headwaiter approached and tactfully whispered, "Mrs. O'Connor, your husband—that is, your ex-husband is here tonight. Just thought you might like to know."

Gwen said, "Thanks," and then to Dan, "let's blow it, it might be a little embarrassing to all of us."

Dailey agreed, and the pair left. As they did another girl who had dated Dan a few years ago, was entering the Mocambo with her escort. Nodding at Gwen, she said, "That's Donald O'Connor's ex-wife. I can't figure her. Compared to Dailey, Donald's an angel."

Many people in Hollywood fail to understand Gwen's switch from Donald O'Connor to Dan Dailey—unless, of course, Dan and Gwen have precipitously fallen in love. This, they both deny.

"Look," Gwen says, "I've known Dan for a long time. He's perfectly swell. We like seeing each other because we like to do the same things, listen to music, go to the movies, watch TV, hang around in old clothes. We both like horses and right now Dan is teaching me to jump."

"My divorce doesn't become final for a year; so I'm not thinking about marriage—marriage to anyone. The reason I'm not playing the field is that I'm very happy going around with Dan. As for Donald,

he's the greatest. Make no doubt about that—the greatest guy you'll ever meet. It's just that we couldn't get along. We fought all the time—about such silly things.

"As a matter of fact, it seems to me we fought even when we were going together. We just had a different outlook about everything. He likes golf, I like tennis. He likes cards. I don't. Things like that.

"We were married very young, and maybe that's what was wrong."

BUT Gwen and Donald are both intelligent people, and they tried many times to save their marriage. They even went to psychiatrists and both, in fact, are still undergoing psychoanalysis.

For a while, friends thought that different religious beliefs might have wrecked the marriage. Donald is a Catholic and Gwen is Science of Mind, but Gwen says, "That had nothing to do with it—or maybe it did. Anyway, Donna is being raised as a Catholic, and if you know anything about Science of Mind you know that when you come of age, you'll think properly of the important things. Religion had nothing to do with it, and neither did career.

"I keep reading about how I wanted a career. That's not true. I'm not even ambitious. It's just that well—I guess you'd call it mis-mated from the beginning."

"About Gwen and Dan Dailey, that's a funny bit, because the O'Connors knew the Daileys way back when, before Dan and Liz Dailey were divorced. Whether it's a question of one understanding the other I don't know, but Gwen and Dan have been seeing an awful lot of each other. Something may come of it, but I doubt it. Dailey has no staying power. Besides, my own belief is that he still is very much in love with Liz."

Liz Hofert, of course, is Dailey's second wife and the mother of his son. A tall, blonde beauty who was raised in Los Angeles, she, too, made the mistake of marrying very early. Her parents were none too pleased with her selection of Dan for a husband, but it was during the war, and they went along with her selection; and in the end, Liz knew she had chosen incorrectly.

She still sees a great deal of Dan, however—they both love to ride; and, of course, they have a child in common. Even though Liz has been consistently coupled with Bob Neal, a personable and very wealthy young man from Houston, Texas, every week or so there is prominently mentioned in the press the possibility of Dan's re-marrying Liz.

DAILEY, who is the key to this Hollywood muddle, claims to have found himself, to have everything under control, to know the score, to be masterminding his destiny. A few years ago he was mentally disturbed and, with great wisdom, checked in at the Menninger Clinic in Kansas for psychiatric help.

He was taught about psychotherapy, milieu therapy, working with his hands to divert his mental obsessions; and there is no doubt that he is a tremendously improved person. And yet he lives alone in a five-room apartment next to Bob Wagner's; he has few male friends, chaotic periods of melancholia, and the unerring faculty of lousing himself up with women.

A few months ago, for example, before he started dating Gwen O'Connor and seeing a good deal of his ex-wife, he was supposedly scheduled to marry Beetsy Wynn, the wife of Keenan Wynn just as soon as she could obtain a Mexican divorce.

Just how, where, and why he started going with Keenan Wynn's wife is one of those Hollywood mysteries into which one

must not delve too deeply. Apparently, he met her at the Del Mar Horse Show last June—Beetsy is another horse enthusiast—and these two took it up from there. It developed into a sizzling romance with serious overtones, because by Christmas Beetsy had obtained Keenan's okay for a Mexican divorce and had announced her impending marriage to Dan Dailey.

But after obtaining the divorce there was no marriage.

It was an awful mess, especially embarrassing to Beetsy; for here was a girl who had given up one husband with the stated intention of getting another—except that at the last minute her intended had flown the coop.

Poor Beetsy. She had to eat humble pie. "Dan and I have decided," she was forced to announce, "that our proposed marriage would not work out. All plans are off." After that she got terribly sick. But Dan rode the crisis like the stalwart he is. He didn't let it get him. He went right on making motion pictures, playing his records, exercising his horses.

As any horse-player knows, there are two outstanding criteria for judging horse flesh: blood-lines and past performance.

On that basis, friends predict that Gwen O'Connor is going to wind up behind the eight ball if she continues to spend too much of her time with Dailey.

Not that Dan isn't the most charming, thoughtful, witty, and well-bred gentleman—even when he was in burlesque the chorus girls used to say he had class—it's just that he's determined to escape marriage "Until I find a girl with whom I can live my own life." It's just that girls fall in love with Dan, and he doesn't fall in love with them. He likes their company, but he lives in a private world all of his own, a world he is constitutionally incapable of sharing.

Any marriage to be successful must feature compromise and self-sacrifice, an equal amount of give and take by both parties. What Dan is looking for is some mythical woman who will slavishly make his interests her interests, who will submerge her personality to his, who will go along with his horses, cups, drums, records, water-skis, and woodwork.

Just how much he is willing to go along with the girl's interests he isn't saying.

What Dan hasn't yet learned is that a marriage based solely on a man's terms is no marriage at all.

Unfortunately, there are many girls who will accept marriage on any terms. It is said in Hollywood, for example, that if Dan Dailey asked her, Liz Hofert would re-marry him in a minute. Having been married to Dan in his most unstable years, however, Liz is not going to be burned again. She loves spending time with her ex-husband, because he is a most entertaining and amusing man, and there aren't many like him in town—but that's as far as it goes, which suits Dailey to perfection.

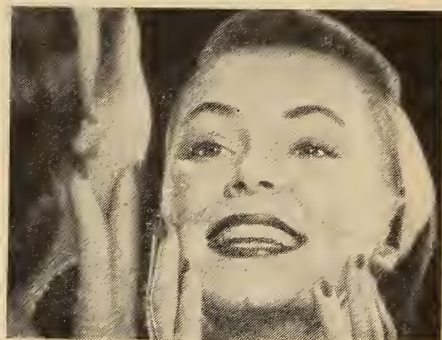
In fact he finds himself in an envied position. He doesn't want to get married; and he has two gorgeous females, Gwen who can't even think of marriage for at least a year, and Liz who having had him as a steady diet, will now take him only in short doses.

As for Donald O'Connor, the fourth party in this quadrangle—friends say that he is really the happiest of them all. He has a dog, a house, a Jaguar, and a psychiatrist.

No sweetheart—not yet, anyway. **END**

(Don's latest picture is *Walking My Baby Back Home*.)

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beauty is every woman's job

(Continued from page 38) article is to ex-
plain some honest facts in the most simple
terms. For instance, the story about Terry
Moore and the barbell training: it may seem
startling, but it is true that a considerable
number of Hollywood career girls are now
working regularly with the barbell system.
They consider it very important not only
in the development of perfect bodies, but in
the matter of facial beauty as well. They
could, of course, concentrate in such a
manner as to become tremendously strong
and be able to toss their gentlemen friends
around at will. That isn't their goal, for any
girl wants to retain and improve her femi-
nine appeal. She can't do that with muscles.

Unfortunately, an unreasoning prejudice
has grown up about dumbbell and barbell
work, which is to the effect that they are
employed purely as strength builders.
Nothing could be more wrong. Of course,
you will hear people say, "If you begin
lifting barbells and weights, you'll soon be-
come muscle bound." Or, "Once you start
that sort of exercise you'll build up mus-
cles where they shouldn't be, and when
those muscles sag you'll be worse off than
you were in the beginning." Such state-
ments, you may be sure, are made largely
by those who are too lazy to take care of
their physical well being. Anyone who has
never tried a resistance exercise is prone
to scoff at it.

The truth is that this type of exercise can
make any girl look better in her bra or
bathing suit and can develop portions of
the body which need filling in or smooth-
ing out. Take the matter of legs, for in-
stance. In an earlier day any girl who be-
came a ballet or acrobatic dancer simply
accepted the fact that as the years went by
her legs would turn ugly as the result of
bulging calves turned soft and strong
ankles turned thick. Today, these growing
faults are prevented through scientific re-
sistant exercise. The supple figures of
movie celebrities like Vera-Allen and Mitzi
Gaynor are absolute proof of this assertion.
They work out regularly and have the time
of their lives doing it.

To further substantiate my points, how
often have you heard people exclaim, after
watching the "I Love Lucy" show, "How
does she do it? Why, she's beautiful. And
what an exquisite figure! Lucille Ball was
a star in pictures 15 years ago, yet she
looks lovelier than ever. I guess she's just
one of those people who will photograph
young when she's 50!" All of this is true,
but a more significant truth is that Lucille
Ball began taking care of her beauty when
many a glamor girl who has since been
forgotten was busy squandering her charm.

LUCILLE Ball is absolute proof of the fact
that you can establish your own
"beauty bank" by making regular deposits
while you are young. Then as you grow
into your 20's and 30's, you can go on mak-
ing deposits and you can "draw" on your
savings the rest of your life. For example,
Lucy regained her figure very quickly after
the birth of her baby. Her early physical
"savings" helped her through this period.
On the other hand, Shelley Winters recent-
ly came to my Health Club shortly after
her motherhood experience. She had never
taken a regular course of physical exer-
cises. Yet, she had the characteristic which
is a basic factor in her success. She can
work and concentrate. She has slimmed
down beautifully and never looked better
in her life.

Increasingly apparent to doctors and
people in every walk of life is the fact that
physical education is not merely an over-
all strength builder. Research has now
established what we in our profession have

long known—that almost any portion of the
body may be completely changed if a girl
will cooperate. For instance, some years
back Paulette Goddard's hips and thighs
were growing heavy. Instead of saying to
herself, "Well, that's just the way I'm
built," she went to work with me. By per-
sistent exercise her legs became so slim
and supple that she won considerable fame
by wearing scanty costumes in musical
pictures. I didn't do this for her. She did
it for herself.

Then, there is Betty Grable and Bar-
bara Stanwyck, both of whom are so at-
tractive that they could well win a nomi-
nation for a Perpetual Beauty Oscar. Their
figures didn't grow old while their faces
remained young. Both Betty and Barbara
draw wolf whistles when they cross a
studio lot. Neither of them maintained their
over all beauty through the application of
overnight miracles.

Unfortunately, in this age of perfection
and specialization, the larger percentage of
young people begin at an early age to turn
into "sitters" instead of "doers." This is
because vast numbers of Americans thrill
to the excitement of a professional sports
event. Following the very active sports life
of their high school days, only a small
number carry on with regular sports activi-
ties as they reach their 20's. Undoubtedly,
the heavily increasing population has led
us to a concentration of apartment house
life. Thousands of young women no longer
enjoy gardening. They don't play golf be-
cause golf courses are disappearing, and
therefore have become expensive. Tennis
courts are no longer several to the square
mile. Swimming pools are the toys of the
successful folk who spend more time sitting
at the water's edge than in the enjoyment
of one of the finest body conditioning ex-
ercises. Places to ride horseback, to hike,
hunt and fish are yearly becoming more
remote.

THIS means that today's young lady must
find an absolutely sure way to add lus-
tre to her beauty. Miracles of modern
makeup cannot do the job alone. It is a
sad fact that our mirrors usually reflect
only what we want to see. A girl can make
up very carefully, look at herself and be
pleased at the result. She fails to think
how much more attractive she could be if
her face reflected a basic glow of perfect
health. Frequently mothers and dads seem
boring with their warnings about "Burning
the candle." The daughter afterwards
makes a casual self inspection, and after a
quick glance the daughter says to herself,
"Oh, I'm not slipping, really." Or, "I've
been on the merry-go-round recently. I'll
be as good as new after a couple of nights'
sleep." What a mistake!

Psychiatrists will tell you that their in-
creasing number of young patients come
largely from those who cannot face the
truth about themselves. More than one has
said to me: "If young women from their
teens on will form constant patterns of
proper physical exercise, they will remain
attractive and youthful far beyond what
has come to be normal expectation. With
the happy viewpoint that results from
physical well being, they will not wind up
a few years hence with nervous ailments,
and they will have a far greater chance to
make a success of their careers and mar-
riages."

You may be surprised to know that psy-
chiatrists, doctors, lawyers and priests are
regular clients at not only Terry Hunt's
but other health institutions. Not long ago
one of my priest friends said to me, "Terry,
you may be interested to know that the
young people who are most spiritually
happy in my parish are those who lead
active physical lives in some sort of sport.
Their minds are always the most receptive
to the truth. On the other hand, almost al-

ways, the young ladies who view their beauty as a special gift are those who eventually fail in marriage. It's hard to make them realize that beauty is not heaven sent."

Now I know that some readers of MODERN SCREEN at this moment may be smiling sardonically and saying, "Oh, this Terry Hunt—get him—giving off with a lot of clever arguments which are, after all, just words. I'm not going to rush out and buy a set of dumbbells complete with instructions just on his say-so that it will make me live happily ever after. If he's such an expert, why doesn't he say something concrete?"

All right, I will. If this article has made no real sense to you at this point, you are either neurotic or lazy. Worse, you may be both!

I challenge you to take this simple test, if you are between the ages of 16 and 35. Just answer the following questions truthfully:

1. Have you had a physical checkup this year?
2. Do you engage in some sport at least twice a week?
3. Do you sleep at least eight hours every night?
4. Do you take some form of routine physical exercise (not counting housework) for 15 minutes every day?
5. Do you participate at least once a week in a purely mental game, such as bridge, canasta, chess or checkers?
6. Do you have a good appetite?
7. Do you seldom worry?
8. Can you gain or lose weight successfully?
9. Are you known for your good disposition?
10. Do you attend some church regularly?

At this point you should have guessed that if all ten questions were answered with an immediate *yes*, you have very little to worry about when it comes to all around beauty and happiness, other than your own good taste in clothes and a small amount of luck in finding the right man or the best job.

Let's examine the necessity for the *yes* to each question. Without a doctor's physical checkup, you leave yourself open to the damaging effects of some ailment beyond your control—an illness that might be checked through early detection. Item number two: the necessity for some physical sport which provides fairly strenuous exercise, whether it be bowling or long walks, should be obvious, but because it is obvious, people are too often careless. Just as careless as they are when they sit

up too late at night, whether in a beer parlor or in front of a television set. Anyone who declares that she can "get along" on five or six hours of sleep every night is running headlong toward an *early* old age.

Still facing the truth—fairly strong exercise twice a week is something one must be conditioned to. That's where the 15 minutes a day comes in. Equally as necessary is the "mental exercise," by which I mean not just reading, but something that keeps your mind on its toes, even if it's only a crossword puzzle.

If you can answer the first five questions in the affirmative, then I have good news for you. It is almost impossible *not* to give a *yes* answer to the last five. Why? That's elementary. Your good appetite, lack of worry, will to gain or reduce your weight and maintain a happy disposition always are all the natural result of performing the first five points.

That brings us to the important tenth question. Having been able to answer *yes* to all nine questions honestly means that you are a normal, healthy and happy individual. Being so you will certainly have already realized that you can control your own physical well being, perhaps even in the face of a serious handicap. Once having achieved that, you then know that the complete fulfillment of the meaning of your life as an individual can be found only through participation with your friends and loved ones in things spiritual. Thus, to make a beginning, all you need do is answer the first or the tenth question with a truthful *yes*. If you are intelligent and honest with yourself, you can begin at either end of the test and achieve the same result.

I KNOW I have sounded "preachy." I intended to. There is no quick cure that will make you happy with your facial or bodily appearance. Not all of you will be able to take exactly the same exercises as illustrated by the attractive young actress, Gloria Gordon, who posed for the photographs accompanying this article. Some of you, however, can locate an inexpensive, well supervised gym in your own neighborhood. Those who can't certainly can carry on with the simple exercises you learned in your gym classes at school, being careful to start slowly and stop before you are tired.

Here, I cannot resist this final warning: unless you are prepared to follow this simple program for one entire year in order to make it a lasting habit, a lot of you are going to "fall off the wagon" of this valuable health and beauty program.

And every time you do, it will be a doggone tough job to climb back on! **END**

great day coming!

(Continued from page 35) been hard to convince it's really going to happen, which is the only thing that would put it in the miracle class as far as we're concerned. For a long time, she'd keep asking me, "Are you sure the doctors couldn't be mistaken, you're positive everything's going to be all right?" She's had it mixed up with a studio option, that they drop or pick up. Now she's convinced. We're sure, all right."

"And it's so nice that other people care," said Miss Mayo. "But you get a little embarrassed—"

"We've gone through some pretty misty-eyed sessions," said O'Shea. "Motherhood pelted with the biggest capital 'M' you've ever saw or heard. Well, that's all right. But we want to take it in our stride, too." He waved a hand at the stable area. "You think motherhood isn't out there? The

mares have their foals, nowhere guys at first, and then you watch them grow into independence. Well and good. See that little Mexican, one of the laborers? He has ten children."

O'Shea breathed deeply. "Don't let me talk myself out on a limb," he said. "We would prefer a baby, shall we say? So it's ours, so we'll love it. But I don't know, sometimes I think little boys get a lot of propaganda they don't entirely deserve. As a retired monster myself, I could almost swear to it. Little girls are wonderful. And well-behaved. And you know, like when they're all scrubbed and togged out, which is a speech I usually do to a violin accompaniment. Little boys? Well, a couple of friends of ours have a little boy who's been brought up sort of, you know—progressive? No restrictions, the idea is, because then he'll be frustrated. No welts on the backside if he decides to set fire to the cat. Now, he's a nice kid but sometimes he hides it well. The other day I was



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over at the house and he was punching his mother. Luckily, the kid's no Marciano but he was trying. Well, the parents believe he should express himself, and when he gets out of control, they figure they're to blame, which maybe they are but not for the reasons they think. So here the kid is tagging his mother with straight lefts and right hooks and after a while she figures it's time to go back to her corner and let her seconds work her over, so she says to Junior, 'Why don't you go punch the bag for a while and pretend it's Mommy?' And the kid says, 'Naah, I'd rather hit you and pretend you're a punching bag.' All right, so maybe the kid has been reading Joe Miller, but that's not the point. No son of the O'Sheas will get by with that kind of thing. And no daughter of the O'Sheas would try it. No, frankly, I'm crazy about little girls. But let's not make it into an issue."

"They're less of a problem in other ways, too," said Miss Mayo. "Once in a while I get frightened about youngsters today, and the boys are worse. Gang fights, dope—it's unbelievable. I wish I knew what the matter was."

"I wish I knew," said O'Shea. "But we sort of hope all that's shaken out by the time our son's old enough to know or care. Anyway, we're going to make provision against it. Listen to that now, I'm talking about a son, and we don't even know. Why will people always do that?"

THE "provision" became evident as time went on and the sun grew hotter and Miss Mayo more relaxed and the bulldog more mysteriously frantic. The symposium was taking place in the O'Shea patio, flanked by three sides of the ranch house. The house is handsome and comfortable and stands on considerable space, but there is some doubt as to whether it will accommodate the new O'Shea as well as those currently resident. The planning on this detail is extensive but still nebulous. The O'Shea ranch features among other props a pair of the longest horns a long-horn steer ever parted with; a lady cook who insults O'Shea with impunity and whose talents with a ladle are astonishing, and two very large paintings of Miss Mayo, one portrait and the other as Diana the Huntress. She looks wonderful in both.

"We could build on the east wing," said Miss Mayo, "but it adjoins my dressing-room, and might not work out. The west wing's mostly kitchen."

"Or right behind here," said O'Shea. "Enclose the patio entirely. But the thing they do usually in this problem, honey, is build up."

"Up?"

"Right on the roof. The house'll support it all right. Whole nursery, complete with nurse. Of course, we've thought about moving. But to get a place the size we want, we'd have to go over to Beverly Hills or some place like that, spend \$90,000 or \$100,000, and we haven't got that kind of money. Besides, we could never get out of this what we put into it. I think we stay."

It sounded logical. So what about the child's name?

The O'Sheas regarded each other with mild surprise.

"We don't know," she said.

"Haven't thought much about it," said O'Shea. "I just know it'll be simple, John or Mary, Virginia or, maybe, Michael. It won't be Beauregard or Consuelo or one of those professional Irish handles like Kevin or Sean, God save the Irish just the same. Fatso's name is Jones, you know."

"Virginia Jones," said Virginia Mayo. "Of St. Louis."

As one of the Jones girls from St. Louis, Virginia always wanted to be a film ac-

tress, whereas Mr. O'Shea never doubted that show business was his forte. In other respects, however, they complement one another from opposite borders of the psyche. Miss Mayo's early life was relatively cloistered, and however sporty the parts she occasionally has played, she is a decorous, withdrawn woman.

While her leading man, M. O'S., was battling around the country in various phases of entertainment and stealing a long lead on Miss Mayo as far as picture fame went, Miss Mayo began her thesping in vaudeville, shortly after graduation from high school in St. Louis. The top man of the act was one Andy Mayo, whose last name Virginia preempted. That's how that happened. And by and by, the act became a feature of an Eddie Cantor show called *Banjo Eyes*, which meant Broadway. Which led to Billy Rose.

Billy Rose was and is an impresario who saw Miss Mayo with Cantor, be-thought himself of how nice she'd look in his night club, the Diamond Horseshoe, and persuaded her to stop around. Which led to Samuel Goldwyn.

Samuel Goldwyn knew Billy Rose, just as Billy Rose knew Eddie Cantor. Samuel Goldwyn went to the Diamond Horseshoe one night. He said to Miss Mayo: "Would you like to work in pictures?" Miss Mayo said, covering the subject in her usual verbose style: "Yes." Which led to Hollywood.

She appeared for Mr. Goldwyn in four pictures opposite Danny Kaye, then as the grasping wife of Dana Andrews in the much-honored *The Best Years Of Our Lives*. She thus became a film star and met other film stars. Which led to Michael O'Shea.

Which led to marriage on July 5, 1947.

Miss Mayo doesn't expect to be working any more until the baby comes—"unless they can cast me in a wheelchair"—but her backlog is in good shape, including *South Sea Woman* with Warners and *Devil's Canyon* with RKO. That won't make much difference. The master of the house is richly rewarded for his own acting chores whenever he tears himself away from manual duties.

O'Shea resumed the thread, or a vagrant end of the thread. "I'll tell you this," he said. "The O'Shea progeny, boy or girl, will understand the reasons for the orders his parents give him, and there I go on that 'him' again. Okay, pretend it's a boy. If we tell him to do something and he wants to know why, he's going to know. Or whatever question he has in mind. I'm stacking up a whole encyclopedia just so I'll be right, and we'll look things up together. We're going to be friends, all of us. I think it's a big item."

"And a religious background," said Miss Mayo.

"A religious background," agreed O'Shea. "Very definitely. Don't get us wrong. What the child wants to be when he grows up, he's going to be. I mean, he'll make his own choice. Of course we don't intend to steer him. If he wants to go into pictures—"

"If he has a talent for it," said Miss Mayo.

"If he has a talent for it and wants to go into pictures, then that's it. Doctor, lawyer, merchant, ball player, it's up to him. But in the—the formative years, we're going to be sure he's bred with a background of religious decency and faith. That goes back to what we were talking about, this delinquency pitch. We think that with the right fundamentals, he'll beat that. That's the most important. Maybe—maybe after that, or in spite of that, maybe there's nothing you can do, maybe he'll be wild just the same, what they call a bad boy. With this one for a mother, I don't

see how it could happen, but they tell me it happens. But we'll have done all we could."

WHAT of the rather delicate problem of getting him used to the circumstances that his parents will on the whole be pronouncedly more celebrated than the parents of the children with whom he will associate?

"We're not worried about it," said Miss Mayo.

"No problem," said O'Shea. "We just tell him some people work in factories, some in offices, some this, some that. We happen to work in pictures. Factories of our own. We tell him we're lucky, and it's the truth. When he's old enough to know what gimmick means, we tell him we've got that, too. But it doesn't affect him. He's an individual in his own right, with his own responsibilities. He's got to do it."

The bulldog jumped up on Miss Mayo's lap and flattened its pug-nose against her straight one in wholehearted delirium. O'Shea told it to desist at the same time Miss Mayo told it to stay where it was. The bulldog screwed its head around in schizophrenic bewilderment and compromised by climbing down and giving O'Shea a dirty look.

"You can see I've got an iron hand," he said. "First time he's obeyed in six weeks."

"Why don't you write about bulldogs?" asked Miss Mayo. "Everyone should write about bulldogs." The dog was moved by the accolade. It got back up again and licked her face. "All right then, stay there," said O'Shea. It did.

And how did the O'Sheas feel about secondary education, proceeding on the theory the child would be a son?

O'Shea had thought about this one, and delivered his verdict firmly and at some length, while Miss Mayo bent on him markedly tender and sympathetic attention.

"Oh, yes," said O'Shea, "he's going to college. Somewhere out here. I'm not sold on the Harvard-Yale-Princeton-or-dropped-dead tradition. I want him to know animal husbandry, things like that, along with the rest. Not that they don't have that in the East, but we'd want him somewhere near us, I imagine. But there's another reason he's going. Let me put it the best I can."

O'Shea stopped, took off his baseball cap, rubbed his hair, put the cap on again, turned to Miss Mayo with half-lifted shoulders, then studied the toes of his shoes. For him, it was a long, long pause.

FINALLY he said: "He's going to have what I didn't have, and I don't mean only education. I mean friends. Roots and background. Maybe you don't understand that. But I do. People like Virginia and me, we know. Try this on for size: I only went as far as the fifth grade in school. All right, that was okay in some ways. I've taught myself a lot, and naturally there've been compensations. I'm a show-business guy and I know it. But do you know, I haven't got a single friend, not a friend in the world, that I can sit down with and say, 'Remember the time—?' Not one, can you imagine that? I had two pals when I was a kid. One's a priest now, a long way from here, and the other's in Sing Sing for life. With my son, if I have a son, it's not going to be like that. He won't be alone."

O'Shea coughed slightly and shifted position. "Don't make it sound tearful," he said. "It ill becomes me. But put it down as fact. Try it another way. People like, uh, interviewers, ask us, who do we entertain? Well—we don't entertain anybody! We haven't got any friends. Have you got any friends, Virginia?"

"One."

"You see? One friend. That's not kidding. Acquaintances, sure. We've got thousands of acquaintances. But no friends. Because no roots. That's how show business is. In your business, too, maybe. You know everybody and you don't know anybody. A lot of very big wheels around here would tell you the same, once they had a couple of drinks. But this one of ours, he'll have friends from school, he'll go back to reunions, he'll play Remember-the-Time till it comes out of his ears. That must be a helluva rich part of life, that remember-the-time deal. And he's going to have it.

"You know, they say around here I'm a social sort of guy, only that's not the word I want. What is it? Greg-something. Gregarious. Sure. I travel with the Hollywood Stars, I go over to the ball park near here, and at my age I shouldn't be bending down for grounders, but it's the companionship. I'm making up for what I never had. I live it up now. But my child is going to live it up before, after and between time. He's not going to have that fringe feeling. He or she.

"Like the other night, honey, I don't know if I told you, I was in The Club over in Beverly Hills, you know the one. They just call it The Club, and all these wheels belong to it, you know, like doctors and lawyers, very substantial people. Well, this guy I was with, he's a wheel, and he wanted me to meet some friends, and of course I did. And you know the routine, the lawyer would say to the doctor: 'You still killing your patients?' And the doctor, you know: 'Don't believe anything this shyster tells you!' and all that. In our business, we might call it a little corny, but it's the kind of corn I'd give my eye-teeth to be a part of. Little O'Shea, he'll have it. Then we went over to meet the wives of the same men, and they were just as close, you know. Intimate. Casual. It was real warm. To tell the truth, you feel a little chilly being on the outside of it anyway when you've been out as long as I have. You're never quite there, you know what I mean? Not that they try to make you feel that way. They can't help it. They've closed ranks long ago. That's what I'm trying to say. These people, they're all Los Angeles people. They grew up together, went to school together, I don't know, got sort of stabilized together, if you follow me. Very stable bunch. They've got a lot to remember. What I've got to remember, I'd rather not. And even if I wanted to, I've got nobody to remember it with. But little O'Shea, he's going to be lousy with all that. He's going to have it if his old man has to drag him into the registrar's office by his heels. Isn't that the way you think about it, Sugar?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Mayo, packing quite a good deal into it.

"That's why college," said O'Shea. "Among other things. But principally, that's why."

"You've forgotten your daughter," said Miss Mayo.

"Not for a moment," said O'Shea. "It's just that I'd know more about a son, having been one once myself. This one here, she'll do more of the talking about the daughter."

"Oh, the same religious background," said Miss Mayo. "And then, everything we can do for her. Very good schools, nice associates—we hope."

"A certain kind of background," said O'Shea, "can make you into a certain kind of snob, and it's not always the background you think. Mine's done it for me, but I insist it's a healthy snobbery if it makes me particular about the way my children are raised. I can't fool myself that when they reach a certain age, they're

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going to meet people that aren't the best for them. But by then, they should have the perspective to see it. That way, at least, we'll provide every advantage we can. Not just the schooling but an outdoor, ranch life, the kind we lead, and a general knowledge of what it takes, and knowing what's right and what's wrong. Then we cross our fingers."

O'SHEA went to answer the phone. When he came back, he had resumed the mental toughness with which he habitually cloaks himself and which reveals with a large amount of charm the native intelligence with which he and Miss Mayo deal with life.

"Do you," he asked, "see any spiritual radiations around Fatso here? Of course, it's early in the game."

Miss Mayo, it had to be admitted, looked no more spiritual than usual. She looks a trifle spiritual whether *enceinte* or not. Miss Mayo laughed encouragingly.

"This—this matter," said O'Shea, "has been approached on a level we don't feel quite up to. I said that before, didn't I? It's gratifying in a way, but we have an idea we're not any different from other parents. Prospective, I mean. To put it delicately, the same *modus operandi* prevails, and our baby is going to look like a baby, not that that's bad. But some of the dialogue that's gone on on the subject,

to me it's been not un-nauseating. Maybe the casting office slipped up when it put me in a father bit. But I'm going to be rehearsing hard." He went through the business with the cap again. "One woman wanted to know if I'd belt the kid around if he got out of line. That would look nice, wouldn't it? Belting an infant. How much of a character am I supposed to be? The kid will learn by experience. He, she, it—do you speak of your kid as an 'it'—won't be coddled, but I can't see myself taking to the bullwhip. And Fatso here can't even lift a bullwhip. I think it'll be nice if he respects his old man, not for my sake but because I wouldn't be so helpful as a parent if he didn't. He's going to respect Fatso anyway, because who could help it? I like the idea of ranch life for him, and learning naturally about what comes naturally, and I think all in easy stages, so we don't have progressives on our hands, giving Fatso the old one-two because the punching bag hurts their hands. I think we give her—let's make it 'her' for a change—a certain amount of rein, but not too much or too little, and we'll have to recognize how much that means when the time comes."

"Mike," said Miss Mayo.

"What?" said O'Shea.

"Lunch," said Miss Mayo.

"So soon?" said O'Shea. "I'd hardly got my first wind."

END

is liz losing her beauty?

(Continued from page 36) and the only women who keep their beauty are those who do something about it. There can be no physical loveliness without a depth of soul, a dash of spirit, and a lively mind.

Liz has these things, but if she does not put them to full use the natural consequence will be the way of all flesh. Since her childhood there have been evidences of an unusual sensitivity. Her mother tells of the times when she was ill and the small Elizabeth would steal softly into her mother's bedroom and lay on the pillow a single rose which she had picked from the garden. When, at 12 years of age, she became known to American movie audiences through her role in *National Velvet*, people noticed the unusual quality of the child. She was, they said, an 'old soul.' Her memorable scene in the attic with Anne Revere convinced the more discerning audiences that there was something not quite worldly about the girl. In the ensuing publicity they read about Elizabeth's love of animals, how she could tame any wild thing and how, when making the picture, she had insisted on doing a dangerous scene which many stunt men would turn down. King Charles, a horse which stood 17 hands high and whose temperament was such that all hands on the set gave him a wide berth, was supposed to come thundering down a narrow road. The script called for Elizabeth to stand in his path and stop his blind stampede. Naturally, her mother objected to her doing the scene, and the director was trying to find a double who would dare the act when Elizabeth approached him and pleaded that he let her do it. The horse had been unmanageable unless Elizabeth was near him, and she was so certain that he would stop for her that the executives finally agreed. The scene was set up and emergency medical aid summoned, and everyone on the back lot held his breath. The stallion was given a whack on the hind quarters that sent him tearing down the road, mane flying and hooves pounding. The small figure of Elizabeth moved out into his path and held her ground, her arms stretched wide.

Mrs. Taylor, on the sidelines, almost fainted, and the cameramen got ready to jump. King Charles continued his charge until within a few feet of Elizabeth, and then he slid to a stop and walked a few steps to gently nuzzle her shoulder.

No one who watched this incident came away without the conviction that this youngster had the courage of a commando and a strange, St. Francis-like power over animals. It certainly proved that she had a depth people did not understand, and inasmuch as such a quality seldom leaves a human being, it can be assumed that the Elizabeth Taylor of today is still blessed with it.

It proved, too, that she has spirit, yet currently she shows little of it. It is possible that the pressures of her movie career, at their height during her formative adolescent years, have taken the starch out of Liz. It is also highly probable that the heartbreak of her tragic marriage to Nicky Hilton further removed her gumption. At any rate, she spends her life today in idyllic bliss on her hilltop with second husband Michael Wilding. They seldom leave the house, a natural circumstance considering the existence of their baby, yet it seems unusual that Liz can't be pried off the hilltop for anything except emergencies or studio orders.

The fact proves her present happiness in her role as Mrs. Michael Wilding and mother of the small Mike, but on the other hand this type of sleek contentment can lead to laziness in all things. At 21, Liz is settled in the sedentary life of a middle-aged matron, an existence that makes for great peace of mind, but one without stimulation to lend sparkle to the eye or to the conversation.

If she doesn't care about her movie career, this standstill life is highly commendable. It is obviously the kind of life that Liz loves, and with it she finds complete contentment. But if she does care, she should remember that her face is her fortune. Without stimulation, both physical and mental, a face can become vapid and empty. Too many women have lived up their youth, taking it and its loveliness for granted.

Is Liz interested in acting? She seems now to care nothing about anything except her husband and child. This air of not caring is one of the things that has made her well-liked, for she seems as devoid of temperament as an old shoe. "There are a lot of nice things about Liz," says one of her closest friends, "but the nicest is the fact that she never gets upset about anything. Or at least, if she does, she doesn't force her unhappiness on her friends. I've never seen her lose her temper or get ruffled—it seems as though she's devoid of nerves. Even when she was having all that trouble with Nicky, she was still as slow moving and quiet spoken as ever. She's one of the easiest people to get along with that I know."

"Lackadaisical Liz," some have called her. They do it in a friendly way, a comradely sort of ribbing, but herein lies a serious danger to her career. Liz is listless about it, or at least appears to be. She has given what may well be termed inspired performances in only a handful of movies . . . *National Velvet* (in fact everything she did as a child), then years afterward, in *A Place In The Sun*, and rumor has it that in *Elephant Walk*, her latest, she is once more acceptable as an actress of worth. In the rest of them, Liz has moved through her scenes in a seemingly careless, even bored fashion. It is notable that the last two mentioned pictures are the only two made away from MGM, her home lot. Paramount has made both of them, and in both movies Liz has had the advantage of top-notch direction. George Stevens did *A Place In The Sun* and William Dieterle *Elephant Walk*, and it is common knowledge that she needs a good director. As one of her past directors says, "Sometimes it's like pulling teeth to get a performance out of Elizabeth. The thing that makes up for the director's work is that when he does get a fine scene from her, it is something so good that he can add it to his collection of things to boast about. I know Liz has it—a really great sensitivity—it's there somewhere, but just buried so deep that it takes work to bring it out."

This devil-may-care attitude is quite likely to trip up her career one of these days. Some say it's laziness, pure and simple, that anybody who can sit at home day after day and care about nothing except her baby and her husband is headed straight for seed. The accusation of laziness is pure speculation, but some facts would appear to bear it out. When Liz was pregnant, for example, she gained 40 pounds, despite cautioning from her doctor. And following the baby's birth Liz refused to pay any attention to her figure. It was three months before Michael Howard Wilding was photographed with his mother, and although the studio excused the delay with the reason that Liz was not yet feeling up to snuff, those who saw Liz suspected that it was because of her weight.

AFTER setting up an interview with Liz a few weeks after she had come home from the hospital, Hedda Hopper drove up the hill, opened the door, took one look at Liz and gasped, "You're fat!"

Hedda has been criticized for her frankness many times, but in this instance at least, it can be assumed that she was handing out advice that was well worthwhile. It stemmed from her own knowledge of the theater, for she knows as well as anyone, and perhaps better, that an actress cannot afford to let herself go. The camera tells all, and Hedda knows it, and also knows from experience that a new mother must get on with the chore of exercises no matter how distasteful they may be to her.

To the average girl, a thunderbolt such as Hedda's candid reaction would have been enough to send her flying into her exercises. But not Liz. The advice went unheeded for several weeks, and the extra poundage was eventually shed through diet and massage rather than exercise. It would point up the fact that while Liz may not be literally lazy, she certainly is not overly-ambitious.

Her quiet acceptance of her tremendous popularity and the workaday world necessary to attain and keep it have made some people think that Liz is a tractable young creature who is content to let others do her planning for her, a girl who does not bother to think very much for herself.

MICHAEL Wilding first met her when she was in England making *The Conspirators*. She was 16 at the time, and he remembers remarking to himself that "they must grow up very quickly in America." Later, after her divorce from Hilton, he saw her once again, this time on her home ground. He felt an immediate attraction, this time pulling himself up short by recalling her age, and his. Yet when he telephoned her and accepted an invitation to visit her, he realized on coming to know her that she was a full blown woman, mentally as well as physically.

What did Mike Wilding think of Liz? A man of his charm and wit cannot be an ingenue where women are concerned, and so it is probable that he is a man selective enough that he does not succumb to mere beauty with nothing to back it up. P-knew she was beautiful—a man with half an eye can see that in a split second—but a man of Wilding's caliber requires more than physical attraction to make him pop the question. It is therefore illogical to assume that Liz hasn't much between her ears. She grew up in the midst of a well-educated, well-bred family, for the most part in the company of adults. Her parents and their friends were erudite people associated with literature and painting, and Liz traveled not only among them, but through the world, having crossed the Atlantic more than 30 times.

Those who know the Wildings well report that when Liz is with her husband her conversation is sharp as a tack, that far from being dull, she sparkles like a diamond before a fire. It's all there, as the director has said—the sensitivity, the wit, the spirit and sparkle. The only thing wrong is that lately Liz shows little inclination to light up for anyone but her husband.

A friend recently said, "Liz is so well adjusted to her marriage that she is forgetting her career. She has never really wanted to be a glamor girl. I think she often has really resented the glances men have given her. But if she wants the career, I wish she'd pay more attention to it and to herself. Without that face, well, to tell the truth, in a crowd I don't think she would be noticed very much. Her looks are so outstanding that they're the only thing you think of until you get to know her better and learn what a nice person she is."

HOLLYWOOD's cameramen have noticed that Liz is not quite as photogenic as she used to be and this, to any star, is a danger signal. We do not mean to criticize, only to caution, to send up a small signal flare to Liz, whose beauty is far above that of the average movie star. It is something that would be sorely missed by all of us, and we wish she would wake up and start caring, before things drift to the point where she must work at that beauty. If that ever happened, it wouldn't be the same.

END

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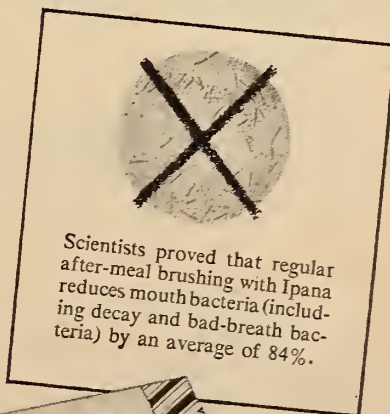
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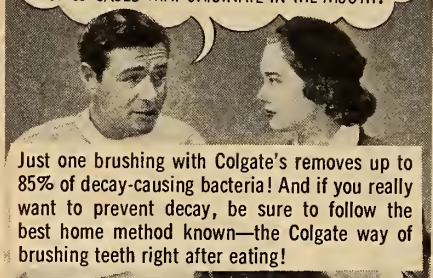
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JOHNNY, THIS RUDENESS OF YOURS STARTED WHEN YOUR BROTHER AND I STOPPED SEEING EACH OTHER! BUT THAT'S NO EXCUSE!

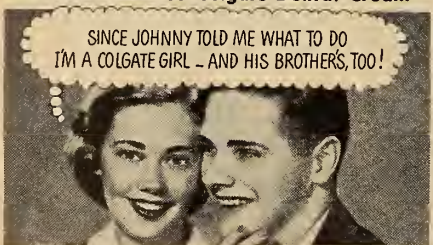
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STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!



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October 1953

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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On the Cover: Ektachrome portrait of Marilyn Monroe of 20th Century-Fox by Trindl and Woodfield, FPG. Other picture credits are on page 97

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...in the savage heart
of the jungle!

A sultry, sophisticated
playgirl... and a blue-
blooded patrician beauty!

They fought each
other like tigresses
... for the kisses of
the Jungle Boss!



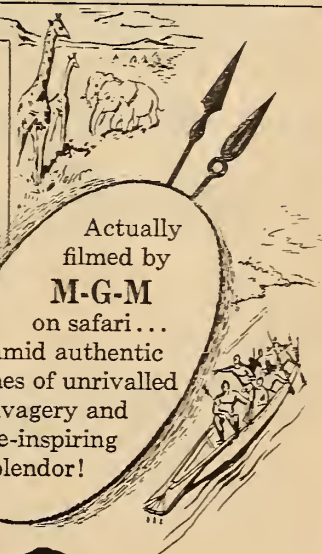
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MAN BATTLES WILD GORILLAS!



BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURESS
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amid authentic
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savagery and
awe-inspiring
splendor!

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Stewart Granger has a clause in his MGM contract permitting him to call Nicholas Schenck, president of Loew's, Inc., "Nick?"

—C.G., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Granger had the clause put in as a gag.

Q. Is Clark Gable finished at MGM?

—V.F., EUREKA, CAL.

A. His contract at that studio expires late this year.

Q. Does Bing Crosby own radio station KMBY in Monterey, Calif?

—G.H., SALINAS, CAL.

A. Crosby owns 30% of it.

Q. I understand that Pier Angeli and Marlon Brando are set to star in *Romeo and Juliet*. Didn't MGM make this film once before? —H.V., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. In 1936; Norma Shearer was *Juliet*, Leslie Howard was *Romeo*, and John Barrymore played *Mercutio*.

Q. Do you know which actress has the largest chest measurement?

—T.R., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Kathryn Grayson wins with 41 inches.

Q. Can you give me the terms of John Wayne's contract which he signed with RKO a few years ago?

S.L., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. Wayne's contract with RKO, dated November 20, 1950, calls for him to receive \$1,000 a week for 450 weeks. RKO also holds a \$130,000 mortgage on a house purchased by Wayne. The actor is paying this off at \$150 a week, 2½% interest.

Q. Has Ronald Colman retired from the screen for good?

—Q.B., PITTSFIELD, MASS.

A. Not if the right screen role is offered.

Q. Is it true that Rock Hudson and Mrs. Gary Cooper are very much in love with each other? —F.F., MIAMI, FLA.

A. They're just good friends.

Q. Jane Russell's husband, Bob Waterfield—has he given up football to become an actor? —T.R., TROY, N. Y.

A. Waterfield has retired from pro-football; acts in his spare time.

Q. Weren't Gloria Grahame and Cy Howard secretly married a month ago?

—V.J., BOULDER, COL.

A. No.

Q. I've been told that Vittorio Gassman married Shelley Winters to further his own career; that every time he returns to Italy he makes sure to call upon one special girl. Who is she?

—B.H., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. His mother.

Q. I read that Doris Day will not pose for pictures unless photographers pay expenses at a resort for her and her husband and her son. Is this true?

—H.G., RENO, NEV.

A. This is not true although Miss Day and her husband prefer to pose for layouts at resorts rather than at their own home.

Q. I recently read in a newspaper that a famous Hollywood actor loves to romp around in women's clothes. Is this true and can you reveal his identity?

F.F., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. It's true; his identity cannot be revealed.

Q. Isn't Bob Wagner seeing an awful lot of a French girl named Yvonne? You ask him, and he'll know the girl I mean.

G.F., LA JOLLA, CAL.

A. Wagner sees Yvonne occasionally.

Q. Has Sunny Tufts given up alcohol?

F.F., AMES, IOWA

A. Yes.

Q. Who is older, Joan Crawford or Barbara Stanwyck?

—T.E., TOPEKA, KAN.

A. Miss Stanwyck admits to being older.

Q. What are the religious differences that are holding up the marriage of Kirk Douglas to Pier Angeli?

—G.Y., RICHMOND, VA.

A. More than religious differences are involved although Douglas is Jewish and Pier Angeli is Catholic.

Q. Was there a big feud between Zachary Scott and Glenn Ford or was it publicity? —B.H., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A. It was a legitimate feud.

Nobody had ever seen Dooley
scared before.

He had nerve to burn—
and he'd burned his way to a hot corner of the globe where no man
had ever been before—the white-hell of the wasteland. And now
against avalanche, hurricane winds
and all the fury of man
and mountain—he was beating
his way back—back to
where his woman was!



*A man
didn't need
a photo to
remember
Maggie!*

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in

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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

I, ROSEMARY, TAKE THEE, JOSÉ . . . LOUELLA'S PARTY REVEALS LATEST LOVES,

THE phone by my bed rang at six o'clock in the morning. I had forgotten to disconnect it for, as a rule, I don't care to talk to anyone at this time of the day.

The long distance operator said, "Dallas, Texas, calling," and I couldn't have cared less until the hoppiest voice I have heard in a long time came bounding over the telephone wires:

"Louella, it's Rosemary! José and I are leaving in just a few minutes to be married in a little town in Oklahoma about a four hours' drive from here.

"I promised you the story before I left Hollywood and that you would be the first to know of our wedding plans. I know it's early in the morning, honey, and I hate to disturb you at this hour, but I'm keeping my promise to you."

Disturb me????????? I could stand to be disturbed like this for the rest of my life because, as you've guessed by now, my happy and excited caller was Rosemary Clooney telling me about her and José Ferrer's elopement plans.

I love this little blonde singer almost as much as though she were one of my own family. I've always found her to be so honest and so sincere. And, perhaps more than anyone else, I know how deeply she has been in love with José for so long.

There were many heartbreaking moments when they didn't know whether or not they could be married. José's wife, Phyllis Hill, did not seem to be in a hurry to get a divorce. But after waiting for months, she suddenly filed for divorce.

I knew when Rosemary planned out the

following day for Dallas to join Ferrer who was playing in *The Taming Of The Shrew* there, that wedding plans were afoot.

I broadcast my "hunch" on my radio show. "Ever since you broadcast that we probably would be married immediately," Rosemary laughed over the phone, "we have been haunted and trailed by Texas reporters. They've been thicker than flies in the hotel lobby."

Suddenly, Rosemary's voice was serious and very sweet.

"I'm the happiest girl in the world, darling, and so very much in love."

And, may you always be that way, Rosemary. You are a wonderful girl and you deserve your happiness.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Michael Wilding were in the middle of rehearsing a love scene for *Torch Song* when Liz Taylor arrived on the set. Joan spotted Liz and froze. Biting her underlip in exasperation, she said under her breath, "Oh, reaaaally."

"Oh, reaaaally what?????" said Mike who turned his back and walked over to kiss his wife.

There's no love being lost between Joan and Wilding on this picture. If they weren't such good actors, the love scenes would look like they had just come out of the deep freeze.

The trouble apparently started when Mike was quoted as saying this was the first picture he had ever made with his back turned to the camera.

He also said he was consulting "my wife about how to play the love scenes with Miss Crawford."

So far, Joan has said very little (except under her breath)—but oh, my—they need no cool air conditioning on this set!

As I've told you before in this department, I love to give parties and few of my guests ever have any more fun than I do at my own shindigs.

This year, my assistant, Dorothy Monners, and I decided to co-charess a party in honor of Dorothy's husband, John Haskell, and song writer Jimmy McHugh who celebrated their respective birthdays within a week of each other.

So we covered my garden with a blue and white tent canopy with cellophane "walls" so that the flowers showed through, covered the tables with pink cloths lighted by candles and invited our friends to wish the boys "Happy birthday."

Donald O'Connor came with—of course—Marilyn Erskine, with whom he is so smitten (as I write this) that he is dating no other girl.

Marilyn is the girl who plays Ida Cantor in *The Eddie Cantor Story* opposite Keefe Brasselle. She is no beauty but she's cute and pert and evidently is as smitten with Don as he is with her.

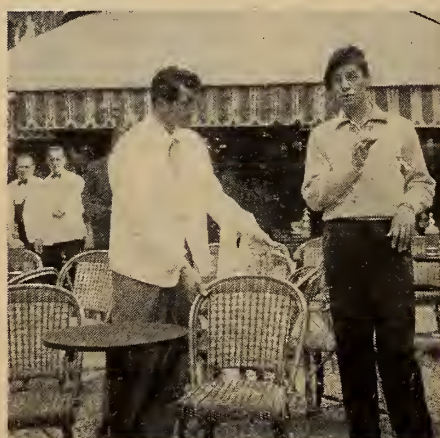
I'm not sure how Emily Post would feel about it, but Marilyn spent more time sitting on Don's lap than she did sitting in her chair at dinner.

June Allyson, with a cute new haircut along the straight lines, saw the young lovers and sighed up at her fella, Dick Powell, "Ain't love grand?" Dick agreed that it was—and is.

DEAN AND JERRY PICK UP NEW FRIENDS, NEW ANTICS, AND THE CONTINENTAL MANNER AS THEY FRISK



Waiter looks familiar.



Wonder if he sings?



What savoir-faire!

NEWS

FASHIONS, AND TALENTS . . .

The highlight of the evening was the "floor show" emceed by none other than Janie Wyman who has never been prettier or more amusing in her life.

George Jessel, himself, has nothing on Missy Wyman when it comes to introducing talent and keeping the ball rolling.

Wonderful musical comedy star, Dolores Grey, who was in Los Angeles with *Carnival in Flanders*, brought down the house, or should I say, the tent?

Freddie Karger's music accompanied all the talent, including a couple of numbers sung by his bride, Janie.

George Burns did his old vaudeville routine, hilariously funny, and no one laughed harder than Gracie Allen who admits that her husband can break up her composure if he says nothing funnier than "Good morning."

Dorothy Lamour sang Jimmy McHugh's "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby" with a lot of vim—and Ginny Simms also gave with some wonderful numbers.

Such Hollywood producers as William Goetz, Joseph Schenck, Darryl Zanuck and Miller Rocknol had a time for themselves sitting back and enjoying the talent without having to do any of the cutting or bcsing.

As for the fashion tips—most of the girls wore summer cottons, off the shoulder, with organdy or loosely knitted stoles.

ONE of the saddest things that has ever happened in connection with my radio show was having to "erase" the little talk Janet Leigh and I had recorded on tape about her happiness over her expected baby.

Janet had been so happy when she told



Glomorous extrovert Rito Hoyworth "withers without love" but friends were shocked to learn that her latest amour, impulsive Dick Hoymes, may find himself deported to his native Argentina as a result of romancing with Rito.



Jane Powell and Gene Nelson are still seen together, but seem to have little to talk about. Is the finality of Jane's divorce from Georgy Steffen disturbing her? Or is her new romance cooling off?

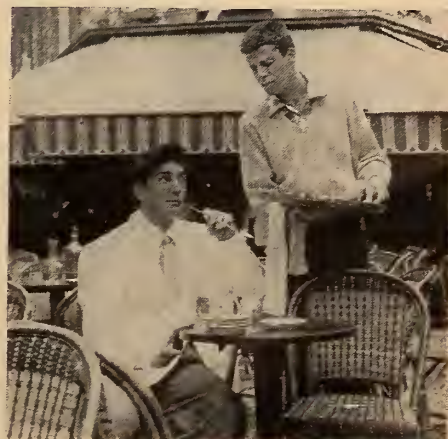
ACROSS EUROPE. THE BOYS ARE FRACTURING THE CONTINENT WHILE THEY CEMENT GOOD RELATIONS.



Don't translate—pour!



By the by, garçon . . .



Forgot my wallet.



New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.



Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed! Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria... doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Usable right to the bottom of the jar. Get Mum—stay nice to be near!

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

me that she and Tony Curtis were expecting the stork. She said, "It seems so early to make the announcement—but Tony and I are so delighted we just had to tell the world."

The day the show was to go on the air, a depressed Janet called me from the hospital.

"We've lost our baby. I've just called Tony in Honolulu (he was on location there) and broken the sad news to him, myself. I just can't tell you how disappointed we are, Miss Parsons."

Janet didn't have to tell me. The hurt and unhappiness was all in her voice.

WHAT is it with Rita Hayworth?? Every time she falls in love she behaves as though she owned the Cook Tours the way she chases around with her "heart" of the moment.

Columbia studio is fit to be tied because (as this is written) Rita is incognito in a small town in Pennsylvania hiding out while Dick Haymes fulfills a business engagement in New York.

Just before they went east, Dick followed Rita to Honolulu where she was making location scenes for *Miss Sadie Thompson*.

Remember when Rita and Aly Khan were courting and they seemed to be traveling half around the world and back together before they were finally married at Aly's estate, L'Horizon, in Cannes?

I sometimes think there must be something of the mystery writer in Rita's make-up.

You never saw such a "production" after she made up her mind to go East while Dick was there. She bought a ticket on the Santa Fe straight into New York city.

Then, apparently, she "disappeared" from the scene. Actually, she got off the train in Ossining, New York, and hid out.

Meanwhile, in Hollywood, Dick was going through some contortions of his own. He, too, boarded a train, got off at the first stop, doubled back to Los Angeles and caught the first plane to New York!

Such carrying-on!

What worries Rita's bosses and the men who handle her publicity is that with all her world-wide tours with Aly Khan, she eventually married him.

With Dick Haymes this won't be possible for a long time. He is still legally the husband of Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes.

JOHNNY GRANT, the disc jockey who has made two entertainment jaunts to Korea,



Shelley Winters laughs with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Granger, doesn't seem depressed by Vittorio's absence. Maybe she's getting used to it!

It's the screen's biggest **3D** Jamboree!
SINGIN'! DANCIN'! ROMANCIN'!

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COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

✓ Songs ✓
GET SET FOR
THESE FIVE
DELIGHTFUL HITS!
Take Back Your Gold
Chick-A-Boom
I Guess It Was
You All The Time
Baby, Baby, Baby
Mr. Banjo Man

Dig all these top disk favorites!
Guy Mitchell! Teresa Brewer! The Bell Sisters!

starring
RHONDA FLEMING · GENE BARRY
AGNES MOOREHEAD · TERESA BREWER
GUY MITCHELL · THE BELL SISTERS

Written for the Screen by LEWIS R. FOSTER, GEOFFREY HOMES and GEORGE WORTHING YATES

Directed by LEWIS R. FOSTER · Produced by William H. Pine and William C. Thomas

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

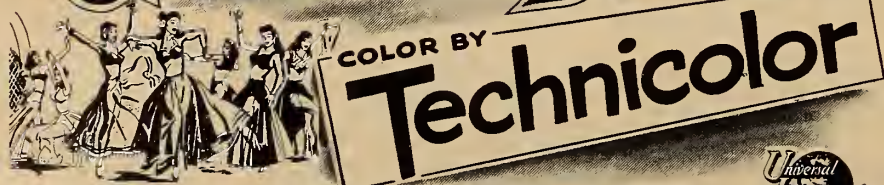




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THE GOLDEN BLADE



with GENE EVANS • KATHLEEN HUGHES • GEORGE MACREADY

DIRECTED BY NATHAN JURAN • STORY AND SCREENPLAY BY JOHN RICH • PRODUCED BY RICHARD WILSON • CO-PRODUCER LEONARD GOLDSTEIN • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



SOON AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

tells me:

"Doris Day is five-to-one the favorite pin-up girl of our soldiers in Korea. In fact, they'll trade a dozen pictures of other Hollywood stars to get just one of Doris."

Recently, Johnny interviewed her on his show and told her this: "Doris, how can you keep from going to Korea to entertain these kids who are so crazy about you?"

Her answer was, "I'm afraid to fly."

Well, then, Doris, how about motoring or training to some of the nearest camps or hospitals?

THE most exasperated wife in Hollywood is Mrs. Jeff Chandler. Won't even talk to him on the phone.

I hear one of the big troubles between them is that Marge "can't stand" Jeff's new personality now that he's trying to be a singer and a nightclub entertainer plus developing a corny brand of comedy a la Jerry Lewis.

Before it was generally known that Jeff had moved out of their home, someone called the house and asked if Jeff was there.

"No," Marge is reported to have retorted. "Cochise Lewis has moved out!!!"

MAYBE it's love and maybe they are very happy, but Jane Powell and Gene Nelson seem to have nothing to say to each other when they dine in public. They just sit at the table silently eating.

The other evening Jane wasn't even eating. A wisdom tooth was giving her a lot of pain.

An interested eavesdropper at an adjoining table reports that their entire conversation all evening was when Gene said to his girl friend:

"Can't you order something you can just gum???"

NOT since the late Susan Peters was crippled by a gun wound on a hunting trip, struck down in the bloom of her career, has Hollywood's heart ached more than it has over lovely little Suzan Ball.

She has a very serious bone condition in her leg which may leave her crippled and end her career.

Yet, in the face of all this tragedy, Suzan has won everyone's respect with her cheerfulness and courage.

Instead of giving up and considering her-



Despite rumors of discord, Ingrid and Roberto Rossellini smile like Rome's hoppiest couple.

Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you

"Instant
Neutralizing!"

Amazing
New Neutralizer
acts Instantly!

No waiting!
No clock watching!



\$1.50
(plus tax)



And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave far softer . . . far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different

BRAND NEW

Lilt

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:

A new formula makes the neutralizer act instantly!

A new method makes neutralizing much easier, faster.

A wonderful *wave conditioner* beautifies your hair...makes it softer, more glamorous!

Beauty experts say you can actually *feel the difference!*

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave . . . even on the very first day. The best, long-lasting wave too!

Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed . . . plus extra glamour for your hair!

New! party curl

Children's Home Permanent by Lilt gives your little girl the prettiest curls in the neighborhood! Natural-looking; long-lasting. Nearly twice as fast as any leading children's home permanent! \$1.50 plus tax

HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE



Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand new Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!

NEW!

TWO-IN-ONE TALC!



1. It's a deodorant!
2. It's a refreshing body powder!

April Showers

DEODORANT TALC

Now! Discover for yourself this wonderful "two-in-one" talc that gives you all-day deodorant protection—and, at the same time, keeps skin soft and smooth—fresh as April Showers—all over.

Family size, 50¢

FAVORITE WITH BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

"A/S"

STICK DEODORANT

So easy to apply... glides over the skin!

This "Always Safe, Always Sure" deodorant gives sure, lasting protection. In solid-stick form—wonderful for traveling—not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢



Prices plus tax.

by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

self a martyr, Suzan goes to parties on her crutches, attends concerts and keeps herself "posted on the events of this wonderful world of ours."

Even when it looked for a while as though Suzan's leg would have to be amputated, this fine little girl kept her chin up and won the love and admiration of complete strangers as well as her many friends.

ANOTHER wonderful girl who is having a rough going and doesn't deserve it is former child star Jane Withers Moss.

She has been ill with muscular pains and anemia which looked for a time like partial paralysis. But her doctors now feel that Jane's serious illness has been brought on by emotional upset over the breakup of her marriage to wealthy Bill Moss. The sad part is that they have three lovely children.

PERSONAL Opinions: Lori Nelson's face was voted the most perfect to photograph by west coast photographers. Above Elizabeth Taylor's, Eleanor Parker's or Audrey Hepburn's, boys???????

Can't understand why Marge and Gower Champion failed to hit the top popularity polls as movie stars. They are so adorable. Could be that husband and wife teams don't have the necessary sex appeal to set the teen-agers squealing. . . .

Coollest and most original summer fad—Ginger Rogers' softly woven straw skirts in all the pastel colors. . . .

Amusing the way Cleo Moore can't believe she's really launched on a successful career and keeps on buying canned groceries and staples against that proverbial "old rainy day" when the larder is bare again. . . .

Terry Moore does a lot of table hopping, oftentimes to the annoyance of her escorts. . . .

It could happen only in Hollywood that the billboards have swimming pools! I'm not kidding. Right where Sunset Boulevard turns into Beverly Hills is a huge sign for the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas and built right into it is a real swimming pool. Red Skelton tied up traffic for miles when he jumped in with his clothes on. Oh, Hollywood, my Hollywood!

FOCUSING on Robert Wagner: His hair is clipped so short for the Dutch boy wig he wears for Prince Valiant that he says his crew cut has a crew cut! . . . He can't look at

easy money!

Want to wear a chrysanthemum to the Thanksgiving Day game? Or knit yourself an earwarmer far that chilly second half? You can earn the wherewithal this easy way. All you have to do is read all the stories in this October issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started right away. You may be one of the lucky winners.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Sweet And Hot
- ☐ Rito's Newest Love (Rito Hoyworth-Dick Hoymes)
- ☐ Goble's Mystery Romance
- ☐ I Love Marilyn (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ The Lies They Tell About Bob Wagner
- ☐ Love Is A Long Shot (Betty Goble-Horry Jones)
- ☐ Ring Around Rosie (Rosemary Clooney-José Ferrer)
- ☐ What's Happened To Hollywood Night Life?
- ☐ Why Shirley Temple Come Back
- ☐ The Not So Mod House (Jerry Lewis)
- ☐ The Courage To Fear (Stewart Granger)
- ☐ Mistakes That Made Her Famous (Joan Crawford)
- ☐ Operation Skin Dive (Jeff Chandler-Rory Colhoun)
- ☐ Tony's Wife (Tony Curtis-Jonet Leigh)
- ☐ "You, I Like!" (Red Buttons)
- ☐ Report on MODERN SCREEN's Cinderello Girls
- ☐ MODERN SCREEN Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- ☐ Hollywood Abroad

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... State.....

Occupation..... I am yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Magic control for those "Calorie-Curves"!



Imagine! Hidden "finger" panels plus new non-roll top that slim, firm and control you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

Just as the hands of a sculptor fashion beautiful contours—so the invisible "fingers" of Magic-Controller smooth and mold your figure and control those "Calorie-Curves."



Introducing

Newest Playtex® Magic-Controller... (FABRIC LINED)

The Panty Girdle with Garters



The latest Playtex advance. Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Girdle with 4 detachable, adjustable garters!

The magic starts at the top, making your waist-line smaller, higher. Hidden "finger" panels support you naturally from waist to thigh... control those "Calorie-Curves" as never before! All without a seam, stitch, bone or stay! From new non-roll top to garter tab, Playtex Magic-Controller is all latex, one piece and wonderful! It washes in seconds and you can practically watch it dry! Whether you wear the smallest size or the largest—you'll think you've lost a full size!

Feel that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.



**Playtex Magic-Controller*
Panty Girdle**

with 4 detachable, adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest SLIM Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere. **\$7.95**

Fabric Lined PLAYTEX GIRDLES from \$4.95
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Extra-large sizes slightly higher.

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending

It costs
so little
to look
Lovable



New Ringlet Bra does so much for you... costs only \$1.50. Here it is... the fit you love in the bra that makes you look Lovable!
A single-needle makes the difference in RINGLET... shaping, firming, molding pretty curves, sewing in fit that won't wear out, won't wash out. It's a prize at a little price! Other Lovable bras from \$1. Also in Canada.



Look for the heart...for the Lovable Look

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

anything made of steel without remembering how disappointed his father was that he didn't follow in his footsteps in the steel business. . . . He has the patience of Job and doesn't even mind being kept waiting for his "dates" to fuss with their hair or faces. . . . Unavoidably, I kept him waiting an hour on a recent interview and instead of being surly about it he said he was sorry I had had so much trouble all day. . . . He's six feet tall or a little over but doesn't look it because he does not always stand up straight. . . . He says this is due to dating and dancing with girls considerably shorter than himself. So I guess this means he likes 'em petite. . . . He's proud of the fact that he used to caddy for such stars as Clark Gable, Randy Scott, Fred Astaire and John Hodiak. . . . Women wearing pink always catch his eye. He approves of make-up, particularly lipstick on gals, but hates eyelash "goop" put on with a shovel. . . . He considers himself quite mature for his 23 years, is sure he acts and thinks older. . . . When he marries he wants to be able to afford many luxuries for his bride, fur coats, diamonds, sporty cars—the works. . . . For a boy so young he has a great deal of gentleness and kindness so perhaps he's right about his "maturity" . . . He has a secret ambition to be a good chef and surprise his friends with the fancy dishes he concocts. This ambition may be deferred on account of he can't understand a cook book!

THE Letter Box: Evelyn Tierney (says she no relation to Gene) writes from New York that she doesn't approve of her namesake's romance with Aly Khan. "She's my favorite screen star but how can she fail to realize that the outcome of her fling with the Prince will merely be a duplication of Rita Hayworth's experience?"

Joseph Weir, Buffalo, gives three cheers that Guy Madison's career is in high again. "I've been a fan of his ever since his first movie for David Selznick, *Since You Went Away*. He's a fine actor and a fine man and I rejoice that Warners have big plans for him. Wish his private life were as happy."

"You never mention James Mason," writes Mrs. Leonard Fierfonte of Brooklyn. "Is this accidental or on purpose, Louella?" On purpose, ma'am—on purpose.

That's all for now. See you next month.



Piper Laurie and current beau Leonard Goldstein leave Mocombo with Jeon Negulesco.

THE BOLDEST BOOK OF OUR TIME...

Honestly, Fearlessly
On The Screen!

"There was one thing he
wouldn't do...even
for a woman!"



BURT LANCASTER MONTGOMERY CLIFT

"Prew was a hardhead,
...the tougher it got,
the better he liked it!"



DEBORAH KERR FRANK SINATRA



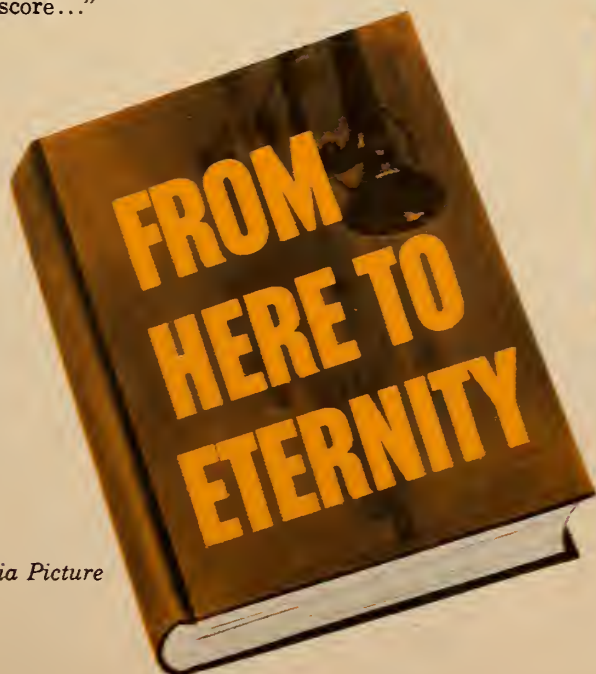
"He's such a comical
little runt. He makes
me want to cry
while I'm laughin'
at him..."

"Her and them sweaters. Looks coldern
an iceberg, but I know who
taught her the score..."

DONNA REED



"Sure, she's nice to him.
She's nice to all the boys..."



A Columbia Picture

Screen Play by DANIEL TARADASH • Based upon the novel by JAMES JONES
Produced by BUDDY ADLER • Directed by FRED ZINNEMANN

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Also available in 25¢ cards



To lovely Powers Models, beautiful hair styling is the mark of glamour. That's why John Robert Powers, famous beauty expert, has selected Gayla HOLD-BOB as America's perfect bobby pin! Be a Gayla Girl like the Powers Models—use Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins.

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Now... Style YOUR Hair the Powers Model Way



Find your most glamorous hair-do with the Gayla Girls Glamour Guide, a unique hair style selector created by John Robert Powers.

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Enclosed is 10¢ and the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB card. Please send my Gayla Girls Glamour Guide.

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SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

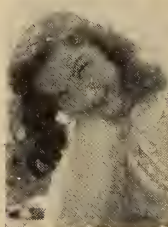
by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

Guy Madison and Rory Calhoun aren't as friendly as they used to be. Now that Guy has suddenly become a big star, thanks to his success in *Charge At Feather River*, the boys hardly ever see each other. . . . Very few of Rosemary Clooney's co-workers at Paramount approve of her marriage to José Ferrer. And the studio itself has never approved of the match. Even so, I saw her at the *Stalag 17* premiere, accompanied by her brother, Nick, only a few days after the wedding, and said, "Congratulations, Rosie." She flashed that wonderful smile—and kissed me! How can anybody stay mad at a gal like that? . . . Diana Lynn filed for divorce from John Lindsay and sailed for England, whereupon John Lindsay started dating Liz Scott—and the day after their very first date I ran into Liz outside her home on the residential end of Hollywood Boulevard. She was wringing her hands. "I couldn't sleep after John took me home from *Ciro's* early this morning," she moaned. "The police were swarming all over the place last night—because my next-door neighbor committed suicide—and I certainly can't sleep now that I know what happened!" . . . And whaddya know—the very next night John was out again—at LaRue with Myrna Dell!



Paget

Lana Turner has been complaining to friends that Lex Barker is too possessive. . . . Debra Paget phoned me, crying because I had printed that remark she made to me—that she had finally been kissed, and that the boy who kissed her also gave her a five-carat diamond ring. It seems that other columnists had interpreted this to mean that a studio boss had given her the ring. The boss told Debra to straighten the press out, and here was Debra explaining to me: "I fibbed. The ring belongs to my mother!" . . . Aly Khan was freed from his first wife while traveling around

Europe with Rita Hayworth. Now he has been freed from Rita while traveling around Europe with Gene Tierney. . . . Sharman Douglas and Pete Lawford, a Honolulu twosome a month or so ago, don't even yoo-hoo now. . . . I've got a feeling that unless Vittorio Gassman keeps those home fires burning more frequently, Shelley ain't gonna throw on any more logs! . . . Speaking of money and Rita Hayworth, don't be surprised if the Princess puts up the backing for Dick Haymes to make a settlement with Nora Flynn Haymes, after which pals expect Rita and Dick to wed.



HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:



Freeman and Damone

Sunset Boulevard sight: Janie Powell and Gene Nelson following each other down the Sunset Strip, lovingly touching bumpers. . . . It's whispered around Hollywood that Audrey Hepburn and Greg Peck have been playing some of their scenes from *Roman Holiday* off-screen. . . . Rock Hudson has been helping Betty Abbott paint her new bedroom, and greater love hath no man than to pick up a paintbrush when he could be sunning himself on the Santa Monica sands. . . . Twosomes: Vic Damone and Pier Angeli, Vic Damone and Mona Freeman. . . . And then Mona started dating Lew Ayres. . . . Upon which Kirk Douglas, supposedly Pier's one-and-only, started going out with Geraldine Brooks in Rome. Did you know that Kirk and, Gerry were once very serious? Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens are dating a lot again.

Marilyn Erskine told me all about her dates with Donald O'Connor: "Going out with Don is what you call happy times—no pressure—no nothin'—just fun—I like it!" . . . For a girl in love, Jeff Donnell looked very unhappy for a spell, there. Could be because Aldo Ray wasn't—for a spell. Shirley Temple (Continued on page 21)

Grande Baroque

sterling in the mood of gaiety

Regal beauty in sterling is Wallace's Grande Baroque! This pattern of lavish brilliance and rich ornamentation glorifies the gaiety of the Baroque period. Famed designer, William S. Warren, has interpreted the grace and splendor of true Baroque in the delicate carving, the magnificent openwork, the unusual blossoms which vary on different pieces. Grande Baroque is exquisitely sculptured in full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty," and like every Wallace "Third Dimension Beauty" pattern it is a masterpiece — beautifully formed not only in front, but in profile and back — sterling perfection from every possible view.

Six piece Grande Baroque place setting, \$43.75. Other patterns from \$35.75 to \$47.75—including Federal Tax. To learn where you can buy Wallace Sterling call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25. She will give you the names of the stores nearest you.

Send for and read the exciting design stories of each Wallace pattern in the 32 page book "Treasures in Sterling". It also contains many helpful table-setting ideas. Write (send 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 937, Wallingford, Connecticut.



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SIR CHRISTOPHER



ROMANCE OF THE SEA

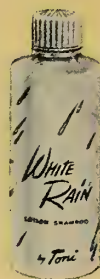
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Third Dimension Beauty
STERLING



From the Westmores
of Hollywood! TRU-GLO
Liquid Make-Up
gives satiny, poreless,
flawless look. 59¢*



Keep the summer
sunshine in your hair,
with WHITE RAIN
Lotion Shampoo.
Leaves hair lustrous,
soft. 30¢, 60¢, \$1



Children's hair?
Use Toni's
mild TONETTE
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Stays natural-
looking without
nightly pinning.
Refill, 1.50*



A thrilling variety to choose
from... in DURA-GLOSS
Nail Polish. Perfumed
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So clinging, so smooth,
CASHMERE BOUQUET
Face Powder seems like
your own complexion.
Choice of shades.
15¢, 29¢*



POWDER PUFFS by
Victoria, Blue Bird,
Dora May, Betty Lou,
and Glamour Girl
in cello-wrapped packs
of 1, 2, 3 or 4.
10¢ (for 1)
to 25¢ (for 4)

Susan Smart† says

“On the campus.

all your cosmetics are near...

at

Woolworth's”



Summer's over! It's time to find out the Fall
beauty news... time to see the latest
cosmetics shades... time to learn the newest
ways to look lovelier, stay daintier.

That means it's time to shop at Woolworth's!
Whether you're headed back to the books or
back to the boss... you're bright and budget-wise
to shop Woolworth's first. On these two
pages you'll find just a hint of the famous-quality cosmetics
and sizes on hand at your nearest Woolworth's.

For that quick, clean,
“million-bubble” shave...
COLGATE Lather
Shaving Cream,
35¢, 53¢. Brushless,
15¢, 29¢, 47¢



Fast... safe!
Dispenser pack
of GILLETTE Blue
Blades lets you
change blades
without touching
keen edges.
10-blade, 49¢.
20-blade, 98¢



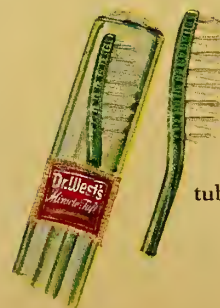
You clean
your breath
as you clean
your teeth
...when you
use COLGATE
Ribbon Dental Cream.
15¢, 27¢, 47¢, 63¢



Hair looks better...
scalp feels better... with
VASELINE Hair Tonic,
15¢, 29¢, 49¢, 83¢*.
Cream Hair Tonic,
29¢, 59¢*



Neat on shelf
...and so handy
to use!
GILLETTE
Super-Speed
Razor, Blue
Blades, in smart
kit. \$1



Reach inside
outside, in-between
teeth... with a DR. WES
Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush
Assorted colors, in sealed
tube, 59¢. Nylon bristles, 29¢

Your hands stay youthfully lovely to hold...when you use oh-so-smoothing PACQUINS Hand Cream. 10c, 25c, 49c, 98c*



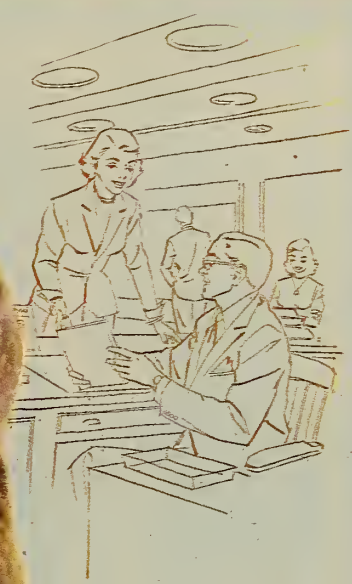
For fragrant daintiness after bathing or when changing...don't forget your CASHMERE BOUQUET Talcum. 12c, 29c, 43c*



Natural-looking radiance for cheeks...with HAZEL BISHOP Complexion Glow. Boudoir size, 1.25* Purse size, 69c*



on the job



*Woolworth's Shopping Reporter
*Plus tax

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.



Why leave a trail of lipstick? HAZEL BISHOP Lipstick won't come off when you eat, drink or smoke. Jumbo Swivel Case, 1.10* Push-Up Case, 59c*

Stay outdoor-fresh indoors... protect clothes...with daily dab of "invisible shield" FRESH Cream Deodorant. 12c, 27c, 43c, 63c*



Hollywood stars' favorite for glowing, manageable hair... LUSTRE-CREME Shampoo. Needs no after-rinse. 27c, 53c, \$1

Fix soft waves into hair, tame unruly ends, with lanolin-rich NESTLE Spraze. Lasts all day. With sparkles, at no extra charge. 89c*



Glorious color for your hair, with NOREEN Super Color Rinse. For toning-down or blending, too. Shampoos out. 30c*

No neutralizer needed when you use FROM Home Permanent. Different lotions for different hair types. Refill, 1.50*



Grand powder base...wonderful body rub! That's HINDS Honey & Almond Fragrance Lotion. 10c, 25c, 49c*



Exquisite softness and skin beauty with LANOLIN PLUS Liquid. It's a night cream, make-up base, cleanser. \$1 and 1.75*



Discreet...ready-wrapped in concealed package to keep your secret...softer, more absorbent MODFESS in 3 sizes. 19c, 39c, 1.49

Ava Gardner co-starring in **MOGAMBO**
An M-G-M Picture
Color by Technicolor



YES, AVA GARDNER uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in a mere two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women—beauties like Ava Gardner—use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World
4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo



Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans; leaves your hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It does not dry or dull your hair!



Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage; tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.



Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to \$2 in jars or tubes.

Thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos: Lustre-Creme also comes in new Lotion Form, too—30¢ to \$1.00.



sweet and hot



****Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars:
Average**

by **leonard feather**

FROM THE MOVIES RECORD OF THE MONTH

JULIUS CAESAR—sound track album** (MGM). In the old days it was "No, I didn't see the picture, but I read the book." Nowadays, if you miss a movie, you can just say "No, I didn't see the picture, but I heard the record." And this record is a perfect example of how much such a statement can mean.

It's a 12-inch LP running almost half the entire length of the picture. So well has it been edited that none of the overall dramatic impact has been lost.

John Houseman, the producer, personally edited the disc; he also acts as narrator in a few spots where the action needs to be linked together.

The result is an impressive production, with the famous "Friends, Romans, countrymen" speech of Mark Antony (Marlon Brando) as a special highlight. All the principals are heard—James Mason, John Gielgud, Louis Calhern, Edmond O'Brien. The appearances of Deborah Kerr and Greer Garson are brief but effective; the musical tracks, written and conducted by Miklos Rozsa, aid the record as they did the film.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—*When Love Goes Wrong* by Margaret Whiting and Jimmy Wakely* (Capitol).

JOURNEY TO SOUTH AMERICA—*Gaviotta (A Peruvian Waltz)* by Percy Faith* (Columbia).

LIMELIGHT—*Eternally* (Terry's Theme) by Dinah Shore (Victor); Jean Campbell (Coral).

Too bad they had to fit this pretty melody with such trite, unoriginal lyrics. Even Dinah can't make them sound like much.

MELBA—*The Melba Waltz (Dream Time)* by Jeff Morley (Okeh).

THE MOON IS BLUE—title song by Ralph Marterie* (Mercury).

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE—*I Guess It Was You All The Time* by Ray Anthony* (Capitol). *Baby, Baby, Baby* by Tommy Edwards* (MGM).

POPULAR

TERESA BREWER-DON CORNELL—*The Glad Song** (Coral).

Teamed together for the first time in almost a year, Terry and Don are at their best in this one and the coupling, *What Happened To The Music?*

FRANKIE LAINE—*Hey, Joe** (Columbia).

Carl Smith was the first to record this, but with Frankie's version it's become a hit in both the popular and the hillbilly music worlds. Other side is an Irving Berlin song, *Sittin' In The Sun*.

FRANK SINATRA—*I've Got The World On A String** (Capitol).

Maybe Frankie's switch to the Capital label has brought the long-awaited change in his luck on records. As we went to press, this one looked promising.

hollywood report continued

will include her husband in any movie deal . . . Clark Gable went to Europe to get away from it all, only to find he was so well-known everywhere over there he couldn't get any rest at all, at all . . . Terry Moore was nipped by a barracuda while swimming in Florida's waters but won't say where.

Danger signal: the decision of a sweet, wholesome-type girl to start looking sexy—as witness what happened to the marriages of Anne Baxter and Janie Powell when they “went sexy”! . . . Paramount's new cutie, Mai Zetterling (she's co-starring with Danny Kaye in *Knock On Wood* at Par), tells me she doesn't need to pose for cheesecake photos: her face is sexy enough . . . In a press interview, Kathryn Grayson refused to answer any questions about the size of her bust . . . Gilbert Roland is getting more jobs in pictures now than he got when he was a top romantic leading man 'way back in the '30's. So you see, it does pay to be a nice guy and a good actor . . . Prediction: Gloria Grahame is one winner of a supporting actress Oscar who won't fade into oblivion . . . Ava Gardner sent home two leopard skins from Africa so that Frank Sinatra's new car can have new seat covers.



Grayson

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Tab Hunter will make \$25,000 in picture salaries this year . . . Since June Allyson left Metro she has made more on one picture—\$125,000—than she got in a whole year from her old Alma MGMater . . . Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield are looking for a Los Angeles location to build a restaurant similar to Esther Williams' and Ben Gage's *Trails* . . . Gary Cooper bought two Mercedes cars in Europe for \$8250 each and Bing Crosby bought one for \$8000 so you figure out who's the best trader . . . John Payne, who got a wonderful wife and loving mother for his children when he tied the knot with Sandra Curtis (Alan's widow), pulled \$50,000 out of the moviegoers' pockets in Roanoke, Virginia, when he staged a personal appearance there for the Children's Hospital.

Maureen O'Hara sold her house in the Hollywood Hills for \$90,000 . . . Bob Wagner hired a business manager to help him handle his \$750 a week. If he doesn't learn to save now, he'll lose plenty when he gets a raise . . . Mario Lanza, although he recorded nary a song for RCA Victor last year, has made \$400,000 in royalties on records for 1952 so far . . . Them as has gits: Dean Martin won the ship's pool, \$1200, on the *Queen Elizabeth* . . . Vic Mature hired his wardrobe man, Mickey Sherrard, to manage his new television store on Pico Boulevard. And Vic plans to open two more such stores before 1954 . . . How do you figure that Mature?



Mature

Works all day starring in movies and then goes to his stores at night to sell tv sets to people who would rather look at tv than go to the movies! . . . Marilyn Monroe's business manager would not allow her to spend \$200 a month for an apartment, despite her success.

THE YEAR BOOK

JANE "Brainy"
House Committee '53
Choir '53
Vice President '52
Hackey Team '52
Basketball Team '52
Forum '53

ENID "Glamour Puss"
Song Leader '52
Camera Club '53
Choir '53
House Committee '52

Which is more likely to succeed?

Or to put it more romantically, who will be first to marry? Will it be Enid with her blonde beauty, radiant personality and quick wit? Or Jane, with her shy, retiring ways? You would guess Enid, of course. But you would be wrong. Jane will get to the altar long before Enid, because Jane has something that Enid has not . . . a breath that is always agreeable and sweet. She keeps it that way with Listerine Antiseptic, the extra-careful precaution against halitosis (bad breath). Clever Jane! Stupid Enid!

Listerine Antiseptic not only stops halitosis (bad breath) instantly . . . it usually keeps it stopped for hours on end. This superior deodorant effect is due to Listerine's ability to kill germs.

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

Germs are by far the most common cause of halitosis. Because they start the fermentation of proteins that are always present in your mouth. In fact, *research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in your mouth.* Listerine instantly kills these germs by millions, including bacteria that cause fermentation. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or

chewing gums do not kill germs: Listerine does.

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

No wonder that in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll products, it was tested against.

That's why we say, if you're really serious about your breath, no matter what else you may use, use an antiseptic. Kill those odor bacteria with Listerine—the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Rinse with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH
4 TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL OR TOOTH PASTE

Mary's DULL



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Mary down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues".

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. F-103, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Mary's SHARP WITH MIDOL

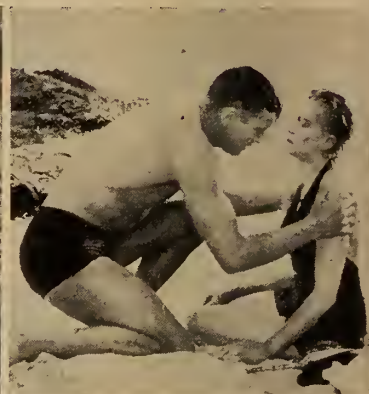


All Drugstores
have Midol



movie reviews *by florence epstein*

PICTURE OF THE MONTH



FROM HERE TO ETERNITY Adapted from the best-seller by James Jones, *From Here To Eternity* is a brilliant movie. Its focus is that part of the Army composed of enlisted men, professional soldiers, stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, the summer of 1941. But the passions and principles (or lack of them) which rule their lives mirror our times. There's Prewitt (Montgomery Clift) the uncompromising idealist who gets "the treatment" because, having once blinded a man while sparring, he refuses to join the boxing team. There's Sergeant Warden (Burt Lancaster) the realist who can adapt himself to any situation because he knows how to yield, and despite his contempt for the pompous fraud of a Captain (Philip Ober) serves him well. There's Maggio (Frank Sinatra) the uncontrolled, pathetically funny little man who gets into trouble and is broken by the sadistic Sergeant "Fatso" (Ernest Borgnine) in charge of the stockade. Then there's Karen (Deborah Kerr) the Captain's wife, a lost, bitter woman who finds love for the first time with Warden, but that love is doomed. And there's Lorene (Donna Reed) Prew's girl, a prostitute saving her money for a "proper" life back home. *From Here To Eternity* unites these poignantly drawn portraits of desperate people in a drama you won't forget.—Col.



GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES It has Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell—what more does it need? Technicolor? It's got that, too. And Marilyn walks, which is even better than her singing. The theme of this movie, like the Broadway play before it, is "diamonds are a girl's best friend." Marilyn has plenty of friends. She's also engaged. Her fiancé (Tommy Noonan) is made of money, only his father (Taylor Holmes) made it and is not about to be taken in by this goldigger. That's why the marriage is postponed. Marilyn insists on going to "Europe, France," and takes Jane with her. Mr. Holmes hires a detective (Elliott Reid) to watch her, with a camera, for any hint of scandal. That camera clicks like a Geiger counter. Because Charles Coburn is on board and he's up to his ears in diamond mines. As for Jane—she's enamored of the entire Olympic team (also on board) and she likes that detective, too, until she discovers he is one. Most of the songs that were in the original musical by Joseph Fields and Anita Loos are here. The comic effects of the flapper era (the flaming Twenties) are lost in this modern version. But you can't have everything.—20th-Fox



LATIN LOVERS Lana Turner's problem is 37 million dollars, which may seem laughable to you, but has put this girl on an analyst's couch. Men want me for my money, she says. Doctor, cure me of that neurosis. Some neurosis! The thought of all those millions keeps even the analyst (Eduard Franz) up nights. He's no help. Neither is Beulah Bondi, John Lund's analyst. John has 48 million dollars, but even so, Lana can't bring herself to marry him. Beulah is supposed to make John irresistible. Switch to Brazil where Lund is mixing business with Turner and Turner is switching from him to Montalban. Montalban is masterful. He throws a fit when she's late, laughs at her dancing, complains about his loss of freedom. Lana is afraid he'll toss her out when he discovers she's a gold mine. Fat chance. He's delirious with delight. That's no good, either. Lana figures he must have known about the money all along. So it goes—until Lana wakes up and loves. It's Technicolor, some of it's funny, all of it's easy on the eyes. Louis Calhern, Jean Hagen and Archer MacDonald are in this.—MGM



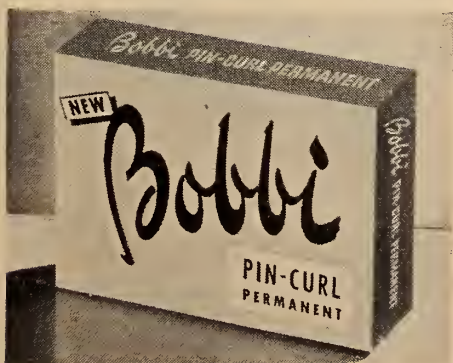
Bobbi is perfect for this casual "Ingenu" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent *designed* to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help needed.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this "Cotillion." And you get your wave *where* you want it.



What a casual, easy livin' look this "Minx" hairdo has... thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls like these.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural look of the curls in this new "Capri" style. No "nightly settings."

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

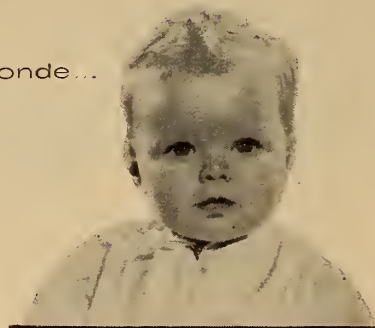


last year my hair was mousey brown...

although I once was brightly blonde...



Photograph by
Mark Shaw,
courtesy of
MADEMOISELLE



now—Richard Hudnut

Light and Bright has brought
back natural looking lightness

Nothing to mix or fix

**"It's simpler than
setting your hair!"**

Light and Bright

LIGHT AND BRIGHT by Richard Hudnut is the newest cosmetic gift to blondes, brownettes, redheads, with dull or lifeless looking hair. It's an entirely different kind of home hair lightener, a cosmetic really, that gives you natural-looking color that won't wash out because it brings out the lightness inherent in your hair. Not a dye, or rinse, it's a simple, single solution you apply directly to your hair to lighten and brighten a little or a lot depending on how many times you use it. And it's so easy to use. No mixing, timing or shampooing. So safe, too. Light and Bright contains no ammonia and the color change is gradual because you yourself decide how many applications to have. At all cosmetic counters. **1.50** PLUS TAX.

RICHARD HUDNUT of Fifth Avenue



THE KID FROM LEFT FIELD Fox is batting a thousand with this baseball comedy that's full of laughs, love and whimsy. It centers around Dan Dailey who was once a baseball player but now sells peanuts in the stands. His nine-year-old son (Billy Chapin) worships him, anyway. Billy gets a job as batboy for the Bisons, a team so enfeebled it couldn't beat a rug. Dailey has studied all the players, though, and knows what would pull them out of their slump. He transmits this info to Billy who gives it to the team. Pretty soon Billy is hailed as a child prodigy, and manager Dick Eagan is out looking for another job. When Billy is hospitalized with virus pneumonia he tells the club owner (Ray Collins) that Dailey was the real brain behind the ball and Dailey is made manager just in time for the World Series. Anne Bancroft and Lloyd Bridges (playing a 36-year-old third baseman whose gaming days are numbered) provide romance.—20th-Fox



SO THIS IS LOVE This is the story of Grace Moore, whose life ended abruptly in an airplane crash. *So This Is Love* is concerned with the early years and closes with her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. Noreen Corcoran plays the young Grace, a cute but headstrong child, who is to grow into a cute but ambitious woman (Kathryn Grayson). Grace wanted to be a missionary until her aunt (Rosemary DeCamp) suggested a singing career. Her father (Walter Abel) was vehemently opposed to her leaving home down south for any kind of career. But he lost out. So did a couple of men (Merv Griffith and Douglas Dick) who were in love with her later. But a girl who has become a musical comedy star and an opera star by the age of 27 wouldn't have had much time for romance. And a girl who's willing to remain silent for three months (in order not to lose her voice) won't be swayed from her goal. Technicolor adds much to this lavish production as does Kathryn Grayson's handling of light and operatic scores.—Warners



SECOND CHANCE What Linda Darnell remembers about her ex-boyfriend would tickle the Senate Crime Committee. That's why mister violent death himself, (Jack Palance) has been sent all the way down to South America. Only he thinks Linda's so pretty he'd rather seduce her than shoot her. She'd rather throw herself off a peak of the Andes. Would too, if it weren't for Bob Mitchum. He's a prizefighter with a heightened sense of life (he once killed a man in the ring) and he tells her come with me and be my love. She's willing, but that Jack Palance isn't easy to shake. Relentless, that one. Follows them right into a railway cable car that slides people from one mountain to another at 7,000 feet above the ground. Wouldn't you know that for the first time in 23 years the cables break? The car sways like a yo-yo in the sky. But trust Mitchum to pull Darnell right up out of it into a cloud. 3-D and Technicolor—RKO



Dry skin: "My skin used to be dry and rough, but Noxzema helped it look much smoother and fresher," says Phyllis Walker of Charleston, W. Va. "I 'cream-wash' twice a day and use Noxzema as my night cream, too!"



Blemishes*: "Noxzema's routine is so refreshing," says June Conroy of Jacksonville, Fla. "I'm overjoyed at the way Noxzema brightens my skin and helps keep it free of blemishes*!"



Fresher, lovelier, brighter looking skin when you really wash away dirt and stale make-up with Noxzema Skin Cream and water.

Look lovelier in 10 days

with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your money back!

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier — helps keep it that way, too!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine. It helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier and helps you *keep* it that way!

Results are thrilling

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. For this famous *medicated* beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; externally-caused blemishes; and for that lifeless *half-clean* look of so many so-called normal complexions.

Wouldn't you like to help your skin look fresher, smoother, prettier? Then, tonight start this Doctor's Home Facial:



1. Cleanse by washing your face with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema liberally; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. Noxzema is *greaseless*, actually washes off with water. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear. How fresh skin looks and feels—not dry, or drawn!



2. Night cream: Smooth on Noxzema to help your skin look softer, lovelier. Pat a bit

extra over any blemishes* to help heal them — fast! Noxzema supplies a protective film of oil-and-moisture that helps *keep* your skin looking fresh and lovely.



3. Make-up base: In the morning, 'cream-wash' again. Then apply soothing, *greaseless* Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. Noxzema helps protect your skin all day long!

Noxzema works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems to have lovelier looking complexions. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! **externally-caused*

LOOK LOVELIER OFFER: Big 85¢ jar of Noxzema only 59¢ plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters. Limited time only!

Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo
tonight—tomorrow your hair
will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in
softest rain water! This new gentle
lotion shampoo leaves your hair
soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine,
fresh-smelling as a spring breeze.
And it's so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN

Fabulous New
Lotion Shampoo by Toni



GUN BELT George Montgomery is a good guy (once he was as bad as they come, pardner) and he lives on a ranch with his nephew, Tab Hunter. Tab's father is a regular monster. Fact is, he has just knifed a guard on his way out of prison. He and three outlaws descend on George; they want him to take up his guns again for a big job. Not George. So his brother (John Dehner) robs a bank while George is in there making a payment. You see, it's a frame-up. Now George *has* to ride out of town with the gang or the townspeople will lynch him. But George and his brother have a fight and his brother accidentally gets shot. Too bad Tab Hunter is around when it happens. He doesn't think it's an accident. He thinks George did it. George is beginning to get a little frantic, but he pulls himself together, decides to ride with the outlaws so he can turn the whole bunch of 'em over to the Marshal. Will he do it? You can bet your boots he will. Technicolor, with Helen Westcott, William Bishop, Douglas Kennedy —United Artists



THE BAND WAGON Songs (a lot of them old favorites) by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, dancing by Astaire and Cbarisse (the most spectacular number is a parody of Mickey Spillane's detective stories) and a well-turned script by Betty Comden and Adolph Green combine to make *The Band Wagon* one of the best musicals in years. Fred Astaire plays a celebrity people are beginning to ignore. When he arrives in New York the song on his lips is "By Myself," but a couple of people come along and change that tune. The couple are Oscar Levant and Nanette Fabray; they've written a show for him and they've lined up a brilliant, if somewhat eccentric, director (Jack Buchanan) to handle it. That's the take-off—the rest is color, gaiety and talent all the way. Technicolor, natch, with Vincente Minnelli directing.—MGM



ISLAND IN THE SKY Men are always fighting each other. What they sometimes forget is that they're often fighting nature, too. This movie tells you what that battle can be like. John Wayne, a pilot for 20 years, now flying an Army Transport plane, makes a forced landing somewhere in Greenland. Whether he'll be rescued or not is hard to say, but Wayne is counting on it, as is his crew of four. Radioman Wally Cassell keeps transmitting messages until the juice runs out. They have enough food for a few days and a nice, cool climate (70 below). Back in the States, Colonel Walter Abel gets up a searching party among the pilots who have known Wayne for years and won't let him down without a struggle. They can't find him the first time over and the wait in that desolate nowhere grows unbearable. Lovatt (Sean McClory) gets lost in a snowstorm and dies within arm's reach of the lean-to. But Wayne keeps them going. Big climax! Lloyd Nolan, James Arness, Andy Devine, Allyn Joslyn are in the cast.—Warners



MISSION OVER KOREA This movie is dedicated to the men who scout the skies in Army L-5 cub planes. They don't carry weapons; they just dart in and around enemy fire, taking pictures, observing, getting killed. John Hodiak and John Derek are stationed at Kimpo Field, Seoul, before the outbreak of war in Korea. Hodiak has a wife (Maureen O'Sullivan) and family; Derek is a brash young officer who meets an Army nurse (Audrey Totter) in Japan, but doesn't have much time to woo her. When the fighting starts Hodiak and Derek are in the thick of it, and you get a good idea of the desolation, terror and fury that war brings—even if it is only a police action. You also see how heroes are made and murdered in a matter of minutes. Cast included Harvey Lembeck, Richard Erdman, William Chun.—Col.



RIDE, VAQUERO! Howard Keel is a homesteader, or would be, if Anthony Quinn, leader of the Mexican border raiders, would stop burning down his ranch. Quinn is afraid of men like Keel—they're too smart, too idealistic and too brave—and for them to settle in Texas would mean the end of wild times. Robert Taylor is the silent, cynical right hand man whom Quinn loves like a brother. Together they raise terror at will because life means little to them. One day Keel catches up with Taylor and can easily kill him. Instead he asks for Taylor's help on the ranch. Taylor agrees. He admires Keel. He admires Keel's wife (Ava Gardner). And that's the trouble. When Taylor sees where admiration can lead he saddles up his horse and gits (underneath that brooding exterior lurks an honorable man). He rides into town a few minutes after Quinn has ripped it open and is in the process of slowly pumping Keel full of holes. The movie is fraught with atmosphere, but sometimes you can't help wondering why. Ansco Color—MGM.



EAST OF SUMATRA Jeff Chandler is a mining engineer who sets his crew down on the Island of Tunga to look for tin. First thing they find is Suzan Ball cavorting in a waterfall. She is the native chieftain's bride-to-be, and that chieftain (Anthony Quinn) is pretty wise in the ways of men. He makes Jeff promise to provide medicine for his people in return for their labor. Chandler promises but he can't help it if his boss (John Sutton) is a rat and won't even part with a Band-aid. Quinn thinks Chandler betrayed him and wants to start a war. "Don't fight, boys," says Suzan, and they don't—until the native rice crop mysteriously burns up. Quinn methodically destroys Chandler's plane and supplies and cuts off all means of escape. It looks like fast starvation until Chandler challenges Quinn to a fight to the death. (They use flaming torches and daggers.) Also in cast of East of Sumatra are Marilyn Maxwell, Jay C. Flippen. Technicolor.—U-I

EAST OF SUMATRA



For her savage kisses...

he plundered the last forgotten
corner of the earth!

The story of "Duke Mullane,"
the women he loved, the iron
men he led and the jungle
fury he battled!



Universal-International presents

JEFF CHANDLER
MARILYN MAXWELL
ANTHONY QUINN
SUZAN BALL

EAST OF SUMATRA

with
JOHN SUTTON • JAY C. FLIPPEN
SCAT MAN CROTHERS

Directed by **BUDD BOETTICHER** • Screenplay by **FRANK GILL, JR.**
Produced by **ALBERT J. COHEN**

COLOR BY
Technicolor



RITA'S NEWEST LOVE

THE DANCING EX-PRINCESS HAS CHOSEN HER NEW FAVORITE—DICK HAYMES • By Consuelo Anderson



Rita has found her own kind of man, the romantic, Latin, marrying kind.

■ There are some actresses who, introverted and self-sufficient, can go through life for long periods of time without a man.

Rita Hayworth is not one of these.

Without love and masculine attention she is like a rose without sun and water. She withers.

Rita knows this. Which is why she has found herself a new beau and, potentially, a new husband. He is Dick Haymes, the tall, 37-year-old, handsome crooner from the Argentine whose love life has been every bit as hectic as Rita's.

As you undoubtedly know, Haymes, four years ago, was involved in one of Hollywood's juiciest and most publicized scandals. That was in Palm Springs when he took three looks at Errol Flynn's then-wife, the beautifully lusty Nora, and promptly lost his heart to her.

At the time he was married to Joanne Dru, a girl of quiet but insinuating beauty, and the mother of his three wonderful children. But Dick petitioned for his freedom.

As a matter of fact, he was so smitten by Nora, so anxious to make her his, that he agreed to pay Joanne any sum ranging from \$9,600 to \$14,000 a year for support in addition to taking out insurance policies for the offspring, paying their dental and medical bills, and dividing the community property.

Joanne gave Dick his liberty. Errol Flynn, his great ego shattered, gave Nora hers plus the promise to pay \$550 a month for the support of their two daughters, Rory and Deirdre, a promise, incidentally, which he has been delinquent in fulfilling. On July 17, 1949, Nora Eddington Flynn became the bride of Richard Haymes.

"How does Rita Hayworth fit into this picture?" you ask.

It's very simple. Early this year, not long after she had lost a baby son via miscarriage, Nora Haymes decided that she and Dick just couldn't make a go of their marriage. There was a separation which left Haymes free and lonely.

In New York on business, he happened to run into Rita Hayworth who was in town to plug *Salome*. In fact they both stayed at the Plaza. They ate together. "Steak and black coffee," according to one waiter who served them. "And they looked very nice, very simpático." (Continued on page 80)

Now! Make-up that covers perfectly...yet looks so perfectly natural!

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NEVER before have so many women—women with dry skin,
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1. Use a sponge
that's really wet
(just short
of dripping).
Rub it *lightly*
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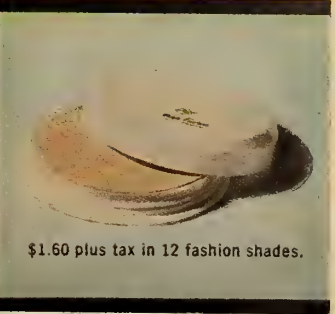
2. Apply very *lightly*,
quickly. Pan-Cake
is enriched with
lanolin, won't dry
your skin.
Wring out sponge;
blend *lightly*
with reverse side.



3. While face is still
moist, blot *lightly*
with tissue
to remove any
excess. This
prevents "caking."



4. Puff on face
powder generously,
but *lightly*.
Brush off surplus.
(For an extra-sheer
look, pat *lightly*
with clean,
moist sponge.)



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Hollywood cake make-up

THERE'S
COLD

CREAM

NOW IN
CAMAY



HER
PETAL-SOFT
SKIN GOES
STRAIGHT TO
HIS HEART!

Your skin will love it!

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for complexion and bath!**

Here's the happiest beauty news that ever came your way! Now Camay contains cold cream. And Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap to bring you this added luxury.

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It's at your store now—yours at no extra cost.
There is no finer beauty soap in all the world!

NOW MORE THAN EVER...THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

GABLE'S MYSTERY ROMANCE



Clark Gable's companion, model Susan Dodolle, took a leave of absence from Schioporelli's salon to help him look at Europe.

Time was when Clark Gable turned to hunting, fishing and desert resorts for entertainment and relaxation between pictures. Now he turns to the ladies.

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

■ What does an actor do between pictures? Especially if he's single, wealthy, handsome, and his name is Clark Gable?

In California when he had finished a film, the 52-year-old star used to go fishing and hunting in Oregon or speed down to La Quinta, a desert resort south of Palm Springs. When he was married to Lady Sylvia Ashley, he'd come home to his house in Encino, inspect Sylvia's latest improvements in décor and blow his top.

Only Gable hasn't been working in the U.S.A. for more than a year now. He's been in Africa and Europe, making films there in order to take advantage of the Federal income tax exemption. And life in Europe, to say the least, gives actors the opportunity to be infinitely more expansive than they can be at home.

Ever since April of this year, for example, when (Continued on page 88)





LOVE MARILYN

As Stengel is to the Yankees—
that's how Skolsky is to
The Monroe. But he can't write
an article about her—
he loves her too much.

by Sidney Skolsky

Mr. Charles D. Saxon
Editor,
MODERN SCREEN
Dear Chuck:

In reply to your letter, it's nice to be told that what Boswell was to Johnson I am to Monroe, but flattery will get you nowhere. I can't do an article on Marilyn Monroe for you.

Don't forget, Chuck, that when Boswell published his notes, Samuel Johnson was no longer around, and I still have to live with The Monroe. You know what I mean: I still have to see her at the studio, at restaurants, at her house and, of course, get lifts from her. No man ever had a better-looking chauffeur, or a chauffeur to whom other drivers paid more attention.

Look what you've got me saying: "I still have to see her!" This sounds as if it is a duty, which it certainly isn't. I don't know of any celebrity who is more amiable or more comfortable to be with than Marilyn. No, Chuck, if I can pull a line like that so early in just a personal letter, there's no telling what boners I might pull in an article. Honestly, I don't think I'm the boy for the job, despite the fact that I know Marilyn so well.

You probably want an article entitled "Why Monroe Will Marry DiMaggio," or "Why Monroe Won't Marry DiMaggio." I can't write that type of yarn for you. To tell the truth, Chuck, (*Continued on page 35*)



NOW THAT MARILYN IS FAMOUS, THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HER WHEREVER SHE GOES.



As a homeless child, Marilyn lived with strangers and relatives, longed for a bed she could call her own. With her first money she bought one—nice and low so she wouldn't fall out.



Comfort is important to The Monroe, both in companions and in dress. She has no use for girdles and pajamas and not much use for shoes; gets no credit for the lingerie she wears.



AS A CHILD, SHE WASN'T OFTEN



First sitting at six months



Marilyn can play almost two tunes on her old piano, a keepsake from pre-Hollywood days. She studies singing and dramatics diligently. And secretly, she reads and goes to movies.



Glamorous in the grand manner, Marilyn differs from her sisters of the Thirties by spending most of her time at home. After her wandering, unhappy childhood, she likes it there.

I LOVE MARILYN continued

I really don't know whether Marilyn and Joe will marry or not. In fact, at the moment I don't think *they* know. I'd hate to have to decide for them, and then find they've done the opposite and be caught with my by-line down. You know this sort of thing sometimes happens in fan magazines.

It could be because I understand Marilyn that I won't hazard a guess as to her matrimonial future. But this much I can definitely state: there is nothing definite. However, at post time (I mean mailing this letter to you) this is somewhat their routine: Marilyn will often rush home from the studio, still in make-up, to cook dinner for Joe. She usually throws a couple of steaks or chops into the broiler. And Joe has taught her how to prepare spaghetti. Since going with him, she drinks Italian wine and knows a few words of Italian. After dinner Joe will stretch out on the couch and watch a Western movie on tv. Marilyn will study her lines for tomorrow, or talk to friends on the telephone. She prefers to lie on the floor or bed when on the phone. "I talk better lying down," she claims.

Joe doesn't try to guide her career or tell her how to play a role. He does occasionally make a sage remark drawn from his own glorious history: "Never mind all the publicity, honey," he'll say. "Get the money."

When Marilyn met DiMaggio all she knew about baseball was that it was played on a diamond and that it was good for publicity photos. It was because of one of those publicity pictures, in fact, that Joe expressed the desire to meet Marilyn. A little over a year ago she had posed with ballplayer Gus Zernial (*Continued on page 62*)

WITHIN CAMERA RANGE. SHE SHOWS HER ONLY BABY PICTURES TO SIDNEY AND TO MODERN SCREEN.



Grown up a little at two



Already glamorous at four



Very first cheesecake at five

ALTHOUGH HE NEVER COMPLAINS AND NEVER EXPLAINS, BOB WAGNER IS CONSTANTLY APPALLED



Bob Wagner and Debbie Reynolds were a friendly twosome and a constant one. When they began to see less of each other, Bob was astounded to hear that he had "thrown her over—broken her heart."



He was enjoying his dates with blonde Susan Zanuck when the rumors about that reached him: "He took her out because she was the boss' daughter and he was too smart to miss the main chance."

the lies they tell about



■ Robert John Wagner, Jr., is a personable, good natured and well-adjusted young man of 23. It's amazing that some people have been prompted to tell so many lies about him.

Bob is amazed, too. He can't understand why it happens.

"Look," he says, "I'm easy to get along with. I like people and I hope they like me. I work hard at my job and try to do the best I can. I can't understand why people would go out of their way to tell lies about me."

Usually he follows the advice of another performer who is expert in the art of remaining a star—Alan Ladd. Bob used to date Carol Lee Ladd, and he listened carefully to words of wisdom from her father. After all, Alan has been

By Bob Thomas

BY THE "NEWS" HE HEARS ABOUT HIMSELF.



Working with Barbara Stanwyck whom he admires, he sometimes went out with her and other members of the cast of *Titanic* after the day's shooting was over. In the news, this became a full-fledged romance.



On location in Florida, Bob was startled to hear of his sudden, dramatic engagement to Terry Moore. They cleared up that one and the story was that Bob was party to a publicity stunt.



Even at home, he isn't safe. The gossip on that front is that Robert Wagner, Sr., used his money and influence so that his little boy needn't go through the usual trials to be a star.

Bob Wagner

able to keep a large and devoted following through good pictures and bad.

On the question of what to do about false rumors, Alan said simply: "Never complain; never explain."

When major and minor crises arise, Bob remembers those words. Recently a columnist printed the information that Robert Wagner had hired an independent press agent—to keep his name and face out of print. The item attempted to explain that he had been on six magazine covers lately and felt too much publicity would endanger his career.

A studio publicist hastily called Bob for confirmation. The report was false, he said.

"Then don't you want to issue a denial?" asked the publicist.

Bob remembered Alan Ladd's words. "No," he replied. "Let's just let the whole matter drop."

But there comes a time when even such an easy-going guy as Bob Wagner must blow off steam. And so when I asked him to clear up all the distortions, untruths and outright lies that have been circulated about him, he jumped at the chance.

One writer put forth the claim that Bob had been unfair to Debbie Reynolds. The writer quoted a friend of Debbie's as saying:

"Oh! That Bob Wagner! How could he break that poor little girl's heart? I'm telling you that when he threw Debbie over, he broke her heart—broke it right into pieces! And what for? Just so

that he could buzz from one girl to the next. I thought he had more sense than that. I really did. He didn't know when he was well off. I guess he'll just have to grow up."

The statement that he broke Debbie's heart is pure nonsense, says Bob.

"There never was anything serious between us," he explained. "We went out together—went out a great deal. But we never had any real romance. Debbie wanted it that way, and I agreed. After all, she is all wrapped up in her career, and so am I. We are both at a very critical stage, when hard work and concentration will make the difference between getting ahead in the business or missing the boat.

"We never (Continued on page 96)



LOVE IS A LONG SHOT



The James' first big winner, Big Noise, thunders past Grey Tower and Count Me Out to win the Futurity and \$100,000.

The wise money didn't
back the Grable-James
marriage. So what made it go
for ten years? Betty
offers a horsey reason.

JACK WADE

Once, when she was very young, Betty Grable shed bitter tears over a love that had failed. Like Elizabeth Taylor, Shirley Temple and Jane Powell, who in later years were to experience the folly of too-early marriage against parental objection, Betty cringed from the explosive publicity that accompanied her divorce from ex-child actor, Jackie Coogan, and swore to herself that next time she'd know the real thing. Yet, she admits that when she married orchestra leader Harry James, the "wise money" in Hollywood was betting that their marriage wouldn't go six weeks. The odds were simply against it. The recipe was one that had never worked.

Take one superb blonde movie star who had become the pin-up idol of millions of service men and the meal ticket for thousands of theater owners. Take one top band leader, required by the nature of his profession to bounce endlessly around the United States away from home for ten months out of the year. Mix them together in a marital state and any sensible person will tell you that the result must be unpalatable chaos.

Today, while the verdict may still be out on the love futures of Liz Taylor, Shirley Temple and Janie Powell, it appears that the marriage of Ruth Elizabeth Grable to a horn player named Harry James on July 5, 1943, has tossed normally sound reasoning into the ash can.

How have they managed to do it?

"We both like horses," Betty answers simply.

To some of the psychologists who prepare those deep thinking articles, such a statement is ridiculous in the extreme. Yet, the brainy efforts of these marriage experts over the years have done little to stem the tide of divorce. It would (*Continued on page 85*)



The James' jockeys ride for money and for honor—and for Betty's kiss to the winner. She's the greatest innovation since the starting gate.

Ring around Rosie



After they were married in Durant, Oklahoma, Rosie and Joe smilingly made wedding pictures with some of the guests. *Left to right:* Olivia De Havilland, Charles Meeker, Margaret Whiting, and Ann Crowley.

There are long faces and short tempers over Rosie's marriage. But nothing bothers the unblushing bride. She's singing and shouting, "Just flippin' my lid! Never been happier!"

BY PETER PRESTON

■ When the news broke in Cincinnati a few weeks ago that Rosemary Clooney, 25, of Maysville, Kentucky, and José Vicente Ferrer, 41, of Ossining, New York, had gotten married in a small Oklahoma town, four hours' ride from Dallas, a young woman who had once gone to Withrow High School with Rosemary leaned across the breakfast table. She handed her husband the morning newspaper and pointed to the Clooney-Ferrer wedding announcement.

"Now," she snapped, "I believe in miracles."

The husband of the young society matron read the brief news item and said, "What's wrong with their getting married?"

"Nothing. Except that if Rosemary Clooney can get a famous husband, so can any other girl on earth. Do you know, Dick, that when she was at Withrow, Rosemary was blackballed by four different sororities?"

The husband looked at his wife as a man might regard a backward child, with a mixture of love and pity. "There is nothing more cruel in the world," he said softly, "than the snobbishness of adolescent girls."

There was a time only a few months ago when recalling the hurt and poverty and bitter frustration of her youth, Rosemary Clooney would undoubtedly have agreed with the above statement. But now that she is Mrs. José Ferrer, she is so thrilled with the newness of marriage, so happy in her recently-rented Beverly Hills home, so altogether in love with Joe that the memories of humiliations she suffered as a child are in cold-storage.

And yet to those who knew her as a too-thin, jut-jawed, spindle-shanked girl it seems like only yesterday when she was aboard the *Island Moon*, an excursion steamer winding down the Ohio. Hundreds of high school boys and girls were heading for the picnic grounds, and Rosemary, dressed in a cheap little frock, made over by her Grandmother Guilfoyle, turned to her best friend. "I'm desperately in love with—" and she pointed out the local handsome Lothario. (Continued on page 77)





Occasionally Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz can be seen at night without benefit of television screen. In today's becalmed Mocambo, it's a wholesome, domestic scene.



Turistas paying cover charges to see intrigue among the stars are delighted to find Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas, disappointed by their party manners.



Jane Wyman is among the few stars who still come out at night. She was one of the Bautzer girls (and Greg was one of the Wyman boys) but now it's plain Mrs. Karger.



Like most of the younger generation, Anne Francis turns up with her husband, seems to have a good time.

A FEW STARS STILL TWINKLE IN THE NIGHT CLUBS, BUT DECOROUSLY. GONE

what's happened to hollywood night life?

By STEVE CRONIN

■ One night a few years ago in a Hollywood establishment known then and now as Mocambo, a girl of mysterious identity and origin went over to Errol Flynn and broke a coddled egg on his head.

The incident churned up a few local headlines but did not excite anyone unduly. This was in an era when the unsteady graph of what is called "Hollywood night life" was on one of its periodic climbs toward delirium, and in fact, not to break coddled eggs on stars'



John Wayne shows the fashionable, famous Hollywood night clubs to Pilar Pallete. Most of the remaining legendary figures stay home, behave sedately in public.



Esther Williams and Ben Gage enjoy a night out in a spot once famous for Bogart's fisticuffs and Virginia Hill's blithe trampling on her fabulous sable coats.



Nowadays, lucky tourists might see Jeanne Crain dancing with her husband; once they could have seen a lady break a carefully coddled egg on Errol Flynn's head.



In the good, old days, the lady stars hit the town with a different escort every night. Maureen O'Hara, husbandless, goes out with her brother, Jimmy Lilburn.

ARE THE LUSTY, BRAWLING, BOTTLE-SWINGING, BUTTER-THROWING, SPENDTHRIFT, STARS OF THE THIRTIES.

heads was considered effete. Actually the incident passed off rather well, occasioning no discomfort to anyone save Mr. Flynn, who underwent the shock you would expect of a man who has no deadly aversion to eggs taken externally but who hadn't happened to order a shampoo.

The red-haired girl had not known Mr. Flynn nor he her. She went over to his table and asked if he were Errol Flynn. No perjurer, Flynn said he was. *The Errol Flynn?* the girl asked. Mr. Flynn

didn't simper. He just said yup. *Squooosh.*

Mocambo was loaded with filmdom's hot rocks that evening. They laughed appreciatively and resumed the somewhat intense business of roistering in the public eye. A few paid tribute to Flynn's acumen in hiring an egg-plopper all his own, and a few others decided the caper was an authentic one, raising the charitable grounds that Flynn's coiffure and a coddled egg were natural affinities. Ham, that is, was mentioned, but in no more

vicious a spirit than a baby cobra might exhibit if stepped on. The girl was hauled away before she could apply pepper and salt and life went on.

Well, that was a normal Hollywood night life item yesterday. Tomorrow it may well be normal again. Today it is simply nostalgic and a little quaint, like a Duesenberg phaeton or a raccoon coat. Today, if truth must be told, Hollywood night life is decorous and becalmed, biding its time. (Continued on page 101)

A MODERN SCREEN EXCLUSIVE! HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, IS THE REAL STORY BEHIND SHIRLEY'S HOME-

Why Shirley Temple came back

by
**Hedda
Hopper**

■ We had scarcely sat down for a chat when a doorbell rang; and one of the most famous young ladies in the world, a pert, svelte brunette, got up to answer. Naturally Hopper had to peep out to see who the caller could be. It was a middle-aged man bearing a yellow envelope.

"I have a telegram for Shirley Temple," he said.

"Well," said the girl, "I *used* to be Shirley Temple."

The messenger almost dropped his teeth. Scratching his head in wonderment, he stared at the girl and finally said, "If you're Shirley Temple, I must be getting older than I thought." He seemed a bit dubious about handing her the telegram. I still don't believe he thought the girl was Shirley Temple.

But indeed it was. After two years in the east, where her husband, Charles Black, had served a re-call term with Naval Intelligence in Washington, Shirley had come home—but not as Shirley Temple. She insists on being called Shirley Black. Her hair was a natural dark brunette in color. Though her looks are still bright with youth, they contain a suggestion of the matronly. Those famous childhood dimples are not so pronounced. "I'm a quarter of a century old," she said, seeming to take a particular satisfaction in that "century" bit.

Most outstanding in Shirley's personality is a gentle, mocking sense of humor, which is applied liberally toward herself. In conversation you have to watch that girl, or she'll have your neck in a twist from double-takes trying to find out whether she's serious or kidding. Almost always there is a faint trace of humor in her eyes.

"Well," said I, "you're stuck with being Shirley Temple whether or not you ever do another day of acting. You became an American institution. You grew into the hearts of movie-going people and they'll never let you go. When do you start back to work?"

She reflected for a moment before answering. "Hedda," she said finally, "you must understand (*Continued on page 90*)



"I *used* to be Shirley Temple," says svelte, matronly Mrs. Charles Black, mother of Linda Susan, 5, and Charles, Jr., 1. "Now I'm not a star; I'm just a contented housewife!"



Shirley has no trouble disciplining her baby. "I just give him a disapproving look," she says. With Susan, too, a look will usually do it. Spankings are rare at the Blacks'.

COMING AS SHE TOLD IT TO HEDDA—PLUS THE ONLY PICTURES TAKEN OF SHIRLEY'S FAMILY AT HOME!



Shirley's two children are good playmates and companions. When Charlie was born, the Blacks "gave" him to Susan, who watches after him like her own baby, shows no trace of usual jealousy.



A husky 26 pounds, Charlie is quite a bundle for his petite mother to handle, but he's such a good baby. Shirley has no trouble with him. Shirley came much nearer death at his birth, than most people realize.



Her son's first haircut gave Shirley a pang of nostalgia. "A boy's first haircut is his first step to manhood," says Shirley wistfully, "and it makes a mother feel that her baby is leaving her already."



Little Linda Susan Agar, the daughter of Shirley and her first husband, John Agar, is a bright, friendly child. She visited the White House with her parents recently, and surprised the President with her aplomb.



Jerry Lewis' home looks like an average American's . . . from the outside. Inside, it's a Grade A mansion.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

THE NOT SO MAD HOUSE

■ A week before those two irrepressible zanies, Martin and Lewis, were scheduled to appear at the Palladium in London, a British magazine flew one of its top writers across the Atlantic to interview Jerry.

After many fruitless expeditions all over Hollywood, the scribe finally located the rubber-faced, crew-cut comic in a sporting goods store. Jerry was trying on golf shoes.

"I'll need an extra heavy shoe for those Scotch golf courses, don't you think, old boy?" That was Lewis' opening remark to the visiting Britisher.

"Why don't you wait and buy a pair in London?" the reporter suggested.

"Ridiculous," Jerry answered. "They're cheaper there." Then turning to the clerk, he said, "Do these shoes come in brown and white, too?"

Told that they did, the gangling screwball ordered identical pairs in black and white, cordovan, and Norwegian calf.

Next he tried on Bermuda-length shorts. They looked good to him so he bought an even dozen pairs in linen, flannel, and tropical worsted. Moving over to the camera department (*Continued on page 48*)



Patti picked the colors for the living room, thought that the grey-green carpet would be a good background for the pale mahogany furniture. The portrait of Jerry was a gift from Hal Wallis.



Jerry is leather-happy . . . a fact easily discerned by one look at his study. Everything—scrapbooks, radio scripts, movie scenarios, is bound in expensive gold embossed leather, and displayed there.

No trick staircases, hidden doors
or sliding panels . . . Jerry Lewis'
house is so normal you'd never know
America's favorite screwball lives there.

BY MARVA PETERSON



Because of his insecure childhood, Jerry has many neurotic habits. For years, he used to sleep with a gun beneath his pillow. In this lovely master bedroom, Patti talked him into giving it up last year.



Guests are sometimes so comfortable in the Lewis guest room they refuse to leave! "Especially my mother-in-law," cracks Jerry. (He's only kidding.) The TV set, chaise longue, are perfect for relaxing.

The two Lewis children share this double-decker bedroom, but they're usually to be found out in their playhouse, the one Jerry had to buy for them after he took over the first one for himself.



Early American is the motif of the kitchen, but in convenience and modern appliances, it's strictly up-to-date. Along with the mechanical wonders, Patti has installed a magazine rack and a radio.



MORE➤

the not so mad house continued



The exterior of Jerry Lewis' backyard playhouse doesn't begin to hint at the fabulous interior. Projection booths, gun racks, fireplace, bar, practically every prop money can buy for social amusement is found behind this modest facade.



Patti had a few qualms about the playhouse when it was being built, but now agrees with Jerry that it's worth every cent. "Our gang has a million laughs out here, and our type of mayhem would wreck the rest of the place."

he ordered half a dozen reflectors and spotlights. "Need these for my camera work," Jerry explained.

"But I thought Paramount provided that sort of equipment!" the flabbergasted Englishman managed to sputter.

Lewis crossed his eyes and drew an imaginary pistol from his belt, aiming his index finger at the reporter's heart. "Say that one more time, you varmint," he drawled, "and I'll have you sent to the Tower. Do you hear me, you wretch?"

Unaccustomed to Jerry's shenanigans, the British reporter scratched his head in amazement, whereupon Lewis moved up to him and said, "Look, Hyman, I thought I told you to wait outside and wash the car."

Finished spending \$800 in the sporting goods store, Jerry then raced across Wilshire Boulevard into a confectionary shop. Like a little boy with his allowance to spend, he eyed all the glass cases, finally settling for a pound of licorice, and bags of jelly beans, nuts, and assorted gum drops. "This bulk candy," he observed, "gets stale very quickly." He sampled a mouthful of jelly beans. "Now," he said, "all we have to do is to stop at the framer's and bookbinder's—then we're home."

At the bookbinder's Jerry picked up four large scrapbooks handsomely bound in expensive red leather. They contained photographs of their Honolulu Honeymoon #2, party pictures of son Gary's last birthday, stills from *Scared Stiff*, and hundreds of newspaper clippings.

At the picture-framer's there were 15 separate items waiting for J. Lewis. All of his possessions are either bound or framed. This time he picked up his MODERN SCREEN achievement award, a cartoon of his recent knee operation, and a commendation from the Cerebral Palsy Foundation, among other pictures and certificates.

Having been raised in a period of post-war austerity coupled with typical British restraint, the English reporter was staggered by the morning's shopping spree. "I say," he timidly asked Jack Keller, Jerry's press agent, "does this bloke carry on this way everywhere?"

Keller was prepared with a ready answer. "In automobile agencies," he explained, "he only buys one car at a time."

"And how about his home?" the writer continued.

"About his home and home-life," Jack said, "you'd better speak to his wife. She's absolutely normal and no harm will come to you."

Patti Lewis really enjoys keeping house for Jerry and their two sons, Gary, eight, and Ronnie, three and a half. (Continued on page 70)

Uncompromising moralist
Stewart Granger
prefers not to discuss
faith. But he believes,
“Man is to his God
what he is to himself.”

BY LOU POLLOCK

THE COURAGE TO FEAR

■ The subject of faith is one which Stewart Granger does not care to talk about with strangers—especially strange writers. And the luncheon interview on which this story is based would certainly have been a failure had Stewart not suddenly reminded himself of an old and beloved friend, Peter Bull, whom he recalled as “truly religious.” He had to tell you of his admiration for Peter, and only while speaking of him, did some of Stewart’s own ideas come out.

The Church of England into which Stewart Granger was born is not as possessive as some churches; in the opinion of many students of Christianity it leaves a lot to the individual. One gathers from talking to Stewart that he thinks it is how a man uses this freedom of choice which determines the truth and dignity of his worship. This is where Peter comes in.

“Peter never talked about his religion,” said Stewart. “He had accepted it as a small boy because his father, to whom he was very close, was a believer who fascinated him with wonderful stories of God and the (Continued on page 94)



SHE WOULDN'T CALL BACK HER MISTAKES IF SHE COULD, BUT NOW SHE LIVES BY THE BOOK.

Mistakes that made her famous

by John Maynard

■ *"It is good to battle, to suffer, to be thrown overboard and left to save ourselves. What we lose in comfort, we gain in energy—and energy is the most precious of man's weapons."*

So wrote a man named Wagner a number of years ago. History does not record whether or not his observation knocked his audience as a whole into a spin. But it did induce in Joan Crawford an excited pang of recognition. She wrote it down in one of a number of leather-bound volumes in which, for 15 years now, she has been recording similar capsules of residual wisdom.

In the same manner, she has seen eye-to-eye with a Mr. Irving: *"Love is never lost—if not reciprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart."*

And with a Mr. Moore: *"The difficulty in life is the choice."*

The difficulty, indeed. Probably there should be some journalistic ethics against gamboling up to a person of Miss Crawford's professional stature, dignity and beauty, and saying: "You've pulled a few rocks in your time, haven't you, pal, and if so, what were they?" To Miss Crawford's everlasting credit, she did not bridle. She laughed. Laughter should be a musical sound at all times but quite frequently it is not. Miss Crawford's though, is at least as pleasant to listen to as any in (*Continued on page 98*)



Joan Crawford passes between-scenes time with daughter Christina and paddle Cliquat. Never tired, she sleeps two hours per night.





Jeff Hunter and Rary Calhaun are all set, with their face masks and strange underwater weapons, for a day's skin diving. For more pictures and details, turn the page.



A preliminary briefing in the techniques of the sport is given to novice Rary Calhaun by expert Mel Fisher. Jeff Hunter and Bud Keyes, old-timers at skin diving, look on.

■ The day was hot, the sun was bright, and young Jeff Hunter was wilted. In fact, he felt so little like waiting any longer in the car for his pretty wife, Barbara, to come out of the gates of her studio that he finally walked over to the gateman and asked where he could get a tall, cool drink. The gateman merely pointed across the street and Jeff, being a Twentieth Century-Fox lad out of his neighborhood, had to look twice to see "The Keys," the small bar and grill which caters to the off-duty needs of the folks at U-I.

It was better in the bar, degrees better. Sitting comfortably over his tall, (Continued on page 93)

DOWN TO THE SEA IN FLIPPERS AND



OPERATION SKIN DIVE

MASKS GO RORY AND JEFF, ARDENT FANS OF CALIFORNIA'S NEWEST HE-MAN SPORT! • BY TOM CARLILE



MORE PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE →

OPERATION SKIN DIVE continued



Mel's two-pounder gets the boys started. In skin divers' jargon, you "cut a fish" when you spear it, "bump" or "bounce" him if you miss.



Setting off for the deep kelp reefs offshore, Rory, Jeff and Bud swim along leisurely enjoying the view they get of the ocean floor. There is no beauty above land that can equal that of many rock formations played upon by the ever-changing sunlight and shadow patterns here.



Marine catches aren't all flora and fauna! Jeff comes up with an old rubber boot for his first try today. He's an old hand at skin diving, and has done it many times in the warm waters of the Mediterranean. For Rory the sport was brand new—but he's enthusiastic now.

STRIP A MOVIE STAR DOWN TO HIS SKIN DIVING SUIT AND YOU'LL FIND A FELLOW WHO WILL OUT-MANEUVER SHARKS AND SEALS FOR THE SAKE OF A DAY'S FISHING.



Getting ready for the day's skin diving, Rory, Mel and Bud slip on "flippers" over heavy socks. The socks protect feet from sharp rocks. Face masks go on next. The divers breathe through a snorkel tube when their faces are submerged, can see as deep as 50 feet.



Rory questions Bud about the double cock gun, the Torpon. Cocked with both of its heavy rubber bands, it can penetrate a two-by-four. "Mon," exclaims Rory, "this looks like it could kill a whole!"



Shivering with the cold, the boys come out of the deep water. Here at White's Point, one of the most productive spots for fishermen along the southern California coast, the water temperature is about 60 degrees. A diver doesn't feel the cold till he gets out in the chill air.



Jeff poses proudly with his five-pound halibut while Rory clowns next to him, promising big things for his second spear diving excursion. In addition to the fish, the group brought back a huge basket full of obalone, rock scollops and clams, more than enough for all to feast.

what it's like to be

TONY'S WIFE

by Janet Leigh

■ Lots of times when I've been on tour and talked with strangers they've asked me what it's like to be Tony's wife. It may be because they've caught his humor on the screen, or because they've read zany stories about his clowning. Whatever the reason, most people who've never met Tony seem to think life with him is a marathon comedy.

It's that all right, but it's a lot more. They say a woman can be married to a man for fifty years and still discover new things about him. It's certainly that way with me. In the two years we've been married I've continued to learn new things about Tony, and each discovery seems more important than the last. His sensitivity, his aggressiveness, his pride and his humility, his boyish ways and his maturity—all of them keep cropping up. And I don't suppose anything will ever affect me as much as his gentleness when I lost our baby last July.

Most people have to know him a while before they realize that Tony runs pretty deep. He is a truly funny guy, and the humor of our life together is a great blessing, yet it wasn't his humor that I noticed first.

When I met him at a Hollywood party I noticed, as any girl would, that he was very attractive. He seemed quiet, and I was impressed by the fact that he had none of the brash quality that so often surrounds successful young men. At that time he wasn't what the town would call successful—he hadn't yet had a leading role in a picture—but his (Continued on page 66)







"You, I like!"



The whole country's in love with a scared little guy. They're carving hearts around Red Buttons' name, and he loves it—when his knees stop shaking!

BY JOAN KING FLYNN



Helayne McNorton Buttons, formerly of Ohio and Miami, visits with her husband and his team at CBS

■ The little guy was scared, but you could never tell it by looking. He laughed and clowning on the stage during rehearsal and he behaved as though he had always belonged there.

He was a brand new tv star, "the brightest comedy discovery of the year," or so all the critics had said the week before when he made his television debut.

"Then what do I have to worry about, now?" he tried to reassure himself. "I'm in."

But Red Buttons knew better. At 33, he was a show business veteran. It wasn't opening night the stars and headliners really worried about. It was the second night. If the critics and audience panned a show when it opened, it didn't matter much what happened the next night, but if they liked you, if they stood up and cheered, "This boy's got it! He's a hit!" then the second night jitters set in.

You've got to follow yourself. You've got to be as good, if not better, than you were the night before so the fans will continue to say, "He's a hit!" instead of, "What do they see in him? He's a flash in the pan. He can't sustain the pace."

That was what worried Red Buttons even though the first and second nights for his tv show were a week apart. He had never been in this predicament before. When he was a kid in the Catskills trying out his jokes on an audience of summer vacationers, he was too young and inexperienced to be scared. When he was in burlesque or the nightclubs or theater, the second night jitters weren't so bad. His act was the same. He didn't have to worry about new material. All he had to worry about was himself.

Television was different. You couldn't do the same thing every time. Each week had to be an entirely new show. (Continued on page 81)



WHEN MODERN SCREEN AND RKO PROMISED WORK IN A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE TO THE WINNERS OF THE GIRLS



Reporting for harem duty. *Left to right:* Dawn Oney, Joan Pastin, Judy Raben, Mary Ann Edwards, Alyce Cronin, Janet Camerford, Marilyn Banney and Marvleen Prentice.



In the RKO casting office, Janet Camerford signs the proffered document. This is her first movie assignment since she played a baby role.



Always more paper work. Filling out biographical questionnaires accounts for the eight pensive expressions.



report on modern screen's cinderella girls

Maybe you've never had the experience, but it's a great one. One day the movies are a million miles away—and the next you have a part in one via your winning photograph in MODERN SCREEN's *Girls Wanted* contest! You wait impatiently in your home town for the news that *Girls Wanted* is getting started. When it's postponed you're absolutely ready to die! But, the day you're told that RKO wants you for a new 3D Technicolor film, *Son of Sinbad*, all of you except mothers-to-be Linda Peppel and Florence Harper toss your things frantically into a bag and kiss your families goodbye.

And what a trip! Your first visit to the studio—will you ever forget it? Your wardrobe as a princess in the harem of the Khalif of Bagdad—will the neighbors ever forget *that*? And then an unexpected week while the picture waits for Lili St. Cyr's appendix to calm down and you visit the famous nightclubs on "the Strip," chat with the stars (your co-workers!) and eat at the Brown Derby.

Some of you are inspired to try an acting career. Congratulations particularly to Mary Ann Edwards for capturing some TV work! But all of you had a trip straight out of a Technicolor dream—a time to be long remembered not only by you Cinderella Girls, but by everyone who had the fun of knowing and working with you.

WANTED CONTEST, 18,000 READERS ENTERED THE RACE. HERE ARE EIGHT WINNERS AT HARD LABOR.



The girls go over the script with Robert Sparks, producer of *Son Of Sinbad*. They were originally cast in *Girls Wanted*.



Designer Michael Woulfe supervises the costume fitting. Joan Pastin and Dawn Oney, both photographers' models, try on their Oriental finery.



To the harem, at last. Our girls look right at home in this Bagdad-on-the-Strip with welcoming potentate Leon Askin and son Dale Robertson.

I love marilyn

(Continued from page 35) when he and his team were in Hollywood for spring training. "I never got to pose with such good-looking girls when I was playing ball," said DiMaggio. Some months later David March, a mutual friend, arranged for them to have dinner with him at the Villa Nova restaurant. Marilyn liked Joe immediately. Let me tell you something about Marilyn, Chuck. She has great instincts. She can detect a phony, person or situation, almost at once. She'd much rather, and often does, stay at home by herself than go out with some big movie star or producer or director. I know many who have asked her repeatedly—some of the names would shock even you—but she managed to avoid them all gracefully. If you'll think back, you can't recall one fake romantic item about her, and this is the general custom for starlets and young actresses being given the buildup.

When Marilyn and Joe first started going together, she was asked if she and Joe discussed baseball. She replied thoughtfully, "The subject has never come up." Since then she has seen a few games with Joe but doesn't quite dig it. She is not an outdoor sports enthusiast.

It has really never mattered to her that Big Joe (that's what Marilyn calls him) was one of the truly great ballplayers of all time. What impressed her much more was an incident that took place last Christmas Eve. Marilyn had attended the studio's annual Christmas party, appearing gay, seeming to be enjoying herself. Then she left, with nothing to do but to return home—at that time a single room at the Beverly Hills Hotel—and wait for a phone call from Joe, who was visiting his family in San Francisco. When Marilyn entered her room she found a miniature Christmas tree standing on the table, a pasteboard sign on which was hand-printed: "Merry Christmas, Marilyn," and Joe sitting in a chair in the corner.

"It's the first time in my life anyone ever gave me a Christmas tree," she told me days later. "I was so happy I cried." This from the blonde who sings "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend."

This isn't the kind of sensational story I suspect you'd expect about a girl who can take a conventional product like a calendar and turn it into the talk of a nation. Maybe it's because I know Marilyn so well and am so close to her (there I go again with the kind of remark that could be misconstrued in an article!) that I can't do the type of story I believe you want. Often, Chuck, I find that if I know people too intimately I can't write about them as well as if I don't know too much about them. Does this ever happen to you?

It's a unique kind of friendship that Marilyn and I have. Just how it started, I don't know. Nor does The Monroe. We were discussing it the other evening, and neither of us could place the occasion when we first met, or how we took to each other. I guess our association, like Topsy, jes' grewed.

All I can definitely recall is that the first time I met her I told her she was going to be a movie star—one of the biggest the screen has known. And during the first year or so of our acquaintance, I remember, we were standing in front of the magazine rack at Schwab's and Marilyn was looking longingly at the row of fan magazines. She asked, "Do you think I'll ever have my picture in one of them?" Now, with her kisser on practically every magazine cover and pictures scattered throughout every maga-

zine, it doesn't seem possible that there was a fan magazine without her picture, does it?

In your letter you asked me to explain how the bit about pinch-hitting for Joe DiMaggio started. Well, that's something I can do, Chuck, because it's a piece of personal info that's strictly for a letter. It was late in the afternoon and I was in my office when Marilyn phoned and asked me if I would escort her to a dinner given by a fan magazine at which she was to receive her first important award. Many more would follow, but I guess the first always has a special significance. I had already made my excuses to the magazine editor, for I had a great deal of work to do. "What's the matter with Joe?" I offered. "You know he doesn't like to go to those big public affairs. And besides, I'd rather you went," she said. And she said it in that soft, seductive voice of hers and of course I said yes. I'd like to hear you say no, Chuck.

My father took me to see the opera. During the second act, I poked poppa and said, "Look at that rich lady up there in the box! What do you think she's doing during all this beautiful music? She's sleeping!" And poppa said, "And for this you have to wake me up?"

Sam Levenson
on CBS TV

Before Marilyn arrived I was paged. She was calling from the studio: "I'll be a little late. They're sewing my dress on me. I'll explain later." (Marilyn is always late. She once phoned an interviewer at the exact time she was supposed to meet him and asked him to postpone their date an hour so she wouldn't be late.) Anyway, Marilyn finally arrived, wearing a gold evening gown that both raised and lowered the gold standard at the same time. I knew immediately what she had meant by "they're sewing my dress on me." It was not something she had slipped into.

As Marilyn and I walked toward the banquet room, I asked why she had insisted I accompany her. She told me she likes to be with me because she feels comfortable. That's a big thing with Marilyn—feeling comfortable. She gets a sense of security and a conviction that she "belongs" from it. Maybe I'll tell you more about this later, Chuck. But there was another reason The Monroe wanted me with her this particular evening and it was revealed very soon. She was asked to pose for the newsreel cameras receiving the award, and the man in charge wanted a studio official to stand next to her and the magazine editor. In that soft, almost pleading voice of hers, Marilyn said: "I'd like Sidney to be with me in the newsreel. You see, he had faith in me when I could only dream of evenings like this. I'd feel much better if he were standing with me." You probably saw this newsreel, Chuck, but never noticed me. I tell you the incident because it's the beginning of the "pinch-hitting"; but I happen to like it, too, because it demonstrates Marilyn's loyalty.

Well, my boy, you have no idea what this pinch-hitting role did for me! I must have hit the ball out of the park, because soon I was known as Marilyn's pinch-hitting escort. Mickey Mantle can take DiMaggio's place with the Yankees—I much prefer to take his place with The Monroe. It's to be expected that more fellows would say hello to me than ever did before, but what I wasn't prepared for was the reaction of the ladies!

Glamor gals who had previously looked upon me as merely a short, dark, bespec-

tacled fellow with a pencil, looked at me through different eyes. I became a glamor boy. It's to laugh, isn't it? Not only did some of the most important and loveliest actresses in town want to find out what Marilyn saw in me, but—and this is the pay-off—they wanted to prove to me that they were more—shall I say—attractive than Monroe! I won't mention names, even in a letter, so don't get excited and write me that this angle might make a good magazine piece. A gentleman doesn't tell such things.

I did tell Marilyn about this, however (we tell each other everything), and she was quite amused. Marilyn doesn't think other girls like her and she prefers the company of men. "Men understand me," she says. She is probably right, but to be more accurate, she should have said that she understands men. Marilyn has also said, "The luckiest thing that ever happened to me was being born a woman." In this she is undoubtedly right, but again, it is just as accurate to say that it's a lucky thing for men, too.

But The Monroe is off-base in her belief that women don't like her. If she gives them half a chance to know her, they always do. Take her relationships with Jane Russell and Betty Grable, for example. You'd think she and Jane and she and Betty would be at each other like cats. Some fan magazine even ran articles about Marilyn's feud with Russell, and others tried to promote a feud. (I can hear you, Chuck, saying: "Why I Like Jane and Betty, by Marilyn Monroe, as told to . . ." But I'm not your boy for that type of assignment. I couldn't stretch it and make it sustain for an article. I'll tell you the facts, and I think you'll see it my way.)

When Russell, under contract to the Howard Hughes Tool Company, came over to Twentieth Century-Fox Studios to make *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, she arrived with all the fanfare and justified importance of a visiting celebrity. Hughes was shrewdly protecting the most glamorous product of his tool company. He had clauses in the contract which provided for Jane to bring her own cameraman, Harry Wilde; her own make-up man, Lane "Shotgun" Britton; her own hairdresser, Stephanie Garland; and her own wardrobe girl, Mary Tate. Well, this is like Rocky Marciano going into a fight with lead in his gloves.

It would be absurd to say that Marilyn wasn't disturbed and worried by this. In plain words, Marilyn didn't like it. For the first few days on the picture Marilyn and Jane merely greeted each other cordially and stayed with their respective friends. This situation existed because neither knew how to break the ice.

The ice was finally broken when, while rehearsing a scene, Jane and Marilyn offered each other suggestions. This led to their speaking about their mutual interest in ball players. "Only they play different kinds of ball, don't they?" asked Marilyn. Bob Waterfield came on the set several times and met Marilyn, but DiMaggio never visited. Ultimately Jane and Marilyn became very friendly and Marilyn even attended two of Jane's religious group meetings. "Jane tried to convert me to her religion," Marilyn related later, "and I tried to interest her in Freud."

By the end of the filming, Jane and Marilyn were real friends—buddy-buddy. When anyone would say to The Monroe: "Watch out for Russell. She's got her own cameraman, etc., etc." Marilyn's moist lips would move into smile position. Then she'd say: "Oh, I have the title role and that about evens things."

Marilyn honestly likes Jane Russell and Betty Grable. (Continued on page 65)

JANET LEIGH, co-starring in
"WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME"
A Universal-International picture
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



The most delectable complexions in Hollywood
are specially cared for with  Lux Toilet Soap

It's hard to find a screen star who doesn't use Lux. **Janet Leigh**, for example, has tried a lot of different soaps and still thinks **Lux is the gentlest** and nicest. We think **you'll believe in Lux care** just like the stars do when you use it. Now we wouldn't and couldn't print this and give you a money-back guarantee, too, if it weren't true. So why not use Lux? And incidentally, we hope you enjoy seeing the Hollywood stars every Thursday night on the Lux Video Theatre.



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and it STAYS PUT!



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YOU CANNOT BUY A FINER LIPSTICK THAN
NEW COLOR-TRUE**

Tangee
LIPSTICK

WITH PERMACHROME—EXTRA-RICH IN LANOLIN

(Continued from page 62) "Betty is the most real girl I've ever met," Marilyn says. And there were plenty of reasons for a genuine feud to develop between these two glamor packages. As you well know, Chuck, Betty was the Queen of the Lot, until the unprecedented avalanche of Monroe publicity dethroned her. No person likes being the victim of this and few can tolerate it. But Grable is quite a person. She is sharp, honest, has all the answers and knows the score.

During the few years Marilyn and Betty were at the studio together, their only encounter took place when they chanced to pass each other as one was walking to wardrobe and the other from wardrobe. They nodded, that's all. They never actually met until they were cast in the same picture, *How To Marry A Millionaire*.

Again Marilyn was frightened. She wanted Betty to like her. (She wants most people to like her, but especially Betty, who had been her favorite for years. Marilyn had wanted to be a star like Grable or Lana Turner for so long that she ached from the desire.) I don't know Grable's first words to Marilyn, but somewhere in their initial conversation Betty told Marilyn: "I've had it. Go get yours. It's your turn now."

Throughout the filming of *How To Marry A Millionaire*, Marilyn was simultaneously trying to get Betty to like her and trying to reassure herself that Betty did like her. Driving me from the studio one evening, Marilyn said excitedly: "Betty told me today that I'm the first actress who never tried, even subconsciously, to upstage her. I guess this means she likes me. I hope so."

Another time I was on the set when Marilyn was playing a scene in which she had to nudge Grable. She did and Betty fell on her fanny! Marilyn was all apologies. "I'm so sorry!" she said. "I didn't think I had pushed you so hard!" "It wasn't your fault," Betty replied lightly. "I was standing on one foot."

Marilyn was so distressed by this accident that later, doing another scene, she carelessly stepped on Betty's shoe. "I know this was my fault, and I'm terribly sorry!" she apologized. "It's nothing," Betty said. "But I dirtied your shoe!" persisted Marilyn. "Forget it, will you, kid?" said Grable. "The shoe doesn't show in the shot—and besides, it belongs to wardrobe."

Betty and Marilyn sincerely like each other and have visited together several times since filming on the picture ended, which is an indicator with Marilyn.

Now Chuck, because I'm kind of thinking out loud about The Monroe, I don't want you to consider this a commitment for an article. It's just my way of looking her over carefully (See? It's almost impossible to write about Marilyn without saying something that will have a double meaning) for you. Of course you wouldn't want an article about the now too-famous calendar; there've been too many. Yet there's a hunk of truth about the calendar incident which reveals a side of Marilyn never known before. (There! Another double-meaning sentence without intending it.)

Marilyn phoned early one morning and there was panic in her voice. The story of her and the calendar was going to break. (I had known about it, but it was one of our secrets.) "Oh Sidney, what shall I do about it? What shall I do?" There was a pause; I was thinking. Marilyn was impatient. She broke in: "I've been advised to deny the whole thing. To say it isn't me. I've also been advised to think up a good excuse for having done it. Do you know one?"

I wish I could say that I came to her rescue in this critical situation, but I can't.

I said: "Calm down a minute, and tell me how you really feel about the calendar and posing in the nude."

She replied: "I don't feel ashamed. But now I'm scared . . . My whole career can be ruined . . . But I didn't do anything bad . . . I didn't think so then and I don't think so now . . . If I had thought so, I wouldn't have done it . . . I needed a job and money to pay the rent . . . Lots of other girls were doing it . . . There's no law against it . . . They're trying to make me feel ashamed, but I'm not . . . Can't I just tell the truth? . . . I know I wouldn't condemn anyone who told me this . . ."

"Marilyn," I said, "you have solved your own problem. Just tell everyone what you've told me." This was my contribution: listening to Marilyn long enough for her to talk out her problem. I'll bet on The Monroe's instincts and honesty every time.

And Chuck, you know what happened as a result of Marilyn's own explanation. She turned what could have been ruination for her into a triumph. She won the public's sympathy and they began to love her. Marilyn has never been troubled by the calendar incident since, and both she and her studio now regard it with humor. A few months ago I was in the office of a publicity man at Twentieth Century-Fox and couldn't help noticing there on the wall a calendar with a photograph of a gorgeous nude who was captioned "The Flame Girl." Marilyn wasn't honored even at her own studio. "Why don't you have a Monroe calendar instead of an outsider like 'The Flame Girl'?" I asked. The publicity man answered: "That's what Marilyn wanted to know."

A baby is notoriously the most greedy, egocentric, ruthless and grasping organism known to science. Even while it is being tenderly talcumed, it is plotting how to snatch your eyeglasses, grab your watch, swallow the nearest safety pin, and scream with rage when unable to bite off one of its toes. I find them irresistible.

Ronald Colman
on NBC

I trust you realize from the way Marilyn handled the calendar bit that she is a very smart chick. She's not all physical. She's brighter than most people think. They mistakenly go along on the assumption that if you're blonde and not out of shape, you've got to be dumb. Don't sell our little girl short: she knows what she's doing every minute. For example, she has learned through experience to wait until the interviewer puts pencil and paper away to say what she *really* wants quoted. I would say that her seeming helplessness is her strength. She can take care of herself. I'd bet, and give big odds, that if Marilyn were placed alone on a desert island, somehow a man would appear.

"All right," I can hear you saying, "You've convinced me. Marilyn is smart as well as beautiful. But what's with the article? We sent a staff photographer to her apartment to shoot some special art work. There *must* be an article on her by you!"

No, Chuck. Did you ever stop to think that maybe I'm not Boswell? Maybe I'm Pythias. And did he write about Damon? I was in Marilyn's apartment that evening when your photographer arrived. I was listening to Marilyn play her guitar and sing. Then I watched the photographer shoot a layout. It's quite a job posing for pictures. The average reader picking up a magazine might say, "Oh, another picture of Monroe" and flip the page. Well, it

took from nine until a little past midnight to get those pictures. Marilyn's performance impressed me. She not only knew her best angles but she knows the best angles for the photographer. She knew if the light was casting a shadow across her. She was aware of minute details, such as what part of her thigh the blanket should cross. She even combed her hair so it would look uncombed. She doesn't leave it to chance that photographs of her will be interesting.

Marilyn doesn't stand in front of a mirror for hours practicing poses, as some people believe. But she does take a long time making up and dressing, considering the few clothes she is alleged to wear. She doesn't own a girdle, but when she considers it necessary—which is oftener than she is given credit for—she does wear panties and a bra. It's usually a flesh-colored bra and black panties. She kicks off her shoes the moment she enters her apartment. She sleeps in the raw, or as she has been quoted: "I wear nothing but Chanel No. 5 to bed." She claims she wears it to bed because "it makes sleeping dreamy."

A bed has always been important to Marilyn. (It's dat ol' debbil double meaning again.) Ever since she was an orphan kid she wanted to own her own bed. With the first money she ever saved she bought herself a bed. No matter where she lived—apartment, hotel or house—she would have this bed. When she didn't have a place of her own or was traveling, she would put the bed into storage. The upkeep of the bed far exceeded its original cost. It was a low bed, close to the floor, because as a child Marilyn was a restless sleeper, frequently had nightmares and would fall out of her bed and onto the floor. As you can see in the photos, Marilyn recently treated herself to a new bed. It is higher—not so close to the floor—because Marilyn is more sure of herself.

Don't get the idea, though, that Marilyn is taking it big; that she's bubbling over with confidence. Just the opposite; she could use a lot more of it. Back in the beginning, she wanted to be a movie star more than anything else.

She did become a movie star, and what a movie star! Oozing glamor like the great movie stars of yesteryear, when the movies were magic. You've got to admit it, Chuck, The Monroe has done more for Hollywood and motion pictures than any individual in a decade; for she created a spate of fresh interest on the part of a public growing weary of familiar faces, a public no longer believing in glamor.

At the preview of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, I was again pinch-hitting for DiMaggio. Marilyn and I have an agreement, Chuck: if DiMaggio is ever taken out of the line-up, I can continue as pinch-hitter. Before the picture flashed on the screen, Marilyn whispered to me in that low, sexy voice that is natural with her: "Hold a good thought for me." She always says that when embarking on a venture. She feels much better when you tell her you will. So don't forget this, Chuck.

Marilyn didn't like the way she looked on the screen, especially her hair. She didn't think she had done the scenes and many of the numbers as well as she should have. She liked herself, especially her hair, in the "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" number. She genuinely enjoyed Jane Russell and actually laughed aloud at a few of Jane's remarks.

I'm telling you all this, Chuck, in case you'd like to know (strictly for yourself and maybe to whisper to the wife) how Marilyn reacts to herself on the screen. But again, you and I know there isn't a magazine article in it. I could go on to tell

you how hard Marilyn works at her job and it would be all I could do to get you to believe it.

I know it's not good magazine copy that, despite nature's bounty, she works as hard at self-improvement as any other actress in town. She takes dramatics lessons, singing lessons, and is also grooming herself to appear in a play. The first charge account she ever opened was at Marian Hunter's book shop in Beverly Hills. She buys books on self-improvement, psychology, the latest plays, poetry, and practically everything on Abraham Lincoln, who is her special hero. She'll never tell you that she has read a certain book or has seen a certain movie, but during the course of a conversation, when the book or the movie is mentioned, she will make a pertinent comment. She is a secret reader and often sneaks off to the movies by herself.

Marilyn has her own special dramatic coach, Natasha Lytess, who is with her on every picture. Though she seldom makes a movie without Natasha, don't get the notion (as some studio people have) that Marilyn is a Trilby. Not so. This relationship is merely another example of Marilyn's loyalty, as well as of the fact that she never stops working at trying to become a fine actress. All the publicity, the acclaim, the marquee signs may thrill her, but they don't fool her.

Natasha was the dramatic coach at Columbia Studios, back when Marilyn worked there. Natasha was kind to her and gave her words of encouragement. Marilyn hasn't forgotten, and since she feels she requires coaching she has insisted on Natasha Lytess.

Marilyn can be standing still on the set and at the same time be going off in all directions. She needs someone with her whom she believes is taking a special interest in her, to take her aside and offer suggestions and reassurance. She likes most of her directors, but cannot help feeling slighted because they don't devote all their attention to her. Often it takes the directors and performers a while to become adjusted to this in her. Many believe she is putting on an act. The truth is she is working desperately hard both trying to make good and trying to make everyone on the set like her. During

Clash By Night, the set workers had to explain to her that by the term "equipment" they meant the camera, sound boom and other paraphernalia of picture making. Because when the assistant director yelled to Marilyn: "Watch out for the equipment!" she demurely zipped up her sweater.

There was a scene in *Love Nest* that required Marilyn to enter her apartment and leisurely disrobe for a shower, unaware that the hero, Bill Lundigan, was asleep on a couch in the room. Just as she had stripped down to her flimsy underthings, director Joe Newman stopped the scene. Marilyn looked startled and frightened. "Did I do something wrong?" she asked. "No, honey," replied Newman. "You were perfect. But Lundigan was peeking!"

Marilyn is exceptionally moody and given to long periods of solitary introspection. She blames this on her lonely childhood and the fact that in her entire life she has known only a few couples in whom she could confide. I know from our chats while you visited Hollywood, Chuck, that this isn't the kind of thing for fan magazines, but I only mention it because it is The Monroe I know; and strange as it seems, Marilyn Monroe and the fan magazines don't mix. That's a honey, isn't it?

Regardless, I must tell you the piano story. Of all the folks Marilyn lived with as a child, her favorite and the one of whom she has the fondest recollections is the woman she called Aunt Ana. Aunt Ana was warm and maternally affectionate toward Marilyn. Some of their happiest hours were spent around the piano, the family's proudest possession. For this piano was said to have once belonged to Fredric March. Many years later Aunt Ana died and willed this precious piano to Marilyn. Although Marilyn often was not working and didn't have too much to eat, she had a piano, even if she had to borrow the money to pay for its storage. Now that Marilyn is in the chips and has her own apartment, the piano has been given a face-lift and occupies most of the living room. What's more, Marilyn can play almost two songs on it.

In answer to your main question, Chuck—what do I personally think makes The Monroe sexy?—I don't think you

would print the answer. But I'll try to tell you in this letter.

It's obvious that Marilyn is a well-stacked, well-proportioned, unwrapped box of glamor. There are her red lips, always moist, there's the back of her hair so arranged it appears to have a permanent pillow dent; in fact everything about her spells out sex and everybody seems to get the message. But I get a special message, and it's the clincher on why I shouldn't do that article for you.

I happen to know that The Monroe's biggest sex appeal is an accident. What is she most famous for? What feature has been most imitated? Her walk! In *Niagara* they held a camera on her walk longer than on any other walk in cinema history. It evoked much discussion, pro and con. For Marilyn doesn't just walk: she wiggles, snake-hips, bumps, twists and slithers all at the same time. She has been described as "The Girl With The Horizontal Walk." She is the only performer in show business who makes her greatest entrance when she exits.

Yet Marilyn, when she walks, isn't trying to be sexy—believe me. She broke her ankle when she was a youngster and tried to walk so as to favor that ankle. The ankle is still weak, and the walk has become a habit. That's it. Marilyn is only doing what comes naturally, and my, how the natives have gone for it! You see, there are some things about sex that even Dr. Kinsey doesn't know.

In closing, let me ask you something, Chuck: what is there to write about Marilyn that hasn't already been written? Someone will have to invent a new life for her. Honest, Chuck, I'm not your boy. Maybe you ought to hire an inventor. But seriously, I want to remain friends with you, so why don't you think it over and then drop me a line saying that you agree with me that I can't do a fan magazine article on Marilyn Monroe?

Best wishes.

Sidney Skolsky

Dear Sidney:

You may not know it, but you just did what we consider a good fan mag piece on The Monroe.

Kindest regards.

Chuck Saxon

END

what it's like to be tony's wife

(Continued from page 56) fan mail was coming in by the truckload and he must have realized he was definitely on his way up. He didn't throw the promise of his future at anyone; rather he seemed to efface himself and let others have the spotlight.

I saw him again some weeks later when we both joined a group that met once a week to study dramatics at the Actor's Lab. Most of the kids looked on it as a social gathering, but Tony was deadly serious about it. He seemed so shy in person, yet in his work he had no inhibitions. If he was asked to do pantomime, to 'be' Notre Dame or July's last snapdragon, he threw his heart and soul into it. I remember the first skit we did together. We were supposed to be parents watching our child at his first piano recital, and while we were to be bursting with pride at first, we were to realize slowly that the rest of the audience wasn't nearly as appreciative. When Tony turned to look at me toward the end of the skit there was such torture in his eyes, such real emotion, that I still remember the jolt it gave me. I told myself that this Tony Curtis was not only deeply serious about his work, he had great sensitivity.

These were impressions gained only in passing. I didn't begin to know Tony until we dated, and in that I found something else to admire. He had seen me only when I was with Arthur Loew, and it wasn't until the group at the Actor's Lab dissolved and then reconvened to plan for a new class that Tony saw me with another escort. He asked me then if I was going steady with anyone and as soon as I told him no, he asked for my phone number. He called two days later to ask for a date, and I realized that he may have wanted to phone me before, but observed a gentleman's code in not trespassing on someone else's territory. I liked him for it, and I liked him because he didn't rush impetuously into a frantic courtship. Instead of trying to date me every night in the week, he showed solid sense by asking to see me once or twice a week. I didn't have to worry, with Tony, about getting home early when I had a morning call at the studio the next day. He understood without my having to ask him, and always took me home at a decent hour.

WE talked a lot on those first dates. It didn't seem to matter where we went. There was no need for entertainment because we had so much to tell each other. I'd seen flashes of his humor before—Tony can never be serious for too long—but the

ice really broke the night he handed me a pair of silver earrings I'd never seen before. "This is great," I said. "They're not mine. You've forgotten which girl they belong to."

At that he broke up and howled. He'd bought them for me as a gift, of course, and I guess that was the beginning of our schtickloks, our word for the crazy routines we sail into every once in a while.

Even so, I think he was more serious when with me than with anyone else. I got the impression that Tony wasn't very sure of me. I even felt he wasn't too used to dating girls. It made sense that he wouldn't be. His gang in New York weren't the type to turn romantic very early in life, and besides, I had the feeling that because he was so good looking he'd been the subject of a handful of crushes back in the Bronx. Travelling with the gang as he did, he couldn't very well break off and turn Casanova. They wouldn't have liked him for it, I suppose.

His manners were perfect, mainly because they stemmed from his thoughtfulness, but he just didn't seem at ease with me. I remember on our second date he spilled a glass of water on my dress and I've never seen anybody so embarrassed or upset. On the day he started his first leading role in *The Prince Who Was A Thief*, I sent him (Continued on page 68)



Mrs. Theo Croner of New York does a lot of housework but manages to be pretty as a picture.

**"I wash 1400 pounds of laundry a year...
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(Continued from page 66) some champagne, and he was so appreciative you'd have thought I'd sent over a Brink truck loaded with a million dollars. Tony wasn't a smoothie; he wasn't a wolf; he wasn't a Beau Brummel. He was just an average boy with qualities that made me like him more and more.

Along with his uneasiness with girls went a strange distrust of them. I've never known why, but it was as if Tony expected me to be dishonest with him. As a result, every time he found I'd told him the truth, he was as happy as a puppy with a bone. He has told me since our marriage that when he asked for a date and was told I had an engagement that evening, he used to wait down the street to find out if this was the truth. And when he'd see me leave the house on another man's arm, he was almost as pleased as though he'd been with me himself.

I don't know why, but it seems I frightened him. I went to New York soon after we began dating, and before I left he said he was sure he'd never see me again. I told him quite frankly that I was going for a rest, that I had friends there and that I would probably go out with one man in particular. He took me to the airport, still believing this was the end of our friendship and that for some reason I was too weak to tell him. He stewed for days afterwards, all during the shooting of his picture. The cast and crew kept telling him to telephone me. "I can't," he said. "She'd hang up on me." But he did call, and was amazed when I talked to him. He was even more surprised when I wired I was coming home and asked him to meet me at the airport.

PERHAPS this idea of his had some connection with the way he presented me to his friends. Tony's friends are of all ages and interests—a wider variety I've never known. He gradually introduced me to all of them, standing on the sidelines and watching to see my reaction. It was as if he expected me to suddenly turn bored or impolite, as if he'd found a golden egg and wanted to make sure it wasn't all a dream. I realize now that he was desperately anxious for them to like me as much as he did. Tony has a tremendous loyalty to all his friends, a love so deep that he

feels the compulsion to share his every joy with them. He calls them all frequently. He must know where they are at all times. It is almost an obsession with him.

I have thought that this might be the result of his brother's death, years ago, in New York traffic. Tony lost track of Julius and it was the last he ever saw of him. The tragedy was such a shock to Tony's emotional heart that it is perhaps the reason that even today, he must know where and how his friends are. And perhaps it was the reason he felt he was losing me when I went to New York.

We hadn't dated very often before the evening we were driving along and he suddenly said, "Jerry's home. Let's call him." Tony had told me a lot about Jerry Lewis and their friendship, and while I had felt some trepidation about winning the approval of others, the prospect of meeting Jerry loomed like an impossible task. I'm not the quick-answer type, and having seen Jerry only as an entertainer, I had a sinking feeling that Tony's best friend would think I was as interesting as a squeezed lemon. Jerry and Patti had been away on tour ever since I'd known Tony. It was typical that Tony should suddenly know they had returned. It wasn't the last time I was to experience his uncanny sixth sense.

We telephoned and sure enough, they were home and wanted us to come over. I kept telling myself I couldn't change, that if they didn't like me the way I was, I couldn't do much about it. The minute we walked in, Tony and Jerry went into a loony routine. It was the first time I'd seen this craziness of Tony's, the wacky routines that people now seem to think monopolize his days—and I loved it. Patti and I went off in a corner and talked girl-talk, and I realized, with considerable relief, that I wasn't expected to "be on" when I was around Jerry. I could tell Tony was as happy as a clam that evening, so I knew that I had been accepted into the family. Then Patti and Jerry included me in one of their home movies. You can't get closer than that to the Lewis clan.

By now I was growing more and more certain that Tony was a thoughtful, good-hearted, sensible boy, and the visit to his parents boosted him another notch in my

estimation. Mom and Pop Schwartz are the salt of the earth, and truer gentlefolk than many millionaires. I say this because they lived in a tiny, unpretentious house in the valley, and although they were poor in material things, they were richer in love than any people I have known. Tony told me before we went to expect his mother to be excited. She had seen me in a movie and was flustered as a hen at the thought of having me to dinner. She couldn't know that I was even more flustered than she, because I wanted Tony's parents to like me. I wanted very much to have them like me.

It was one of the easiest, happiest evenings I ever spent. We played games with Tony's kid brother, Bobby, and I noticed Tony's understanding and patience with the child. We ate dinner in the kitchen, as I used to do at home, as most people do, and I liked it because Mrs. Schwartz made no apologies. I ate everything on my plate and a big helping of dessert, loving the Hungarian cooking. Mom Schwartz beamed at me as though I'd given her a mink coat. Afterward, I helped her with the dishes, and Tony and Pop sat back in the living room, watching us like proud roosters. The Schwartzes gave themselves to me as they were, and I loved them for it. And that night I saw Tony's devotion to his family. A strong, unbreakable link in his life, a thing I like in a man.

AFTER I came back from New York we limited our dates to each other. That was a period of getting to know each other well because marriage was in the back of both our minds. We talked about our childhood, our families, our careers, our beliefs, our philosophies. We were pretty well talked out when Tony left on a trip to Denver for *MODERN SCREEN* and I took off for Pittsburgh to make *Angels In The Outfield*. He telephoned me constantly and one night when he couldn't reach me, he was frantic. I still didn't know, then, about Tony's obsession; his having to know where his loved ones are. If I had, I most certainly would never have let it happen. It was the night when the cast of the picture and the Pirate team had a wing-ding, one of those social things that go with picture making, and I didn't get back to my hotel until three A.M. Tony had been calling all evening and when he finally reached me, soon after my return, he was almost hysterical with worry. I wanted to beat myself for having put him through such a wringer.

It was that night that he asked me to marry him, and when I cautioned that he was upset and we should talk it over later under more normal circumstances, he thought it was my way of refusing him. By the time he met me in Pittsburgh he had simmered down and regained his confidence sufficiently to bring me a gold ring, set with a pearl. It was a beautiful thing, and the first opportunity I had for knowing that Tony's taste in such delicate things is exquisite. Despite the ring, I kept insisting that we talk things over when we got home. I already knew what I wanted, but I wanted him to be absolutely sure. As I look back now, I don't know what more assurance I could have wanted. Tony is impulsive in small matters, but in the big things, the things that count, he's cautious as a cat. Jerry and Dean settled it for us when we stopped to see their act in Chicago on our way back to the coast. We sat in the back room thinking we hadn't been spotted, and then we saw a table moving over the heads of the customers. The waiter put it down in the middle of the dance floor and then Jerry began yelling for us to come up and make ourselves at home. He saw the ring right away and before we could stop him, an-

going...going...gone!

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nounced gleefully to the whole house that we were going to be married. I don't think Tony really wanted to stop him—he wanted the whole world to share his happiness.

I saw Tony's strength when he stood up to his studio. They didn't want him to marry so soon, but Tony said, "If my popularity is only because I'm single, I might as well give up acting right now." Their disagreement upset me, but Tony made sense, and so we were married—in Greenwich, Connecticut.

I left shortly after to come back to Hollywood to make a picture, and that brief separation affected him so much that he actually got sick, and the studio allowed him to come home for a brief week-end. I began to understand how violently emotional Tony is, how he gives himself so completely to those he loves.

THEN his father had the heart attack and again I saw Tony's strength. He telephoned the doctor and the hospital, long distance, made all the arrangements, canceled his tour and flew home to his dad. He spent all day every day at the hospital and I joined him there after work every day. We stayed until 9 P.M. and then ate dinner on the way home. In his devotion he forgot himself completely, and I worried that he might collapse. I remember the day he came to the set where I was shooting. He looked terribly haggard and he came to me in my dressing room and put his arms around me. I knew then that he had done with being strong, that he needed my help, and much as I had admired his strength, I loved him more that day for showing human weakness.

All of this happened in the first month of our marriage, and I think in that period we lived a lifetime. The stress and strain it put on our marriage, which at that time should have been a carefree honeymoon, gave it the most solid foundation possible. If you can go on loving and understanding through adversity, you build something wonderful with each other.

I learned about his generosity. With Tony, what's his is everyone's. Jerry Gershwin came over one day while Tony was shaving and admired his razor. "Here," said Tony, "take it." He is possessive only where people are concerned, and he finds it hard to let them go. If a friend disappoints him in some way, Tony tries to find out why it happened. If there is no reason for a friend's misusing him, that person no longer has Tony for a friend. But Tony suffers real torture in the process of disillusionment. He is gradually learning that open trust can be betrayed, yet every time it happens, he is deeply hurt again.

I learned that he dislikes arguments and hates to fight. In our marriage he can't stand loose threads of misunderstanding, and has proved time and again his willingness to try to work things out for the better. He has pride and humility, and is never too stuffy to say, "I'm sorry." We are really 50-50 on that score.

I learned about his moods. Sophie Rosenstein, who was dramatic coach at Universal-International before her death, once asked Tony if I had ever seen him when he was "in one of his moods." He told me about her question, and I laughed and said he couldn't scare me. After our marriage, I knew what Sophie had meant. Once in a while Tony became very withdrawn, and when I questioned him about it, refused to talk. "Look," I said. "If you're enjoying a mood I don't want to break into it, but in the interim I'm blaming myself for your unhappiness. I wonder if I've done anything wrong, if it is my fault." Gradually he began telling me, and I came to know that many times he was upset



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by little things; something that had gone wrong on his picture, or something he had read, and he hadn't wanted to tell me because he was afraid I would think he was silly to be affected by such minor things. "I get upset about silly and sentimental things, too," I told him. "Don't mind me." So he learned to talk things out with me and his moods don't come so often.

LAST June he went into another one, and it took me four days to find out he was worried about going to Honolulu to make *Beachhead*. Tony has always had a fear of flying. I don't know why—he hadn't seemed to be bothered by long days in a submerged submarine during the war, which to me would be much more frightening—but he is terrified by planes. So are a lot of other people, but he is still ashamed of the fear. The studio wanted him to fly to Hawaii with the company, and he wanted to take the boat. But the boat would mean a longer separation for us. He made himself miserable over it until I found I could go with him by boat. I'd be on 24-hour call, but I could go. As it turned out, we had the trip over as well as six long days together, the only real vacation we've had together in two years of marriage.

I stayed until he began work, and when I got home I learned we were going to have a baby. I don't know that there was ever a man as excited as Tony. He was delirious with joy. We had decided to limit ourselves to a phone call every other day, but when I phoned Tony the news the budget broke wide open. He hates writing letters, but he wrote me every single night we were apart. I will always treasure the letters about the baby. He

wrote that he was reading serious books in every spare moment, books about the earth and religion and life itself to help him to understand our own miracle.

And then when I lost the baby, we had again that round robin of strength and dependence. He had called me on Saturday, when I was feeling a bit rocky, and although I said nothing about it he detected something in my voice. He called back later that night. "I can't go to sleep. I know something's wrong. What is it?" He called again on Monday, my birthday, and I assured him everything was all right. I lost the baby Tuesday evening, and although it wasn't his night to phone, he knew something was wrong and put through a call. That deep bond again, the closeness he feels with those he loves. He called at home and got no answer and then called his parents. My own folks had told the Schwartzes that the doctor had given me a sedative and put me to bed, and when Mom told Tony that, he knew. He wrote me that night and called at the hospital the next morning, and afterward, once he knew I was all right, he wrote the most beautiful letter I've ever read. It was gentle and loving, yet strong. He was doing his best to bolster my spirits, from 3000 miles away. The letter was so like Tony, so tender, and yet not without humor. In it he wrote, "We will have forgotten all this in the years to come when we're surrounded by our four children, not to mention the twins at college, and George. George? Who's George?"

I couldn't help laughing, and in the days that followed, his letters and phone calls gave me the strength I needed. Then, imperceptibly, I began feeling a resent-

ment. I was sorry for myself. There I was, enduring our tragedy all alone, and Tony was far away, laughing and talking with other people. He seemed to me to be untouched by it and I was sure he couldn't feel as stricken as I did. And then on Sunday he called, and I could hear the tears in his voice. He was no longer the pillar of strength, the comforter. "I can't stand it any longer," he said. "I've got to come home to you."

That snapped me right out of my orgy of self-pity, and I began to bolster him. It's like that all the time. One of us leaning on the other.

Tony is insecure in some ways, but he has a great strength, a strong self-will. He is not afraid to make a decision, nor to act. We need each other, but I know that in a pinch, he is the stronger one of us. The long separation while he was in Hawaii was difficult to bear, particularly under the early circumstances, but it taught us even more what our relationship means to each of us. I think we both grew up a lot during those long weeks, and with time and space to view ourselves, felt happier than ever in our marriage.

People have asked me, when Tony is working in Hollywood and calls me ten times a day from his set, "What's the matter?—Doesn't he trust you?" But I know what it is. It's because he's Tony, and he must know that I am here and well, that his world is still safe and happy. I like it this way, this being loved so much and needed so much. That's what it's like to be Tony's wife.

END

(Tony Curtis can now be seen in Universal's *All-American*.)

the not so mad house

(Continued from page 48) The house, in turn, reflects and radiates this happiness.

Five years ago come November, Jerry and Patti bought their home in the Pacific Palisades. They purchased it just as soon as they were certain that Martin and Lewis would be working steadily. "It's the first real house either of us have ever known," Patti points out. "As kids we lived in city apartments, I in Detroit, and Jerry in Jersey. Both of us left school pretty early to go into show business, and we were on the road a lot. That's pretty tough living. You move from room to room and train to train, and you never have an acre of ground you can call your own."

When Jerry and Patti first got married they used to spend non-working evenings perusing the various shelter magazines. "After Gary was born," Patti recalls, "we really needed a house, and once the boys signed a contract with Hal Wallis, we started looking for one type of place, budget or no budget. We wanted the most completely *House And Garden* type of home we could find. And today, five years later, we still think we found it."

The Jerry Lewis house is essentially the *All-American* dream home come true. Red brick, white trim, a picket fence, roses in the backyard, dogs yelping, a white gate, the whole works.

Wonderful to begin with, it still wouldn't be genuine Lewis if it had been permitted to remain in its natural state. Jerry has a theory he applies to practically everything tangible: if you like something why not have a lot more of the same? This goes for golf clubs—at the last counting he had nine sets—guns, cameras, dogs, shirts, shoes, and jelly beans. And of course, houses.

Jerry liked his original structure so much that he decided to add a super deluxe playhouse a few yards away.

Originally the project started out to in-

volve a small enlarging of the tool shed into a separate playroom for Gary and his kindergarten gang. Midway, Jerry took over the building supervision.

"This room," he announced, "must have a barbecue. And if you've got a barbecue, you certainly need a refrigerator. Who wants to carry food from the kitchen all the time? But then if you can get ice cubes from your refrigerator, it'd be crazy not to figure on a small bar." Even though Jerry drinks nothing but soda pop, a bar and apartment-size kitchen were added.

By the time construction got under way, Patti had accepted the fact that the building wasn't going to be a rumpus room—at least not a rumpus room for children. When the costs approached the \$25,000 mark, she called a halt. "Now, Jerry," she stormed, "this whole thing has definitely got out of hand. You've got a fireplace, parquet floors, a four-machine projection room. If you don't stop we'll end up with something like Radio City."

Jerry argued that having a playroom away from the main house was really very economical. "Just think," he offered, "how much wear and tear we're saving by keeping people out of our living room." He grinned. "Seriously, Patti," he said, "we don't go out very much, and I've always wanted a recreation room." Jerry won his point—which is very easy to do with Patti since her heart is made of butter—and work on the playroom was resumed. Today, it is worth somewhere in the neighborhood of \$80,000 which is twice what the Lewises paid for their original residence.

"That rumpus room," Jerry says, "is worth every cent it cost."

To satisfy her two sons, Patti bought a pre-fabricated playhouse and set it up alongside their father's.

The result of all these additional structures was that they cut the size of the Lewis lawn. One morning Jerry awoke and

looking out on his property, said, "You know, Patti, every family should have enough room to play a little pick-up baseball."

"Yes, dear," Patti mumbled, then promptly turned over on her side and returned to sleep.

Jerry, however, got dressed, went outside, and bought the vacant lot next door. He now uses this for practicing chip shots.

The changes Jerry has wrought outside their home Patti has practically matched inside. Although she loved the basic plan of their U-shaped house, to begin with she realized that alterations would have to be made to suit their own particular needs. In the gabled living room, for example, she added window seats on one side of the fireplace and shelves on the other. The seats are for guests and the shelves are for Patti's collection of porcelain dogs that she started when she was a little girl. Here, too, she hangs the show ribbons won by her two Springer spaniels, Chipper and Percy.

According to her mother, "Esther (Patti's real name is Esther Callonico Lewis) is a pushover for children and dogs. She can't ignore a child and she can't go to the vet without bringing home a pup."

All the colors throughout the Lewis home were chosen by Patti. Without leaning on a decorator's arm, she simply made up her own mind as to furnishings. For the living room she chose a grey-green carpet that matches the wall and ceiling. The piano, coffee table, and lamp tables were ordered in pale mahogany. Then to give her room a logical center she placed a large, round, hooked rug in front of the fireplace. This, plus a bowl of Jerry's bulk candy on a square table, helps to draw conversational groups together.

Two Christmases ago portraits of Jerry and Patti were added to the room via the coincidence route. It started with Hal

Wallis' approaching Patti and suggesting that Paul Clemens, the popular artist, paint her. Patti went along for the sittings without telling Jerry. On Christmas Eve she placed the completed picture under the tree. It was wrapped in a suit box. Jerry's gift to her looked like it might be a bass fiddle, "Just in case you want to start up your all-girls band again."

Early next morning they opened the boxes. Patti fought her way through layers of paper and found herself looking at a bright oil painting of her laughing husband. "Oh, no," she squealed. "But how did you ever guess what I had for you?" Jerry howled. "I'm psychic."

After remodeling her living room, Patti went after the children's wing of the house. She added two small bedrooms so that each boy might have his own private realm with the nurse's bedroom in between. Of late, however, the boys have decided to move in together. They begged their mother to buy double-decker bunks so they could sleep in one room but keep their toys in separate ones.

They also demanded that they be allowed to eat with their father. Patti broached the subject to Jerry, and he said, "Sure, let 'em eat with us."

"But not in the dining room," Patti protested. "They'll ruin the rug."

"Okay," Jerry agreed, "we'll all eat in the kitchen." Which meant that Patti had to make the kitchen larger. She ordered new appliances, a refrigerator and dishwasher, a giant freezer, and a six-burner stove. She moved all the laundry equipment outside to a lattice-enclosed porch, then bought a large oval table and four well-cushioned chairs. In addition she had a niche built for a radio because Jerry likes music with his food. She also had the carpenters hang a magazine rack along one wall since the master of the house likes to read while he waits for his food. He likes to read a trade paper called *Variety*.

THE formal dining room in the Lewis ménage is saved for guest night which is at least once a week. Jerry and Patti both love people, and when the group is small they serve a sit-down dinner by candlelight. Their favorite meals have a slight Italian flavor with a side dish of spaghetti or ravioli and Patti's special fried chicken. She fries the chicken slowly in a skillet with onions, parsley, green peppers, and garlic. She makes a gravy with the left-over seasoning, and no one who has tasted this concoction has ever refused a second helping. Nor can anyone understand how Jerry can eat at home and still stay so thin. Actually he's hypersensitive, hypernervous, and congenitally restless.

For her part, Patti does everything to make life at home serene for her husband. No comfort is too much for him. Only a few weeks ago she called in a cabinet-maker to construct a new dressing room for her boy. Jerry's old wardrobe space wasn't large enough to hold the tremendous amount of haberdashery he buys. Now an entire room has been assigned to that purpose.

Jerry and Patti have been so happy in their home that friends are constantly asking them for help in house-shopping.

"It's not the house that counts," Jerry recently told Janet and Tony Curtis. "It's what you've got inside. Patti and me and the kids—heck, we've just got a lot of love for each other."

And there's where the Clown Prince of Nonsense has made the most sense of his life.

END

(Martin and Lewis will be seen soon in Paramount's *The Caddy*, a Hal Wallis Production.)



Half the women who read this
will say "POOH! POOH!"
They won't believe that a single machine could wash clothes so clean
and then go right on to fluff and tumble them completely dry.

NOW! the WASHER that turns into a DRYER —right before your very eyes!

Now you see it washing—then you see it drying! Set the dials just once; the Bendix Duomatic washes and dries clothes automatically in one continuous operation. Clothes come out ready to wear, iron, or put away.

Or—suppose you want to use your Duomatic as a washer only? You can! As a dryer only? Yes; that, too. You can stop it to add clothes while it's washing... even stop it while it's drying to remove some clothes for ironing before they're entirely dry. It's a *complete* laundry unit, and completely *flexible*!

What's more—because of its own "Magic Heater" that gets wash water extra-hot... and because of its new *hi-lift, deep-surge* Tumble Action—the Bendix Duomatic washes clothes cleaner than ever before known!

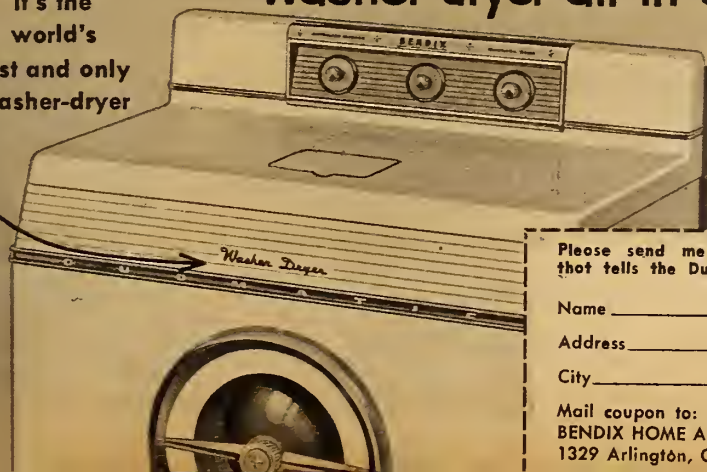
It even *drys* a new way. Cycle-Air action fluffs clothes in pure warm air, sends heat and moisture down the drain, so it needs no venting. You can use it in *any room*—36 inches of wall space is all it takes!

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hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.**

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove Halo *does not dry . . . does not irritate!*

***Halo glorifies your hair
with your very first shampoo!***



ACCESSORIES ARE YOUR STYLE KEYNOTE

■ It's the little things that count and add up to glamor—the sheerest stockings, lush lingerie, dainty slippers, smart lounging wear, exquisite appointments for your handbag, to make a treasure chest of it for sure, and—of course—a captivating fragrance that is the final fillip to perfection in exquisite grooming. Basic, classic clothes need these glamor touches! This choice bit of advice came from the gals and the guys "in the know" on our Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board at their recent conclave in Hollywood. Cyd Charisse, Ricardo Montalban, Shelley Winters, Louis Calhern, Greer Garson and Bob Stack gave close attention to every detail of fashion as they watched models present the clothes and accessories for their discussion and votes. Surprise gifts for the stars included bottles of Coty's *Emeraude* Toilet Water, Crosley Radios, Cameo Stockings, American Beauty Compacts and Paper-Mate Pens.

Description of fashions, opposite page

- 2** Jeanne Crain poses in a toasty, soft Cuddleknit Balbriggan for lounge or sleep. The striped blouse is cardigan-cut, the trousers are designed ski-style. Green, navy or red with white stripes. S.M.L. About \$6. By Luxite. Golden Slippers by Savage-Wayne. About \$3, for complete details see page 79.
- 3** Dawn Addams models Seamprufe's dainty gown of nylon tricot and nylon lace with lush bow tie. Pink, white or blue. About \$9. Dawn also wears Golden Slippers by Savage-Wayne.
- 4** Barbara Ruick poses in Belle Bride's lovely nylon tulle wedding gown—De-luxe coronet wedding veil. The *Interlocking* wedding and engagement rings are by Feature Ring—see drawings and descriptions of rings on page 79.
- 5** Cyd Charisse is enchanted by the beautiful gifts: an American Beauty compact, Cameo stockings and Coty's *Emeraude* Toilet Water.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 79.



hollywood approves fall fashions



- 1** **WHAT:** Modern Screen Hollywood fashion luncheon party.
WHERE: Hollywood.
WHO: The M. S. Fashion Board of motion picture stars (above) and guest stars.
EVENTS: Discussion of the importance of accessories in fashion—presentation of clothes and accessories to the Board Members for their vote—photographing of the winners for our M. S. fashion pages.
- 2** Without a moment's hesitation, Jeanne Crain chose this casual balbriggan for her photograph.
- 3** Dawn Addams preferred a more feminine costume for her sitting—she chose a pink nitie.
- 4** Recently a bride herself, Barbara Ruick thought it great fun to pose in another wedding ensemble—rings and all!
- 5** After the party the stars were given armloads of gifts—Cyd Charisse said it was all just like Christmas!

**For Fashion Details
See Opposite Page**

Modern Screen Fashion Board . . . l. to r.

Cyd Charisse
Ricardo Montalban
Shelley Winters
Louis Calhern
Greer Garson
Bob Stack



Janet Leigh, exquisite in Ceil Chapman's full length gown of ivory satin and black velvet—accented by Deltah pearls. Pretty as a picture, too, in the mirror of her American Beauty compact (see details of this compact right). Janet, MGM Star, now in 20th's Prince Valiant.



hollywood
approves
fall
fashions

Accent-

ALL COMPACTS BY AMERICAN BEAUTY



Elaborate compact finished in silver with colored floral design on cover. Powder door. About \$4.95.



Bronze compact with bronze florentine design on enamel. White, red or black enamel background. About \$3.95.



Barbara's mother-of-pearl compact is inlaid on jeweler's bronze, with powder door. About \$7.50.

One of the nicest gifts you can give a bride! Barbara Ruick, who became Mrs. Robert Horton recently, received this mother-of-pearl American Beauty compact—a treasure to own as well as to give. Thanks again, Barbara, for playing our M. S. bride.

Accessories



A felt Moccasin with Tuxedo collar. Royal, black with red contrast trim or green, black with sand colored trim. \$3.99.



Velvet Espadrille—jeweled vamp. Black, red or royal blue with colored stones and gold embroidered vamp trim. \$4.99.



Nylon quilted satin—spaghetti bow. Two heel heights. Black, red, royal, navy, Lt. blue, pink, green or white. \$4.99.



Soft sole Indian beaded plug Moccasin—matching bunny fur collar. Red, royal, Lt. blue, pink, white or black. \$3.99.



Jean Hagen, appearing in MGM's Latin Lovers, poses in a chic, comfy double-breasted, full length quilted robe of printed cotton. With this robe, choose one of the Honeybugs styles shown on the right. Robe—calico print on red, black or green background. Sizes 12 to 20. About \$9. By Loungees.

hollywood
approves
fall
fashions

Accent-Stockings



■ Cyd Charisse, last seen in MGM's *The Band Wagon*, features stocking as an important part of her evening costume—a beige gown by René of Kay-Selig. Cyd's stockings are Cameo's *Ballet Toe*—exciting brand new 12 denier finest knit seamless ever made. The other award winning Cameo styles in Cyd's stocking wardrobe include: *Burmilace*, the 60 gauge *Can't Run* daytime stocking with "eye appeal" and "wear for real"; *Wonder Top*, a wispy, full-fashioned all-purpose stocking with magic top (to ease all strain); Cameo's *66*, a full-fashioned 12 denier glamor stocking reserved for late day and evening. Cyd's pearls are by Deltah.



Ricardo Montalban views Cyd Charisse's gift—a lovely compact.



And in turn, Ricardo watches Shelley Winters give her stockings the acid test.



The Captain of the Brown Derby serves Greer Garson her gift while Bob Stack looks on.

Stretched lightly in French hand mirrors to show sheer perfection and variety of weave, a Cameo stocking wardrobe delighted the stars.

Gifts galore—Cameo stockings for all! Cameo was presented the M. S. Fashion Award for superior construction, styling and beauty.

ring around rosie

(Continued from page 40) "I'd give anything to have a date with him."

"It's all set," the friend told her. "I know him very well. Don't worry, Rosemary, I'll fix it." So she went to this boy and told him that Rosemary Clooney was just dying to meet him, and the teenage Don Juan said, "Sure. Bring her over. I'll give her a whirl." So Rosemary was brought over and was introduced to her secret love.

The boy took one look at her—the flat chest, the crooked teeth, the large mouth—and closing his eyes as though they could not stand the sight of this teen-age female horror, he shook his head in violent disbelief. "Oh, no!" he wailed. "Oh! No."

Rosemary Clooney's youth was filled with such incidents. "I used to look at myself in the mirror, and it was awful. . . . We never had a permanent home . . . I was never much to look at . . . No sorority really wanted me."

With what is amazing candor for any woman, these are the sort of remarks which used to sprinkle Rosemary's reminiscences. But now that her love, long prison-pent and repressed, has been released in marriage, she feels fulfilled and requited. Whereas she has felt bitter toward those who scorned and snubbed her because of her poverty, she now looks back upon them with pity and understanding. For in her life as a newlywed there is room in her heart for nothing save love and José Ferrer—which she considers synonymous.

WHEN Rosemary, the daughter of an impoverished Kentucky house painter, eloped to Durant, Oklahoma, with José, the son of a wealthy Puerto Rican attorney, no one in Hollywood was the slightest bit surprised. For Rosemary had been Ferrer's steady girl for months.

Paramount tried to put the silencer on the news because technically Ferrer was still married to his second wife, Phyllis Hill, and the studio was in the process of giving Rosemary a Cinderella buildup—but the Ferrer-Clooney love affair never was a secret.

As soon as Ferrer could arrange a financial settlement with Phyllis Hill, all of his friends expected him to make Rosemary the third Mrs. Ferrer. As one of them points out, "Rosemary complements Joe very nicely. He's so intense, and she's so matter-of-fact. There's a very good balance there. Complement instead of conflict."

There is also the question of physical attraction. Some detractors insist that all of Rosemary's sex appeal lies in her vocal chords. Others are of the opinion that she generates as much sex as a grape. There is no accounting for diversity in human taste, but when José Ferrer first met the Clooney girl in Lisa Kirk's Manhattan apartment, he liked what he saw in the way of figure, face, and personality, and he liked it very much.

A man of depth and probity, Ferrer has never picked his wives on the basis of physical beauty. The mind, the mentality, and the manner—these have always intrigued him.

In Rosemary he found a young girl who has not, to date, been disillusioned by life. He found a simple, honest, ambitious girl without polish, erudition, or background; and whether she appealed primarily to the Pygmalion drive characteristic of so many actors and directors, he isn't saying. But she intrigued him, and they began to go around together.

Rosemary first made certain that Joe



The "moisture-shield" in gentle, new Fresh is an extra-effective astringent. This acts as an invisible shield to protect clothes and stop embarrassing odor



Gown by Carrie Munn.
Deodorant: sure,
new Fresh

gentle new deodorant has
moisture-shield
to keep underarms *dry!*

Instantly—Fresh Cream Deodorant forms an invisible shield to protect you and your clothes.

Wonderful news! Gentle new Fresh with "moisture-shield," used daily, ends the problem of perspiration moisture which stains fabrics and causes unpleasant odor. Yes, you're really protected with Fresh!

For the new Fresh formula is superior in anti-perspirant action—acts instantly

like an invisible shield to keep you from offending—your clothes safe.

University scientists have proved that gentle new Fresh has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants . . . and it's the astringent action that keeps underarms dry.

Try this creamy-soft new Fresh today. Regular or Chlorophyll.

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was definitely estranged from his wife. "When we go out," she said, "I want it to be in the open, not sneaking around to hideouts."

It was a transcontinental courtship with these two. They ate at Sardi's in New York, Chasen's in California, and all the while, Ferrer's lawyer, Edwin Reiskind was trying to work out some sort of settlement which would satisfy the second Mrs. Ferrer and give Joe his freedom.

When the second Mrs. Ferrer went into a New York play, *The Fifth Season*, it looked very much as though there would be no Ferrer divorce this year. After all, when would Phyllis Hill be able to get away to establish six weeks' residence in Reno or Hot Springs?

There was only one solution—a Mexican divorce. It is possible for a citizen of the U.S.A. to obtain a divorce in Mexico without any of the parties' going there.

On July 6, this year, Mrs. Phyllis Hill Ferrer filed for divorce in the First Civil Court of Juarez, Mexico. She was in New York at the time, and her husband was in Dallas, starring in the stage version of *Kiss Me Kate*. The suit stated that the Ferrers had been married in Greenwich, Connecticut, in 1948, and had been separated since May, 1952. Incompatibility was the major charge, and the divorce was granted.

WHEREUPON Rosemary Clooney, having just finished *Red Garters* over at Paramount, caught the first plane to Dallas for a rendezvous with her lover at the Stoneleigh Hotel.

Ordinarily, Joe and Rosemary Ferrer are cooperative and communicative people, but when reporters asked if they intended to get married in the near future—an intention as obvious as Marilyn Monroe's physical endowments—both of them said, "No comment."

They waited for Joe Shribman, Rosemary's manager, to fly into Dallas, and for Ed Reiskind and Kurt and Ketti Frings and Olivia De Havilland and the cast of *The Dazzling Hour*—Ferrer rehearsed the cast in Dallas for the play he later staged in La Jolla—and after the whole gang had arrived, and Ed Reiskind had checked on all the legal requirements for marriage in and around Texas, Joe and Rosemary decided to take the big step. "We wanted it done quickly, simply, and without any fanfare."

Early Monday morning the prospective newlyweds, accompanied by Joe's agent, Kurt Frings, and Mrs. Frings, climbed into Ed Reiskind's car and drove to Durant, Oklahoma. Joe Shribman came along, too. The lovers took blood tests, filled out the marriage license, and then marched into the chambers of County Judge Seth Shoemaker who performed the short ceremony.

There was the usual kissing at the end of the ritual and then the drive back to Dallas. That night, José went to work in *Kiss Me Kate*, and when the final curtain came down, everyone went over to Mario's, an Italian restaurant in town, for the Ferrer wedding party. It was a hum-dinger, considering the fact that Ferrer had to work the next day.

There was no honeymoon. In fact, the following afternoon, Rosemary kissed her Joe goodbye and took off for Hollywood with Kurt Frings. Kurt left his wife Ketti in Dallas to work with Ferrer on the rewrite of *The Dazzling Hour*.

In Hollywood, Rosemary posed for some MODERN SCREEN photos, had her hair trimmed, tried on a new dress for the premiere of *Stalag 17*, announced that "I came back because my brother, Nick, is going into the service, and I promised I'd go to the preview with him."

She was so happy, she was jumping, "Flippin' my lid," she cried. "Just flippin' my lid. Never been happier."

HOLLYWOOD wonders how long this ecstatic happiness will last, since the years have shown consistently that two acting careers in one family usually lead to discord and divorce.

There is one particular group in the movie colony which dislikes José Ferrer on the basis of his politics. These people insist that "the only thing José Ferrer can ever stay married to is his career." They warned and advised Rosemary not to marry the producer-director-actor, but the Clooney girl decided to follow her heart.

There are other groups in Hollywood that insist that Joe is one of the most intelligent, versatile, and sensitive talents in the business. Not only that, but that his background, education, and perspicacity are hard to match, and that as a human being, he is kind, tolerant, warm-hearted and generous. For years he has carried countless persons on his payroll. A young dancer in Paris, for example, receives a check from him every month, merely be-

making an early
appearance, the
november issue of
modern screen will be
on sale **october 6**
with tempestuous
ava gardner
on the cover.

cause he knows that she needs the money.

José Vicente Ferrer Oteroy Cintron was born on January 8, 1912, in Santuro, Puerto Rico. Both of his parents were born in Spain, later becoming American citizens. His father attended St. John's College at Annapolis and won his law degree at Syracuse University. His mother was graduated from Sacred Heart College in New York.

When young José was six, his parents took him to New York where he was enrolled in a series of private and public schools. At 14, the boy was considered a piano prodigy, and for a while he hoped to become a concert pianist. But his folks shipped him off to Switzerland for more schooling, and when he returned to the States he decided to enter Princeton's School of Architecture.

While he was in college, Ferrer organized a six-piece band known as Ferrer's Pied Pipers. It was quickly expanded to include 18 members, and during the summers, it used to tour Italy, France, and Switzerland, which is one reason Ferrer speaks five languages with surprising fluency.

While he was at Princeton, Joe—this is the name by which all his friends call

him—decided to become a teacher. He took a year's graduate work in French literature and then moved on to Columbia University where he studied for his Master's degree.

At Columbia, Ferrer decided to forsake teaching for the theater and got himself a job as an assistant stage manager in Josh Logan's summer stock company at Suffern, New York. From there he worked himself up to his current eminence.

Now, let's take a look at Rosemary Clooney's background. This singing chick was born in the small Ohio River town of Maysville, Kentucky on May 23, 1928. Her father, Andy Clooney was a house painter who couldn't find enough houses to paint, especially when another daughter and a son were added to his family.

In fact, things were so bad in the Clooney household, financially that is, that the marriage came apart, Rosemary's mother going to work in a dress shop in Lexington, and Andy looking around for a new start in Washington.

The Clooney kids were moved around from grandparent to grandparent. Grandpa Clooney, the perpetual mayor of Maysville, owned a jewelry store and had a little money but when Rosemary was nine, Grandma Clooney died, and the little girl was moved over to Grandmother Guilfoyle's. A widow with nine children of her own to look after, Grandma Guilfoyle found it extremely difficult to bring up Rosemary and her sister. There just wasn't enough money to go around.

Rosemary had to wear hand-me-downs and makeshifts. Dental treatment was neglected. Family security was lacking when she needed it most.

In short, she suffered all the pains and heartaches and humiliations which walk hand-in-hand with poverty. The wonder of it all is that Rosemary Clooney is an optimistic, lively, and stimulating young woman, today.

While she may suffer from an inferiority complex brought on by the lack of physical beauty, she certainly gives no blatant manifestations of chronic insecurity. Rosemary tells of her poverty-ridden days with poignancy but she always points out the lighter side and the happy moments. She talks about the wonderful breaks she got when she and her sister went to work at w.l.w. in Cincinnati, when she signed with Tony Pastor's band and when Joe Shribman, Pastor's manager, got her a recording contract with Columbia Records.

Blue-eyed Rosie was often hurt when she was a child. While these hurts undoubtedly have left their mark, they have not marred her personality or outlook. Rosemary Clooney wants to become a big motion picture star. Right now she has a personable way, a pleasing voice, and a little acting talent.

Married to José Ferrer, however, Rosie is likely to improve as an actress. She will have an excellent influence in the house. There is no doubt but that José can and will enrich Rosie's life. He cooks like a master chef, he plays the piano like a virtuoso; he paints and sculptures; he produces, directs, and acts, he lives every day as if it were his last.

A friend of Clooney's was asked what Rosie could contribute to this marriage. Her retort: "What is this? France in the nineteenth century or Hollywood in the twentieth? All a woman brings to a marriage is herself. Sometimes that's a little, and sometimes that's a lot. In Rosie's case, I can tell you—it's enough!" **END**

(José Ferrer can be seen in two Columbia pictures, *The Caine Mutiny* and *Miss Sadie Thompson*.)

where to buy

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Or write to Honeybugs, Inc., 47 West 34th Street, New York 1, N. Y.

LUXITE (balbriggan)—Pg. 73

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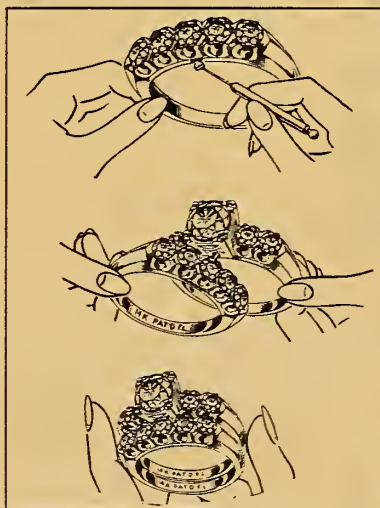
SAVAGE-WAYNE (Golden Slippers)—Pg. 73

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rita's newest love

(Continued from page 28) From that point on, Haymes and Hayworth have been virtually inseparable. Even when Rita flew to Hawaii for location work on *Miss Sadie Thompson*, Haymes wasn't far behind. He had his agents arrange a concert tour in the Islands, and while it didn't come off too well, it brought him close to Rita.

When Hayworth winged back to Hollywood with José Ferrer, who is also in *Miss Sadie Thompson*, Haymes was again on hand to continue the romance.

Dick has been Rita's constant escort, so constant that he has had no time for anyone else. Not even Nora Haymes, his separated wife, could contact Dick with any regularity. A newspaperman in the Hobnob, a Beverly Hills eatery, overheard her complaining to her friend, Beetsy Wynn, "I can't get with this bit. I don't know where Richard is keeping himself these days. I want to talk to him about putting up some loot for the divorce, but it's easier to get in touch with Eisenhower."

"Everybody I ask tells me to try Hayworth's house. Can you imagine my doing that?"

Even Bob Eaton, Dick's lawyer, couldn't find him for long periods of time when he needed to discuss the divorce from Nora. "I don't know where he's keeping himself these days," Eaton confided to reporters. "My assumption is that he's out of town."

By this time, of course, the Haymes divorce papers have undoubtedly been filed; and it is just a question of waiting for the proper interval before Richard and Rita make their romance officially public.

Under the circumstances, however, Rita is naturally reticent when it comes to discussing Haymes. When asked about him in New York after they were seen dining, all she would say was "He's a very nice man."

In Hollywood, however, especially before the Haymes divorce papers were drawn up, the ex-Princess was extremely circumspect, particularly for her.

When a friend, a long-term friend who has known her through three arduous marriages, asked at her swimming pool one day, "What goes with you and Dick Haymes?" Rita would only smile and say, "Let's not go into that."

A few days later the actress took off for a short vacation, and coincidentally, Richard Haymes left town at the same time.

All of which goes to prove that having found each other, Dick Haymes and Rita Hayworth are determined to hold on. For many years now, both of them have been in love with love. Since both of them have Spanish blood in their veins and Latin backgrounds, there is undoubtedly much more to their mutual attraction than pure physical appeal.

Whether this is enough to lead eventually to marriage no one can prophesy.

RIGHT now, Rita is a little disillusioned by matrimony but certainly not by men. The only time she was ready to cross the opposite sex off her list was when she left Aly Khan two years ago.

Then she was hurt, bitter, frustrated, and completely disenchanted, and with good reason. Her life with Aly had been anything but a bed of roses. In the midst of all sorts of wild, intractable rumors, she had verified her father-in-law's prediction that she would give birth to a premature child. "Premature children run in our family," the four-times-married Aga Khan had told the press during Rita's pregnancy, whereupon the actress presented her husband with his third child, a

beautiful, dark-haired girl whom they named Yasmin.

Yasmin's birth was a big event duly reported throughout the world, but it didn't keep Aly at home, and it didn't curb his reckless spending. In an effort to keep up with her husband's profligate tastes, Rita ran through all her hard-earned cash, approximately \$150,000. And in the end, all her sacrifices, all her attempts to remodel her life, to become the worldly sophisticate—all this came to nothing.

One morning the realization burst upon Rita that she was married to a man whose nature was basically inconstant. That's when she pulled up the stakes of her European tent and sailed for home, a wiser, sadder young woman. She was determined, nevertheless, to get a financial settlement of \$1,000,000 for her baby daughter.

All she got was a lot of publicity, a whopping lawyer's bill, and the well-founded suspicion that she was destined to support Yasmin through her own earnings just as she is supporting Rebecca, her daughter by Orson Welles.

In the words of an agent who has known her well, "Rita is a lot like Lana Turner. Both of these babes bounce back from loused-up love affairs like a couple of pogo sticks."

"Take a dame like Hayworth. Aly Khan gives her a terrible time in Europe; so she comes back here, goes up to Reno and establishes residence. She tells everyone, 'I don't want a penny for myself. All I want is support for my child.'"

... Boris Karloff, who sold his home in Beverly Hills, is looking for a place to rent. Said Karloff: "I guess you might say I'm house-haunting."

Sidney Skolsky
N. Y. Post

"What happens? Aly Khan comes to Hollywood. Whispers a few sweet nothings in her left ear. Right away the babe takes off for Paris and a rendezvous. All that trouble for one evening, and the next thing anybody knows Khan has blown this babe off and is going around with Gene Tierney. She's hurt, Hayworth is; so she gets herself this Spanish count for an escort, one of Aly's old pals, Count Villa Padierna; only this guy won't come to Hollywood. So she comes back alone. This time she's good and sore at Aly; so she gets the divorce. The Nevada courts tell him he has to pay \$48,000 a year for the support of Yasmin. It's a big joke. This is like telling the king of Sweden he has to drink German beer."

"I'm not kidding when I tell you that Hayworth's just like Lana Turner. They're both the world's louisiest pickers of lovers."

"Take this Dick Haymes. He's a nice, loused-up kid, very personable, very charming, maybe a year older than Rita, but he doesn't have a buck. He's a very proud kid, too, and an honorable one."

"Haymes is a man with an eye for beauty. When he gets that mating call, watch out. There he goes. He gave up Joanne Dru, a swell dish, for Nora Haymes. After four years with Nora, that's finished. Instead of concentrating on his work, he concentrates on Hayworth."

"I don't blame him, because Hayworth is really something to concentrate on, but just take a peek at that long list of predecessors, Eddie Judson, Orson Welles, Vic Mature, Tony Martin, Alain Bernheim, Ted Stauffer, Aly Khan, Peter Lawford, Cy Howard, Gilbert Roland, Richard Greene, Kirk Douglas. In her day, Hayworth has had some real big league talent."

"Like I say, Dick is a nice boy, but what chance would he have as Rita's husband?"

He'd lose his own identity. Marrying Rita is like marrying a national institution. You've got to come out second best.

"If Dick were the kind of boy who could manage his wife's career like some birds around this town, that would be different. But he's not built that way. This kid's got integrity and honor. He could never let himself be supported by any dame."

"Just exactly what's gonna happen between these two, I don't know. I'm sure they don't either, except that Dick is not one of these fast-fling boys. When he falls in love, he's always sure it's for keeps this time. With Rita it's a little different. I think she's more realistic, lives every day as if it were her last. Let's have a ball right now because tomorrow maybe Aly Khan will walk through the front door."

NORA Eddington Flynn Haymes, who fell so rapturously in love with Haymes that she gave the skidoo to Errol Flynn, has long been recognized as one of the most regular females in Hollywood.

Honest, straight-shooting, and never-complaining, although she certainly has plenty to wail about, Nora says, "When Dick and I separated in March, he was free to go his way, and I was free to go mine. We're definitely not—well, we're not suited to each other any more."

"As for his personal life, I don't know what he's been doing. I hear from various sources that he's been seeing an awful lot of Miss Hayworth. When I was married to Errol Flynn, she came aboard our boat with Orson Welles for about two weeks; and she's really a very nice person."

"Friends tell me that she's got Dick wound around so tightly that he doesn't know whether he's coming or going, but you know how rumors spread in this town. Probably no foundation to that, whatever. My personal assumption is that they're good friends. Shall we leave it at that?"

"You say has Dick asked for a divorce because he wants to marry Rita? He's never mentioned her to me at all. Richard is a romanticist, a dreamer, a wonderful man with high ideals. If he falls in love with a girl he wants to marry her. He's a wonderful guy. I hope he'll be happy."

IN Hollywood the general consensus of opinion is that Haymes is cut from a fabric different from many crooners. As a boy he studied for the priesthood in Argentina. As a young man he succeeded Frank Sinatra with the Harry James band, and for a period of time he was extremely hot with bobbysoxers.

During the war, Dick was classified 4C, a citizen of a neutral nation, Argentina; and although he tried time and time again to enlist in the Army, he was turned down because of high blood pressure. He was married to Joanne Dru during World War II, and that marriage was youthfully successful until Dick met Nora Flynn in Palm Springs.

Unfortunately for Dick, his career has been sliding downhill ever since his marriage to Nora. He left his agent, Bill Burton; his recordings began to diminish in popularity; picture work became increasingly scarce; but careers in show business are unpredictable, and as they say in Hollywood, "all you need to get on top is one good break."

Whether Dick's one "good break" was meeting and falling in love with Rita Hayworth only the calendar will tell.

Right now, Hollywood is betting on only one thing. Proximity to lovely Rita is not going to reduce the crooner's high blood pressure.

END

(Dick Haymes can now be seen in Columbia's *Cruising Down The River*.)

"you, I like!"

(Continued from page 59) "So what if they liked me last week," the boyish-faced comic with flecks of grey in his curly brown hair, nagged himself. Show business was a funny thing, he knew. A star today and a bum tomorrow. He had worked too hard, too long to lose it now.

He thought of his mother and father at home in the Bronx, waiting to see him live up to his notices. He thought of his wife, Helayne, who loved him so and helped to ease the hurt of an unhappy first marriage.

The nervous tension of the years of work and waiting welled within him and as he thought of the night ahead and all his yesterdays, Red Buttons collapsed on the tv stage.

He didn't go on that second week in October last year. A film was hastily shown instead and the CBS switchboards were flooded with calls from friendly fans concerned about the comic they had taken to their hearts but a few days before.

That reassurance of their faith in him, the loyalty they showed, their willingness to laugh and sympathize gave him the will and strength he needed to make secure the stardom televisioners had bestowed upon him.

The following week and every week thereafter, Red Buttons continued to endear himself to his fans. If they believed in him, he could believe in himself.

Funny, he secretly admitted later, that he who had never dared lose confidence in himself lest he lose all his hopes should have lost it at the moment when his dreams were fulfilled. He was a star, nationally known and nationally applauded.

EVER since he could remember, he had wanted to be a star.

To anyone but him it might have seemed an impossible dream. Aaron Chwatt, the second of Michael and Sophie Chwatt's three children, was born in a fourth floor walk-up in a tenement in New York's lower East Side on February 5, 1919.

His parents were poor but happy. His father earned \$18 a week blocking hats in a millinery shop. He had a quiet dignity and an old world philosophy that children are the future of a country. Michael Chwatt wanted his children, Joe, Aaron and Ida, to be a credit to their parents and to their country.

Sophie Chwatt was born in Poland and immigrated to the United States when she was 16. She was short and plump and pretty with smiling blue eyes and curly red hair like little Aaron's. She was too happy being in America to mind being poor. All she wanted was to keep her children as clean and as well-fed and as happy as she could. There were worse things in life than being poor, Mrs. Chwatt knew, and a mother's love and freedom couldn't be bought at any price.

In these surroundings, Aaron was a lively, jovial, energetic kid willing to do anything for a smile. Skinny and small, he never let his size bother him. What he lacked in stature he compensated for in heart and humor and leadership.

Wiry and muscular, he could hold his own in any brawl, and fighting was the number one sport in Aaron's neighborhood, Third Street between Avenues A and B.

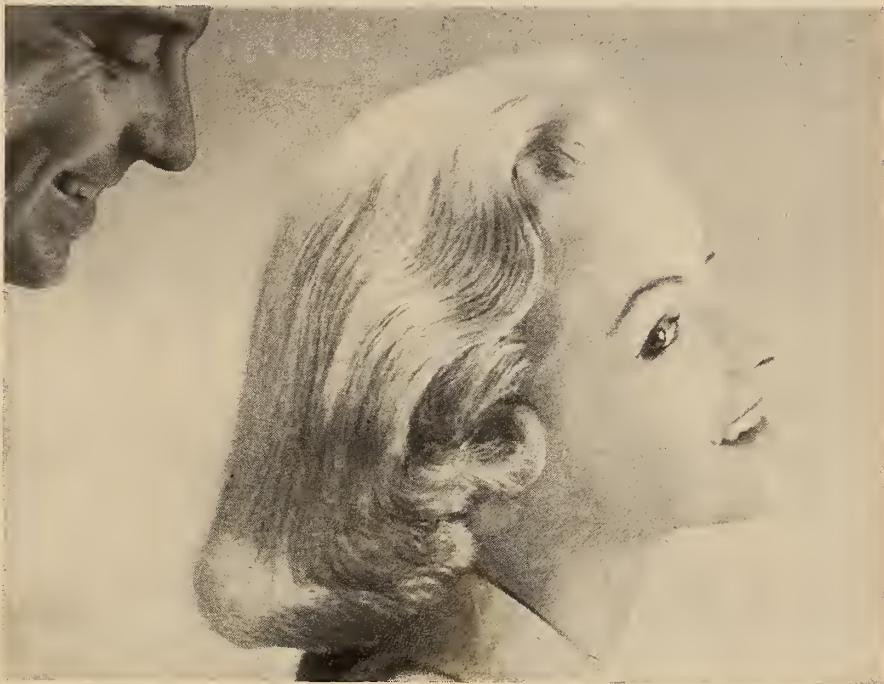
If the older, bigger boys challenged him to a fight and he felt he didn't stand a chance, he'd tilt his head to the side, assume the plaintive facial expressions of a whipped dog and plead mournfully, "I ain't got no mudder."

It always worked. Nobody would hit a kid without a mother, for the only security those poor kids had was a mother.

When Aaron was about seven, his

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mother cut his bangs and substituted a long pants blue serge suit for erstwhile Saturday and Sunday best, a sailor outfit with white stockings and black shoes. The blue serge was his choir singing uniform, worn when his sweet, clear soprano voice rang out in answer to the Cantor's chants in the local synagogue. If any fellow members of the "Rinky Dink," his own block gang of which he was the undisputed leader, ever referred to his angelic face or singing in any but the most complimentary manner, they had the soprano's fists in their kissers to prove he was no sissy.

WHEN Papa Chwatt got a small increase in salary, he moved out of the lower East Side uptown to East 176th Street in the Bronx, so his family could be brought up in better surroundings.

In P. S. 44 in the Bronx, ten-year-old Aaron quickly established himself as a popular, versatile personality. He played on the baseball team, portrayed one of the frenetic leads in the school's version of "The Katzenjammer Kids" and generally ingratiated himself with his teachers and fellow students. He would stop at nothing to keep his audience entertained.

His buddies, among them Arthur Brent, now a partner with Red's brother Joe in the ABCO Hardware store in the Bronx, knew that Red had one peculiarity. He couldn't pass up a mirror, whether in a store window, a livingroom or a washroom. Whenever he spotted a looking glass, he stopped whatever he was doing to peer at his likeness, not to admire himself but to distort his features into weird grimaces.

"Whatcha doin', Aaron?" his surprised companions asked at first.

"Practicin', just practicin'," he answered without getting out of character. "If I'm gonna be an actor, I gotta be able to act."

Mugsy Buttons, Rocky Buttons, Salty Buttons were conceived in a mirror. As Red watched the mannerisms and expressions of each one emerge before his very eyes, he also developed another characteristic. Shaking his finger at his mirrored reflections, he admonished them waggishly, "I like you. You, I don't like."

He wasn't too engrossed in his career to be unmindful of the fair sex. The girls tagged after the cute redheaded jester, but his favorite was a long-legged brunette. They demonstrated their mutual affection by playfully throwing stones at each other in lieu of cupid's darts.

Nothing but applause was hurled at the 13-year-old boy the night he appeared in an amateur contest at the Fox Cretona theatre a few blocks from his apartment house. When he sang "Roll On Mississippi, Roll On" and "Sweet Jenny Lee," he brought down the house and won first prize.

His reward was a singing spot in the overture to the vaudeville acts. Nightly, for 15 weeks until the Children's Society stepped in and stopped him, the slight, shinin'-faced, redheaded singer stood on a soapbox in the orchestra pit and in his good blue serge suit and budding alto bade the Mississippi roll on.

For a couple of years after the Children's Society rang down the curtain on him, his only brush with show business was when he subways downtown and went to the Palace to hang around the stage door or when he climbed over the fence of the old Biograph Film Studios in the Bronx.

On one of these excursions, he met Bud Pollard, a Biograph film producer who took an interest in the boy.

"Show business isn't easy, kid," the older man advised. "You've got to work hard to get there. You need all the breaks you can get and then when you do arrive, if you're one of the lucky few, the toughest thing is to stay on top."

But how was a kid with no background, no real experience and nobody to help him, going to break into show business? That was Aaron Chwatt's number one problem. No talent scout from Broadway was haunting the amateur theatricals of the Evander Childs High School. He couldn't afford to take an ad in weekly *Variety* saying "At liberty" so he did the next best thing. He answered an ad for a singing bellhop to work during the summer at Dinty Moore's City Island Tavern. He was 16 and impatient to get his theatrical career under way.

One night he confided his ambition to a customer.

"What's your name, kid?" the customer asked.

"Aaron Chwatt."

"Aaron what? That's no name for a comedian. You have to get something they'll remember. How about Red? Your hair's red." The customer paused a minute and studied the serious face of the brass-buttoned bellhop. Then he snapped his fingers. "I've got it. Buttons. Red Buttons. That's a name they'll never forget."

The newly christened Red Buttons realized that before people could remember his name they had to hear it. How? Where? When?

A movie star attended a show, in which an amateur was impersonating the star. After the performance, the amateur asked the star, eagerly: "Tell me the truth! What do you think of my impersonation of you?"

"Well," said the star, "one of us is really awful!"

Soon, he hoped. Occasionally during the winter, he sang for free at parties given by his father's co-workers. At one of these parties, Red met somebody who knew somebody who owned a hotel in the Catskill Mountains. The chain of hotels dotting the Catskills was known as the Borscht Circuit because good food, borscht included, was the chief attraction of these summer hostleries. The customers had to be entertained, too, but managements preferred to pay less to their entertainers so they could pay more to their cooks.

Red Buttons could be bought cheap. The Beerkill Hotel in Greenfield Park, New York, hired him as a singer at \$1.50 per week plus room and board.

That was the life. It seemed too good to be true and midway in the season Red awoke one morning to find his worst fears justified. Something had happened to change his luck—and his voice. Overnight the boy alto had become a boy bass and there was no place on the program, he knew, for a singer with a crinkly smile and a crackly voice.

"They'll fire me. They'll fire me," he worried. His desperation was readily apparent when he confronted the program director with his crisis.

"Don't worry, Red," the showman said, "the summer's almost over. I've seen you make with the jokes. You're pretty funny. Stay on as a comedian."

Red didn't find it hard to make the people laugh. He pretended the audience was his family and his friends. He always could make them laugh so why not these people who came from the same, warmhearted kind of background?

As the basis of his humor, he fell back on an exaggeration of his childhood experiences. He never wanted to be funny at anybody else's expense. His cute pixie face, impish expressions and slight stature made his memories of the lower East Side seem incongruous and funny.

"Where I came from," he announced, "anybody with teeth in his mouth was

considered a sissy. In school they used to have recess just to carry out the wounded. We were evicted so many times my mother made curtains to match the sidewalks." Then he'd swing into the swagger and gestures of Jimmy Cagney and the tough guy tones of Edward G. Robinson, the screen bad men of his youth.

Cupping his hand over his ear, he illustrated his alleged childhood miseries with "Oiy, oiy," and broke into a little dance. In time he was to change the "Oiy, Oiy" to "Ho-Ho" and add to it a musical introduction of more quips and patter, "Strange Things Are Happening."

His third summer in the Catskills when he was 19, a burlesque agent touring the Catskills for talent caught Red's act.

"Come see me after Labor Day," he told the comedian. "I'll give you a two-weeks' trial at Minsky's."

Mr. Harold Minsky was no Charles Frohman or David Belasco but he was the number one producer of burlesque shows. The Misses Gypsy Rose Lee, Georgia Southern, Margie Hart and Ann Corio were his stellar strippers.

Frank Faye, Bert Lahr, the late Rags Ragland, Robert Alda, and Phil Silvers were among the graduates of the burlesque comedy school.

Opening night he was so frightened that in a sketch called "Get Out Of The Car," in which he was to support a prop automobile, he was shaking so from stage fright that the automobile rattled in unexpected places, but rattled as he was, Red didn't forget his lines or cues. His natural pace and timing helped him adapt himself quickly to the fast turns and blackouts of burlesque. In time he learned to "cut it," burlesque lingo for making good.

His mother and father used to come down from the Bronx to the Gaiety at 42nd and Broadway to see him. Only a mother's desire to see her son on the stage could have lured Sophie Chwatt into a burlesque house. When the strip teasers were teasing, Mrs. Chwatt buried her face in her hands. She only looked up—and cautiously at that—when her son, Aaron (she still calls him Aaron), was singing "Sam. You Made The Pants Too Long," or doing some other such enlightening scene.

One of the proudest moments in Sophie's life came when Al Jolson, in a box seat, applauded her son's comedy. Afterwards the Mammy singer went backstage to see the young comic.

"You've got it, kid," Jolson told Red Buttons. "Someday you'll be a star."

STARS and would-be stars have to live and love, too. Outside of his school time romance when he pelted his favorite girl with stones, Red had been so busy trying to carve his name in lights that he hadn't given much time to romance. He fell in love, not with a girl from his old neighborhood, but with a stripper in the show. She was a tall brunette named Roxanne (not to be confused with the blonde Roxanne of television).

He was the most dazed and the happiest guy on Broadway when she said she would marry him. And he was the loneliest, unhappiest comedian in show business a couple of years later when she divorced him. The torch Red carried was bigger than himself. In the true Pagliacci tradition, he tried to lose himself in work; the Catskills, the night club dates, the one night stands, but in a sequence of bad luck events all the breaks seemed to be against him.

He was working in Margie Hart's *Wine, Women And Song* when the censors banned the play and burlesque from New York.

In 1941, he had his foot in the legitimate theater when it was ousted from the door.

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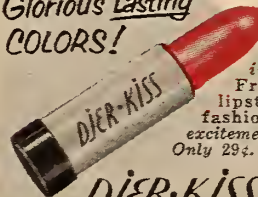
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"Young Skin" doesn't like a heavy make-up! A touch of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a fresh, un-shiny base. Really holds powder!

José Ferrer had chosen him for the juvenile lead in a musical with a Pearl Harbor locale. The play was due to open December 8, 1941, but that was the day after Pearl Harbor was bombed and *The Admiral Takes A Wife* was blasted off Broadway before it got there.

He was set for a role in a James Cagney film but another actor got the part because he also got less money.

The day he was due to leave for Hollywood and a Paramount movie, his draft notice showed up. It looked like the end of everything for him. According to the accepted movie tradition, his worst break proved to be his best. In the Army, Moss Hart picked Red for a lead in the Army Air Force musical production, *Winged Victory*, and later the comedian also appeared in its movie version.

In 1945, the khaki-clothed comedian emceed a show at the Potsdam Conference before Harry S. Truman and Winston Churchill. They agreed unanimously that Private Red Buttons was funny.

When he got out of the Army, he knew he could always earn a good living, at least \$500 a week or so, with his nightclub routine, but he still hearkened back to those days as an East Side kid when Broadway was his dream. He wanted to be in the bigtime. In order to do so, he took a salary cut to appear in the plays *Barefoot Boy With Cheek* and *Hold It*. His notices were better than the plays' notices.

BACK he went to his old faithful, the club dates and theaters. In the winter of 1949, he was playing a nightclub in Miami Beach, Florida. A petite black-haired girl with the elfin features of a Leslie Caron, Helayne McNorton from Ohio, was working as a manicurist in a Miami hotel. She saw the comic work and said to herself, "I'd like to know him."

After the show when Red came out front to sit with some friends, Helayne did meet him. They exchanged hellos and she realized he hardly noticed her, but she didn't forget about him.

That summer, she was in Lindy's restaurant in New York one evening and was re-introduced to Red. They exchanged hellos again but with little recognition on his part. Several nights later, they met once more in Lindy's. This time Red said, "Doll face, I'll drive you home."

There were other people in the apartment Helayne shared with her roommate and they made scrambled eggs and coffee for the late visitors. "I'll help you do the dishes, Doll face," Red offered. It was the first and last time he dried the dishes, but for Helayne, once was enough. Red Buttons was the boy she wanted to marry.

"How about meeting me tomorrow night at Toots Shor's?" Red suggested. Helayne had met actors before. Sometimes they didn't show up for dates so the next night on the pretext of being delayed, she called Shor's and asked for Red. To her surprise, he was there.

"I'll be right over," she told him. She fell in love with him that night. Her future was Red, she was sure. She knew he had been hurt deeply by the failure of his first marriage and that he didn't want to get burned twice. She was willing to wait.

Early in their courtship, she broke other dates to be with Red. He was somewhat serious offstage. He didn't joke and clown as much as when he was a kid but his ad libs were fast and furious.

When he questioned Helayne once about breaking a date she disarmed him with her straightforward reply, "I'd rather be with you."

"Why waste your time with me?" he said, "I don't want to get married."

"You will," she countered. Three and a half years ago they were married.

They lived in an apartment in the West 50's within shouting distance of Broadway. Helayne went to cooking school so she could wield the pots and pans with as much agility as Red dished out his humor.

Last fall they signed a lease on an expensive five-room apartment on exclusive Sutton Place, just 51 city blocks north of the East Side tenement where Aaron Chwatt was born.

THEN television, which devours talent like a hungry tigress, wanted new stars. Red Buttons was a comparative unknown outside of New York and Florida, but Marlo Lewis, a CBS-TV variety show producer, realized the capabilities and potentialities of the versatile comedian, who was 33 but looked 23.

Red was anxious to try the medium. It was his only chance for national recognition. The movies wouldn't hire him because he wasn't known so TV offered him the culmination of a dream.

"Where did this kid come from?" everybody wanted to know after his sensational debut. He had something in his act for everybody, an appeal that got to all kinds of Americans. Within a few weeks, the "Strange Things Are Happening" routine swept the country. Audiences chimed in and home viewers chanted, "Ho-ho, hee-hee, stra-a-a-ange things are hap-penning."

Milton Berle had just returned from Hollywood, where it had rained almost unusually. He met Charlton Heston, who asked, "And how was California weather?"

Berle answered, "The sun was coming down in sheets."

Paul Denis

Up in the Bronx on East 176th where they have lived for the past 24 years, Michael and Sophie Chwatt didn't think there was anything strange about their son's success. Their boy, Aaron, had to make good because he was good. He never hurt anybody. He just made them laugh. He was kind and generous. Every winter since he could afford it, he has sent his parents to Arizona for the cold months because the desert air is good for Mrs. Chwatt's asthma.

A darling, dimpled, plump version of her son, Sophie's story, too, is a success story. An immigrant at 16, she raised a boy who became an American Horatio Alger. When she goes to the grocery store or the neighborhood stationer's to buy a birthday card, the tradespeople point her out, "That's Red Buttons' mother," but for Sophie the greatest thrill is always her frequent visits from her second son, her Aaron, who says, "Hi, Ma," and kisses her.

Up in the Bronx, in brother Joe's hardware store, the school kids flock in to ask Joe to have Red autograph pictures for them. "Ho-Ho," he signs, "Red Buttons."

In her river view apartment on Sutton Place, Mrs. Red Buttons (he legally adopted the name) doesn't think it's strange that success in a bigtime way has come to her husband. He always went out of his way to help other entertainers, she knew. And Red was due for the big break.

She and Red wish they had some little Buttons tearing loose around the house. Monday nights after his TV show, and after he has had a masseuse limber him up after his strenuous shenanigans, the comedian takes his wife to Lindy's where they sit around like old times and chat with the other comics, Milton Berle, Jack Carter, Phil Silvers, all local boys who made good.

Over at CBS-TV Red Buttons puts in long hours each week. He's too busy preparing for Monday to stop and marvel at all the strange and wonderful things that have happened to him. Because to Red Buttons, every Monday is Opening Night. **END**

love is a long shot

(Continued from page 39) seem, then, that any young MODERN SCREEN reader pondering matrimony would do well to ignore the advice of the big thinkers in favor of the "horse sense" apparent in the life of Betty Grable.

"Harry and I have one big mutual interest to which we anchor our love," Betty explains. "Then, too, there are other elements in our successful life together. We respect each other. I suppose I could feel sorry for myself because he spends more time on the road than a traveling salesman. I don't. I admire him for sticking with his band even though business hasn't been very good in the last five or six years."

DURING wartime, when the country took to the dance floors to relieve its tension, Harry James earned upwards of a half million dollars a year. Now, with the decline of interest in orchestras, his earnings have been cut to around \$200,000. Like a man used to earning a hundred dollars a week who is cut to fifty, Harry could well become morose and difficult to live with.

"He isn't," Betty points out. "Harry likes the band business more than ever and wants to stay with it, even though he doesn't have to. A lot of musicians don't know anything else; some of them can't even read music. But Harry can arrange and conduct. He could easily get a job in some studio or do radio and tv work. That would make life a lot easier for him. But he sticks to his band."

"He maintains the quality of his organization, too. Some band leaders disband their outfits when they come back into town. But even when he's home and not playing dates, Harry keeps five key men under contract and on salary. He pays them too money, too. Right now he's got Buddy Rich with his band, and he's great."

Although musicians are supposed to be a shiftless lot, Betty finds that living around music is the best possible existence for her. She refused for years to bring scripts home from the studio or rehearse scenes at home. Despite the fact that she held all sorts of records for being the biggest money maker in pictures, there is no evidence of movie star Betty Grable's triumphs in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harry James.

"Yes," Betty says, "I think it's true that 'love is a long shot.' Certainly, I'm the luckiest girl in the world. But I want to make it plain that with Harry and me it has never been a case of emphasis on fame or money, whether anyone will believe it or not. We've worked for happiness, not for money—and we've had setbacks that could have cost us our last dime in the end if we hadn't worked together."

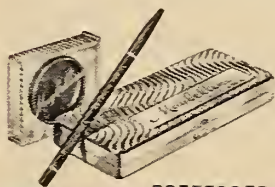
BETTY and Harry didn't start out in the racing and breeding of thoroughbred horses by throwing sevens and elevens. When they first decided to enter the "sport of kings," they took the plunge like a couple of naive chumps. Betty had been crazy about horses since she was a tiny tot. Her mother had to bribe her to take dancing lessons by promising pony rides afterward. And Harry James fell in love with horses while he was playing with circus bands.

A few years ago, they cut a huge slice out of their savings to purchase a string of horses at a fabulous price. The result was a big nothing. Only about one of these expensive buys amounted to a thing. Betty and Harry felt that they had a legitimate squawk, so they took the case to court, claiming rank misrepresentation on the part of the man who acted as agent. The case never reached trial. A settlement

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was made out of court, but Betty and Harry had learned a cold, hard, cash lesson the hard way.

Instead of brooding about this defeat, they talked it over and wound up with more determination than ever to breed and raise their own horses. They dipped into their savings still deeper to purchase a thirty-eight-acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

Meantime, the kidding about their folly was even more severe than the cheerful abuse heaped on Bing Crosby for his non-winning nags. Today, Betty and Harry have only six brood mares, but in the last three years from this small band have come two brilliant stakes winners. (In racing, "stakes" is a major race, like the Kentucky Derby or the Santa Anita Handicap.) One of their victorious horses is Big Noise, named for Harry's high falutin' trumpet, and Betty will never forget the day he ran under their colors at Bing Crosby's Del Mar track in the \$100,000 Futurity Handicap.

She was close to tears as she trained her binoculars on the big chestnut horse who was approaching the starting gate, kicking up his heels and giving jockey Ralph Neves a bad time. With her fingers crossed, Betty swung the glasses up toward "moocher's hill," where there were hundreds of people who couldn't afford the admission price to the track. In a moment, she located Harry, sitting in his sleek convertible, looking hot, glum and impatient. He should have been sitting next to Betty, but he was late for a band engagement in nearby La Jolla.

"They're off and running!"

Betty closed her eyes as the pack thundered past the grandstand the first time. Seconds later, she opened them to see that Grey Tower, the horse they feared the most, was a length and a half in front. Big Noise, number six, was trailing next to last.

"Come on Beautiful, get moving," Betty yelled in anguish. Her voice was lost in the roar of thousands, but the big chestnut horse began to gain on the leaders. He was on their heels as the horses rounded the far turn. Coming into the stretch, Jockey Neves barely touched Big Noise with the whip. They passed Grey Tower like a breeze and nosed ahead of the number four horse, Count Me Out.

As they swept across the finish line, Big Noise winning it by a length, Harry James stood up on the back seat of his car and clasped his hands above his head in a victory salute, hoping Betty could see him. Betty could as she walked on air down to the winner's circle to accept congratulations for their first big winner. To the delight of thousands, she planted a great big kiss on Jockey Neves' dirt-stained face, an act that caused the diminutive rider later to exclaim, "When I ride for the Jameses, it's not just my ten per cent of the winnings I'm after; it's the kiss I get from Betty when I win. Wow! She's the greatest thing that's happened to racing since the invention of the starting gate!"

THAT night at a ringside table as Harry James tootled his trumpet victoriously, Betty grew serious, explaining what the day had meant to them both. "When one of your own horses, whose mating you've planned by poring over pedigrees for months, wins a big stakes, your cup of joy runs over. Here is complete satisfaction that has no equal. The praise and profit are like bubbles in a windstorm compared to the urge—yes, passion—to have your own convictions bear such a marvelous harvest. To win like this is something you know cannot be assured even with the help of unlimited money. Many fortunes have been squandered by people who have accepted the challenge because they

thought they could "buy" success in breeding as they had in almost everything else. That's ridiculous. Too many people have the idea that money and happiness go hand-in-hand. Of course, Harry and I needed money to start with, but all it takes is one good colt to win a race, and plenty of people have done it on a shoe-string."

Betty went on to tell, two years later, of the excitement and misfortunes attendant to the ruling love of their lives. Early this year, their stable fell into a slump. Every time a horse won, neither of them was present. Each accused the other of being the jinx. When Harry went back east for band engagements, Betty trailed along for a vacation. Big Noise won another feature race and the stable manager wired them both to "stay lost."

Arch Oboler, movie producer-writer, visited Africa in 1948, with a tape recorder and movie cameras. Once, he found himself far in the interior, in a place called Ruhengeri, where a couple of thousand of natives had gathered to sing and dance while he recorded the sounds. In that jungle clearing, a group of small children came forth to sing a tribal song to the accompaniment of native flutes. And as they sang, the melody became more and more familiar. Soon, there was no doubt about it. The children were singing the American melody, "Battle Hymn of the Republic." But, somehow, the title was now: "On the Place Where I Sit Down, You Kicked Me."

However, Betty came home, defying superstition. It was then that their horses, Bingo, Laughin Louie and James Session won a batch of races. Betty was gleeful as a kitten with a ball of yarn. The pressure was all on Harry. Betty called him every night by long distance telephone to recreate the race and sent him air mail special photos of their horses winning. And wouldn't you know it? When Harry came home, Laughin Louie went to the post with their high hopes that he would win his first stakes race. Louie started from the gate in sixth position and finished a bad seventh.

"I think," Betty said on that first night Harry was home, "that you'd better hit the road again."

Harry didn't bend his trumpet over her head. He said he'd stick around and prove that the horses didn't win just for her, even though they act that way. The truth is that every member of the family feels personally responsible for their racing luck. Daughters Vickie, nine, and Jessica, six, are also wild about the nags. They take a personal interest in every horse from the time it is foaled. The little girls have seldom been to the track, however, because they're bored with adult conversation during the long waits between races.

BETTY is not a wild better on her own horses. When she decides to lay a wager she can usually be seen at the ten-dollar window, but she seldom bets on her own horses. "I figure if my horse wins and collects a purse, my small bet wouldn't make much difference in the take-home pay. Besides, if I don't wager on my own horses, I'm never sore at them when they lose!"

"But there is one wonderful thing about our horses. When I'm not making money, they are. When I went on suspension for turning down the role in *The Girl Next Door*, Big Noise eased the situation by

winning a hundred thousand dollars. When I was suspended for refusing to go to Columbia Studios on loan-out, James Session copped a \$20,000 stake race."

It may be hard to believe, but Betty was busting out all over with joy the day she parted company with 20th Century-Fox.

"I've been trying to get out of the studio for a year and a half," she glowed. "I kept reading in the columns that all I had to do was to ask for my release and I'd get it. It didn't turn out that way. Every time I asked, the bosses just shook their heads."

Of course, there are always two sides to every story, and the studio undoubtedly had its reasons, but this is the way Betty looks at the situation: "I couldn't see why the studio would want to keep me. They didn't seem to have any important pictures planned for me. The only thing I could figure was that they were worried that I might go out and make a lot of money for someone else."

"I figured that it was time to leave the studio. I had wonderful years there, but I don't think it's smart to stay with one studio for more than ten years. Enthusiasm begins to wane and executives are continually losing their excitement about your possibilities every time they see a new-comer."

Betty has made no secret of her unhappiness with the studio during the past two years. "I wasn't bitter about my first suspension," she says, "but I was a little hurt by the way it was done. I put in a request for a little rest. The next thing I knew they had suspended me. I didn't expect to get paid on vacation, but I didn't think I should be treated in such an impersonal manner."

The next two suspensions deepened the wound. Betty was unhappy with the scripts offered her; important stockholders rangled over her whopping salary.

"It was different in the old days," Betty explained. "Then I could go in and discuss my problems. Like the time Darryl Zanuck wanted me to do *The Razor's Edge*, later played by Anne Baxter. I went to Darryl and convinced him that I was wrong for the role. I'm still not sorry, even though the part was so beautifully played by Anne that she won an Academy Award."

Now that Betty has her freedom, she's not going to go dashing off in all directions, jumping into new enterprises. For the first time in a long while, hard-working Harry James took five weeks off from his band labors, so that the whole family could go to Del Mar for the racing season. At the time, Betty said: "I won't sign another studio contract unless I have the right to do outside pictures of my own choosing. I'll never sign another contract with a 'good girl' clause that cuts off the money every time I don't do exactly what the studio executives have planned."

A few years ago, Betty cut a "bootleg" record with Harry, because his vocalist got sick at the last moment. Betty filled in and the record came out under an assumed name. Now she wants to do more recording on her own. About TV she says, "Maybe yes, maybe no: it all depends. I'm the kind of girl who never plans her career ahead. I just let nature take its course."

BETTY chooses to ignore the fact that her career has been no snap all the way. While she was still a small girl in St. Louis, her mother installed a small dance floor in the family apartment so Betty could practice her dance lessons at home. From the time her mother brought her to Hollywood in 1929, Betty was being pushed toward the stardom she has so long enjoyed. There was a lot of heartbreak and disappointment along the way.

Still, when Betty became the unofficial Queen of Hollywood, she wore her crown

well. Although she claimed to be lazy, she always worked hard. Her pictures required weeks of tough dance rehearsal, consuming as much as six to eight months for the entire production.

A hardboiled old grip, learning the news of her leaving the studio, had tears in his eyes as he said, "I'm sorry as hell to see her go. Most stars have a bunch of flunkies hanging around to keep their egos boosted and their tempers cooled. Betty didn't go for that junk. She doesn't have an ounce of temperament. She never asked for anything unreasonable, but when she thought she had been done wrong she stood up for her rights, and everybody knew they couldn't push her around."

As for Betty, she says, "It's nice to be able to look backward and forward at the same time. I know that a lot of people have regarded my preoccupation with racing as a silly pastime engaged in by a more or less empty-headed movie star, and I'm glad to have a chance to talk about it.

"The fascination of racing and breeding is so intangible and heartfelt that it's difficult to explain, but I do know that it has given Harry and me the happiest days of our lives. Of course, it takes all kinds of people to make a world and I know a lot of folks will never understand me. But for those who can't see anything to racing but betting I say, 'Take a look at the names of the horses.' They're wonderful!

"Take Native Dancer, the big news horse of the year. He is the son of Polynesian and Geisha. Just the other day I noticed that Cherry Fizz, Quick Lunch and Bicarb all won at Jamaica. Oh, what a parlay! And of course, Bicarb is a son of Bride's Biscuit out of Hard Tack. If that isn't appropriate, what is?

"It was seven years ago that Harry presented me with my first brood mare (that's a girl horse who has been retired to become a mama and improve the breed). Her name was Lady Florise, and she had been some shucks as a racer herself. Before long she had a foal (baby) by a sire named Special Agent. We named the filly Night Special, and she was as fast as a Hollywood play girl. But like them, she had something wrong in her head, and this impaired her breathing. Rather than risk an operation on this sweet filly that we both loved so much we added her to our band of matrons. Her romance with King Abbey resulted in a colt named James Session, after one of Harry's recordings, and he won the coveted Haggin Stakes at Hollywood Park this last summer. Do you wonder, now, that our horses are really loved, and that they are more to us than just nags running to win a race?

"Honestly, there is so much more to racing than most people even suspect. It has practically rid itself, by self-governing, of scandal. It is the number one spectator sport, and so far as the menace of gambling is concerned, I think that's greatly overplayed. For instance, a murder always hits page one of the newspapers. A happy marriage doesn't get into print. It is the same way with intemperance. We hear and read all the bad things, but rarely the good. Racing is a wonderful diversion and I'm happy to live in a country where I'm given the privilege of taking it or leaving it alone. I just happen to want to take it.

"And when we add it all up, Harry and I realize that despite the comic old warning—never marry a horse-player—it's the horse playing that has enriched our lives together. There are times when I have to agree with an old boy who hangs around the tracks when he says, 'The more I see of people, the better I like horses!'"

(Betty Grable will be seen soon in 20th Century-Fox's *CinemaScope*, *How To Marry A Millionaire*.)



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SAMPLES

gable's mystery romance

(Continued from page 31) Grace Kelly, the beautiful young blonde with whom he starred in *Mogambo*, left London for New York, Gable has been touring the Continent with a tall, dark-haired, statuesque French model named Susan Dadolle Dabadie.

For a time, Gable was under the erroneous impression that he might keep this romance a dark secret.

In Venice he told his hotel manager that under no circumstances was his girl's name to be released. Newspapersmen quickly jumped to the conclusion that Susan was a wealthy American widow. They had Gable and the girl followed by photographers who snapped them touring the Grand Canal in gondolas, feeding the pigeons in front of St. Mark's, walking hand-in-hand across the hundreds of picturesque little bridges that dot the city.

When asked about his traveling partner, all Gable would say was, "She's just a friend."

Once photographs of Clark's "mystery friend" were released, however, her identity was no longer a secret.

In Paris, one Schiaparelli model, picking up the afternoon paper, turned to a friend and pointing to Susan's picture, asked, "Who does this look like?"

The second model grinned. "It is Susan Dadolle," she said. "Who else? Don't you know about her?" An explanation was forthcoming immediately. "A few weeks ago when Clark Gable came here to Paris he got in touch with Susan. I think they have known each other a long time or something. Anyway, she went to Madame Schiaparelli and said, 'I would like to have some time off.' And she is very understanding about these things, so she said, 'But, of course, Susan.' So she went away with Monsieur Gable, and now they are traveling all over Europe, and since his divorce from his fourth wife—I think she was his fourth wife, that blonde English one—I guess Susan is hoping to marry him. She has always been in love with him, you know. Susan would make him a very good wife."

WHILE such talk was making the rounds of Paris, Gable and his new love were sunning themselves on the beach at Capri. And in Italy, of course, no one interfered with the privacy of the lovers.

Occasionally, someone would ask a professional question such as, "What's your next picture, Mr. Gable?" and Clark would prop himself up on his elbows and say, "Really don't know. Everytime I call Hollywood from here I can't understand what they say. They can hear me but I can't hear them. I guess the studio will rope up something for me."

In Capri, Gable lived in the hotel suite formerly occupied by Egypt's ex-King Farouk which prompted him to quip, "Even I can be a king for a few bucks."

Natives who saw Susan and Clark said, "There is no doubt about it. They are both deeply in love. They are together always. They are always smiling. I am sure they have already married. I say this because what you see in their eyes is the light of honeymooners."

Gable has insisted ever since his divorce from Sylvia Ashley that "I'm not against marriage. I've believed in marriage for years, only the next time I'm going to be very careful."

Gable usually gravitates to mature, successful women. Susan has neither age nor a very large bank account. She is a brunette in her middle thirties who has a slavish devotion to Gable, a Gallic wit, a sophisticated outlook on life, a respect for

thrift—a quality very close to Gable's heart—and an acquaintance with the actor which goes back to 1950.

In December of 1950, Frank Burd, president of Prestige Hosiery of New York, flew to Paris. "I had an idea," Burd says, "that if I could make a tie-up between Prestige Hosiery and the leading dress designers in France, it would be a very good thing for everyone concerned. My company would sell more hosiery, and the French dress designers would sell more dresses."

"I spoke to Jean Patou, Jean Desses, Jacques Fath, Jacques Griffe, Robert Piguet and Marcel Rochas. They all agreed to go ahead with the scheme. We would get six gorgeous models, dress them to the teeth, then fly them to New York."

"Our next problem was getting the girls. Well, each of these dress designers had a favorite model. Unfortunately, some of these girls weren't equipped with great legs; so for our purposes that let them out. We managed to get hold of three or four swell girls—they were beautifully proportioned everywhere—and then I got in touch with a model agency."

"This agency sent over to my place a girl named Susan Dadolle. She's the young woman currently going around with Clark Gable. I looked her over—very attractive, nice figure, good legs—and said, 'Okay, Miss Dadolle, you've got the job.'"

IT HAPPENED TO ME

We were having dinner at a Chinese restaurant in San Francisco when a handsome man and a very beautiful lady came over and asked us to teach them how to use the chopsticks. It wasn't until we had helped them master the art that we were told by our waiter that our students had been Tony Martin and his wife, Cyd Charisse.

Mrs. A. Wong
Palo Alto, Calif.



In January, 1951, six French models, Catherine Fath, Michele Tevnard, Danielle Chevron, Nicole Tuchar, Josette Farges, and Susan Dadolle arrived in New York.

Now, of these six girls, two were dying to get to Hollywood. One was Susan Dadolle who kept telling the other models that she simply had to meet Clark Gable, and the other was Danielle Chevron.

UNFORTUNATELY, neither Hollywood nor Los Angeles was on the itinerary for the Prestige Hosiery Fashion Show. The models played Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, even went as far west as Chicago, but no farther.

Susan and Danielle decided the time had come for a little independent action. The following day they caught a plane to the west coast, and in Hollywood, through the intervention of French friends in the movie colony, Susan Dadolle finally met her hero, Clark Gable.

Reportedly, Gable was not immediately smitten by the model's beauty. He exchanged pleasantries, showed her around town, then bade her *adieu*. Susan, however, was unforgettably thrilled. "If you ever come to Paris," she told the actor, "you must look me up."

There are friends of Gable who doubt the above version of the first Susan-Clark meeting.

"I was in Paris," one of the actor's in-

timates explains, "when he first met this woman. I spoke to her, and she told me that she'd never been west of Chicago. I think maybe Gable first ran into her in the lobby of the Crillon Hotel. Anyway, he moves around in fancy circles. I guess he met her at some French salon. Who cares anyway?"

"Gable was burned pretty badly by Sylvia, and he's playing it very cagey. You read a lot about him and Susan Dadolle in Paris, in Capri, in Como, in Venice, in Naples, on the French Riviera. But I can tell you there have been other girls, too."

"In England he saw Joan Harrison—that's no secret, and in Paris, well, there was a lovely American girl he was dating, and then at Como, it was another babe, an Italian with Turkish blood. Maybe he *has* fallen for Susan, but I don't think she's got him all wrapped up and ready for a trip down the aisle like they say."

"To tell you the truth, Grace Kelly seems more like his type than this Dadolle babe. My own feeling is that he's afraid of foreign women. I mean he likes them but he doesn't want to marry them. Grace is a lot like Carole Lombard, fresh and well-bred. I'd bet on the success of a Kelly-Gable marriage but with Dadolle, I don't know."

"Of course, Susan was very sweet, very diplomatic, gave The King his head all the time, but I'll give you dollars to doughnuts that he drops her within a month or two. Of course, I could be wrong. I said the same thing about Sylvia Ashley, and look what happened there."

GABLE has always been known to concentrate on one woman at a time, but in many European capitals it is currently being said that it is Susan Dadolle who is concentrating on him.

In Paris, however, they are saying that Susan is definitely Gable's romance and that he doesn't care who knows. Certainly he no longer objects to being photographed with the tall French model although he insists, "There's nothing to this mystery romance business. What's mysterious about it? You meet an attractive woman and take her out. That doesn't necessarily mean you're going to marry her. Susan is an acquaintance. I've got a lot of acquaintances."

The basic reason Gable is always being connected with one woman or another is that he prefers the society of females to males. Not that he isn't a man's man, but except for a few friends such as Al Menasco and Wayne Griffin, he likes to spend a lot of time with the girls. All of his really close friends have been women, usually older women in whom he confides.

It may well be, of course, that Gable has now reached the point in life where he needs young blood to maintain the illusion of perpetual youth. This is why actresses in their forties frequently marry younger men; and it may be why lately Clark has chosen Grace Kelly, a blonde in her early twenties, and Susan Dadolle, a brunette in her early thirties. But friends insist this isn't true.

One MGM director who probably knows the actor as well as any other man, says, "There are some men who, when they have nothing to do, read a book. There are others who go hunting or fishing. Clark Gable is tired of these pursuits. The one thing he will never tire of is girls—all sizes, all shapes, all ages. It makes no difference to the guy. He's very democratic where women are concerned. The minute a film is over he likes to relax. Right now he's re-laxing with this French girl, Susan Dadolle. How long she can hold him nobody knows."

"At least she has the opportunity to try out her charms. A million girls would give anything, well, almost anything, to have the same opportunity."

END

HOLLYWOOD ABROAD



AN M/S WIRE SERVICE OF LATE NEWS FROM AROUND

THE WORLD

LEX BARKER, who is slowly being dropped by his one-time constant companion, Lana Turner, is in Paris to work opposite the French film light, Sophie Desmarets, in something tentatively titled *Always Look For Sunday*.

VIVIEN LEIGH and **SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER** have been running into some tough luck. While they were chatting in their Oxfordshire drawing room with Sir Ralph and Lady Richardson, a gang of thieves stole all of Vivien's jewelry. Next day, Olivier appealed to the thieves. "There is one piece my wife treasures most," he announced. "A ruby ring I gave her when I came back from Hollywood to join the Navy during the war. It's a sentimental thing. If she could have that one piece back I think she'd be satisfied." No reply from the crooks. Said Sir Laurence, "They seem to be quite heartless."

ANNE BAXTER grew so lonely in Munich for her one-year-old daughter, Katrinka, that she put in a long-distance phone call to Chorley Wendling, her agent back in Hollywood. "Isn't there any way," the actress asked, "we can get Katrinka over here? This is a very picturesque, bombed-out city, but it's been raining for a month now, and I'd just love to see Katrinka."

"Tell you what," said Chorley, who is Clouette Colbert's brother, "I'll fly the baby over myself." Which is how come Anne Baxter's baby daughter is currently in Munich with the *Carnival* cost. This picture, incidentally, is being shot in two versions, American and German. Eva Bartok plays Anne's role in the German version. She's the Hungarian actress MGM has talked about bringing to the United States. Relationship between Miss Baxter and Miss Bartok is strictly professional. B-r-r-r!

RICHARD BURTON, the young Welsh actor who created quite a stir in Hollywood by his uninhibited behavior—in some circles he was called "the British Marlon Brando"—is back in London working for the Old Vic Repertory. Burton who was paid \$100,000 a film in Hollywood is currently receiving \$125 a week for playing Shakespeare. The Old Vic will present nothing but Shakespeare, all of his plays, for the next five years, only Burton insists he won't be around that long. Fox plans to bring the young Welsh actor back to New York for the opening of *The Robe*, but Burton doesn't think he'll come. "I'm a contrary gent," he says, "who believes in obeying his impulses."

AUDREY HEPBURN who has been seeing a good deal of Gregory Peck in London and Paris—they starred in Rome together in *Roman Holiday*—has been given the stor buildup by Paramount in England. The 23-year-old actress whom everyone says will be a candidate for an Academy Award, was recently given a large reception in London's plushiest hotel. After it was over she said, "It's difficult to believe all this. I'm taking it with a grain of salt. Of course, I don't think I'm a stor." Had she been visiting much with Mr. Peck? "Not me; my mother."

JOE MANKIEWICZ, the director responsible for *All About Eve*, *A Letter To Three Wives*, and *Julius Caesar*, is currently in Europe trying to cast his new production, *The Barefoot Countess*. An actress who has read the script claims it's the story of Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan or a reasonable facsimile.

DIANA LYNN, freshly-divorced from architect John Lindsay, arrived in London recently to star in the stage version of *The Moon Is Blue*. Hollywood's perpetual teen-ager was a bit reluctant about revealing her true age but finally owned up to 27. "Are you disillusioned about marriage or about Hollywood?" she was asked. "Heavens, no," she answered. "I'm not even disillusioned about men."

FRANK SINATRA, chastened and much wiser, is now presenting himself to the press and public as a calm, settled, peaceful, and completely lovable Joe. After a not-too-successful European tour, he amazed London photographers recently not only by posing for pictures but by politely asking, "Is this a good angle for you fellows?"

"No matter what you hear," Frank went on to tell them, "I'm an easy-going character, now." Not only that, but when Ava told Frank how much she missed the dog they'd left behind in Hollywood, the crooner went right out and bought her a new Welsh corgi. They christened him "Rebel."

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why shirley temple came back

(Continued from page 44) this. When I was a teen-ager I was very definite about everything. Now I am not so sure. But I cannot see myself ever returning to show business. Making pictures was a happy experience for me; and I have never regretted spending my childhood on sound stages, as some grownup ex-child actors would have you believe they did. But I started at three and feel that I've had enough."

"Is this the real cause for your retirement?" I asked.

"It's not the whole picture," said Shirley. "In 1950, David Selznick made me a very exciting offer. He wanted me to go to Europe and do films under his guidance. That would have given me a wonderful opportunity to develop as an actress, by working with great foreign directors. It also provided a situation in which I could do a lot of traveling, an idea that appealed to me.

"I had to make a decision; and I couldn't do it in this town. I had to get away and think. So I flew to Honolulu. On the plane over, I began to think of Susan. She needed my care. And I could never go to Europe and leave her behind. Also I didn't want to endanger another marriage by having a career. This was before I met Charles Black. Anyhow, before I reached Honolulu, I'd made my decision. I was going to retire."

"You mean you wouldn't make a picture or do a television show if good scripts were given you?" I asked.

"Hedda, as I said before, I'm a quarter of a century old and am not too sure about anything except my marriage. But I'll tell you this: The script would have to be—let's say irresistible—before I'd come out of retirement. Charles and I were amazed by a report that he and I were going to do a television series together. We had no such intentions. I may try a comeback like some people such as—let's see—no, Gloria Swanson isn't old enough."

"Where is Charles, by the way?" I said.

"Downtown," was her vague reply. Then she turned upon me a puckish smile that seemed to say, "He got away in time to escape this grilling."

"I understand he's going back to television," said I.

"I can't say what he's going to do," said Shirley. "It's so wonderful to be able to say that instead of answering questions about myself."

At this juncture, in bounced daughter Susan. "Do you want to say hello to Hedda?" asked Shirley.

"Fello," said Susan.

"Now, do you wish to shake hands or avoid it?" asked Shirley with a sparkling mirth in her eyes.

SUSAN thought the matter over and stuck out her hand to me. There certainly wasn't anything phony or repressed about that child. Shirley was teaching her to make her own decisions.

"Susan has on her President Eisenhower dress," explained Shirley. "She wore it to the White House when we visited the President just before returning here."

"Was she awed by Ike?" I asked.

"Awed!" exclaimed Shirley. "The first thing she said was: 'Good morning, Mr. President, man of the hour.' That positively wasn't rehearsed. Mr. Eisenhower tried to explain to Susan that during campaigns terms were loosely applied to candidates. Then Susan asked the President what he had for breakfast. Mr. Eisenhower said he had a businessman's breakfast. 'Oh, that's too bad,' said Susan. After that Charlie and I took a back seat. Susan sat down,

rested her chin in her hand, and gazed at the President like a teen-ager." She monopolized the whole conversation."

"I can play monkey music," said Susan. "Do you want to see me do it?"

I replied that the idea intrigued me no end.

Susan sat down at a small piano. "You do just like this on the keys," she explained, illustrating with one hand. "Then I can do lion and monkey music together with both hands. And there's tiger music."

"Susan," said Shirley, "Hedda and I are going to talk. You can go outside, or you can sit here and be very, very quiet. Do you think that's possible?"

The little girl, after reflecting on the problem, decided that silence would be too great a strain. She skipped out to a balcony where red geraniums shone brightly in the morning sunshine.

"We call her Sarah Heartburn," laughed Shirley. "Any minute now she'll make an entrance with hand on hip."

"At her age, you were a star," I said. "Would you have any objection to her going into show business?"

"She'll have to be old enough to make her own decision about that," answered Shirley. "I wasn't, but at heart I suppose I was a little exhibitionist. I loved working in films, as I told you. But I cannot tell whether Susan would or not. She has plenty of time to find out."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Gregory Peck was visiting in La Jolla, California, one summer. I was sunning on the beach, and he was standing a few yards away from me. Surrounding him was a group of giggling, flirting youngsters, each trying to get his special attention.

There was one girl who stood back from the rest. She was very pretty but extremely tall, and I could see that she was self-conscious about her height. Blushing furiously, with autograph book in hand, she looked as though she might turn and run at any moment.

Evidently I was not the only one who observed this girl. Mr. Peck looked up and strolled over to her. He took her autograph book, signed it, then said something to her which I was too far away to hear. At first she seemed tongue tied, but soon I noticed that she was smiling and chatting like he was an old friend.

Then with a wave of his hand, he walked on. All the other girls stood speechless, looking at the tall girl. Then they gathered around her, the heroine of the day and probably not self-conscious anymore.

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often been erroneously reported. For a couple it is ideal in size.

"Why did you ever sell this place?" I asked Shirley when she returned from the phone.

"I wanted to sell it," she said, "because I was a Navy wife. Charlie and I didn't know where we would land while he was in service. So I put the place up for sale, before we started driving East. We had got no farther than Palm Springs, before my parents called to say they'd like to buy the house themselves. So they did."

Shirley, incidentally, found a home in Beverly Hills a few days later, and rented it for a year. "I suppose I should be sentimental over Hollywood," said she, "but I've discovered that if you're happily married, where you live doesn't matter. Charlie and I always love best the place in which we've lived last. Our home, as you know, was very simple in Maryland, but we grew very sentimental about it."

SUSAN had come back into the room just as a small cry came from a bedroom. "Mommy—the baby," said she. Both mother and daughter dashed into the temporary nursery.

From it, soon I could hear Shirley and Susan singing "The Big Bad Wolf" for the awakening baby's amusement.

"He's got a bald head down here," said Susan.

"That must be because he is getting older," said Shirley.

I translated this cryptic language into the fact that on the previous day Charles Jr. had got his first haircut for the MODERN SCREEN photographers we were expecting.

Susan pranced back into the room, announcing, "We've got a little boy here." The baby, whom Susan insists on calling Barton is a husky infant, weighs twenty-six pounds, and looks much like his father. Shirley handled him with great care and competence.

"You know," said Susan, pointing to a spot on the back of her neck, "Barton used to have hair right down to here."

"But the barber cut it off. He's growing into a big boy like daddy," Shirley explained. Then like any mother she gazed upon the shorn locks and said to me, "He looks so different. His hair used to be cute and curly."

"I know," said I. "That haircut is the first step to manhood. It makes a mother feel that her boy is already starting to leave her."

"Yes," said Shirley with a sigh of resignation, as Susan sat down to the piano and began playing monkey music, but always with an ear cocked to our conversation. "After two years of absence I expected everything to be changed. Everybody looks the same. I'm no different, except my hair is black."

"My hair is black, too," said Susan, who obviously adores her mother and wants to be as much like her as possible.

"No, darling," Shirley said. "Your hair is honey-colored. I think it's very beautiful. It has gold in it."

"It used to have sand in it," said Susan.

"You'd better go outside again," said Shirley. "You can swing on the trees if you don't get your dress dirty."

"I'll get dirty," said Susan.

"Then," said Mommy, "why don't you go out to the yard and see if the flowers are awake yet."

That appealed to Susan's curiosity; so she left us. I wanted to know how Shirley disciplined her children.

"The baby's still too young to be affected by anything but a disapproving look," she said. "When Susan has done something wrong, I put one hand under her chin, hold her hands with the other, and make her look straight into my eyes. The system

The telephone rang. "More real estate people," sighed Shirley, as she went to answer it. At that time she was frantically searching for a home for her family. She, Charles, the two children, a brother, and her parents were all temporarily living in the famous "Doll House," where Shirley had dwelled during her first marriage. It is a small but beautiful place that got its name from a collection of 1500 dolls Shirley kept in a downstairs room. And it was never a playhouse for the child star, as has

has worked well, as I rarely have to spank Susan. Children, when they've been bad, just don't want to look at their parents. It seems to increase their sense of guilt, and makes them less apt to break the rules the next time. Susan gets good marks at school; but everyone agrees she has a bossy quality. She wants to be the leader." Suddenly Shirley stopped and said, "This must be fascinating to you—a mother talking about her children."

In the case of Shirley Temple it was.

WHEN Susan came back in, she asked her mother for a pencil and piece of paper. "I'll write you a letter so you can reverence it," she explained to me. She sat down at a table and began to scrawl, holding up the completed work for her mother's approval.

"Now, what is that," said Shirley.

"Santa Claus," replied Susan.

"Oh, Santa Claus again," said Mommy.

"The year round she writes him. In her class at school was a little Chinese boy. Susan had a crush on him because he painted so beautifully. So she asked Santa Claus for a little Chinese boy last Christmas."

"And what did you do about that?"

"I got her a Chinese doll," said Shirley.

"Now, what is this, Mommy?" asked Susan, again holding up her sketching paper.

"Oh, that's easy," said Shirley. "It's the danger signs you see along the roads. You know, we came out here by station wagon, stayed at motels, and often cooked our meals on the roadsides. It seemed that every time I took over the driving, I'd get lost and land up in a lumber yard. There I would be sitting and looking like a simpleton. At such times, Susan would always ask, 'Is this the way to California, Mommy?' She'd make me furious."

"We had clay in school. But we wasted it making turtles. I made all the turtles," said Susan. "Do you want me to make a spider for you?"

"Susan," said Shirley, "whose baby is this?"

"Why, he's mine," replied the little girl, as if almost surprised at the question, and resumed her sketching.

"That's the way Charlie and I want her to feel," explained Shirley. "From the beginning the baby has been her boy. Daddy and Mommy just take care of him for her. So she's never been jealous of him or felt that he was an intruder. She's a fine little nurse, too. Susan..."

"Yes, Mommy. I have now made a spider and a baby spider."

"But it's time for the baby's bottle to be warmed. If I put him on the floor will you watch him? Don't let him touch the flowers; and don't tease."

For a little while things went swimmingly. The baby became absorbed in one of his old shoes, while Susan examined an empty adhesive tape container. Then she suddenly started to do a somersault and bumped heads with the baby. Both began to cry.

In rushed Shirley. "What happened?" she said.

"We bumped heads," said Susan. "I have a headache right in the middle of my forehead."

"Oh, dear," said Shirley, picking up the baby and brushing his tears away, "and just after I told Hedda what a fine nurse you were."

THE bell at the electrically operated gate rang and got stuck. Shirley put the baby in a play pen in order to go out and let in the photographers. Susan rushed to Barton. "Not too much sympathy now," said Shirley.

"But he bumped his head," said Susan.

"He's all right," said Shirley.

When the photographers began to set up

their equipment, Shirley was feeding the baby vitamins with a dropper. "Fish oil," she explained. Then she left the room for a comb and brush. Barton began playing with his shoes; and when Shirley returned, he was cooing to himself, oblivious to the commotion around him.

"Now, don't you men play with the baby," Susan warned the photographers. "He doesn't very much like men."

"He does, too," said Mommy, eyeing the effects of the comb and brush on Barton's new haircut. "He looks like an old tintype," she observed.

"An old tin pipe," echoed Susan.

"How's Hymie?" Shirley asked the photographers.

"He's fine," one of them said.

"And his little girl?"

"She's okay."

Shirley was referring to Hymie Fink, the photographer, who had worked with her in her acting days. The questions illustrated a salient point in her personality. She never forgets old friends. So I had to laugh when a Washington columnist once wrote that "old friends from Hollywood" were disappointed in not being able to get in touch with Shirley Temple. Well, I wasn't. I simply got in a cab and drove out to see her. Neither did John Ford (Susan's godfather) have any difficulty in locating her. Nor a hairdresser by the name of Annabel. The range of her friends is exceedingly great.

But those days in Maryland were busy ones for Shirley. She did her own house work, took care of Susan, and came nearer to death than most people ever knew in having her second baby. Then there was ragweed. Three acres of it surrounded her home and had to be cut about every two weeks during the season. Shirley borrowed a tractor from a neighbor and cut the weeds herself.

The photographers were ready, and after several shots, Susan said, "How about me and Barton?"

Shirley smiled at her two children, and said, "Well, how about you two?"

"How about me and Barton and no Mommy?" Susan explained to the photographer.

"You have to have a mommy in the picture," the photographer said, and Susan was satisfied.

"Don't you miss the excitement of show business; or are you completely domesticated?" I asked Shirley.

"I've been domesticated for a long time," she said. "Taking care of a family properly is much harder than having a movie career."

THE photographers wanted a shot of Shirley, Susan, and Barton walking together. (The baby, an adept crawler, still needs support when walking.) Before posing for the shot, Shirley went into the kitchen to get the baby's bottle. "He's getting hungry," she explained to the photographers upon returning, "and if he sees this bottle, we're dead."

Then she described to Susan what they were all to do in the next shot, ending by singing "I'm Walking Behind You." But when they started the walk, the little girl got a step ahead of mother and brother. "Now," grinned Shirley, "you don't have to take the camera angle in this one, Susan."

The photographers moved to another part of the room, leaving a piece of electric cord on the floor. "Men," called Susan, "please take the electricity with you. He" (indicating Barton) "likes electricity."

Shirley gave the baby his bottle; and I asked what happened to her dogs.

"Very sad," she said. "The Boxer and the Great Dane were great buddies. But in Maryland the Boxer got in a fight with a

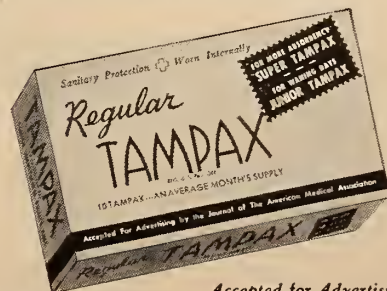


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skunk. It was terrible. He smelled so bad that he couldn't sleep in his own dog house without holding his head out the door to breathe. Finally, he walked in front of a truck and was killed. I think he deliberately committed suicide to get away from that odor. The Great Dane didn't get over his pal's death for a year. Before we left Maryland I had to sell him, not knowing whether we could find a place to keep him here."

"You shouldn't say that. It isn't nice." The voice was Susan's; and it was directed at one of the photographers who had been teasing her.

"Well, all men aren't nice," said the photographer.

"Oh, yes, they are," declared Susan.

"Remember that big word we used the other night," said Shirley. "Tell him he's that."

"What, Mommy?"

"You know—in . . ."

"You are incorrigible," said Susan triumphantly.

"And what does that mean?" I asked.

"It means," said Susan, "that the man is hopeless."

As the baby continued to drain the bottle, Shirley got into a discussion with the photographers about having her motion pictures—thirty-four altogether—cut down from 35 millimeters to 16 millimeters in size. She wanted to save them for her children. As the talk continued, Susan, who was holding Barton's bottle, said, "If the men didn't talk so much, the baby would eat better." Shirley cast an amused grin in her daughter's direction.

"What's your secret for housekeeping?" I asked Shirley.

"No secret," she said. "All you need is a little organization. We usually get up around six in the morning. Charlie's an early riser—Navy training, I guess. And we go to bed around nine or ten at night. Most of our eastern friends went to bed quite early, worked, and had children; so I followed their pattern. You can get a lot done around the house, if you start at six in the morning."

As the photographers packed their equipment, Shirley explained to them that two minute scars on her face had been caused by the chicken pox.

"I gave my Mommy the chicken pox," said Susan proudly. She was back at her drawing again; and this time came up with a pelican. "Well, goodbye, men," she said to the departing photographers, "you won't be seeing me again."

SHIRLEY suggested we go out to lunch and for a moment wondered if we should take Susan along. "No, I think we'd better not," she said finally. "But I'll have to have a private talk with her." What she said to her daughter I did not ask; but Susan, without the slightest protest, skipped away into the kitchen for her lunch as Shirley called. "And, darling, don't forget to take your nap on time."

We lunched in a small open air patio connected with a nearby market, where one chose food cafeteria fashion; and there were no waiters. For her luncheon, the ex-film star had an enchilada, beans, a carrot salad, and milk. There was but little ogling of Shirley by the other patrons. I doubt if the men, especially the younger ones, knew who she was. Nobody asked her for her autograph. But the girls dealing out the food knew Mrs. Charles Black. They inquired about Susan.

"We see a lot of friends, and read a great deal," said Shirley. "Oh, I've got to tell you this one. We went to see *Guys And Dolls* in New York, and during intermission, Charles said, 'Damon Runyon had a great flair for catching the personalities of New York people. You ought to get ac-

quainted with his writing,' I asked, 'Did you ever hear of a picture called *Little Miss Marker*?' He said, 'Yes. That was a picture you made as a baby, wasn't it?' I answered, 'Yes. And do you know who wrote that story? Damon Runyon.'

"How did you learn to drive that tractor?" I asked.

"It's very simple—like driving an old car," she said. "You can't get much speed. If you hit a rock—very bad practice—you get off the tractor, pick up the sickle bar and free it of the stone. Then," she mused, "you might dig up a wasp nest. I did. One of the wasps started buzzing my face. I headed full speed—about three miles an hour—for the garage. The wasp simply circled and dive-bombed me from the rear, stinging me right through my blue jeans."

"Charles, who was working in the garage, said, 'For immediate relief for sting apply gasoline,' and did so. The result was that I suffered from gasoline burn as well as the sting."

"Navy training?" I suggested.

"Maybe," laughed Shirley. "Another wasp got me, but that was when I was painting the well."

"Shirley," I said, "you're having too much fun just living to go back to the movie world. Have the producers really been putting the pressure on you to return to work?"

"I got a lot of television offers while I was in Maryland—we were close to New York, you know. And I've had two nice television series offered me here. Oh, don't let me forget to buy some milk before we leave here."

Alan Wilson's definition of Cinema: A new movie process that will make Katharine Hepburn look like Jane Russell.

Erskine Johnson

In the grocery store, she bought seven quarts of milk. As they were being placed in a sack, a man standing nearby said, "You must have some children."

"Kittens," said Shirley.

I helped carry the groceries into the kitchen, where Mrs. Temple was talking to Susan while she ate. She looked at me, shook her head, and said, "I knew it would be only a matter of time before that daughter of mine would be putting you to work."

WALKING to my car through the grounds over which the child star had romped, I began to reflect: Shirley Temple is gone. We now have Mrs. Shirley Temple Black. She might have been the most spoiled young lady in America. But instead she has worn her success with the dignity of a queen.

With equal poise she can talk to the President of the United States or a grocery clerk. Not only has she learned the true values in life, but has put them into application.

She may break into show business again; and if she does, she'll break big. As a child, she was beautiful and talented. As a lady, she has humor, depth, understanding, and above all, much common sense. She has known the glitter of fame; the power of wealth; but she has learned that they are meaningless unless accompanied by happiness.

So, Mr. Producers, if you want to get Shirley back into show business, you'll have to take these things into consideration. Your "irresistible script" will have to trump what Shirley already has: Contentment in the loving care of a mother for two adorable children, and tremendous respect and love for a fellow named Charles Black.

END

operation skin dive

(Continued from page 52) cool drink, Jeff found himself telling the pleasant young man behind the counter about his trip to Europe to make *Sailor Of The King*, the fabulous trip which had included a six-week location on the island of Malta.

"It's great, down there on the Mediterranean," he was saying, casually. "Sun-bathing, sleeping, skin diving . . ."

The young man's face burst into such a sudden sunbeam of joy that Jeff anticipated a funny.

"Did you say skin diving?" the young man asked.

"Yeah, skin diving," Jeff replied, emphatically, bracing himself for the retort.

"Ever do any diving down at White's Point?" the young fellow asked. "Last Monday, I smacked a three-foot shark down there. Best shot I ever made in my life."

"Spear?" asked Jeff, relaxing.

"Nope. I cut him with my Tarpon gun from about six feet. He churned up the water for a block."

"No kidding?" Jeff got excited.

WHEN Barbara came in half an hour later, Jeff and the young bartender (who happened to be the owner's son, Bud Keyes) were still talking heatedly about skin diving. Snorkels, blow masks, CO₂ guns, fins—none of it made any sense to Barbara. But she sat patiently, as she has often had to do when her handsome young husband has become involved in sports talk, and waited. A few minutes later, Jeff and Bud were shaking hands and making a skin diving date.

"Maybe I can get Mel Fisher to go with us," Bud suggested as Jeff went out backwards, Barbara tugging him gently by the coat sleeve. "He's a real shark. He wrapped up that 438-pound black sea bass down in La Paz, Mexico. You must have read about it."

"Swell," Jeff answered, from the door. "And I'll try to get Rory Calhoun, too. He's a bear when it comes to swimming."

And that's how it all started. Bud and Jeff spent the next two nights on the telephone, talking about gear, water temperatures, and the best spots for clear diving. And sure enough, both Mel and Rory could make it. The trip began to shape up like a real deal, and so MODERN SCREEN was invited along to make a picture record of it.

On the morning before Jeff left home with all his gear, Barbara frankly became upset about the whole project. "Why don't you stay home like a nice civilized husband instead of trying to mix socially with the fish?" she pleaded.

"I'll be okay," said Jeff, with a big grin.

"Don't you dare come home with one of those old spears stuck in you," Barbara shouted after him.

"I won't, honey," said Jeff, throwing his gear in the car.

When he met Rory, Jeff asked him a few questions about his gear, and was surprised to discover that Rory, though dead game, had never tried skin diving before.

"Man, you're in for a treat," said Jeff, reassuringly. "There's nothing to it once you get used to the mask and learn how to breathe through the snorkel tube."

"Through the what?" asked Rory.

"Through this crooked gadget," said Jeff, pulling his snorkel out of the back seat. "You put one end in your mouth and the other end sticks up out of the water. It makes it possible for you to breathe while you are swimming around with your face underwater. Of course, if you get too deep it fills up with water and you have to blow it out."

"I can hardly wait to try it," said Rory.

Bud and Mel Fisher were already at the

Point when Rory and Jeff pulled up. Although there was a brisk breeze, they were sitting around in their swim trunks, apparently warm as toast.

"The water looks a little cold today," said Mel, surveying the surf with a practiced eye. "But it's clear as crystal over in the lagoon there. We ought to get some good fishing out toward the kelp."

"What about sharks?" Rory asked nervously, looking out at the deep water.

"They never bother swimmers, I've been told," said Mel. "But you do have to watch the seals. A seal with a pup can get awfully disagreeable at times. Not long ago, a buddy of mine came up out of a dive to find an old seal cow staring him in the eye. She gave him a whack with her tail that you could hear for blocks. My buddy got out of the water like a hydroplane."

While Rory and Jeff were putting on their gear, Mel gave them both a briefing on the underwater guns he'd brought along. He manufactures them in all sizes—from the little Peewee, a rubber-propelled model designed primarily for perch and other small species on up to the heavy CO₂ cannon which he uses on deep sea monsters weighing 50 pounds or more.

"You can't stop big fish with just one shot," he told them. "Even when they're hit with this blaster, big fish will run until the spear breaks them down."

A lot depends on a skin diver's skill in handling his gun or spear. Some experts like Mel can shoot accurately up to ten feet, but the best range for average skin divers is between four and five feet. It's pretty difficult to get much closer to fish without scaring them unless, of course, you happen to be an exceptionally stealthy underwater swimmer.

FROM the moment they entered the water, paddling around with their faces submerged, the fellows lost all interest in talking and became utterly preoccupied with the life going on beneath the sea. Rory was absolutely fascinated by his first look at the submarine formations along the bottom and the almost countless varieties of sea animals that he had never realized were there. As he cruised along on the surface, looking down through his glass mask plate, he saw school after school of tiny fish sweeping through eerie corridors of rock and sand, a lush multi-colored background that has no equal above the sea. Rory was thinking dreamily about a marine painting he'd once seen when a big perch zipped by his nose. It was gone before he even had time to aim his gun.

"Man, I just saw a big one," he yelled, after surfacing. "But he was moving too fast for me."

Then he saw Mel, swimming in from the kelp with a good-sized bass on his spear. "Hey, this is great!"

"It gets you the first time," Mel replied sagely, as if he had seen countless thousands of swimmers go through the same experience on their first skin diving trips.

"Hey, come on out here," Jeff yelled from the deep water where he and Bud had been exploring for fish. Rory churned out, pulling up alongside a jutting rock in 25 feet of water.

"Go straight down and take a look," Jeff suggested. "It's simply great."

Rory arched for a deep dive and submerged. Below him, in the glassy, limpid water, lay a bar of white sandstone perhaps 30 feet long, covered by hundreds of tiny purple sea urchins that looked for all the world like expensive Christmas tree ornaments. To his right, a school of golden Garibaldi perch were swimming along slowly, reflecting the sunlight like bright new pennies. Back against a rocky ledge, four or five flowering sea worms were rippling their feathery tentacles in the ebb and flow of the deep current. To Rory, the



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whole scene looked more like an enchanted fairyland than the bottom of the sea.

"That's the most beautiful sight I've ever seen," he spluttered enthusiastically when he came up. "If I never catch a single fish, I'll still be sold on this deal."

The fellows splashed around for another 15 minutes before Jeff spotted a big five-pound halibut lying dreamily on the bottom of a sand bar, and went down to spear it expertly. Bud spent most of his time working in close to the rocks and ledges along the edge of the lagoon, making a sample collection of the edible shellfish to show Rory. In just a few minutes, he piled up a basketful of abalone, rock scallops, and clams, more than enough for a hearty meal for any gourmet.

"Hey, let's get out," Jeff yelled. "There's no reason to turn blue."

"I already have," said Bud, his teeth chattering. "I always do when the water is below 65 degrees. But that's no reason to give up diving. I've even gone in when the water was down to around 50 degrees and it was so cold you couldn't hold your snorkel in your mouth because your teeth were chattering so badly. I guess I'm nuts."

"We all are," Mel agreed. "Skin diving gets into your blood like a fever. I've been going in for more than ten years and I still get a terrific kick out of it. If you have any feeling at all about nature, you can't help but marvel at the variety of life beneath the sea. It's like another world, and much as I enjoy cutting a fish—spearing it, that is—I think my greatest thrills have come from recording on film the fabulous marine scenes I've encountered."

Mel is perhaps the best underwater photographer in the west. He is frequently hired by the studios to film real submarine scenes which would be virtually impossible to duplicate on a process stage on land. He has shot dozens of famous color shots for the national magazines, and at the moment, is working in Florida waters for Walt Disney, shooting a vast amount of color film to be used in later Disney productions depicting the world beneath the sea.

"It's almost impossible to translate the beauty and excitement which skin diving offers to someone who has never tried it," Mel continued, while they were drying off and warming themselves with the hot soup in Bud's thermos. "Take the two of you. You are both busy, active in pictures, but I'll bet anything that you will never forget your first real look at life below the surface of the sea."

"That's for sure," Rory agreed. "Until today, I always thought that the whole deal was a matter of jumping in the ocean with a spear and sticking a fish with it. But today, I was too busy watching what was going on all over the bottom to shoot at fish when they swam by."

the courage to fear

(Continued from page 49) church. Peter was a man who laughed a lot and joined in your fun; he had no need to enshroud himself or his friends with his belief. His favorite church was an odd little chapel on St. James Place, favored by the Grenadier Guards. He would attend service early every morning.

"When you knew Peter long you began to feel how strongly love and honesty must be part of true piety. Peter was a skipper of a landing craft in the British Navy during World War II. He was often very frightened. Yet his men loved him as I have never seen men love an officer, because he never for a moment pretended otherwise—and also because he stayed at his post though he couldn't hide the fear that gripped him.

Then Mel told them his most thrilling experience with a big fish. Two years ago, he shot a huge 91-pound yellowtail while diving off the coast of Guaymas, Mexico. Before the battling game fish finally expired, Mel had been towed for hundreds of yards into deep water.

"I hate to think what would have happened if that old mossback hadn't given up when he did. I might not be here to talk about it."

It is truly remarkable how rapidly the sport of skin diving has swept the southland. Today, there are more than 100 clubs like the Pacific Telephone Co. club that Bud belongs to, as well as more than 15,000 unaffiliated divers, going into southern California ocean waters each week during the summer. The sport has infected most of the robust young men of the movie colony, too. Jeff and Rory aren't the only lads who have given the underwater world a look. Big John Wayne usually goes skin diving whenever he is with his kids at Catalina or in Mexico. Former frog-man Aldo Ray spends more time in the ocean than a healthy seal. Rock Hudson, who loves to swim, anywhere, at any time, joined the enthusiasts a few months ago while resting up between pictures. Tony Curtis bought some equipment and gave the sport a try. And there will be others.

A large part of skin diving's recent appeal is the economical price of an entire outfit. Since American manufacturers began to make inexpensive swim-fins and masks, a complete rig may be purchased for as little as 20 dollars, including mask, snorkel, fins, and spear. And the skin diver need not be an expert marksman to enjoy the sport. He need only be a reasonably strong swimmer with no disturbing fear of ocean currents.

All along the California coastline are dozens of edible varieties of fish for the skin diver to pursue—perch, bass, croaker, corbina, halibut and grouper. The adventuresome also have the sharks and rays and larger game fish to tackle. But the real thrill is not in the hunt, if you would believe Rory and Jeff and Mel and Bud, but in the opportunity which skin diving gives you to appreciate raw nature as it is constantly unfolding before your eyes beneath the sea.

"Imagine my trying to sell that idea to Barbara," said Jeff, with a smile, as they were walking back to the car. "Me, a nature lover? She'd never believe me. I'll be better off, I think, if I just hand her my fish and say, 'Here, honey, is something for the pan.'"

END

(Rory Calhoun will be seen in 20th Century-Fox's CinemaScope *How To Marry A Millionaire*.)

"My favorite story involving Peter brings a picture to mind that makes me smile fondly about him every time I think of it. It concerns a time when his ship was being bombed and machine-gunned in Mediterranean waters by Nazi planes. Peter was on the bridge at the time, a bridge, incidentally, where he grew geraniums in clay pots. He ducked every time the planes dived; ducked, and grabbed at his geranium pots to save them from being hit, yelling alternately from fear and from desire for reprisal.

"Get that fellow! he would cry to his anti-aircraft crews, pointing upward at a plane even as he scrooched over with his arms full of geraniums. 'No! That one! The other one! He's after my flowers!'

"His men swear that one day, off an Italian beach, Peter's prayers saved them from certain disaster. They had just put a landing party of soldiers ashore and were

about to turn back to sea when an exploding shell put their port propeller out of commission. At this moment they were portside to the land with a stiff on-shore wind blowing and so close that only a sharp turn to right, or starboard, could take them out to sea and safety. But with the port propeller gone the starboard propeller would swing them right into shore.

"Nevertheless, Peter, they say, offered up quick prayers, then signalled for full power ahead. And the ship, against every rule of seamanship, not to say the mechanics of force and moving bodies, turned right! It is hard to believe. It is something like putting your car in reverse and yet having it go forward. And it must therefore come under the heading of miracle works. Yet I was intrigued some time ago to read that the scientists today hold that physical law is not absolute but merely a matter of high probabilities. A teakettle of water over a fire has never been known to do anything but boil, yet, scientifically it is possible for it to freeze instead! God not only performs his wonders, but has arranged loopholes by which they can appear to be natural happenings."

It is apparent that Stewart never had the advantage of as loving an introduction to religion as Peter had, and he bemoans the fact. When Stewart was born his father was already 50. When Stewart was old enough to understand a bit of what was going on, when he was about nine, his father was almost 60.

"We were almost two generations apart in our views and probably more than that in our habits," he comments. "Intimate father-son chats, like Peter enjoyed, were not possible. I never had one with him. My father's death when I was very young provided the occasion for my first intimate relationship with the church, and it was a most painful one for me.

"I stood close to my mother at the services and was conscious of her deep suffering; knew that for her the world had practically come to an end. When it came time for the minister to speak I was certain he would say something which would inspire and comfort her. Instead, he was a man who spoke in the most worn platitudes, spoke with professional dispatch and unctious, much like an auctioneer briskly disposing of his wares, and without a trace of genuine feeling or sympathy audible. Even at my age I sensed his inner disinterest in his assignment.

"Naturally I was bitter about it and no doubt youthfully revolted at the whole idea of the church. Later I rationalized, made a distinction between the man and what he represented. There is a difference. Yet, to this day, I wish more attention would be paid to eliminating this difference. I feel that our ministers should be our most sensitive men, our best minds, and, above all, gentle, conscientious, earnest talkers. I am forever offended by holy words spoken in routine fashion.

"I am sure the world of man needs religion. Peter proves that. A world full of men like him would be nothing short of the Promised Land. Peter is religion in action."

As it is for most people, it is difficult for Stewart Granger to peg his faith, tell how strong it is. One suspects that he feels it is certainly not as strong as that of some men he knows, yet stronger than that of others he has met. Is it strong enough?

The trouble with conscience, as far as Stewart is concerned, is that it can often make a lot of trouble for him. His friends report that in the Army he could not accept the presence and military functions of chaplains. It seemed wrong to him to assemble men before battle, for the purpose of blessing their assignment, when that assignment was to go out and slay their fel-

low men. He is credited with saying as much, and in the English Army, as probably in all Armies, such talk is not favorably received. Stewart, it is said, got his come-uppance in a steady fare of the more unpleasant duties his superiors could allocate to him.

All he had to do was to hold his tongue but even in Hollywood he is not noted for this gift. He has told off some of the biggest men in the industry, and whether seated in a studio office or on the witness stand in court, has always, and bluntly, made his thoughts plain. As a matter of fact, he doesn't think that holding one's tongue is always best described as the practice of tact. He thinks that more often it amounts to the practice of moral cowardice.

"A fellow who wants to get along without unpleasantness often finds himself silent while the God-awfullest things happen in front of his eyes," he declares. This harks back to his feeling about chaplains in the Army. He doesn't think war will ever be eliminated if people do not admit to themselves that it never can be sanctified religiously. Yet he does not make statements like these as if he were lecturing. He seems to be lost in his thoughts and they come out as if he were simply giving voice to his conscience.

The distinction between moral cowardice and physical cowardice is one which Stewart is known to have studied for most of his life. He considers the first of these, moral cowardice, the root of the most serious evil in man's history. He thinks that it permits men to look on injustice with equanimity, or more often lets them turn their backs on it and pretend it isn't taking place. Whereas physical cowardice, in his opinion, while hardly an inspiring facet of man's makeup, is as necessary to his survival as his ability to breathe.

He points out that in dealings with his son, Jamie, born of his first marriage, he has had several opportunities to be a moral coward by pretending to the boy that he never had been a physical one. "No man wants his son to think he is a coward but I deliberately made a point of doing so," Stewart says.

When Jamie was about eight he made a visit from England to see Stewart in California. One late afternoon, after he had attended a Halloween party, it seemed to Stewart that Jamie was being unusually silent and giving evidence of inner anguish. The boy refused to tell what was wrong but from the nurse who had accompanied him Stewart learned that he had been threatened by three boys at the party and she thought he was suffering because he felt himself a coward—he had run.

"Were you scared?" Stewart asked Jamie. "Tell the truth. The truth never hurts. I have often been scared in my life." "Have you, really?" Jamie asked.

"Yes."

Then Jamie admitted it. "Look, Jamie," Stewart said. "This is something you must learn. If three boys are going to set on you, run. If two boys—run. If one boy and he is bigger than you—run. If one boy and he is your size, stay and fight. It won't be terrible. If one boy and he is smaller than you are, don't fight. Let him run. That's the way of the world."

"But isn't that wrong, Dad?" Jamie asked.

"What could I say," added Stewart, "knowing that if he doesn't learn to bend reasonably with the winds that will blow at him in his years to come he will be destroyed?"

STEWART reports that he answered "No." "More than anything else I want Jamie to be honest," Stewart declares. "I want him to know that the fox who flees the hunter's dogs is honest and without

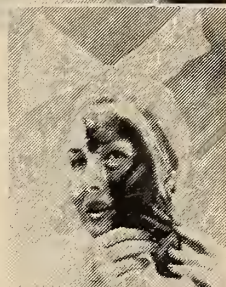
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guilt, and similarly the man who runs from that with which he cannot cope. It is dishonest only to run and pretend you didn't or even that you are better than your fellow man and shouldn't have; morally dishonest, even moral cowardice. Such a man could also pretend that he is in the church because he loves it, when actually he trembles before it. Such a man comes to God as a hypocrite.

"Not all men bend before life, I know. But for every exceptional youth who has the qualities of true heroism, and, I might add, the stoicism to suffer prolonged martyrdom, you get ten thousand youngsters who become frightened, twisted, little souls trying to live up to impossible standards. In time to come we may all be noble. The lesson of today is that we are not, and most of us must come before our Maker at least honestly as human beings who have sinned, as what we are. Somehow, in admitting our weaknesses, there is a saving grace; enough, I hope, to count."

According to Stewart he spent much of his early twenties being a foolish pretender about himself. He worried so deeply about a fancied cowardice that he would deliberately pick fights when there was absolutely no provocation. He would challenge a man in a pub because he fancied the man was looking at him insolently. Before he made the challenge he would be shaking inside with fear of what would happen. But he had to do it. "It was a horrible thing," Stewart recalls.

HE used to know Freddie Mills, former light heavyweight champion of England, and would spar with him at exhibitions. They would go to events like picnics staged for the benefit of the English Ford company, and put on a bout before thousands of their workers. Stewart thought that out of such deeds he would rise in his

own estimation and be able to live with himself without being besieged by all sorts of doubts. But it didn't work.

"Nothing worked for me but the truth—the truth about who I am and what I am. And—I'm just another chap. No more—no less," he says.

"I remember that when I wanted to be an actor I held back from trying until after I was twenty because I thought acting was effete work for a man. I was hardly being honest with myself. What I was afraid of was being accused of being effete. That's quite another story.

"When I could admit this to myself I went on the stage. There were times when the very accusations I had feared were made. I coped with them the best way I could. I don't think a man is to be blamed for ducking a blow, but I do think he is wrong to hang back from some desired step because it might bring on a blow. The first is an act of self-preservation, the second is debasing one's self."

Out of this interview with Stewart Granger, dealing with matters that he would rather not have discussed (but from which it was against his principles to run), it became apparent that he does not consider it an easy matter to solve one's spiritual problems. In his honesty he gives the impression that he, for one, has not yet found the formula; the teaching of the Scriptures, multiplied by the number of times he has had to violate them to live in a practical world, has probably not yet equaled X for him—X, of course, being the possession of a pure faith.

"Man is to his God what he is to himself," is about the most direct conclusion Stewart ventured to make. "You might say I am working on myself."

(Stewart Granger can now be seen in MGM's All The Brothers Were Valiant.)

the lies they tell about bob wagner

(Continued from page 37) went steady or anything like that. After we had gone out for a few months, I felt it was unfair to Debbie to be monopolizing so much of her time. One night when I was driving her home, we talked about it. We both decided it would be better if we didn't see so much of each other. It was all very friendly."

But others decided that a big thing should be made of it. One magazine editor called him breathlessly and demanded to know the reasons for the breakup of their engagement.

"You were the ones who made this appear to be a big romance," Bob replied emphatically. "You were the ones who had us engaged. Now you can dream up the reasons why we are breaking up."

ANOTHER thing that makes Bob sore is the implication that his short-lived "engagement" to Terry Moore was a publicity stunt. When the two were locationing with 12-Mile Reef, the news broke from Florida that they would be married shortly. The report was quickly denied, and the scoffers then said it was all a grandstand play for newspaper space.

The truth is that Bob was no party to the fiasco and was genuinely upset by it. He immediately called the studio publicity chief to see what could be done about stopping the story and determining the source. No one at the studio has yet determined how the story got into print.

"I have to be more careful than some other actors. I have been fortunate in having a following of young kids. Although that has been great for my career, it also presents certain responsibilities. I can't do anything disillusioning."

Bob has a point there. The bobbysox following is not to be trifled with in matters of personal lives. Van Johnson discovered that. He was absolutely tops with the malt shop crowd until he ran off to marry his best friend's wife. His fans didn't think that was cricket, and his popularity took a nosedive.

The Bob Wagner-Barbara Stanwyck "affair" was an item that kept the gossip columnists busy for a spell. It was blown up in such a manner that it proved very embarrassing to both Bob and Barbara.

"There's another case of jumping to conclusions," Bob explained. "It happened this way: when we were making Titanic, Barbara, Clifton Webb, Thelma Ritter and I would always have lunch together.

"On Halloween, we decided to have our own tricks or treats. We were all going to Romanoff's for dinner and have a lot of fun. Thelma couldn't join us, so there were just Clifton, Barbara and I."

A columnist happened by their table that night and Clifton remarked, "I'd like you to meet our illegitimate son, Robert." It was all very jolly. But the next day, the columnist wrote that Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Wagner were doing the night spots together.

Then other columnists played with the combination, and the magazines took the items and blew the whole thing up into a big romance. The term has been misused in the Hollywood parlance, but Bob and Barbara have been and intend to remain merely good friends.

Bob's friendship with Dan Dailey has been another target for the self-appointed critics. These busybodies have promoted the notion that Dan is a bad influence on

the younger actor. Dailey, worldly-wise and from a different background from Bob's, was supposed to be giving him a liberal education in Hollywood night life. The fact that they had adjoining apartments added to the fable.

"Baloney," said Bob in reply to all of this. "It was by accident that I got an apartment next to Dan's. I had to have a place big enough to accommodate my folks when they got into town."

He and Dan have done some water-skiing and other sports together, but that's as far as it goes.

WHAT about the growing reports that Wagner is getting difficult about publicity? They are largely untruths, he said.

The lad has been the subject of more magazine articles than any other new player in screen history. He has done over 100 in the last 12 months. He has remained at the top of all the movie magazine polls for months, and writers continue to clamor for interviews.

Some players in a similar situation get concerned. Dale Robertson, for example. He says he has received too much publicity; he has turned down magazine stories because he fears he is burning out his career before his time. I asked Bob if he subscribed to the Robertson theory.

"No, I don't think you can get too much publicity," he observed. "But there is such a thing as getting the wrong kind of publicity. That's one thing I've tried to watch, and that's why I may have got some people mad at me.

"I present a problem, as far as publicity is concerned. I'm 23 years old and have led a fairly quiet life. Yet the magazines have to keep turning out more stories about me. They can tell my life story just so many times, and then they have to start resorting to gimmicks. Some of the gimmicks can make me look pretty silly if I submit to them. So, I've turned down some of them.

"But that doesn't mean I'm getting difficult. I'll do any interview I'm asked to do, as long as it's done intelligently."

A columnist recently carried the item that on Barbara Stanwyck's suggestion, Bob had hired her press agent in an effort to cut down his publicity. The truth is that Bob has known the publicist for years and has often gone to her for advice. But he hasn't hired her to work for him and is perfectly happy with the job that his studio publicity department has done.

Magazine writers have made much of the fact that Bob comes from a well-to-do family. Some have even gone so far as to assert that Bob used his wealth to get into pictures; that his father helped him to win his job.

What about these stories?

"More baloney," Bob snorted. "Sure, my folks are well off, but they're not loaded." It's true that R. J. Wagner, Sr., did

help out with Bob's career, but in a very businesslike way.

"My dad staked me when I was trying to break into pictures," said Bob. "I ran out of my own money, and an actor has to buy his own clothes and so forth. By the time I got my contract at Fox, I was \$3,000 in debt. I started at \$150 a week, and that was for only 20 out of 26 weeks. By the time I had paid Dad back, I had to start borrowing again."

As for his father's getting him the job, that's sheer nonsense. Bob's success was strictly a matter of his own hard work and good luck. He hustled himself around the studios with scant success. Then one night he was dining with his folks at the Gourmet restaurant in Beverly Hills. He clowned with a friend at the piano, and Henry Willson was struck by his pleasant personality. The topflight agent took over Bob's career and lined up a contract at 20th Century-Fox.

HERE are some more untruths that need to be brought out into the light:

Lie: That Bob dated the boss' daughter, Susan Zanuck, in order to get ahead at the studio.

Fact: Bob's career was well on its way to success before he ever dated Susan. He and Susan had good times together, and their dates had nothing to do with business.

Lie: That Bob is a playboy who dates a different doll every night.

Fact: Like every young man who is not eager for marriage at this time, he takes out a lot of girls. But he's no wolf. "I don't think it's a good idea to take a different girl out to the night clubs three and four nights a week," he said. "They take your picture, and the shots end up in a layout in a magazine, each one with a different girl. It makes you look like a loose character."

Lie: That Bob is getting fed up with the movie star routine.

Fact: "I'm the luckiest guy in the world. I'm doing stimulating work and getting paid well for it. I get to live in California, which is the best place in the world to live.

"Sure, there are some drawbacks to being well-known. Sometimes I even get frightened when I go out on tour and I see the kids yelling and screaming at you as though you were some kind of god. But it's kind of wonderful, too. Any star who says he is sick of the routine of signing autographs and so forth is just plain nuts. He knew he was getting into that kind of life when he started in the picture business. The advantages far outweigh any disadvantages."

Lie: That Bob has gone Hollywood and is tossing his wealth around like an oil millionaire.

Fact: Bob earns \$350 a week, which is small potatoes compared with other movie star salaries. What's more, he draws no salary 12 weeks out of the year. Bob's expenses are not fabulous. He is currently driving a 1949 Ford while most stars of his caliber are motoring with Jags and Cads. Despite his sensible living, Bob found he couldn't save a cent from his salary, once he had paid his agent's ten per cent, insurance, clothes, rent, etc. So he had a talk with a business agent who handles stars like Humphrey Bogart and Dick Powell.

"If you can't save on \$350 a week, you probably couldn't save on \$60,000 a year," the agent chided. "Do you realize that some judges make only as much as you do and yet are able to maintain nice houses and cars, put their children through school, etc?"

Bob was convinced. He hired the man to supervise his finances. Now Bob is on a strict budget so that "I couldn't get an extra quarter to see an earthquake."

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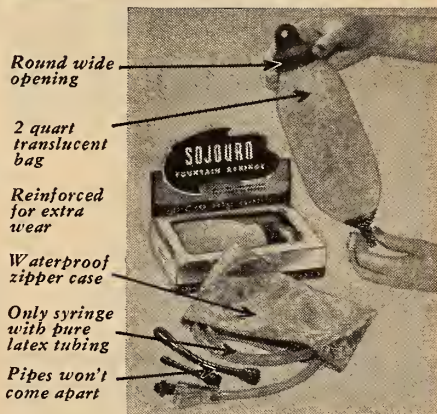


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He's a sensible boy where money is concerned. "I can't see how some of these actors can go in for big houses and expensive cars," he mused. "They can't possibly do it and stay out of debt. Then they start getting behind in their income taxes."

Lie: That Bob is mad at his studio for keeping his salary low.

Fact: Bob has no beef with 20th-Fox. A less level-headed performer might be pounding the executives' desks and demanding more money. After all, \$350 a week is pretty small change for a guy who has starred in *12-Mile Reef* and *Prince Valiant*, two of the big Technicolor CinemaScope epics.

"I'm grateful to the studio," said Bob. "After all, when I came here four years ago, I couldn't read the label off a jar with any dramatic value. I couldn't have had better training. Every picture I have been in has been a top attraction, with the exception of two. That's the kind of buildup you can get only at a major studio."

But don't get the idea that he is being a Pollyanna about this. He's shrewd enough to know that the present situation is in his favor.

"I could probably go to the studio now and get a new deal," he reasoned. "Or I could wait until my next option time in April. By then *12-Mile Reef* and *Prince Valiant* will be out, and I will be in a better bargaining position."

"*Prince Valiant* alone is worth five million dollars to me, as far as my future ca-

reer is concerned. It is a natural, the kind of picture that comes to an actor once in a lifetime. Why should I be mad at the studio?"

Bob looks at his career from a long-range point of view. If he signs a new contract within a year, he'll be about 30 when he gets out of the studio. By that time—if his success continues to grow—he will be able to grab off the really big money enjoyed by free-lance stars.

"I've got to get off the dime and prove myself," he said. "I've come to the point where I must move ahead into the field where the big competition is. I've done all right with the younger crowd, but now I must establish myself with the older audiences."

Unfortunately more and more lies will be told about him as he progresses. "I can't understand it," said Bob. "Most of the people who tell these lies make a good living from the motion picture business. Yet they continue to spread malicious gossip that does harm to the industry."

"Why, I can't believe people could repeat the twisted, distorted things that I hear are said about me. There are things you couldn't print. Now people spread these stupid lies about me as though they were the honest truth."

It's an old Hollywood axiom that the bigger the star the bigger the target. That's something Bob Wagner will have to face as his success grows.

END

mistakes that made her famous

(Continued from page 50) Brentwood Park, West Los Angeles, California.

"Pulling a rock" is sports page *patois* for making a mistake. Make enough of them and you call it experience. (Oscar Wilde—roughly.)

"Wilde was a true cynic," said Miss Crawford. "Bitter, too. What a criminal waste of time, being bitter! Where is the point? Curling up with a—*a* cud of misery! Mistakes add up to experience only if you profit by them. But then they are experience, whatever Wilde may have thought about it."

But she had made them?

"Do I seem to you to have divine attributes? Of course, I've made them. I'd hate to count. I've made them and I've tried to learn from them, but if I had to do it all over again, I'd make the same ones, because I am what I am. A fresh start wouldn't change me. I'd be little Lucille Le Sueur just as I was before, the same weapons, the same frailties. Mistakes! Oh, yes."

And would she specify?

"I'd rather generalize. You can see the reason for that, can't you?" It was a very hot day in Brentwood Park, West Los Angeles, etc. Most unusual. There were parboiled publicists at the bottom of Miss Crawford's garden, and another interrogator waiting to come to bat. Here on the east patio of the lovely home that is in a constant state of growth or flux, there were exterior evidences of home-work well done—or so one could surmise. In the past, Miss Crawford has been charged by critics with being rather vociferously over-groomed. She wore a simple cotton dress now and she had kicked off her shoes. She has been scored, as a matter of record, with being on occasion oppressively regal in bearing, the Movie Star in spades. It may once have been so; it is not so today. She is amiable, humorous and self-deprecating. It has been said of her that her public utterances are, or were, painfully contrived. On the contrary, she is, with the possible

exception of Humphrey Bogart, the warmest, most candid and unguarded lip in Hollywood. Her friends in the press—and the press is very fond of her—tend to protect her for her own good. Miss Crawford underwent several nasty jolts before she learned the efficacy of the off-the-record pronouncement. Now she says, "No more talking off the record."

ANOTHER, much lesser, actress had that morning sounded off for a wire service on the subject of men in general. Men in general were foul balls. Wasn't that a corollary instance of indiscretion?

Miss Crawford grinned, a facial contortion not permitted many women, but on her it looks good.

"Very corollary," she said. "But maybe she has another reason for not liking them. I hear she smells a bit—uh—musky." There was a moment's tight silence, then strangled laughter. "Oh, no!" said Miss Crawford. "Tie me down and gag me before I—Dear heaven, where were we? Quick!"

"Generalize."

"Generalize. All right. You understand, I can't talk about my mistakes in terms of my husbands. Wouldn't if I could." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Franchot Tone. Phil Terry. "They were fine guys. From each of them, I—oh, you know. Let's not sound as though I milked people for what they had to offer. They were fine guys, period. And I don't want to talk about the pictures I shouldn't have made because there we're involving directors or writers or producers or all three, and what's done is done. I'm not blameless, either, not by a very long shot. You know something, when I make a good, solid bloomer, like a picture a while ago that shall be nameless, it's because I think about the thing. I reason. With me, that's apt to be fatal. If I don't go by instinct, I'm wrong nine times out of ten. By instinct alone, I bat anyway .500, maybe a little better."

"But in general, my greatest mistake, only it's more a failing than a mistake, is

wanting so desperately to be liked. That doesn't make me unique, I know, but I work too hard at it. I—I seem to need friendship, not just enjoy, but need it like a plant needs water. I go overboard and press, and it makes people wary. I don't know, I think they're thinking, 'What's this?', and sometimes they shy away, and I know what I'm doing wrong but then I can't help it; the momentum's established. Friendship should come easily and naturally and even casually; I know that but I don't feel it. You understand? I've driven off people by just the intensity of my need for their affection. Isn't that funny? No, that's not funny. Not to me. Listen, I don't sound pathetic, do I? I'm not pathetic. I'm a certain way, that's all."

THE leather-bound book lay open on Miss Crawford's lap, the adopted conclusions of her elders painstakingly assembled in her own slanting hand. An educator who had greatly influenced her formative thinking had made his contribution, and she had noted it and stuck with it with rather touching accuracy and faith. "The world," (she must have written from memory or dictation), "is not interested in your troubles. When your problems are the deepest, let your laughter be the loudest."

"Not pathetic," said Miss Crawford. "Please not pathetic. All right, here's another. I've mistaken opportunists for friends. Let's be sure and get that one straight. I have to use a label I don't like to use. Movie star. But I don't mean myself, Joan Crawford, as a movie star, big wheel, anything like that. A movie star, however much she herself may happen to contribute to the process, is really in the end the product of a system. A—there's a good word for this—a—happenstance. A happenstance. But a movie star is a fact, too. And as a fact, a movie star is an exploitable asset. Mmm. This is one of my really glib days. So anyway, men would call me and want dates, but not with me and not even with Joan Crawford, but with a movie star, and only for the good it would do them, for a career boost or a little publicity or what have you. Frankly, it's not very flattering. I'll be franker than that. It's a little nauseating. I like guys who call for dates and I respect actors who look for jobs. But I wish they would make it two separate phone calls."

Lauren Bacall tells about the friendly argument Humphrey Bogart and Richard Burton had recently about acting. Neither convinced the other he was right. Suddenly Bogie left the room, returned with his Oscar, slammed it down on the table and said, "See. This proves I'm right."

Sidney Skolsky
N. Y. Post

It should be noted here that Miss Crawford's voice was neither plaintive nor querulous. Evidently she had simply come to a conclusion and then thrust it behind her. "How active," Miss Crawford had written in her book, copying laboriously a random thought of Alexander Pope's, "springs the mind that leaves the load of yesterday behind."

Joan Crawford is a load-leaver of considerable adroitness and strength. ("I never look back! Never, never! What can be more stupid?") The motion picture industry calls her tough and it calls her shrewd, but with vast respect and in many cases actual affection. The jungle learns to appreciate and sometimes to love its own. Nobody ever thought she had it terribly easy, although that is a biographical phase she does not dwell on. But

neither has anyone felt she wasn't capable of protecting herself in the clinches. She has once in a while taken something of a beating from the ringsiders but like any good pro fighter, she hasn't let it distract her.

Or maybe she has—a trifle. It's her business. In lieu of direct comment, she underscored in the book a borrowing from Voltaire and read it aloud with somewhat more feeling than she had accorded the rest:

"I envy the beasts two things—their ignorance of evil to come and their ignorance of what is said about them."

Well, Miss Crawford shouldn't feel too bad about this. She does better than par for the course. A fast but thorough piece of research in support of this essay would indicate that among things said about her are these: She's honest, good-hearted, and generous to a fault. Her professional courtesy is impeccable, and she has many of the virtues customarily supposed to be limited to men, such as forthright willingness to acknowledge error where she is wrong.

BUT let us say that she is, by her own necessary lights, tough. Who wants to be used, maneuvered or exploited? Who wants to bite for the same dodge over and over again? That's where Cliquot comes in. Cliquot, in fact, did come in, right about then. Cliquot is Miss Crawford's poodle, smart even for a poodle and poodles are the nuclear physicists among dogs. Miss Crawford is unreservedly devoted to Cliquot. In her heart, he may occupy second place to her four adopted children. He may. Cliquot came in, offered a rubber ball in an advanced state of deterioration, was fussed over mightily, and went away again. There was something faintly moving in the scene, as there is in the scene of any person with fame, influence or authority in the presence of his dog.

"Here's a third thing," she said. "And this may be the greatest mistake of all; I don't care what I said to begin with. I'm too honest. You've heard people say they're too honest but give it that tone that means they want you to pat them on the head. Not me. There's honesty and honesty but you can learn to temper bluntness. You can. I can't. If my friends make mistakes, I have to run and tell them about it. Believe me, it's a form of well-meaning helpfulness that's likely to get you strictly nowhere. But strictly. Mistake? It's a mistake all right. Sometimes I think anything that costs you a friend is a mistake. And that has cost me some."

EVENING was coming on now and the air cooled a little. Miss Crawford leaned back in the lounge chair and her slightly tense face with the matchless bone structure assumed a kind of repose. She closed her eyes and for a brief moment looked tired. Was she?

The much-caricatured eyes opened wide again. "Do you know what they call me? They call me 'The General'. I'm not tired. I sleep two hours a night. Never any more. Being tired must be a little like dying. Here. Read this." It was a jotting in the book from a gent named Clark, who had felt it incumbent to declare: "I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate."

But on two hours sleep a night? "On two hours sleep a night! It's all I need. I guess it's because each new day is such a big deal to me. Whatever it brings, you know, it's exciting. I can't remember any one day when there wasn't something, something!" Edison, next to Miss Crawford, was a sack hound. "I go to bed fairly early but I read and read, and I'm never asleep before four or four-



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thirty. Then up early, and so forth. Truly, it doesn't bother me." And truly, she didn't look as if it did. The momentary dropping of the lids had passed.

When MODERN SCREEN walked in, Miss Crawford had just finished a high pressure conference with agents and writers apropos a script. Daily these were going on and on and Miss C. was surrounded by omniscient males, some of whom had begun to get her goat.

"Some of the men I work with resent a career woman!" she pronounced suddenly, "in the same way they resent a woman with a sense of humor! It's an impingement on their egos, in case you can spell 'impingement'. I could make it reflection. They sit around and I can practically hear them thinking: 'Now, now, dear, you're only a woman. We know what's best.' So many are like that. The loyal opposition. Well, bless the opposition's hearts. I don't know what I would have done over the years without enemies. They're like a home. Beloved enemy! Who said that? It doesn't matter."

She was not, then, affronted by enmities? Women do not snort but Miss Crawford came reasonably close to it. "Affronted! The book, darling, the book. Right—there!" Right there was this: "He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skills. Our antagonist is our helper."

She put the book back beside her. "You're going to ask me in a minute why I don't give up the battle and retire. I can see it in your kind, blood-shot eyes. It's a look I've learned to recognize. She's had fame, had success, had career, family, home, now why doesn't she sit back and take it easy? How much ambition, how much anxiety, does one person want or need? Oh, yes, you were, weren't you? Well, great heavens to Betsy, why should I retire? I'm geared to this sort of thing, I love work!"

Did the book contain a rule of thumb to cope with that one?

"I don't live by the book, darling. Not the way you mean it. By my book, yes. This is my book, remember. I didn't compose it but I collected it. It's me. Wait a minute. Uh-huh. Here it is." It was by Kahlil Gibran, a name somehow suggesting it might spell something backward. It went: "To love life's true labor is to be intimate with life's innermost secret."

"Besides," said Miss Crawford, "what would I do if I retired? In a month they would find me down there beside the pool with moss up to here. Breathing but immobilized."

AND time was running close, and what in the world had ever happened to those mistakes we had started off with so bravely? Remember the plot?

"Oh, those mistakes," said Miss Crawford. "Those mistakes, I mean. They're still there, darling. Made. Rooted. I could never call them back and I'd never want to. And I'd do it all over again. If I didn't, it wouldn't be me. You can see that, can't you? And a ladylike phooey on Oscar Wilde. This I like better." The book was all but inexhaustible. "A man," Miss Crawford had written, "can learn twice as much from defeat as he can from victory."

The California twilight was getting in its licks in earnest now.

"You know," resumed Miss Crawford presently, apropos some privy thought of her own, "what a sad thing is? It's a sad thing that we're always too young to appreciate our parents. By the time we do appreciate them, it's too late. It's one of the very few things that are too late. Most things aren't too late at all. Never look forward, never look back. That defi-

nately is for me. Or forward just a little. Listen: "This day will bring some lovely thing. I say it over each new dawn. Some gay, adventurous thing to hold—and so I rise and go to meet the day with wings upon my feet."

On two hours sleep? No kidding?

"On two hours sleep." A woman of remarkable nervous and physical stamina. With few if any qualms. "Oh, some qualms," said Miss Crawford. "I believe in omens. Like a few months ago, I enrolled for a course at UCLA. The very first night, there was an earthquake. You remember the earthquake. I went home and didn't go back again. I'd had it." Miss Crawford laughs low in her throat. "Nothing in the book about that."

A mistake, then? "An act of God. I made the mistakes." And would not unmake them if she could?

"Right. Could not. But would not if could. How horrible to lead a perfect life. How uninteresting. If you'll forgive a little homespun philosophy, aren't we all the sum total of our mistakes? Among other things? No, no, I'd do it all over again. That was what you wanted to know to begin with, wasn't it?"

That was it. "And now you know."

SHE is an incredibly beautiful woman, this one, who apparently has bitten into life quite a lot harder than most have the guts to do. Also, and not quite incidentally, she is an avid admirer of guts, guts of all kinds and guts as evidenced by anybody. That is one of the most clearly defined of the standards she lives by. You would know it without, so to speak, knowing it. Her look is level, her voice strong, her personality incisive to the point of being slashing. Indeed this is a trademark, as all filmgoers must be aware.

... Jeff Chandler tells me that he thinks Western movies should be called drawing-room dramas because every time a guy comes into a room everybody else starts drawing.

Sidney Skolsky
N. Y. Post

She enters a room like the edge of a buoyant sword. Whatever has hurt her—and reputedly she bears a wound or two—the scars are skillfully sutured over. Her friends, however, figure her a certainty to be hurt again and maybe seven or eight more times after that. She has a vulnerable streak there, which, in character, she would have to deny. It has to do with her great propensity for giving and her singular bad luck, on known occasions, of not getting back. However widely sung the joys of generosity, its purveyors are oddly susceptible to the shrug of the ingrate, whose doubtful favors have been likened by Shakespeare to winter wind. Those closest to Joan Crawford suspect she'd save herself pain, if she stopped proffering gifts of the spirit and locked up the vault. It is here the lady herself has to snort again. But The Book, her own, betrays her. In it, she has inscribed in a place of honor an especially favorite utterance, stunningly Christian in sentiment but hardly the stuff of realism for an avowed General. Read it and see for yourself how tough she is:

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Amen, General, but keep the storm cellar handy

END

(Joan Crawford will be seen soon in Torch Song.)

what's happened to hollywood night life?

(Continued from page 43) perhaps, like General Grant at Galena, waiting for someone to come along and open up with the seltzer bottle again. Today Hollywood night life, while by no means in doldrums, is like—oh like this:

The same Mocambo was pretty well jammed on a Friday night a few weeks ago. At nine P. M. there had been only four customers in the place but at eleven a deep breath was ill-advised. The green parakeets in their glass cage overhanging the south wall were in moderate frenzy, and the eyes of Texas were bulging in their search for famed identities. The eyes of Texas are extremely welcome in Mocambo these days, and in Ciro's as well, Ciro's being the other first-line Hollywood night club. Texans are about the only people the tariff doesn't seem to bother. Anyway, after a while, the Dallas table spotted a party that looked so familiar everybody figured "movie stars" and sat back happy. At the same time, the other party spotted the Dallas table and came to the same conclusion. A half hour of mutual ogling ensued before the dismal truth became evident. The two parties lived a block from one another in Dallas and frequently exchanged nods at the neighborhood supermarket. Their mutual disappointment was so violent that they all got up and went to Las Vegas on the next plane.

As a waiter observed dolefully, it never woulda happened when Lupe was around.

Actually things weren't so bad as all that. There were two stars of unquestioned rank in Mocambo that night, and stars that don't get out much any more, too. They were the Dick Powells, half of whom is June Allyson, and they were feeling frisky enough at one point to dance with their arms around one another and kick their heels. There was a Los Angeles disc jockey and with him a girl who had played a striking bit in a Metro film and now was being, as the deathless phrase has it, groomed for stardom. There was a short agent with a tall blonde whose mink coat the agent would take back at the end of the evening because it belonged to him, not to her. And when these two danced, the agent, who had to steer the couple, looked like an engineer sticking his head out of the cab. There was another agent with the divorced wife of a producer, and three tables away the producer with an unknown redhead, maybe the one who bopped Flynn, and a table away from them a Houston playboy who had had his name misspelled in four columns that week. As a matter of fact, the trade papers and columns two days hence would report all sorts of undercurrents and intrigue going on under Mocambo's roof that night, but none was apparent to the eyes of Texas nor to any other lay eye. Subtlety of so private a stripe does not nudge the turnstiles on the tourists' side of the tent.

Yet, the question posed by the title of this essay is in a way invidious. It's loaded, for instance, clearly implying that Hollywood night life is dead in its harness, and that is not so. It is, let us say, only suffering temporary anemia because star names and publicity are its life blood, and one cannot be legitimately sustained without the other.

Then again, the query can be answered in another way—and it has been. Nothing has happened to Hollywood night life. It goes on as before. Only now it takes place in Las Vegas.

Las Vegas is indeed, by remarkably well informed accounts, the primary villain of the piece.

"I give you," said a famed Hollywood Boniface the other day, "two words: Las Vegas. That answers your question. I run a night club here, I shouldn't be this honest. But why kid ourselves? Mocambo, Ciro's, the Cocoanut Grove, we all ask a two dollar covert. We have to. But Vegas with its gambling? You can see a twenty thousand dollar show there for the price of a beer. Have you checked on Vegas this week? Here's who you can see. Red Skelton. Betty Hutton. Milton Berle. Tony Martin. Only a few blocks apart. I'll give you salary figures. Betty's drawing \$20,000 a week, Berle \$25,000. Tony'll come in around \$15,000 and Skelton—get this now—\$32,500! I'm told Dietrich'll get fifty when she plays there! Non-gambling establishments can't pay that money. And if we could, the acts still play Vegas first. Then there's another thing. Vegas is between here and the East. Tourists on their way to Hollywood stop over there for a drink and a try at the tables. Two weeks go by and they're still there. Broke or flush, beat or healthy, they then turn around and go home again.

"That's the big item. Another is general economic conditions. This industry's divided and nervous and the old plush days are over. For the time being, anyway. The stars stay home. They do their partying there. The younger players are being forbidden by their studios to go to night clubs. That doesn't help us. Don't use my name now. I shouldn't be this honest. I should be like—" he mentioned a prominent rival, "—and tell you everything's great. But I can't. Finally, we get around to Vegas again. A star does have a week-end off, a few days to play, he heads for there. Less than three hundred miles from here, five hours' hard driving, and no restraints at all. You've asked me, I've told you."

But there was something this spokesman hadn't mentioned. Decorum. It is practiced in Hollywood night clubs these days. Rarely any more are jaws swung at or hair pulled. This is laudable. But there are few night club impresarios who do not know that uninhibited behavior is good for business. In quiet corners, they applaud the exhibitionism and fracas they deplore for the press. Once the owner of a place on the Sunset Strip sat and watched an argument between a second-rate actress and a Pasadena post-debutante come to an ugly boil. He was frankly interested, noting the presence at ringside of two columnists. When his staff showed symptoms of intervening, he waved them down. "Let 'em fight," he said. "We've lost money long enough."

Whether or not his psychology was correct is debatable. But certainly it is so that few Hollywood habitués can speak of the good old days of its night life—pre-war to a great extent—without choking back a tear or, in even less grammatical circles, winking back a lump in the throat.

There was the vivid, tragic, Mexican star who spent that night of undiluted gaiety in Mocambo, a white ermine coat over her shoulders, a super-big hello for everyone. As she left, she encountered a writer friend. "Tell me, beega boy!", she called. "Am I a bad girl?" She shook a finger without letting him speak. "You bedda not say yes!" The writer said instead: "See you tomorrow." The two had a tentative interview date. "Mebbe you see me," said the star. "Mebbe I dawns't see you. I dawns't know." She turned and surveyed the whole room lovingly. "G'bye," she called. "G'bye, now!" The next morning Lupe Velez chose to take her own life by the sleeping pill route. Perhaps she had chosen before that night. Her gaiety had had none of the con-

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strains of indecision. It is anybody's guess. But there was a memorable swatch of Hollywood night life history.

In happier, more tempestuous days, the same Miss Velez had once tapped an obstreperous wolf briskly across the pate with a champagne bottle, then leaped on a table and challenged anyone in the room. Just carried away, that was all.

The belligerent spirit apparently is more readily evoked by the atmosphere of Ciro's, Mocambo's elegant counterpart a few blocks east on the Strip and across the street, although old hands are inclined to regard Ciro's fisticuffs as strictly prelims. "The main eventers," one has said, "wait for Mocambo. Not so many stairs to fall down in case they trip."

Frank Sinatra and New York columnist Lee Mortimer did not wait. At the top of the stairs leading down to Ciro's old parking ramp, they had at it, with superficial wounds to Mortimer's frame and a much deeper incision in Sinatra's bank account, after he'd settled the damages out of court. Nat Dallinger, the veteran photographer of Hollywood night life who pulled the combatants apart, has remembered the details well. "It never would have happened," he has said, "if it weren't for a couple of Frankie's so-called friends. They egged him on. I might have got the picture of the year if I hadn't decided to be peacemaker instead. But Mortimer could have been really hurt. He'd been down twice, and there was broken glass on those steps that night. That wasn't funny."

It was at Mocambo, on the other hand, that in the heyday of the era, the punch of the decade was landed, one girl's uppercut catching the chin of another with such unswerving precision that the recipient was knocked clean out of her shoes.

And it was at Mocambo that Victor Mature, frolicking a bit after many arduous and perilous months with the Coast Guard on the Murmansk run in wartime, entered the gents' room and straightway ran into a civilian heckler who accused him of fighting the war in a night club. Mature is no professional hero but was forced this time to point to his ribbons as evidence that this was just a stopover. The heckler persisted. And since he was actually as big as Mature himself, Mature decided he was entitled to act. "Keep it up," he told the menace, "and I'll dunk you in this wash-bowl, even though I filled it for another purpose." The man kept it up. He will never have his head under water so long again; not without drowning.

VIRGINIA Hill, good friend of gangland's late Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel, is not around any more, either. She got mad at the Government. Estimates of her are varied and have no special place in this account, but no Hollywood night life Bucko has denied her color and headlong generosity. An old friend has said: "She thought money was for only one thing—to make people happy." So Virginia, when night-hood was in flower on the Strip, made people happy. On each evening of wassail, she fared forth with ten one-hundred dollar bills in the bottom of her jewel case. These she distributed as tips among hat-check girls, powder room attendants, waiters, parking lot attendants, bus boys, photographers or simply people whose looks she liked. One night she entered a night club past a group of the awed little people who stand with cameras and autograph albums outside the Strip's swankier spots. She wore a full-length mink of sufficient pictorial impact to draw an anguished sigh from one of these, a young girl in rather shabby straits. "You ever see anything more beautiful?" the girl managed finally. Miss Hill, who later was to confound the Kefauver Committee with her ignorance of the tax structure, stopped in her tracks.

"You like my coat?" she asked her unknown admirer. "You got my coat." And she threw it to her.

Another time, by word of an eye witness, Miss Hill became sated with a Russian sable number. Arrived at Ciro's, she first dropped it on the floor, then kicked it pettishly under a table. A waiter hurried over and retrieved it. "Yours, madame?" he asked. "Yeah," snapped Miss H. "Take it. Lose it. Don't come back with it."

But even this, our fun-loving heroine was able to top. Hearing one night that the wife of a close friend of hers in the night club press had only a few hours past given birth to a son, she approached her pal, the proud father, for confirmation. He grinningly confided it was so, barely stopping himself from offering her a cigar. "Well, now," said Miss Hill. Next day the infant received a token from Miss Hill, a little gift to get it started off okay. Five thousand dollars in war bonds. The Hollywood night club atmosphere in those days plainly had a quality all its own.

A career or two has been made in Strip environs, or at least boosted along. Lana Turner, a one-time night club regular who doesn't bother so much any more, has been instrumental in several. A guy named Joe in Mocambo or Ciro's is a guy named Joe and nothing more. But if he happened to be Miss Turner's escort, they took the trouble to find out how it was spelled. And Miss Turner, a good-hearted girl, was glad to provide this information, hold still for pictures, or even lend the columnists a pencil. This sort of cooperation did not exactly poison the career leanings of Turhan Beys or Stephen Cranes.

But the switch didn't occur till later. A time came when starlets were in season and many of them bedecked Mocambo nightly, letting the breeze blow them across the range of whatever producers were present. Outside, meanwhile, a young man was too busy hustling arriving and departing Cadillacs to get his profile into a strong light. He worked there, but strictly. Nonetheless, he was observed one fine evening, and by and by, while the starlets returned to their own particular underbrush, he put away his jumper and got to be known here and there as Champ Butler.

THE good, the stimulating, the pugnacious old days of the Hollywood neon scene—may they come again and soon, with their Band-aids, thousand dollar bills, jeroboams of champagne, baked Alaska, and flying butterballs and breadsticks. While Errol Flynn was the busiest light heavyweight in the circuit, the most willing of the welter contenders was Humphrey Bogart, once faulted by a friend on the single flaw: "When he's had a couple of belts, he thinks he is Humphrey Bogart."

Like Flynn, Bogart was the victim in most cases of objectionable strangers, bums who tried to chivvy him into fights merely in the hope of a little stray publicity for themselves. Bogart, however, was not averse to playing ball with them, with the result that one fine day he found himself barred from just about every deadfall in the block.

So he stayed home—or confined himself to the saloons he professes to like better than night clubs anyway. But there came a certain time and a visit from an out-of-town friend who wanted to tour the brightest places. Bogart confessed his plight sadly. "I've reformed," he told the friend, "but who'll believe me?" The friend bristled righteously in Bogart's defense, and together they set out. Club after club rejected Bogart, who stood meekly in the background, but finally they found one whose manager was willing in a qualified sort of way to relent. Bogie, the friend said, was waiting out on the sidewalk, thoroughly chastened. He was a changed

man now and wished only to drink a glass or two of lemonade in an obscure corner and look on wistfully while others enjoyed the fun that was denied him. At this, the manager burst into tears and cried: "Go get him! The fatted calf's not on the regular menu but I'll have the chef run it up!" And the friend went out to get Bogie—who was rolling around the walk in fierce combat with a sprocket salesman from central Michigan.

Bogart lived dangerously in other ways during the salad days of Hollywood's public merriment. One early morning, he and a producer friend returned from an extensive junket up and down the Strip, having decided to adjourn to the producer's home after Bogart had swung at a fellow-actor and missed him by 30 feet, or precisely the distance the actor was away from him. Home again in a manner of speaking, Bogart felt disposed to curl up in the producer's fireplace and get a little shut-eye. This was all right with the producer but he felt Bogart's tie should be loosened, and got to work on the project. Bogart tried several times in a patient way to tell his friend that he was tightening rather than loosening the knot, but could not make himself any clearer than "Uk," and was registering straight magenta when the producer's wife intervened.

But on a third occasion, Bogart emerged triumphant. He was entertaining a visiting interviewer at Ciro's when, with stunning unexpectedness, the visitor went to sleep. He slept for two unbroken hours while Ciro's ebbed, flowed and bellowed. Finally he awoke and the two left. Bogart thought nothing of the incident until the next morning, when he had the invigorating realization that the writer doubtless would remember nothing of what had happened during his siesta. Immediately he called the man on the phone. There was nothing to worry about, Bogart began stoutly. Bogart would stand by in the event of any crisis. Wh-what crisis, croaked the poor writer, groping for his mental hinges. Oh, nothing, really, Bogart purred reassuringly. Of course, the clam juice down the woman's back might have seemed odd in some places but this, after all, was Hollywood. The writer groaned and shuddered. Naturally, Bogart went on, it might have been a wee mite better if the writer hadn't brought down the comedian with a flying tackle in the middle of the floor show, but the comic was a tolerant fellow and would understand. Furthermore, Bogart concluded, his friend should not worry a bit over having to be carried out in full view of a packed house. Happened every night in the year.

The writer was on his way to join the Foreign Legion before Bogart decided to pull the knife out.

So goes it no longer. Bogie stays home these days, or goes to Europe or whatever he does. Sonny Tufts, on whose blithe record is informal conducting of orchestras and turning flips down trolley tracks, is nowhere to be seen. Joan Crawford, too, has gone to ground, and when Tom Neal had at Franchot Tone over love of Barbara Peyton, it was in comparative private.

THE youngsters turn up from time to time. Mitzi Gaynor is about the most regular and a godsend to the photographers, who have a habit at present of showing up but leaving their cameras in the car. Jane Wyman and her bandleader husband, Freddy Karger, are on hand now and then, and Ginger Rogers and her husband, Jacques Bergerac, if they happen to be in town. Betty Grable you might see, with or without Harry James, who spends a lot of time on the road, but if she's not with him, she's with Betty and Harry Ritz. Terry Moore. Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield. A handful of others.

Not long ago, Joan Caulfield made the casual observation: "If you want to write a story about Hollywood night life, go from home to home, where it's really taking place. All the little cliques, you know. Who goes out?"

Not even Marilyn Monroe, who showed promise at first, has saved the day. She stays home now, too.

A few traditions are maintained. If a married or dating couple really want to have a knockdown, dragout, yowling fight, they save it till they reach a night club and the undivided attention of press and public. There's no sense throwing a natural like that away.

Likewise, almost any event smacking in some devious way of "charity" still flushes a fair quota of big names. Let a regulation eat-and-guzzle promise to devote 20 per cent of the take to the Society for the Prevention of Throwing Firecrackers Down Crocodiles' Throats, and it'll get a notable turnout of the old, familiar faces.

But whereas the Flynn omelette of another time was a thing of no more than passing interest, the big scuttlebutt among the press a few months ago was a paler incident by far: the reluctant agreement of Gene Nelson to pose with Jane Powell two days before Miss Powell and husband Geary Steffen announced their breakup. Nelson's consent rather affronted a number of folk who back in the days of Lupe and Virginia, Bogart and Flynn, Clara Bow or Jean Harlow or Paulette Goddard—would have been affronted by nothing less than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick.

IN yet another sense, the saga of Hollywood night life makes its own minor contribution to contemporary history. In January of 1949, for example, this magazine ran a story by-lined by Charlie Morrison, Mocombo's owner. It featured pictures made at the night club of couples presumably enmeshed at the time in various stages of amour. Less than five years ago, they were Diana Lynn and Bob Neal, "a steady Mocombo duo before her engagement to architect John Lindsay"—now divorced from Diana Lynn. They were Shirley Temple and John Agar, husband and wife, holding hands; "Errol and Nora Flynn" (remember?); Clark Gable with Nancy (Slim) Hawks. Quaint, as previously remarked, like the 'coon and the Duesenberg.

Or way, way back, when Saturday or Sunday nights were the big Sunset Strip deal, here by recollection of photographer Dallinger was a favorite group table, these an inseparable lot: Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Preston, her husband, whose marital status is said to be shaky now; Gary and Rocky Cooper, whose m.s. definitely is shaky; the Fred MacMurrays—the beautiful Mrs. MacMurray died earlier this year after a long and tragic illness; the Robert Taylors, when Mrs. Taylor was—and is again—Barbara Stanwyck; the Henry Fondas—Mrs. Fonda is dead by her own hand; last and most happily, the Ray Millands and the Jack Bennys, still live, together and content.

In Hollywood night life, history is a matter of which edition you read. And this phase, while reasonably stable and prosperous, is not the full and lusty, nor lustrous, thing that its predecessors made of themselves. Carole Lombard is gone—and there are no echoes of dead laughter because dead laughter has no echoes.

Cycle is inevitable. The "good old days" will come again. Lana will be back from Europe, Rita's in circulation, all is by no means lost. While glamor takes a break, stability and decorum will have to stand in for it. Some Hollywoodians applaud the change. But most are saddened.

END

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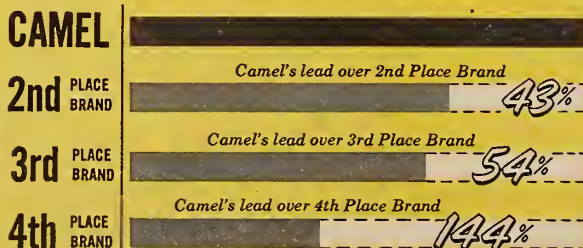
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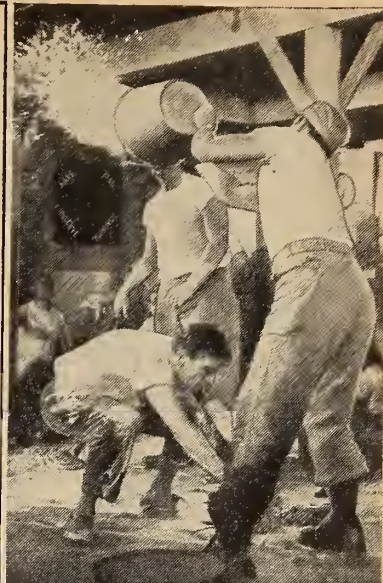
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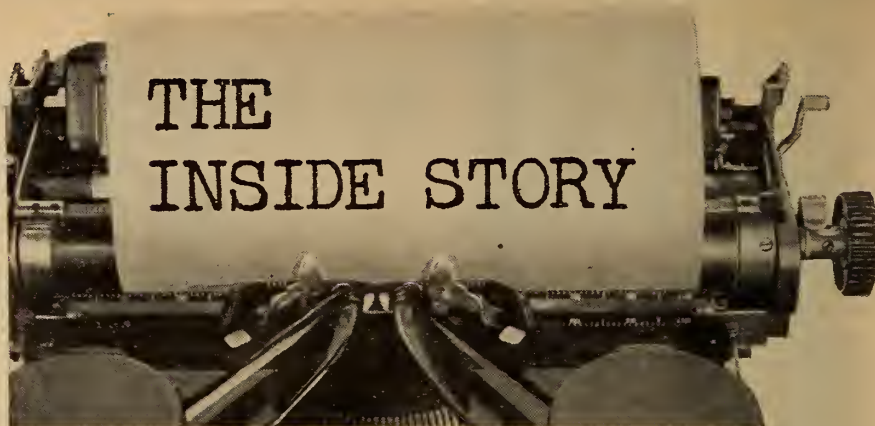
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Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I keep reading that John Wayne's first wife was either Cuban or Dominican. Where was she born, anyway?

—J. J., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Josephine Saenz was born in Mexico.

Q. How much commission did Mario Lanza's manager, Sam Weiler, take from him? Are they back together again?

—G. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Weiler took 20% of Lanza's gross earnings, 10% of their radio show, insisted on 5% of the singer's earnings for the next 15 years, before he would agree to leave Lanza's employment.

Q. Who is most responsible for Yvonne de Carlo's motion picture career?

T. R., VANCOUVER, B. C.

A. Walter Wanger "discovered" Yvonne and gave her a buildup as "The most beautiful girl in the world."

Q. Could you tell me if Dale Robertson did his own singing in *The Farmer Takes A Wife*?—G. H., PADUCAH, KY.

A. Yes.

Q. Was Cyd Charisse ever in love with MGM producer Jack Cummings? I heard this rumor when I was in Mexico some years ago.

—T. S., WILSON, CONN.

A. Cummings and Charisse are good friends, have been so for a long time. Cyd is married to Tony Martin, Cummings to the former Betty Kern.

Q. Who is the highest-priced actor in the motion picture business?

—G. K., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. Toss-up between John Wayne and Gary Cooper.

Q. Marilyn Monroe's former husband lives only twenty miles away from her. Are they still friendly?

—T. T., VAN NUYS, CALIF.

A. They have nothing to do with each other.

Q. Is it a practice in Hollywood for top-name actresses to insist upon all the close-ups? If a young actress looks good in a scene, doesn't the top-name actress insist upon having that scene deleted? —G. F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. It depends on the actress.

Q. I've read that Esther Williams has the best money mind in show business. Is that on the level?

—C. Y., MIAMI, FLA.

A. She understands the handling of money.

Q. Why was Anna Maria Alberghetti dropped by Paramount?

—S. L., LIMA, OHIO

A. The studio had no pictures for her.

Q. Leonard Goldstein, the producer who goes around with Piper Laurie, must be much older than she. How much? —C. L., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. Twenty-eight years older.

Q. What kind of eyelashes does Ethel Merman wear, and how many children does she have?

—E. R., DENVER, COLO.

A. Miss Merman wears artificial eyelashes made of nylon; she has two children.

Q. Is Marlon Brando going to a psychiatrist? —F. F., COLUMBUS, NEB.

A. Not any more.

Q. A friend told me that Rock Hudson is more interested in other things than he is in girls. What about it?

H. R., VENTURA, CAL.

A. Hudson is primarily interested in his career at this point.

Q. Doesn't Judy Garland become a very difficult girl when she goes on a diet? —J. G., PROVO, UTAH.

A. She just becomes edgy.

Q. Is it true (or is it just publicity) that Leslie Caron makes her own clothes? —F. Y., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. True.

Q. Betty Hutton's husband, Charlie O'Curran, stages all her acts. Why doesn't she give him any credit for that? Are these two fighting?

—R. E., LAS VEGAS, NEV.

(Continued on page 12)



FLAMINGO
The wildcat in skin-tight blue jeans — she was his back-door queen!

CASTLEBERRY

A spotless record — except for the blood on his hands!



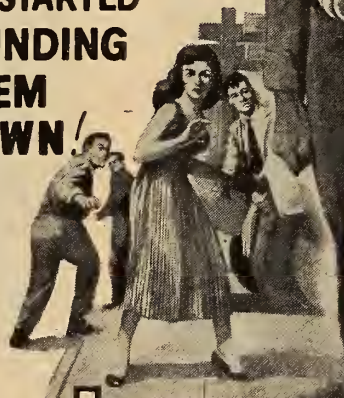
JEB BROWN

His heart was too big — it made an easy target!



**THE CHISELERS,
THE CHEAP
TIN-HORNS,
THE TWO-TIME
LADIES AND
TWO-BIT
CROOKS--**

**THEY ALL MADE
THE LITTLE GUY
A BIG, BIG, WHEEL--
AND THEN
HE STARTED
GRINDING
THEM
DOWN!**



JAMES CAGNEY

in a roaring role of fury from the roaring best-seller!

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

**"A LION IS
IN THE STREETS!"**

COLOR BY
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CO-STARRING

BARBARA HALE · ANNE FRANCIS

WITH WARNER ANDERSON · JOHN MCINTIRE · JEANNE CAGNEY · LON CHANEY · FRANK McHUGH
LARRY KEATING · ONSLOW STEVENS · JAMES MILLICAN

SCREEN PLAY BY
LUTHER DAVIS

Music by Franz Waxman

WILLIAM CAGNEY

DIRECTED BY

PRODUCTION RAUL WALSH DISTRIBUTED BY

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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

Bob Hope breaks a long standing rule against pictures of his family and invites MODERN SCREEN to a



Bob chats with Father English, friend of many stars, Jeanne Crain, Paul Brinkman. Fears that Jeanne's new glamour would injure her marriage have proven false. Not so lucky was guest Jane Withers, whose divorce is imminent.



Bob waltzes with mother-in-law, Mrs. Teresa Defina. One of Hollywood's best citizens, Bob is constantly active in charity affairs; his home is one of Hollywood's happiest.



Bob's 12-year-old son Tony, and daughters Nara, 5, and Linda, 14, help Dalores Hope blow out the candles while members of famous Trapp Family Singers, who entertained at the party, look on. Tony wore full-dress military school uniform.

LOUELLA SHARES BIRTHDAY WITH

SO DETERMINED is Rita Hayworth to marry Dick Haymes that neither lawyers, studio nor friends can talk her into changing her mind.

Incidentally, unless Dick can persuade Nora Eddington Haymes to get a divorce in Nevada or Alabama, Rita cannot marry Dick for a year. Nora insists on a California divorce, since out of state divorces are vulnerable to legal attack.

The serious trouble Dick had with the Immigration Department came as a terrific shock. Few people knew that he was an alien, was born in Argentina and had signed away his rights of ever becoming an American citizen when he avoided the draft by registering as an alien neutral.

Dick's attorney insists that the McCarran Act does not hold in the case of the singer, since he sang twice in the Civic Auditorium in Honolulu and did not go to the Hawaiian

NEWS

gala party at his home.



Newlyweds Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty toast each other over a flower-decked table. Most of the ladies wore or carried sprays of fresh garden flowers; Mrs. Hope wore a lei of white carnations over a pleated pastel dress.



Loretta Young and Mory Livingstone find an almost quiet spot in the spacious Hope livingroom. Among the many other famous guests were Robert Young, Jerry Colonna, Fred MacMurray and Pat O'Brien, all old friends of the Hopes.



Mory Livingstone feeds a cherry to husband, Jock Benny. Gracie Allen, half of another famous husband and wife comedy team, looks on while she waits for George Burns.

LUCILLE BALL . . . JANET LEIGH SAYS NO TO NUDITY. . . GLORIA DE HAVEN HAS NEW IN-LAW TROUBLES

Islands for the express purpose of seeing Rita Hayworth. That he did see her every night and every day has nothing to do with the case, according to the Haymes attorneys.

At the time the story broke, I must say for Nora that she came to Dick's rescue. She said, "Poor guy! I don't believe he ever tried to dodge the draft. I know he went twice to the draft board and tried to enlist, but was turned down on account of high blood pressure. If he wants me to, I will stick with him in his troubles."

Rita was equally loyal, but she couldn't very well make a public statement, since Dick was still married to Nora. She was so upset by the whole thing that she took to her bed in a state of nervous collapse.

Is there anybody in the world who gets herself into more awkward situations than this redheaded glamour girl? With every husband, with every romance, there is trouble

and good copy.

The big question around Hollywood these days is—who put the finger on Dick? Or maybe the boys in Washington have a long memory.

THE new love in Olivia de Havilland's life, the charming Frenchman, Pierre Galante, will probably be her husband by the time this reaches MODERN SCREEN.

Olivia confided to me that she wouldn't wait too long to marry Galante, who is a writer and an executive on "Match" magazine, a French publication comparable to our "Life".

I met Livvy's fiancé at a party given for Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer. He is young, he is charming and he is desperately in love with Livvy.

She tells me that he was born under the same sign as Marcus Goodrich, her first husband, and that they both love cheesecake, but

I believe she will be happier with Galante than she was with Marcus.

Livvy seems to favor writers, but Pierre has none of Marcus' moodiness and critical appraisal of our Livvy. Besides, he has never been married before and Marcus had a number of wives.

IT CAN be told now that there were two days when Donald O'Connor was very ill in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital and his doctors feared it might be polio. Only a few people know this. Thank God, it was just tropical fever and Don will soon be well.

Added to his high temperature was an emotional upset. He worried about every little thing and telephoned me in a panic because someone had printed that his ex-wife Gwen O'Connor, had never been near him.

This was entirely untrue, because Gwen has not only been with him, but has tele-

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

phoned to inquire about him almost every day. Of course, she probably didn't want to run into Marilyn Erskine, although the two girls are not unfriendly. Gwen is the one who asked Don for a divorce.

The thing that everyone regrets so much is that Don lost his role in *White Christmas*. He would have been just as wonderful dancing again with Vera-Ellen as he was in *Call Me Madam*.

THE saddest little woman in Hollywood is Jane Withers, who fought with grim determination not to break up her marriage, but the one thing her rich husband, Bill Moss, seemed to want was his freedom.

"With three children," Jane told me, "I think it is wrong for us to divorce and I wanted to wait a little longer. But when a man wants his freedom as much as Bill does, what can I do?"

Jane's health is not good and her doctors tell her that she must rest and not get emotionally upset. How can you help getting emotionally upset when the man you love says he doesn't love you?

I SHARE the opinion of many people that Suzan Ball's faith will cure her knee if anything in the world can. She has a new doctor who has put her on a special diet. I hear this is a new treatment for this kind of case.

Also, Suzan is in love. Dick Long is courting her, but she won't marry anyone until she is sure she is all right. Suzan is that kind of girl.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: In my opinion, Deborah Kerr was trying to disguise her personality on a TV program when she answered the question, "Are you from Hollywood?" with "Unfortunately, yes." I don't think she meant a slam at Hollywood...

I still can't see James Mason as Judy Garland's co-star in *A Star Is Born*. Maybe I'm remembering Fredric March's great performance with Janet Gaynor too vividly...

Even with Jeanne Crain's pretty legs, I can't stand the knee-short skirts. So far, Jeanne is the only glamour girl to fall for the Dior fad.

Kinda cute, the way Tony Curtis, who has never been a fast boy with a dollar, cut loose with the bankroll and bought himself a



Jahn Hodiak has been seen at Ciro's with pretty socialite Kay Williams Spreckels, John's first date since his breakup with Anne Baxter.

new \$6000 car and Janet Leigh a diamond bracelet, after U-I upped his salary in a big, big way.

Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer are denying the stork rumors now, but I'm betting Rosie will have a baby as soon as possible. She loves children.

Took myself to Del Mar, the little racetrack where "the turf meets the surf," for my birthday and really had a time!

It was also Lucille Ball's birthday and after the last race, Desi Arnaz tossed a surprise birthday party for Lucy in the Turf Club.

Poor Lucille! She was so sick she could remain just long enough for the guests to sing "Happy Birthday" and then she had to take off for home. It wasn't anything too serious with Lucille. She was just tired and overworked and a reaction set in when she went on her holiday.

But I was feeling in fine fettle and got such a kick out of little Desirée Arnaz, looking like a doll in her blue dress and coat, warbling a special "Happy Birthday" to me.

I just can't remember having more fun. Jimmy Durante—just love that man—was on hand at my birthday party at the Del Mar hotel and he sang and sang. The crowd didn't want to let him off, but he finally said it was enough. Then pretty May Wynn, the former Copacabana chorus girl who got the plum part of the season as the only girl in *The Caine Mutiny*, came on and delighted



Jahn Payne and Sandy Curtis have taken out a marriage license, will wed when Jahn ends current film. This will be third marriage for each.

everyone with Jimmy McHugh's song, "I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me". Wait until you see May. I think you'll agree she's going to be one of our big stars.

Glamorous Elaine Stewart drove down from Beverly Hills with her fella, Johnny Grant, especially for my party. Some of the columnists have been insisting this isn't a serious romance. I don't agree. In fact, I think Elaine and Johnny may surprise everyone, including her MGM bosses, by marrying when he returns from staging his disc jockey show in Korea.

Johnny told me, "I'm very much in love with Elaine. She's the only girl for me."

To switch from romance back to the races—the next day Betty Grable's and Harry James' nag, Big Noise, won the \$40,000 feature race.

A wag said, "Betty's horses seem to know when she isn't working and they always seem to win when she can use the moola."

HERE'S hoping the trouble between Gloria De Haven and her wealthy bridegroom of just a few months, Martin Kimmel, isn't serious.

I get it straight that Kimmel's family, veddy, veddy social, never approved of his marriage to Gloria because she is an actress. Thought that sort of attitude went out with the dodo bird.

At this writing, the Kimmels have not yet received Gloria, but I hope they will change their minds. She's a very nice girl.

LATE NEWS FROM LOUELLA PARSONS

■ Hardly had the public heard about the Ida Lupino-Howard Duff separation (supposedly a result of Howard's interest in Gussie Moran, famous for her lace panties and her tennis game) when it was all over.

My telephone rang and a happy Ida said, "Howard and I want you to know we've reconciled."

By this time, Gussie was in Buffalo with her fiancé, Edward Hand, and Howard hadn't heard from her. Gussie had a small part in *The Bigamist*, written and produced by Collier Young, Ida's ex-husband, and directed by Ida. Howard and Ida were both in the picture, as was Joan Fontaine, Young's present wife.

Ida, like any woman in love, took much of the blame for the separation, saying, "I guess I was too self-centered and too involved in my career. Now I'm just going to be a wife and mother and I'm going to let somebody else direct *The Story Of A Cop*, Howard's next picture. A career, to my way of thinking, should never interfere with a marriage."

She added that Howard's big complaint was that they never saw each other.

IT's a lot of stuff and nonsense that Janet Leigh's swim scene in *Prince Valiant* is as nude as Hedy Lamarr was in *Ecstasy* or as Marilyn Monroe was on the calendar.

Janet tells me, "I have to admit that the scene makes me look as though I were in my birthday suit! As a matter of fact, I'm quite well covered in a bathing suit made of a flesh-colored net material."

"However, after I did the scene, I flatly refused to let the still cameramen snap pictures of me—because I have no intention of becoming this kind of calendar girl."

Janet says that when the swimming scene was shot, the only men present were the cameramen, director and Bob Wagner, all vitally necessary to the action.

No, Tony Curtis did not kick up a fuss. But it is not his favorite screen appearance of his pretty wife.

ANN BLYTH, co-starred in MGM's

"ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



The most talked about complexions in Hollywood
are given regular  Lux Toilet Soap care

Just about every Hollywood star uses Lux and will tell you so.

They use it because they're convinced—because they really believe Lux Toilet Soap is as **mild and fine** a soap as you can buy. **Ann Blyth**, of course, uses Lux Toilet Soap—and isn't her complexion really something? Use Lux care—and Lever Brothers makes a money-back guarantee that **you'll be glad you did**. Incidentally, you can see Hollywood stars every Thursday night on the Lux Video Theatre.



Presenting

Waltz of Spring

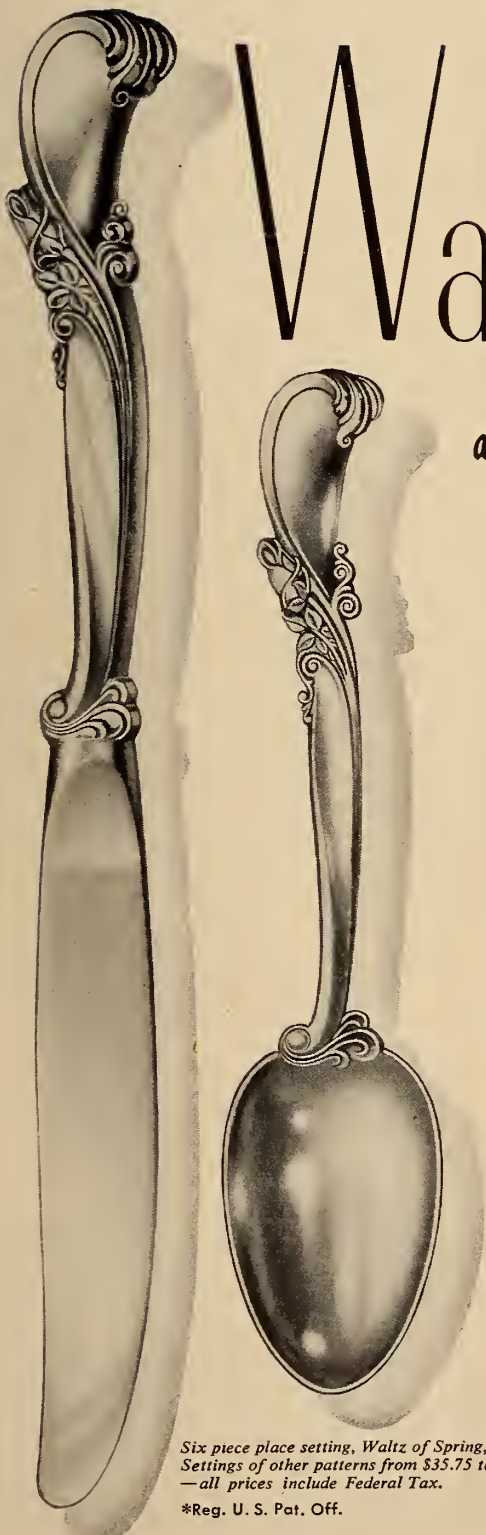


*a breathlessly beautiful new sterling design
for those forever young-- forever in love*

Once again, William S. Warren, foremost designer of sterling silver, has sculptured an exciting new Wallace Sterling design! He has taken the Mood Of Youth, the ecstasy of young love, and translated it into the lilting, the light-hearted WALTZ OF SPRING.

WALTZ OF SPRING is modern sterling, exquisite in line and perfect in proportion. The silhouette suggests a maiden whirling happily to the strains of a Waltz. Her graceful head and flowing hair give brilliant movement to the crown of each piece. It's fresh. It's alive. Every detail is fully-formed, in sculptured "Third Dimension Beauty*"—that exclusive quality, found only in Wallace, which gives beauty in front, beauty in profile and beauty in back—perfection from every possible view.

WALTZ OF SPRING captures the always treasured spirit of youth. It will never grow old . . . only more beautiful . . . forever!



*Six piece place setting, Waltz of Spring, \$39.50.
Settings of other patterns from \$35.75 to \$47.75
—all prices include Federal Tax.*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THIRD DIMENSION BEAUTY*STERLING

William S. Warren, famous for his masterpieces of sculpture in sterling silver, is the creator of: STRADIVARI, GRAND COLONIAL, ROSE POINT, GRANDE BAROQUE, SIR CHRISTOPHER, ROMANCE OF THE SEA. And now . . . WALTZ OF SPRING.

WALLACE STERLING

Sandpaper Hands feel *Caressable* in 10 Seconds!



Cashmere Bouquet *Hand Lotion*

Absorbs Like A Lotion . . . Softens Like A Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . “Sandpaper Hands” are smoothed and softened to lovely “Caressable Hands” with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they’re romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet “fragrance men love”!

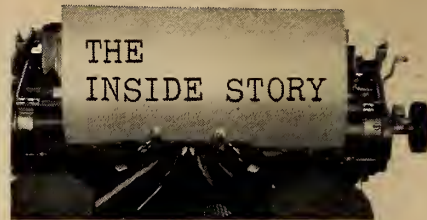
**NEW! Cashmere Bouquet
French Type Lipstick!**



*Stays Moist!
Stays Bright!
Stays On!*



25¢ and 47¢



(Continued from page 4)

A. Miss Hutton credits her husband in private; they are not fighting.

Q. Which stars are the biggest tipplers?
—V. T., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A. Martin & Lewis, Jack Benny, Mario Lanza, and George Jessel, among others.

Q. Was Jane Russell's recent illness caused by the premature birth of a child?
—A. J., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. According to Miss Russell's doctors, she suffers from anemia.

Q. Does Joan Crawford have many dates in Hollywood? If so, why isn't she married?
—B. R., CAMDEN, ARK.

A. Miss Crawford has many beaux; she is being extremely careful about a fourth marriage because she has had three marriages that didn't last.

Q. Doesn't Fernando Lamas slip away from Arlene Dahl for quiet dates with his second wife, Lydia?
—N. M., BOULDER, COL.

A. Lamas calls upon his second wife frequently in order to visit with her and their daughter. He is a most considerate father.

Q. I've heard tell that since he left school at the age of ten, Red Skelton has difficulty in reading and writing. What is the truth behind this rumor?
—B. E., VINCENNES, IND.

A. No truth to that rumor at all. Skelton did leave school at an early age, but his first wife, Edna, saw to it that he was instructed by private tutors.

Q. How come Olivia de Havilland was traveling around Europe with a prize-fighter named Frings?
—H.T., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. Kurt Frings, a former pugilist, is now Miss de Havilland's agent.

Q. According to their written agreement, doesn't Jerry Lewis get 65% of the Martin-Lewis earnings?
—C.H., PROVO, UTAH.

A. There is no written agreement; the split is 50-50.

Q. Does Judy Garland refuse to pose with her new baby because it was premature?
—W.T., WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

A. She has not refused to pose.

Q. Why is it that certain actors refuse to answer fan mail and that someone big like Alan Ladd always does?
—V.T., YORK, PENN.

A. Ladd is a man of vision; those stars who don't answer are short-sighted.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

FUNNY story back of how Johnnie Ray's movie career at 20th got "hot" after being very, very "cold."

After the studio signed the cry-singer, he managed to get quite a bit of bad publicity in various parts of the country, and he made tactless remarks at the time of his separation from Marilyn Morrison Ray.

It had been all set for the weeper to be in Ethel Merman's *There's No Business Like Show Business* until all this came up. Then, without any fuss or bother, it was agreed it might be better to let Ray sit out his contract.

But boss Darryl Zanuck was summoned to Washington to be a dinner guest of President Eisenhower at the White House. By coincidence, Ray was singing in a local theatre the same week.

Darryl had never seen Ray perform and having a bit of idle time on his hands, he decided to drop by the theatre just as Johnnie's act went on.

Result? The boss thought the "cry-Ray-by" was just terrific and telephoned 20th that his contract was very much "alive" again.

THE LETTER BOX: Mrs. P. M. J., of Kansas City, wants to know if the movie stars spank their children or discipline them by the more "progressive" methods. Screen star parents are just like private-life parents on this score, Mrs. P. M. J. Some believe in mild spankings (Joan Crawford, for one). Others adhere to the "progressive" school of thought.

Doris Waterstram, Johnstown, Pa., is a strong rooter for Richard Carlson, "that fine gentleman and actor" who, she feels, doesn't get his share of good screen parts.

Marlene Oechsner, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, writes: "I believe that Jane Powell and Gene Nelson cannot possibly know the terrific disillusionment their actions have brought to the teen-agers of this country."

I haven't been printing service men's addresses lately, but I couldn't resist the plea of two who say, "We are probably the two most unknown people in Korea, as far as receiving mail is concerned." We can't have that, so write to:

CPL Fred W. Ponder RA19378184
HQs & Hqs Battery, 75th FA Bn
APO 264 c o Postmaster,
San Francisco, California

And to his buddy, PFC Robert G. Larue RA13425501, same address.

That's all for now. See you next month.



Donald O'Connor attended Joanne Gilbert's Mocombo opening with frequent date Marilyn Erskine just before illness sent him to hospital.

Dummies don't perspire

...but real live girls need MUM®

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that cause perspiration odor.



Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria... doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Usable right to the bottom of the jar. Get Mum—stay nice to be near!

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

The quiet Wayne marriage exploded into court last summer and hasn't left the headlines yet. Now after months of trial by rumor, Duke can answer back.

the big guy takes the stand

BY SANDY CUMMINGS



■ Barring a last minute out-of-court settlement, Hollywood and the public are going to be treated, on October 19, to one of the toughest, roughest legal battles ever waged between a movie star and his wife.

John Wayne, forty-six, and his hot-tempered, excitable, thirty-year-old wife, Esperanza, are scheduled to throw the book at each other in a divorce suit that will make world-wide headlines.

These two handsome people, once so tenderly and romantically in love, now dislike each other with such violence and intensity that they are prepared to make public the most private aspects of their marital confusion.

"Chata," as Mrs. Wayne is known throughout the film colony, has charged John Wayne with beating her. That charge is already part of the public record.

So, too, is Duke Wayne's denial. "I have never in my life struck Mrs. Wayne," the actor testified in court last May. "But there have been many times," he continued, "when I have had to protect myself from her temper. I've held her hands and feet but only to protect myself."

When Wayne made that statement in court, his wife, sitting next to her lawyer, suddenly crimsoned. "Why! That's a lie," she blurted out.

Spectators smiled. The picture of Duke Wayne, six feet, four inches tall, weighing 200 pounds, protecting himself from Chata, five feet, seven and 135 pounds, conjured up such a comic scene, that several of the more uninhibited people in the courtroom were startled into laughter.

There is no doubt (*Continued on page 76*)



**"HI! I'm
Pat Crowley**

I haven't been in Hollywood very long but here I am a star in Paramount's new picture "Forever Female." You KNOW all the other stars in the picture but you probably don't know me from Adam! Well, maybe from Adam because I'm a girl. And that's what "Forever Female"

is all about... girls and naturally men. Jeepers, isn't that what everything is all about? But in "Forever Female" we've got a new—and very funny—slant on it.

First, there's a TRIANGLE composed of three big stars... Ginger Rogers as a glamorous Broadway actress; Paul Douglas as a producer and Ginger's last year's hubby; William Holden as a playwright and Ginger's this year's hobby. Then I step in and throw the whole thing into a QUADRANGLE! WOW!"



starring

**GINGER ROGERS
WILLIAM HOLDEN
PAUL DOUGLAS** WITH JAMES GLEASON
AND INTRODUCING PAT CROWLEY



Produced by Pat Duggan
Directed by Irving Rapper • Written
by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein
Suggested by J. M. Barrie's play "Rosalind"
A Paramount Picture.

20th Century-Fox
presents

The Robe

TECHNICOLOR

The New Dimensional Photographic Marvel

②

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Produced by
FRANK ROSS

20th Century-Fox presents A CinemaScope Production **The Robe** starring **RICHARD**
with Jay Robinson • Dean Jagger • Torin Thatcher • Richard Boone • Betta St. John • Jeff Morrow • Dawn Addams

in **CINEMASCOPE**



Acclaimed the
Greatest Step
Forward in
Entertainment
History!

about **CINEMASCOPE**

No. 1 shows how the flat ordinary screen is dwarfed by the newly created curved Miracle Mirror Screen.

Nos. 2, 3, 4 show how CinemaScope's superior new Stereophonic Sound enhances the scope of audience participation.

No. 5 shows how the new Anamorphic Lens creates infinite depth and life-like reality to engulf you in the action on the screen.

about **The Robe**

The supreme novel of our time as it was meant to be seen, heard, lived! The Miracle Story "reaching out" to encompass you in its awe-inspiring spectacle and breathtaking grandeur.

BURTON • JEAN SIMMONS • VICTOR MATURE • MICHAEL RENNIE
• Ernest Thesiger • Leon Askin Screen Play by PHILIP DUNNE • From the Novel by LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

Directed by
HENRY KOSTER

NEW!

TWO-IN-ONE TALC!



1. It's a deodorant!
2. It's a refreshing body powder!

April Showers

DEODORANT TALC

Now! Discover for yourself this wonderful "two-in-one" talc that gives you all-day deodorant protection—and, at the same time, keeps skin soft and smooth—fresh as April Showers—all over.

Family size, 50¢

FAVORITE WITH BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

"A/S"

STICK DEODORANT

So easy to apply... glides over the skin!

This "Always Safe, Always Sure" deodorant gives sure, lasting protection. In solid-stick form—wonderful for traveling—not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢

Prices plus tax.



by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter



LONG HUNCHES:

Gene Nelson's best friends, Gordon and Sheila MacRae and Marge and Gower Champion, deserted him when he left his Miriam for Jane Powell. They're sticking by Miriam's side . . . And Jess Barker's pals have deserted him because of that black eye he gave Susan Hayward . . . I've got a feeling Ingrid Bergman will give up her fight to obtain the custody of daughter Pia. Ingrid is completely surrounded by children, now—her own brood of four, including Roberto Rossellini's son by a former marriage, plus what Ingrid describes as "family children," which category includes Roberto's brothers' and sisters' children . . . Her studio fears that Rita Hayworth's romantic interest in Dick Haymes will harm her career.

Shirley Temple, back in Hollywood, tells us she wants to remain "just a housewife." It may be just an attempt to find out whether her fans want her back on the screen or not, but this is what Shirley told me about family life and housekeeping: "I'd rather be doing this than anything I know. I've found great happiness in my marriage and in running my home" . . . Of all the critical raves for *From Here To Eternity*, the lion's share went to Frank Sinatra. Frankie Boy should never have to wait in another nightclub after his performance in this fine movie . . . Ann Blyth asked that the newshounds let up for a while. "We had so much publicity during our courtship and at the time of our marriage," Annie explains.



Temple



Lawford

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

Judy Holliday's husband was reportedly looking down his nose at the many, many public—and private—huddles Judy and Pete

Lawford were having concerning the staging of their nightclub act . . . The noise when Gloria Grahame and Cy Howard broke up was almost as loud as the Susie Hayward-Jess Barker bust-up, the difference being that Gloria and Cy were back together again next day . . . Their friends were pulling for the John and Patti Derek marriage to hold together, and this just before the new baby was due! . . . Joan Crawford is sore at the person who gave out the story that Joan herself doesn't sing the songs in her new picture, *Torch Song*. As a matter of fact, it *wasn't* Joan's voice when the picture went out for its first sneak preview—it was that of a new singer named India Adams. Next thing we knew, Joan



Crawford

had asked studio boss Dore Schary if he would let Joan re-dub it, this time with her own voice, and as we go to press I don't know whose pipes have been decided on, Joan's or India's.

Just before they separated, John Carroll and his wife, casting director Lucille Ryman, tossed a gigantic "breakup party" to which 300 guests were invited . . . Gossip is that Bette Davis' poor health is not being improved by the return from Europe of her ex, William Grant Sherry.



Davis

ODDS BODKINS:

Bob Taylor cabled a birthday bouquet from abroad to his ex, Barbara Stanwyck . . . And once a year Bill Holden sends roses to this same Missy Stanwyck because she once upon a time insisted that he co-star with her in *Golden Boy* . . . Linda Christian, Ty Power's spouse, has three astrologers: one in Hollywood, one in Mexico City, one in Rome . . . Paulette Goddard's Switzerland home is a diamond's throw away from her ex, Charlie Chaplin's. (Continued on page 20)



Mrs. Lily Rekas of Connecticut may be a hardworking wife and mother, but she's also a very attractive woman.

"I wash 9000 pieces of glassware a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

When Lily Rekas lifts a glass to toast her husband, he can see that her hands are as soft and pretty as a bride's.

Yet those hands have to wash *thousands* of glasses a year. (And so do yours!)

Detergents make lighter work for Lily. Detergent suds really *melt* away dirt and grease. But — those suds can also take away the natural oils and youthful softness of your hands!

How does Lily keep her hands so nice? She never forgets this simple step. After detergents or any harsh cleanser—pure, white Jergens Lotion goes right on her hands.

Being liquid, Jergens penetrates instantly (doesn't merely "coat" skin). In seconds, it helps *replace* softening moisture hands need.

It has two ingredients doctors use for softening. And women use much more Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world.

You ought to see Lily's lovely hands. They're two of the best reasons for remembering Jergens Lotion!

So keep on using detergents, and keep on using Jergens Lotion. You can *tell* your husband about your hard work — but don't ever let him feel it in your soft and pretty hands.



Use JERGENS LOTION — avoid detergent hands

Now—lotion dispenser **FREE** of extra cost with \$1.00 size. Supply limited.

Laraine Day listed herself as "Housewife" while paying a \$5 traffic ticket . . . Aldo Ray left Del Mar with \$237 for the Daily Double.

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Audie Murphy hopes the March stork arrival will be a girl . . . Janet Leigh was working on the set of *Prince Valiant* when Tony Curtis came back home from Honolulu. Janet's director, Henry Hathaway, gave her the day off, explaining that he wanted Janet and Tony to "catch up" . . . Whenever Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac are invited to a dinner party, Ginger insists on being seated next to her groom. It's love, kiddies . . . When you ring the bell at Yvonne De Carlo's below-the-road cottage in Coldwater Canyon she sticks her head out the window and hollers. "Come on down but watch out for rattlesnakes!" And y'know something funny—there's something about those dark canyon roads that may mean she ain't kiddin'! . . . Loretta Young and Tom Lewis celebrated their Lucky Thirteenth wedding anniversary.



Rogers and Bergerac

Newlywed Rosemary Clooney is miffed already that spouse José Ferrer doesn't have enough time to be as domestic as she'd like him to be . . . Dinah Shore flew back from an eastern trip in one plane, George Montgomery in another. They never fly together, which is insurance for the children—just in case . . . A recording company asked Katie Grayson to record an album of lullabies with her five-year-old Patty Kate—and Katie says she's willing if Patty is!

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Bing Crosby, in trying to sell his Beverly Hills mansion for \$300,000, didn't get many nibbles because it takes a staff of five to run the estate properly . . . Alan Ladd and Kirk Douglas hoped to return from making pictures in Europe with \$1,000,000 apiece; because of the Government's action on stars spending eighteen months abroad, they'll be lucky if they make \$200,000 apiece. But that, of course, ain't hay! . . . Ann Sheridan has been trying to sell her house, too. It



Palance

cost her \$125,000 originally, plus \$3,000 a month to run it . . . Guy Madison signed a contract to make five more pictures for Warners, in addition to *Feather River* and *Rear Guard*, at \$100,000 each, that's how hot he is! And Jack Palance, who couldn't get a job eighteen months ago, is now getting \$50,000 per picture. He should thank Joan Crawford every day of his life for insisting that he be her leading man in *Sudden Fear* . . . New York's Hotel Pierre offered Van Johnson \$3,500 a week to do his nightclub act in its Cotillion Room . . . The Betty Grable-Harry James deal to play the Chicago Theatre in Chicago is for seventy cents of every dollar taken in at the box office. The Shuberts are after Betty, too, to star in their stage revival of *Ziegfeld Follies* while Harry leads the band.

(Continued on page 22)



Are you in the know?

When planning a blind date for Sue—

- ☐ Choose a lad you like ☐ Brief the doters

You figured Steve's the answer to *any* gal pal's blind date prayer. 'Cause Steve collects be bop (grade A); keeps *everyone* spellbound for hours with those albums! Everyone except Sue, you discover. Her hobby's photography, remember? Moral: choose a couple with kindred interests. And brief the daters about each other, so they'll be set for conversation. To set a gal at ease at problem time, Kotex is the answer; gives softness that *holds its shape*.



To add greenery to your allowance—

- ☐ Try tontrums ☐ Present a statement

Shrewish tactics won't budge Dad. For "green thumb" results in wallet care and feeding—present a statement of your living costs; offer to meet Dad halfway by foregoing a few luxuries, phone sessions. Of course, as to "certain" needs, it pays to buy the finest . . . Kotex. For what's more important than peace of mind—with the extra protection this napkin gives?



If you'd hoist a receding chin, check—

- ☐ Your hat ☐ Your hairdo ☐ Your neckline

If your profile tends to backslide, check the 3 items mentioned above. Keep your hats simple, forsaking all angles. Your hair? Soft—(and shorten that mane!) Also, duck the draped or cowl neckline: definitely not your dish. Come "those" days, you can build up your confidence—via one of the 3 absorbencies of Kotex. Try Regular, Junior, Super.



More women choose KOTEX[®] than all other sanitary napkins

Want to get "certain" facts straight?

- ☐ Ask Sis ☐ See a librarian ☐ Read "V.P.Y."

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, free booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations (by Walt Disney Productions). Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and don't's a girl should know. Send for your copy today. FREE! Address P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 13113, Chicago 54, Ill.



© T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

At last... a "Calorie-Curve Control" girdle!



Imagine! Hidden "finger" panels *plus* new non-roll top that slim, firm and control you without a single seam, stitch, bone or stay!

Just as the hands of a sculptor fashion beautiful contours—so the invisible "fingers" of Magic-Controller smooth and mold *your* figure and control those "Calorie-Curves."



New Playtex[®] Magic-Controller!

Now available in all **3** styles:

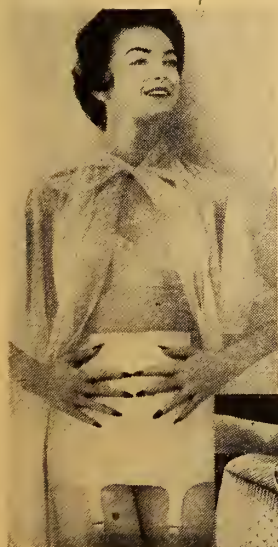
Garter girdle — Panty with garters — Panty brief

With freedom and comfort you never thought possible, Magic-Controller firms and flattens your figure from waist to thighs—controls those "Calorie-Curves" as never before!

And the secret? Those hidden "finger" panels that slim and smooth, that non-roll top that stays up without a stay!

Invisible under sleekest clothes, Magic-Controller fits and feels like a second skin. Cloud-soft fabric lining inside, lovely textured latex outside, it's one piece and wonderful! Wash it in seconds—you can practically watch it dry.

Feel that soft-as-a-cloud fabric lining—see the lovely textured latex outside.



**Playtex Magic-Controller*...
Now in all 3 styles**

Garter Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, \$7.95

Panty Girdle . . . with 4 reinforced adjustable garters, \$7.95

Panty Brief, \$6.95

Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles, from \$5.95

Other famous Playtex Girdles, from \$3.50

Extra-Large sizes slightly higher.

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

Let LISTERINE help you get through the winter with fewer COLDS or SORE THROATS



Take A Tip from the Nelsons! See and Hear
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"
Two different shows, radio and television, every
week. See your paper for times and stations.

Used Promptly and Often, Listerine's Germ-Killing Action Can Often Help Head Off Trouble Entirely or Lessen Its Severity.

At the first sign of a sneeze, snuffle, cough or irritated throat, start the family on that wonderful Listerine Antiseptic gargle . . . and keep it up!

You may spare yourself and your family a long siege of colds. That is also true of sore throats due to colds.

Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine fights infections as an infection should be fought . . . with quick, germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (see panel above).

These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces

Kills germs like these
way back on throat surfaces



- (1) *Pneumococcus* Type III, (2) *Hemophilus influenzae*,
(3) *Streptococcus pyogenes*, (4) *Pneumococcus* Type II,
(5) *Streptococcus salivarius*.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

before they attack you. Tests showed that germs on mouth and throat surfaces are reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling . . . as much as 80% even an hour after.

Fewer Colds for Listerine Users

Remember that tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine had fewer colds and generally milder ones, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

We repeat, at the first symptom of a cold—a sneeze, cough or throat tickle—gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It has helped thousands . . . why not you?

At the first symptom . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**
... Quick and often!

hollywood report continued

SEX APPEAL:

Hey, how about that Clark Gable, shaving off his mustache after all these years! . . . And wait until you gals get a load of Clark's hare-chested scenes in *Mogambo* . . . The Swiss press calls Elaine Stewart "Miss Everything" . . . The fans really mobbed Stewart Granger at the Hollywood preem of *All The Brothers Were Valiant*.



Gable

And did he love it! Gail Russell is in top shape again, thanks to her sessions with a psychiatrist, and is expected to be back at making movies soon. Make you happy? Does me! . . . Marlon Brando ordered a dozen monogrammed polo shirts. Getting fancy-pancy, haa?

Sight-of-the-month: Jane Russell on Sunset Boulevard in a green, orange, gold and purple get-up . . . Shelley Winters shaved her waistline to twenty-four inches, which is two inches smaller than it was before she met Vittorio Gassman! . . . The scar left over from Burt Lancaster's operation rules out all beefcake photos of our boy for months . . . Zsa Zsa, Jolie, Eva and Magda Gabor all had nose hobs by the same doctor . . . The one gal I know who looks good with her nose fixed: Jan Sterling. I saw Judy Garland jouncing along out at Warners, where she's doing the musical remake of *A Star Is Born* wearing tight blue jeans and pink shirt, and must say Judy sure didn't lose weight where she hadn't oughta!

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Marilyn Erskine brought a five-pound box of candy to Donald O'Connor in the hospital . . . Lew Ayres and Mona Knox are getting to be a habit . . . Diana Lynn discovered a U. S. Navy Commander in London and told a pal she prefers him to anyone she's met in years . . . Gene Tierney was in London and Aly Khan was in Paris—so the French phone strike had them speechless! . . . While doing a personal appearance at *El Rancho Vegas* in Las Vegas, Vic Damone started dating a showgirl there named Sandy Sims. Sandy got one of the new Italian haircuts to go with her new date.



O'Brien

Dick Egan and Ann Sothern now tell chums they'll never marry . . . Tennis is Topic B with Marie Windsor and Craig Stevens . . . It has been whispered around that the Vera-Ellen-Dr. Al Meitus pairing is sure to end at the altar . . . Steve Rowland, the new young actor, sent Margaret O'Brien a dozen orchids when she did a stage stint in Chicago.

Terry Moore, who has been dating Nicky Hilton, Liz Taylor's ex, has this to say about him: "Lots of people don't understand Nicky like I do." Where've I heard that before? (And of course you knew that Terry's ex, Glenn Davis, used to date Liz!)

Ginny Simms lent silverware to her ex, Boh Calhoun, for a party he tossed . . . Jennifer Jones and husband David Selznick arrive at dinner parties in separate cars. I just don't know why and they're just not saying.

"Keep that soft misty glamour

RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR TOES,"

says Ava Gardner



*Ava Gardner, star of
M-G-M's Technicolor
MOGAMBO,
finds Bur-Mil Cameo
stockings the greatest
aid to leg flattery
since nylon itself.*

Ava Gardner and dozens of other M-G-M stars know that shiny stockings pick up ugly highlights, make lovely legs look unshapely. That's why M-G-M stars wear Bur-Mil Cameo stockings on the screen and off. Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish glamourizes their legs with a permanently soft, misty dullness.

And Cameo adds more Leg-O-Genic glamour with Wonder Top nylons—the top stretches for new comfort, the stockings fit beautifully! Personally proportioned Bur-Mil Cameo nylons give up to 40% longer wear by actual test, too!

Cameo Wonder Top nylons . . . \$1.50
Other Cameo nylons from \$1.15 to \$1.65

BUR-MIL
CAMEO
STOCKINGS
WITH EXCLUSIVE
face powder finish

ALSO MADE IN CANADA BY BURLINGTON MILLS HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER FINISH AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION.

movie reviews *by florence epstein*

PICTURE OF THE MONTH



THE ROBE The long-awaited Technicolor version of Lloyd C. Douglas' famous novel is a movie milestone in which 20th Century-Fox has unveiled its new super-wide CinemaScope process for the first time. Heading the all-star cast is Richard Burton as Marcellus, the young Roman officer assigned to the Crucifixion. Having incurred the hatred of the Emperor's son Caligula (Jay Robinson), over the purchase of the Greek slave Demetrius (Victor Mature), Marcellus is sent to garrison duty in Jerusalem while Caligula takes the opportunity to make advances to Marcellus' fiancée (Jean Simmons). Marcellus and Demetrius arrive in the Holy City on Passover eve, witnessing the Messiah's entrance into Jerusalem. Demetrius is converted to the new religion, but Marcellus is contemptuous, gambles for Jesus' robe on Golgotha. When he puts it on he becomes violently conscious of his guilt and feels he has gone mad. Demetrius picks up the robe and escapes. Returning to Rome, Marcellus finds that the "bewitched" robe has become a symbol, is ordered to find and destroy it. But Marcellus himself is converted, and with the disciple Peter (Michael Rennie), witnesses the torture and death of Demetrius and his miraculous resurrection. CinemaScope, by the way, is neither 3-D nor just wide screen. It is a wide angle on a curved screen combined with three-dimensional sound for a new kind of realism. No goggles.



THE CADDY In case you've wondered how Martin and Lewis teamed up, *The Caddy* will tell you. You see, Jerry's father was a golf champ. Jerry could have been one, too, it crowds didn't panic him, and if every time he eyed the ball the ball didn't wink. Martin's father owned a fishing boat, but a glass of water could make Martin seasick. It was inevitable Martin would meet Lewis. Martin's sister (Barbara Bates) was engaged to him. Jerry persuaded Martin to enter golf tournaments. Lewis caddied and was always left holding the bag. Martin got invited to swank parties; Lewis got the gate—watchdogs pursued him, butlers snubbed him. But whenever Lewis fell on his face, or into a swimming pool, there was always a little fat man standing about three feet away, helpless with laughter. You ought to be in show business, he kept saying. And it was this little fat man who put them there, that is, according to *The Caddy*, whose cast includes Donna Reed, Fred Clark, Clinton Sundberg and Romo Vincent.—*Para.*



GIVE A GIRL A BREAK When a star turns prima donna and walks out on a Broadway musical, what are you going to do? "Give a girl a break," says Gower Champion, director and co-star of said musical. Next day the theatre's flooded with anxiety-ridden hopefuls, among whom are Debbie Reynolds, Marge Champion and Helen Wood. These three are great but they can't all fit into one costume. Gower is with Marge, Bob Fosse—general assistant and coffee runner—lapses into a coma over Debbie, and composer Kurt Kasznar turns calf-eyes toward ballerina Helen Wood. Colorful dances, based on daydreams of love and glory enter here. The Champions float against a backdrop out of the Modern Museum; Debbie and Bob break up a jungle of bright balloons and Kurt, uncomfortable in fuchsia tights, hurlesques a *pas de deux* with swan-like Helen Wood. Ira Gershwin wrote the lyrics to music by Burton Lane. And Stanley Donen directed.—*M-G-M.*

Tampax
does
so much
for you!

We might have said: "Tampax is sanitary protection the wearer can't even feel."

We could have said: "Tampax avoids embarrassing odor."

We thought of saying: "Tampax is so easy to dispose of."

But Tampax does so much for you that it's difficult to single out any one advantage. We want you to learn about Tampax, knowabout Tampax, try Tampax—because we honestly believe it makes "those days of the month" much easier for women.

Tampax is worn internally. It's not only invisible, but actually unfelt, once it's in place. No more bulky external pads—no more belts, no more pins. You can even wear Tampax while you're taking your shower or tub.

And how refreshingly different it will be to have sanitary protection that's so small you can actually carry a month's supply in, your purse. Do try Tampax! It's available at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

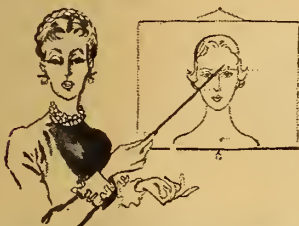


Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

The deep secret of Dry Skin care

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

There's no mystery about the problems of dry skin. The flakiness, the "grainy" look it gives make-up, and the little dry lines that hint of wrinkles are all too familiar to many of us. The puzzle is why more women don't learn how lovely dry skin can be.



Dry skin, with proper care, is apt to be far more delicate-looking, clearer of blackheads, enlarged pores and blemishes than any other type. And the finest care I can recommend is a single cream so effective that a five-minute application really gets results—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream.



The secret of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream's success is literally a "deep" one. All face creams, naturally, contain softening ingredients, but many simply grease the surface of the skin.

Woodbury, however, also contains an exclusive ingredient called Penaten which carries the lanolin and four other rich softening oils deep into the important corneum layer of your skin.

5-minute facial—
that really works

Smooth rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin with gentle upward strokes. Leave it on for 5 minutes, then tissue off. Your mirror will reflect a fresher, more youthful look than you've had in years. Penaten helps the oils penetrate so quickly that five minutes does the trick—provided you do it faithfully every day. And if you'll act now while the sale lasts, you can get the big \$1.00 size Woodbury Dry Skin Cream for only 69¢ plus tax—so little for such priceless results!

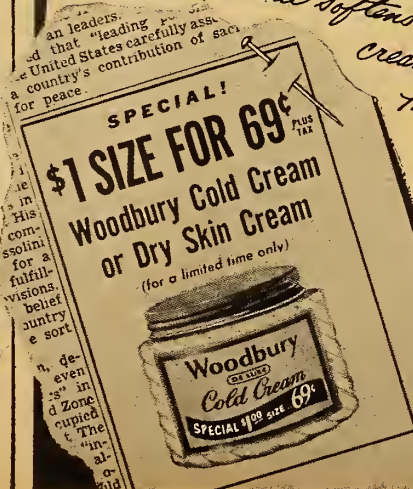


Eleanor Parker
writes a
"thank you"
note



Eleanor Parker

Dear Helen—
Thanks for saying I looked nice in my latest picture! And I'll report, since you ask, that I use Woodbury Cold Cream. It has an ingredient called Penaten (exclusively Woodbury's) which makes the cream penetrate deeply into pore openings and loosen every particle of hidden dirt. I find Woodbury cleanses and softens more thoroughly than any cream I ever used. (And now the dollar size is only 69¢!) Try it. You'll find Woodbury Cold Cream leaves your skin so fresh and soft. Thanks again. Eleanor



Why Be Fat?



Ilona goes on a picnic. "Ayds has done marvelous things for my figure," she says. "I not only lose weight but I look and feel better, too."



Ilona with canine friend. "Many of my friends take Ayds. I recommend it to everyone who wants to have a lovely figure," says Ilona.



Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you! At your drug or department store.

Ilona Massey Tells You How to Reduce

No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box (\$2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. It contains no drugs or laxatives.

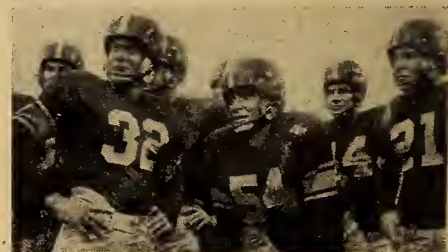
New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.



THE STAND AT APACHE RIVER Most pictures starring Stephen McNally seem pretty good to me. *The Stand at Apache River* is a tense, exciting western. It concerns only the siege of an inn at a stage-coach stop by a band of Apaches. But what emerges amid the violence and terror are several effective if somewhat sketchy portraits. There's the Colonel, Hugh Marlowe. Killing Apaches amounts to a disease with him, giving you more than a glimmer of how corruption turns power into evil. Pitted against Marlowe is McNally, a sheriff. He also stands for power, which he tries to temper with reason. Even so, his reason often explodes into self-righteous wrath and he has the muscle to back it. Among the women, Julia Adams is more or less a sweet, brave thing, but Jaclynne Greene, the innkeeper's wife, is a bitter, frightened person who deteriorates rapidly under pressure. This isn't 3-D, for which you'll be thankful when the arrows start whizzing by. Technicolor—U.I.



LITTLE FUGITIVE As any psychologist will tell you, it isn't easy to be somebody's kid brother. Especially when you are about six years old and big shot and his friends think you're nothing but a pest. *Little Fugitive* started out as a study of a couple of siblings caught in Brooklyn, but what it turned into was a day at Coney Island. If you've never been to Coney, this will be instructive. Big shot (Ricky Brewster) sprinkles ketchup on his chest and falls down. His kid brother (Richie Andrusco—and that is a darling boy) has a gun in his hand, so he thinks he has committed murder. He runs away, via the subway, and has a ball at the amusement park with everybody accepting his dough and no questions asked. Big brother repents, finds him on the beach and takes him home again, not much the worse for wear. But it will come out on the analyst's couch some day, don't worry. Where was Mama? Out visiting a sick relative. Ray Ashley and Morris Engel produced *Little Fugitive*. What it lacks in professional polish is made up in eager intensity.



THE ALL-AMERICAN All-American Tony Curtis quits football the day his parents are killed en route to a game. His father had wanted him to be an architect, so he picks up a scholarship to an Ivy League school. He belongs in that place the way Marilyn Monroe belongs at Radcliffe. Richard Long, whose father (Donald Randolph) owns most of the school and possibly the entire United States, would like Tony to pack up his pinstripe suit and leave. He is not alone in this desire—until Tony clymb into his cleats and knee-guards to heap glory on alma mater. Pretty soon you can't tell Richard Long from an alcoholic, he's that depressed about democracy in action. Anyway, Long passes out in a beer-joint under the guidance of his off-limits sweetheart, Mamie Van Doren. When Tony tries to save Richard from himself, Mamie opens a beer bottle on his head. The eve of the big game, too. Want to bet Tony plays in that game? Richard, too. Cast includes Lori Nelson, Gregg Palmer, Herman Hickman—U.I.



DEVIL'S CANYON Five hundred men and a girl (Virginia Mayo) are serving time together in the Yuma Territorial Prison, a prison that makes Sing Sing look like heaven. Virginia has it easy—she works in the hospital. But Stephen McNally, a brutal killer, Dale Robertson, who shot McNally's brothers in self-defense and 498 other prisoners, including Arthur Hunnicutt, aren't ecstatic. The warden (Robert Keith) is okay, but the chief guard (Jay C. Flippen) is slightly sadistic. He figures it's a good day when three or four prisoners expire on the rock pile. He doesn't like Dale. Neither does McNally, who throws a knife at him in the mess hall. Well, McNally and Mayo plan a break, and McNally is bent on turning all the inmates in the direction of Yuma, trusting they will lift the lid off that town. He, personally, will lift the lid off Dale Robertson. But you know what happens to the best laid plans. Naturally, this is in Technicolor and 3-D.—*RKO*.



THE DIAMOND QUEEN Fernando Lamas' old man (Richard Hale) shatters a diamond he's cutting for the crown of Louis XIV. Gilbert Roland throws senior to the guards, but takes junior to India. India is rife with diamonds. India also has a jungle, in the middle of which is a pool, in the middle of which is, of all people, Arlene Dahl. She's bathing. Arlene is Queen of the Nepalese who are currently dying of thirst. It hasn't rained out that way since the diamond eye of their goddess was stolen. To get it back, Arlene will marry Sheldon Leonard, the Great Mogul. He promised it to her for a wedding gift. Give me the diamond, says Fernando to Mogul, and I'll give you France's secret weapon, so you can conquer India. Sure, says the Mogul, much to Arlene's displeasure. That Mogul gets blown to kingdom come during an impromptu demonstration. But Arlene never liked him, anyway. Sujato and Asoka revive interest with their Indian dances. Technicolor.—*Warners*.



THE MOONLIGHTER A lynching mob breaks into jail to hang Fred MacMurray for "moonlighting" (rustling cattle after dark) but they nab some poor critter instead and MacMurray rides back to Barbara Stanwyck. Not that she wants him. You're bad, Wes, bad, she tells him. I don't want no part of you. I and your kid brother are going to be married. Kid brother is a hulking young fellow in his thirties (William Ching) who works in a bank and is dying to rob it. MacMurray and Ward Bond give him the opportunity. Danged if Stanwyck isn't sworn into the posse to track 'im down. Time she catches up to Mac he's pretty disgusted. He didn't want to be a "moonlighter." He *did* want to get even with the lynchers, which vengeance he effected by lassoing a few of them and dragging them over the rocks behind his horse. But somebody forced him into this sordid life. Somebody's initials are B.S. who urged him to get off the farm and make something of himself!—*Warners*.



Out of your Dreams

Somewhere softly,
you hear an organ play.
And in your dreams you happily
glide down the aisle
to the one you love.



- A. TALBOT Ring \$675
(White Gold)
Wedding Ring 150
- B. VISTA Ring \$300
Also 100 to 2475
Wedding Ring 12.50
- C. PINEHURST Ring \$200
Wedding Ring 100

* Man's Diamond Ring \$100.
Available at 75 to 250 to
match all engagement rings.

All rings available in either
natural or white gold. Prices
include Federal tax. Rings
enlarged to show details.

® Trade-mark registered.

Such wonderful dreams are reflected
forever in the radiant beauty of a Keepsake
Diamond Ring. For Keepsake is the bride's
traditional choice . . . the perfect symbol
of love.

If the name Keepsake is in the ring
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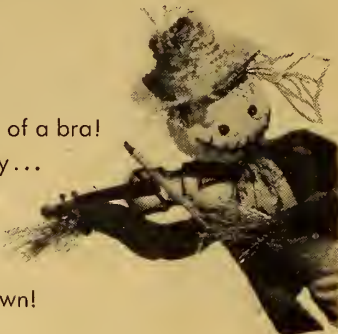
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I dreamed I went square-dancing in my *maidenform bra*

Circle round and watch me whirl
—I'm promenading in my dream of a bra!
I'm stepping lively, looking lovely...
with Maidenform to call the tune
this country style is city-slick.
And don't you love the lift
it gives an old fashioned hoe-down!

Shown: Maidenform's Over-ture*,
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nylon loce and toffeto... from 1.75

There is a *maidenform*
for every type of figure.*
Send for free style booklet.
Maidenform, New York 16



THE GOLDEN BLADE Picture Bagdad in Technicolor—the bazaars, the palaces, the rabble rousers in the square shouting their lungs out. Unrest, you see. The Princess Khairuzan (Piper Laurie) and her pop, the Caliph, (Edgar Barrier) are being plotted against by the chief minister (George Macready) and his sub-normal son (Gene Evans). Nobody counted on Rock Hudson to come galloping in, brandishing the Sword of Damascus, a golden blade which hacks through iron like nobody's business. The blade has magic powers, and it's always falling into the wrong hands at the most crucial moments. It finally gets plunged into a stone wall at the palace and the legend goes that he who would rule must unsheathe it. Plenty of blood is spilled meanwhile; there's an old fashioned joust and enough plots and counter-plots to make you dizzy—but not bored. *The Golden Blade* has a delightful Arabian Nights flavor.—U-I.



INFERNO Bob Ryan was just another millionaire until his wife (Rhonda Fleming) and a clean-cut chap named William Lundigan left him in a western desert to rot. It isn't really murder, is it? Rhonda asks Lundigan who has been studiously covering up their tracks and throwing evidence all over the Rocky Mountains to make it look like accidental suicide. It's murder, says Lundigan, the realist, but he overlooks one thing: Robert Ryan is not about to die, even though he's perched like an eagle in an aerie with nothing but a broken leg and a canteen of water to occupy his mind. When he realizes what his treacherous bride has in her mind he leaps—or limps—into action. Displaying all the ingenuity of a caveman with a 20th century brain, he gets the devil out of that wasteland. How he does it is what makes this picture. Watch out for the snake—it'll leap right into your popcorn.—20th Century-Fox.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY (Col.): A brilliant portrait of Army lives and loves adapted from James Jones' best seller. Excellent performances by Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr and Donna Reed.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES (20th-Fox): Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell in tights and Technicolor as Anita Loos' uninhibited gals with diamonds on their minds. Also involved: Charles Coburn, Tommy Noonan, Elliott Reed.

LATIN LOVERS (M-G-M): Lana Turner doesn't know what to do with all her money and can't decide whether to let millionaire John Lund or masterful Latin Ricardo Montalban help her out. Technicolor.

THE BAND WAGON (M-G-M): Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse team for top-notch dancing in this above-average musical; delightful songs and a lot of Technicolored fun with Oscar Levant, Nanette Fabray and Jack Buchanan.

ISLAND IN THE SKY (Warners): John Wayne and a crew of Army pilots are downed in a Greenland snowstorm; Colonel Walter Abel makes a desperate attempt to locate the lost men before their supplies run out.

EAST OF SUMATRA (U-I): Jeff Chandler, Marilyn Maxwell, and Suzan Ball get involved in a South Sea tussle with native chieftain Anthony Quinn over a tin mine. When the engineers find their supplies cut off they decide to settle matters by duel with flaming torches and daggers. Technicolor.

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

** Highly Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars: Average

RECORD OF THE MONTH

PEGGY LEE—*Black Coffee* LP ** (Decca).

Superb singing by Peggy in her mellowest mood, with the simplest and most effective accompaniment she's ever had—just Pete Candoli (alias "Cootie Chesterfield") on trumpet, plus piano, bass and drums. In addition to the title song, *Easy Living* and *A Woman Alone With The Blues* are highlights.

FROM THE MOVIES

AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER—title song by Vicki Young (Capitol).

AFFAIRS OF DOBIE GILLIS—*You Can't Do Wrong Doin' Right* by Barbara Ruick (MGM).

ANNA—title song by Perez Prado* (Victor). *If You Said Goodbye* by Bob Santa Maria (MGM).

Prado has the last word on this popular musical subject with his unusual Latin treatment. Other side is an original Prado composition dedicated to the star of the film and called, aptly enough, *Silvana Mangano*.

DANGEROUS WHEN WET—*Ain't Nature Grand* by Blue Barron* (MGM).

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY—title song by Frank Sinatra* (Capitol).

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR—*Nowhere Guy* by Ella Fitzgerald** (Decca); Beryl Davis (MGM); Bernice Parks (Mercury). *If I Love You A Mountain* by Jane Froman* (Capitol); Johnny Prophet (Coral). *You* by Beryl Davis (MGM); Johnny Prophet (Coral).

LIMELIGHT—*Eternally* by Vic Damone (Mercury).

MOON IS BLUE—title song by Doris Drew (Mercury).

THE PRESIDENT'S LADY—title theme by Jackie Gleason (Capitol); Leroy Holmes* (MGM).

RETURN TO PARADISE—title song by Lita Roza (London).

SCARED STIFF—*When Someone Wonderful Thinks You're Wonderful* by Peggy Mann* (Coral).

SHANE—*Call Of The Far Away Hills* by Victor Young* (Decca); Ken Curtis (MGM); Paul Weston (Columbia). *Dolores Grey* (Decca). *Eyes Of Blue* by Richard Hayman* (Mercury).

SO THIS IS LOVE—title song by Leroy Holmes (MGM).

SOMBRERO—*Ufemia* by Ken Remo (MGM).

ENJOY FALL'S GLORIOUS

Get away time

Get set to make your "get away" from that working world... to enjoy a delightful weekend in the Big City, gay vacation at a dude ranch, friendly visit back home, thrilling football game—or any of a hundred other exciting things-to-do in Autumn!



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ANN BLYTH, CO-STARRED IN MGM'S
"ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT"

ANN BLYTH agrees... Every girl
needs a **LANE** in her life!



Unusual modern chest in Seafoam mahogany with roomy drawer in base. Model #2853. **\$79⁹⁵***
Also in blond oak, #2852; Cordovan mahogany, #2856. Lane Table, #240. Chest price,



A LANE CEDAR CHEST is the gift that tells you—more tenderly than words—how much someone cares. It's a beautifully sentimental way for that someone to bring you nearer to your happiest expectations—for the future. Magically, a Lane gathers a heavenly collection of blankets, quilts,

fine bed and table linens, delicate lingerie. And how wonderfully it protects them—especially the woolens! It keeps precious things sweet-smelling and fresh—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can. One garment saved from moths can pay for a handsome Lane!

Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 3/4-inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, with a moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. Z, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

LANE CEDAR CHESTS

Also makers of
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Many Lane Chests at...

\$49⁹⁵*
Easy terms

*\$5.00 higher in the West due to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada.

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Attractive modern in lustrous walnut. Self-lifting tray. Model #2874. Also in gray walnut, #2869. Each, \$59.95.*



BEDROOM

Streamlined modern in figured blond Sonora. Aroma-tight and pressure-tested. Self-lifting tray. Model #2700—\$69.95.*



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Handsome 18th Century chest in rich mahogany with convenient self-lifting tray for smaller things. Model #2601—\$59.95.*



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Stunning modern in blond oak, with self-lifting tray. Model #2966. Also in Seafoam mahogany, #2970. Each, \$59.95.*



LIVING ROOM

18th Century chest in glorious mahogany. Full-length drawer in base, simulated drawers above. Model #2221—\$79.95.*



FOYER

Striking modern in blond oak with simple, charming lines. Self-lifting tray. Model #2968. Also in walnut, #2995. Each, \$49.95.*

They were married twice—
to each other,
and now they've come to
their second separation.
After seven years of trying,

"It just didn't work"

BY ALICE FINLETTER

■ A tall young actor was sitting in his room in the Hotel Sherry-Netherland looking down on New York's Central Park.

His name was Jeff Chandler, and he had come to the big city to do promotion work for a film, *The Great Sioux Uprising*, in which he was playing the lead.

This thirty-four-year-old giant with the deep bass voice and the prematurely grey hair should have been happy. After all, this was his home town. This was the return of the native, a classic example of the local boy who had made good to the tune of almost \$3,000 a week.

Only Jeff wasn't happy. He had just finished speaking to his wife in Hollywood, and Marge hadn't changed her mind. She wanted a divorce. No hurry about it, but after seven years of trying, they both knew it was hopeless. Divorce was the answer.

Jeff got up and paced his room, and as he did, a soul-searing realization overwhelmed him—the more successful his career, the less successful his marriage.

In seven years he had worked his way up from nothing to full-fledged stardom, and in those same seven years his marriage had deteriorated (*Continued on page 81*)





A MODERN SCREEN EXCLUSIVE, AS IT WAS TOLD TO HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST REPORTER.

THE SHOCKING FAILURE OF SUSAN HAYWARD'S MARRIAGE

by Louella Parsons

■ She had been in hiding for the few days after the story of their startlingly sudden separation broke. When she came in, I noticed she was trying to keep one side of her face away from me.

"Susie, darling, don't do that," I said, "I already know about that black eye Jess gave you. Don't you know, by now, that you don't have to keep anything from me? I'm your *friend*."

Suddenly, she was in my arms, not crying or sobbing, but holding me tight, just as she used to do when she was one of my little starlets on our stage road tour and someone had hurt her feelings.

No, she was not crying as I patted her shoulder, because she was past that stage. The tears had dried up long before this, or else they were dropping back inside instead of spilling down her face.

That poor eye. So discolored and swollen. The whole side of her face was puffed, distorting one of the loveliest faces in the world.

It was as though an artist with a misplaced sense of drama had made one side of a woman's face perfect and the other bruised and discolored.

The girl I have known and been fond of for so many years sat down and started talking almost in the middle of her story, as though the deep hurt were crowding to come out.

"We had been quarreling, and I saw he was going to slap me. He had slapped me many times, but this time I could tell it was going to be worse.

"His face was so distorted with rage I knew he had lost control of himself. I knew I was in great physical danger.

"I was brought up in a tough section of Brooklyn and I've seen men get drunk on their pay nights and beat up their wives, but it was nothing like this.

"He went after my face and I kept running from him, first all over the house and then down by the swimming pool where he caught me."

In a voice so low I had to lean close to hear her, she told me how he beat her unmercifully, blacking both eyes and bruising her body. Susan's screams brought the police to the house. Neighbors had telephoned them. (Continued on page 87)

"Hi, honey— so long, dear"

By Kirtley Baskette



The Hestons have had only one joint vacation in ten years of marriage—and even then, they read scripts.



**They say goodnight on the telephone and they see each other on a movie screen
—but the hectic Hestons are making their long-distance marriage work!**

One lonesome evening, a dainty, brunette doll called Lydia Clarke was happily watching her favorite actor, Charlton Heston, perform Shakespeare's *Macbeth* on a television program. Suddenly she screamed, clapped her hands over her hazel eyes and blanked out, mercifully.

Mrs. Heston had swooned at the sight of a grisly head—unmistakably her husband's—hacked off at the neck, dripping blood and lifted up by its familiar curls before her very eyes.

Luckily, Lydia came to in time to see the man she loved taking bows with a perfectly sound Adam's apple and telling his public he hoped that they had enjoyed the show. Obviously, one of these—his wife—had not. Lydia hadn't known about the flesh colored, rubber head, carefully molded to a perfect likeness of Chuck's features for that gory touch of realism. Her big, lovable, exasperating husband had neglected to tell her about that.

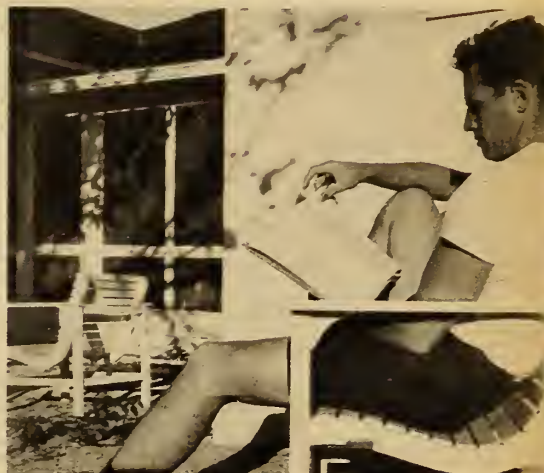
Fortunately, Lydia Heston's recovery from the shock was complete, although she wasn't quite herself for days. She had time to reflect that the long distance married life of two actors left a few things to be desired. At other times, Charlton Heston has had the same misgivings.

On a recent night, for instance—this time when Chuck was in Hollywood and Lydia in New York—he put in a midnight phone call and soon heard the familiar feminine tones of his wife saying, "Hello . . . hello." But at the same time he heard an unfamiliar baritone saying the same thing. Chuck clicked the operator impatiently. "Something's wrong," he complained, "Try it again." She did; same result. Back came the wifely greeting—and the same disturbing man's voice too. Well—you know how husbands are.

"Look," barked Chuck, "I may be old fashioned—but just what the hell is a man doing in your apartment at three o'clock in the morning?"

There was, Lydia came back sharply, no man in her apartment, but obviously some obnoxious male character on her party line. "Get off!" yelled Chuck to the unknown kibitzer and was invited in colorful language to get off, himself. So all that came of that tender long distance contact was a three-cornered hassle, rising blood pressure and some sleeplessness for the Hestons.

Both Charlton and (Continued on page 83)



Chuck feels he has a lot to learn about acting, does TV and theatre work besides movies. Major ambition: to be world's greatest Macbeth.



Both Hestons like outdoor living; hope to settle down in a rustic hunting lodge on their 1300 acres in Michigan's wild north woods.



Evenings together are rare. The Hestons spend many domestic hours in railroad stations, wave anniversary greetings from separate planes.

PERFECT BALANCE

No two people have ever been so together around the clock—

by Jack Wade



how ever can they stay so in love?



■ To the sleepy gas station attendant, the slim figure rapping at his glass door looked like some little girl lost. It was plenty past midnight in Hollywood and he'd seen her scurry across Sunset Boulevard from the darkened front of Schwab's Drug Store. Her round, brown eyes under the blonde, bun-tucked hair looked anxiously troubled, and he thought, "Some dame who got ditched by her date after a hassle."

So when she said, "May I use your telephone?" he just grunted, "Help yourself," and went back to the race track results. But he looked up again when she told the operator, "New York, please," and started feeding half-dollars into the slot as if it were a Las Vegas one-arm bandit.

You couldn't blame him for eavesdropping a bit after that but he didn't hear much. Just this girl telling some Joe across the country, that she loved him and couldn't sleep until she heard (Continued on page 60)



The impromptu "badminton ballet" shown in these exclusive photographs was created for MODERN SCREEN's photographers—who innocently asked for a few pictures of Marge and Gawer Champion at home, "just behaving normally!"



Dress her in jeans, hide her in timber. When Marilyn takes to th



Marilyn has traded Hollywood for the north woods—but just till her new picture is finished. Now she's sitting on fences instead of cushions, wearing blue jeans, and falling into rivers!

by Richard Moore

■ Wrapped in blue jeans instead of marabou, Marilyn Monroe was camping in Jasper National Park with the rest of those who were working on *River Of The Sun*. No matter how Marilyn is costumed, she doesn't look as though she belonged in the north woods. As a matter of fact, although she'd surely look more natural in southern California, she doesn't seem to notice where she is, just now.

For Marilyn Monroe is the most married girl you've ever seen!

For months, everybody has been reading about Marilyn's romance with Joe DiMaggio. Would she marry him? Wouldn't she?

Here's the answer to that. This is a girl in a dream. True, she's wrapped up in her career. So wrapped up that when a visitor arrived on the location scene, he found her pacing back and forth between takes muttering lines. She looked up, caught his eye, said, "When did you get back?" and kept right on pacing and rehearsing.

Later she sat down with him to talk it over. "There may be a surprise for you on the train tonight," he told her, repeating the rumor he had heard (Continued on page 80)

oods—thar's men in them thar hills!

MONROE

and the

WILD LIFE



At twenty-six, Ava's carefree
air hid two tragic marriages and
a mixed-up heart. But
see what four years with
Frankie have done!

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

love begins at 30



■ During Ava Gardner's playgirl period, before she had become the second Mrs. Frank Sinatra, she frolicked in a Hollywood night club with that perennial escort of beautiful women, Peter Lawford.

Ava danced with verve and abandon and grace. She sang as she danced, and occasionally her lips would break into a wide smile as Lawford whispered sweet nothings. Back at her table, she imbibed freely, chain-smoked, greeted friends with warmth and delight; in short, she appeared to be a classic Hollywood Sybarite.

One man, a wise old MGM executive sitting in a corner booth with his wife, wasn't fooled. "You see Ava Gardner?" he asked. The wife nodded.

"There," said the old man, "sits the most mixed-up girl in Hollywood. This one," he went on, "doesn't know whether she feels sad or glad."

"A very beautiful girl," the wife of the MGM executive said. "In fact, the most beautiful girl here."

The studio executive nodded slowly. "Unfortunately," he said, "it's all exterior beauty. All on the face. Inside," he tapped his chest lightly, "the poor kid is bedeviled. A million little devils scurrying inside her soul. I don't think she'll get rid of them until she is thirty. Maybe not even then. Time will tell."

A few weeks ago, he was reminded of his appraisal of Miss Gardner and assured that she is thirty years old now. Does he think she is emotionally unscrambled?

The executive smiled wryly. "To begin with, Ava is now Mrs. Frank Sinatra."

Does that make so much difference?

The executive paused (*Continued on page 88*)



A MODERN SCREEN PHOTOGRAPHER CATCHES UP

Homesick but happy



■ In my pursuit of the Alan Ladds, I checked in at the lush and famous Banff Springs Hotel. Getting lost is a hazard in this tremendous castle-like structure which can accommodate 1200 people. Although it was dwarfed by the huge peaks of year-round-snow-capped Mount Rundel, this place is busier than Times Square on a Friday before a long weekend. Eventually, with the aid of a college student—one of a couple of hundred employed during the tourist season—I made the mile-long trek to my room. There, on the door, was a sign that read:

"Bert: We're waiting for you. Please get in touch."

When I went downstairs, I found the Alan Ladds in a beautiful oak-paneled room, having dinner with the hotel manager and his friends. Sue threw her arms around me and exclaimed, "Golly, it's good to see someone from home." Alan, right behind her, stretched out one sun-tanned paw and gave me a grip of the sort that will break three fingers unless you're braced for it.

(Continued on page 74)



Alan is an enthusiastic golfer; usually averages a near-professional score. Loyal to the links of home, he claims that the Canadian scenery ruins his game!



Ladd believes that being an actor's child may be a handicap; gives kids minimum of pampering, maximum of love.



Alan calls his newest dachshund, Red Beret, "that dope!" The dog practices retrieving on the golf course; once brought Alan an irate young lady's best drive!



David, Alana, and one of the ever-present canine crew pose with Mom and Dad before Banff Springs Hotel.

The experts on Lana's love life have
been wrong every time. This time no one—
not even Lana—is predicting a thing!

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON



anything can happen

■ When Lana Turner is in love, anything can happen. And it just did.

After months of rumors and counter-rumors Lana married Lex Barker at City Hall in Turin, Italy. The wedding came as a surprise in Italy, since the American Consulate had not been informed of the date in advance, as is customary overseas.

At home the wedding was a different kind of surprise. There had been no question of Lex's intentions. The superlatives Barker had used to express his admiration and affection for the 33-year-old actress are endless. Certainly a proposal from the one-time Tarzan was expected to be forthcoming the moment his divorce from Arlene Dahl was final. But nobody knew what Lana's answer would be. Nothing she does seems inevitable. In fact, she didn't know, herself, what she would do. At least, so she said. Here is a portion of a conversation she had only a few weeks ago with a (Continued on page 72)







The 50 x 40, two-story living room typifies the grand scale of the Lanza home; doubles as auditorium for Mario's impromptu concerts.

LANZA LIVES BIG

by Marwa Peterson

■ Among the rumors you might have read about Mario Lanza, are the rumors about his home—stories that his handsome Bel Air house is equipped with gun turrets, secret trapdoors, a tremendous wine cellar, and a great, big gymnasium. All of this is interesting, if not true.

Mr. Lanza does enjoy large-scale living. But he expresses this in outsize livingroom and bedroom furniture—not in arsenals and playing fields.

The Lanza's house is a tremendous, rambling, Mediterranean-style mansion that occupies a knoll overlooking Bel Air, the swankiest residential district in Los Angeles. It is a two-story job, well concealed by lush foliage. Years ago it cost \$250,000 to build.

"Few people can afford to build homes like this any more," Mario says. "The walls are at least two feet thick. We have a private patio paved with beautiful Spanish tiles. We have our own fountains, our own statuary. Really, it's out of this world."

With a housewifely shake of her (*Continued on page 48*)



Betty holds Damon, 8 mos, the latest Lanzo, while Mario beams proudly over his two girls, Colleen, 5, and Elliso, 3.

The Lanzas live in a *casa* in Bel Air—and all of their fourteen rooms overflow with children, guests and singing—and just plain happiness!

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



Muted rose sofas and gold lampshades accent the quiet, cream-colored fireplace and pale green rug; the gold motif is continued in the Chinese scroll design of the mantelpiece.



Mario's favorite combination of green and rose reappear in deeper tones in the farmol dining room. Another Lanzo favorite: the wrought iron chairs and window design.



The paneled library holds Mario's oldest, most prized possessions. Located in a remote corner of the house, it is his private haven. Only Betty is allowed in to dust and straighten up a bit.



The Spanish patio is a completely walled outdoor room, displaying a magnificent tile floor and a barbecue featuring the same tile design and supplementary gas burners.



LANZA LIVES BIG

continued

An office is a necessity for Betty, who must supervise four servants, three highly active children, and a fourteen-room home. Her oversize desk stands at one end of the sun-porch. Note early-model Victrola: Mario's first, it has been treasured for twenty years.



The master suite, in a separate wing of the house, boasts a private stairway, two balconies, and on \$1800 bed—huge, even for Hollywood, but just big enough for the Lanzas' early-morning romps with the kids.



Mario believes childhood is the time for fun, provides kids with plenty of toys. The big pink nursery adjoining the youngsters' sleeping quarters is their first try at a joint playroom for the children.

head, Betty Lanza admits that her house is beautiful. "Only," she adds, "the architect did some pretty funny and impractical things. Maybe he didn't worry about mundane matters, but he forgot to provide sufficient space for hanging clothes. This house is built on a hillside, you know, and the only level spot we could find to hang our clotheslines is under the master bedroom. Also our dressing room closet—it's only large enough for Mario's wardrobe, so I've had to use the linen closet for my things. I took out the shelves and put in some portable racks. On the whole, however, the good features of the place certainly outweigh the bad ones."

The Lanzas have had five homes since they first arrived in California, and this is the only one in which Mario has ever had a music studio where he could work without interruption. He rehearses at least two hours every day, usually from one in the afternoon to three. Many days, however, he will sing for five or six hours, then knock off, play some recordings, or watch tv. The Lanzas have three television sets in the house.

The most striking room in their house is the living room which is really a miniature concert hall. It is fifty feet long, forty feet wide, and thirty feet high. There is a dais at the far end. When the Lanzas entertain and Mario is asked to sing, he mounts this dais and gives out. Singing, of course, is the great passion of his life, and once he is sure the audience is with him, he'll go through his amazing repertoire even if the party lasts until four in the morning.

At a recent Lanza shindig, Della Russell, Andy's wife, asked Mario to sing "Song Of India." By the time the tenor had finished it, Della was crying unashamedly. Mario repeated the song four times before his father insisted upon his doing an old Neapolitan tune.

When the Lanzas first moved into their new home last fall, there was (Continued on page 70)

"Most of us are problems to ourselves.

I have had to be honest and admit it.

But I'm working on it. That's the most

—and the least—a man can do."

to all as to myself

by Dan Dailey

■ It is not to my credit, religiously, (at least it isn't a clear credit) that I served as an altar boy at St. Christopher's in Baldwin, Long Island. Unfortunately, the part of my position I liked the most was the opportunity to appear before an audience. I was more the actor than the acolyte.

When sometimes, as during Holy Week, I was permitted to read to the congregation from the Gospel, I was really in my glory. And I did a good job. Just the same, it ought to be pretty evident that my piety was not all it should have been. It still isn't. But if there are hurdles I still must take, some thinking about myself I still must do to straighten out my views, I am a man of faith, if not in steady church attendance, at least in my overall view. There is a bond. I seek to be deserving of a stronger one.

As I see it, getting to be the person you should be, religiously, takes in more than just your relationship to your church. What you are to your family, to your neighbors, and to your fellow worker must match. I might add that what you are to yourself must be examined sometimes, and straightened out, if you want to do an honest job. This isn't always easy. I've had my troubles.

You can put yourself into the hands of the experts on this sort of thing, the psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, but even they will tell you that ultimately the cure rests with you; it rests on your ability to adjust to a world that is rarely as you would have it.

I remember talking to the administrative head of the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas. He was posting me on my relationship to the institution (*Continued on page 78*)





On Debbie's schedule, friends come first. She keeps her busy young life in order by scribbling notes to herself on an official Girl Scout Calendar.

Is it Bad To be Good?



Debbie's friends let her "go Hollywood" to the extent of owning a pool, but promptly and firmly deflate her when they think she is putting on airs.



Murray Miller and Buddy Scandland give Debbie a hand. She finds asking for help breaks the ice when people are overawed by her stardom.



The kids around Debbie's pool are usually friends from Burbank, rather than members of the movie colony.

She's got
a big thing on
baseball, and
she drinks her
root beer straight.
How natural
can Debbie get?

BY JIM NEWTON

■ A few months ago, the spectators at an industrial league baseball game in California's San Fernando Valley saw that one of the pitchers was blowing up. And they knew why. Seated among the crowd in the crude, wooden stand behind home plate was a young girl who was riding him expertly. "What's the matter?" she would call. "Just because you're cute can't you put the ball over?"

Ever since she had arrived, in jeans and light pullover, people had turned to each other and speculated about her identity. In her attire and manner she was like any of a dozen other girls present, yet everyone agreed that her face was familiar—they had seen her somewhere before. The girl resembled the third baseman on one of the teams, and it was apparent that she was rooting for his side. Several innings passed before everybody found out who she was. Word got around after some old men, retired gaffers who came daily to smoke their pipes and watch the games, were heard speaking to her. "Been watchin' ya, Debbie, while you were away," they said. "Been seein' how you been doin' in the movies."

Debbie Reynolds, after a round of personal appearances through South America and a season of playing summer theatre in the middlewest and southwest, was back home in Burbank and again fitting happily into the ways of the community she loved.

"Oh, you robber!" she screamed at the umpire, as he called a questionable strike on her brother Bill, who was playing for the Burbank Blues against the Blanchard Lumber Nine.

"That's the old Debbie," murmured one of the oldsters approvingly. "That's tellin' him. You hain't forgot your baseball."

Debbie "hain't forgot" more than her baseball. She "hain't forgot" her old friends, her Girl Scout activities, the taste of a double root beer float at Bob's Drive-In around the corner from her home, her mother's sewing room where she always got in her mother's way—and still does—and a thousand and one other warm elements of her girlhood. Riding high in glamourland, where the pitfalls, both social and professional, are as deep as the heights are dizzy, she is so heart-tied to the old and beloved associations of her youth that new ones—the kind that so often trip up a young star—have no undue attraction for her.

As one of her old school friends puts it: "Debbie hasn't pulled a 'boo-boo' yet and she isn't going to. Hollywood isn't going to get her because Burbank's got her!" (Continued on page 62)



Paul Lillard wrote Debbie from Korea; she gave his name to Korean-bound Dan Sites. Now, squired by both, she claims they ignore her!



AUDREY HEPBURN

She is the most exciting new star of 1953—and here is her own story, told in her own words to JANE WILKIE

■ Everything Hollywood has ever accomplished, all the actors it has ever discovered, all the pictures it has produced, have been 'sensational', 'terrific' and 'colossal'. The words have been used so often that by now nobody listens to them.

So when Hollywood got its first look at Audrey Hepburn on the screen, in *Roman Holiday*, the press was left without suitable adjectives. It was necessary, and accurate, to describe this new, young actress in the most complimentary terms, but somehow the correct words sounded empty. She is truly great, but the critics who saw the press preview agreed it was going to be difficult to convince the public that Miss Hepburn is that magnificent.

After the showing was over, the editors present immediately began to plan Audrey Hepburn stories, certain that the minute *Roman Holiday* was released to the public, there would be a surge of curiosity about her. The next morning, Paramount's publicity department was swamped with questions. Where did Audrey Hepburn come from? What was she like? Was she under contract? What did she eat for breakfast? Was she married?

They didn't know a great deal. She had been born near Brussels and educated in England. She had studied ballet, and she had played the title role in the Broadway production of *Gigi*. Her performance drew rave reviews. The show had toured the United States, and William Wyler had contracted her for *Roman Holiday*, to be made in Rome. Before Miss Hepburn was whisked away to eastern cities and eventually to Italy, Paramount publicists managed to learn enough about her to write a brief biography. Unfortunately, Miss Hepburn was not available for interviews. She was in England and would not return to Hollywood until September, when she would star in *Sabrina Fair*.

This was a disappointment to everyone, MODERN SCREEN included. *Roman Holiday* would be released in September, and everybody would want to know all about Audrey Hepburn, at once.

MODERN SCREEN had an idea, though. "It must be done, and there's a way to do it. Tape an interview and send it to her in England, and with Paramount's cooperation, she will tape record her answers and send them back."

So over at Paramount studio, a very uneasy reporter was hooked up to a frightening machine that looked like the instrument panel of a Stratocruiser. Then they stuck a microphone in her hand and said, "Go ahead." (Continued on page 90)

It's been a good life

Ty Power has been
many things—soldier,
playboy, wanderer—
in his search for
inner peace. Now he
is finding what
was there all the time.

BY JOHN MAYNARD

When a film star decides to buck the stage, somebody always wants to know why in thunderation he does it and the star replies that it is a challenge. It is an innocent colloquy, predicated on the knowledge of both that the star is at least temporarily washed up in pictures and is needful of maintaining his wardrobe, his alimony, and his three meals a day.

In the case of Tyrone Power, there occurred a mildly interesting switch. Power, who is not washed up in any sense, still did not bother to reach for the "challenge" handle. He said "security."

"Work," he said, sweating frankly in 106 degrees of Lone Pine, California, heat, "is the actor's only provision for security. It's his back door, the old escape hatch. That goes for the rich ones, too, and how many of *them* do you know? I know some. Got enough money in the bank to last them till they die. Last 'em real fancy, too. But *they* haven't got security. They're stagnant. You know who I mean? Wealthy, idle, miserable in the knowledge of their own limitations, actually very unhappy people. I don't care how well-upholstered a vacuum is, it's a vacuum. Nature hates its guts, as somebody has said before me. And better. You go forward, you go backward, or you die. And if you're going backward, you might as well send the mortician a memo anyway. Just so he can begin scratching around, getting things ready. But the squirrel cage is worst of all." (Continued on page 67)





A tragic sidelight on hollywood glamour

RITA'S



FORGOTTEN CHILD



This 1951 news shot shows Yasmin and her nurse; Rebecca typically in the background. Rebecca is rarely photographed these days.

■ A bored little girl shuffled through the steps of the *Seguidilla* and brought her castanets to a languid stop.

"Rebecca Welles! Please do it right, just once, for me, then you may go."

Eduardo Cansino's pretty, hard-working, second wife, Pat, was again entreating Rita Hayworth's older daughter to work with the rest of the children in the Saturday dancing class. Rebecca thrust out a defiant chin and went through the steps again, mechanically.

Her hair was carelessly combed and

her brown and white checked gingham dress was not particularly becoming. There was no spark of interest or pleasure in her brown eyes.

Across the room, with Rita's housekeeper and two nurses, Rebecca's step-sister, the Princess Yasmin, sat quietly watching the class.

Yasmin, an exquisite little creature, was dressed just as a baby Princess should be dressed. She wore a handmade, pink, French organdy dress. Her softly curled hair shone from careful brushing and her

pink hair ribbon was placed just right.

None of the dancing class mothers or nursemaids seemed to pay attention to the tragic difference between these two daughters of Rita Hayworth. The doting mamas on the sidelines watched their own darlings. Many of them, and a large portion of the American public, have forgotten, perhaps, that Rita Hayworth has an older child named Rebecca.

Suddenly, Rebecca's face brightened. Grandpa (Rita Hayworth's father) had come into the (Continued on page 92)



The nation's newest heartthrob is casual about his success; sprawls happily (and untidily) all over the Sutton Place apartment he took over from Eddie Cantor.

the kid from Philly

Eddie sings about love

but his only love is singing.

Here is the story of America's
new dreamboat—

and the girl he didn't marry!

BY JOAN KING FLYNN

■ Studio 6 B at WNBT-TV was humming.

Outside the door, an usher had a list of those who were to be permitted inside during the rehearsal. It was a long list. In the tv theatre the audience seats were occupied by an assortment of producers, writers, kibitzers, tv technicians, press agents, song-pluggers, fans and friends. They were all there to see Eddie Fisher or to attend to business connected with some offshoot of his career.

The person who seemed least affected by the activity and excitement was Eddie Fisher himself, the star of *Coke Time*.

Because of his vivid coloring, his black curly hair, deep brown eyes and tanned skin, the tall tv star is better (*Continued on page 64*)



Former GI Fisher loves sleeping late,



and well made, sporty clothes.



Life-long pal, Bernie Rich,



drops in for lunch and sociable chat.



Eddie's friend and valet, Willie;



cook, Gypsy, pick up after him,



and advise him as to what to wear.



He goes to TV rehearsal where



he kids guest star Martha Wright



and stops for friendly chat with fans.



Day's end with book on idol, Bing.



and everyone's music but his own.

perfect balance

(Continued from page 37) his voice. He didn't know that for this soothing assurance, Marge Champion had rolled down from the top of the mountain and her lonely house, which didn't have a telephone then, to haunt Schwabs' booths for three hours until they swept her out, trying to talk a Manhattan hotel into violating "Do Not Disturb" instructions. He didn't know how important it was to her just to hear a tall, boyish-looking and undeniably drowsy fellow say the words she had to hear. But then, of course, he didn't know Marge and Gower Champion.

Since Gower had gone to New York, everything had gone wrong. First, the plumbing at their house had burst in the middle of the night. In the studio, three feet of water had poured onto the expensive cork dance floor they'd laboriously sanded to just the right slipper touch. It took Marge, two patrol cops and assorted friends until dawn, bailing and swabbing in hip boots, to save the place. Then a windstorm had whipped up, sending the spare shutters Gow had stacked whistling around the place like boomerangs. After that, a tipsy milkman whirled into the drive and knocked over part of a brick wall and three prize camellias. Two cherished cats had vanished and, just to wrap things up dandy, a cop had ticketed Marge that morning for crossing a white line!

Of course, Marge hadn't let "the Boss" in on the bad news that night—he had the choreography of a Broadway show on his mind. But just saying hello made things better. And he would soon be home. She gunned her roadster back up the hill and flopped into bed.

Luckily, the absent lover blues have seldom seized Marge Champion in her half dozen years of marriage. Marge and Gower have been as inseparable as shadows—walking, eating, working, playing, sleeping.

A few days before last October 5, the graceful, crewcut stringbean Marge Champion loves pulled the gold engagement ring off his dainty wife's finger and took it down to Tobias, the Beverly Hills jeweler. This year the diamond he added to the glittering arc of five is the brightest of all to Marge and Gower—and with good reason.

When he bought that ring, Gower Champion had to scrape the pockets of his lone tuxedo to do it. The Champs were a struggling dance team then, chronically in hock for Marge's gowns, fighting to pay the rent on a basement apartment. They had prospects, it's true, but few dance dates.

Now things are different. As anyone knows, the Champions are the most popular, highest-paid dance duo in America. Since they dazzled Hollywood four years ago with their fairyfooted, romantic grace, they've been the highspots of such picture hits as *Mr. Music*, *Showboat*, *Lovely To Look At*, *Everything I Have Is Yours* and *Give A Girl A Break*. They've also been, and still are, record smashers at the best hotels and nightclubs all over the land and on tv, too. Last year they collected \$130,000 and many awards for this and that. They've got what both have always wanted—a big time career.

The grey house with the black shutters tucked into a Hollywood hillside is also what they've both always dreamed about. And the two barrels of knickknacks, the Lautrec poster and the unpaid-for piano with which they started housekeeping are surrounded by rich (and paid for) antique and modern furnishings, good prints and sketches, shelves of books,

racks of records—all the things that make a house the kind of home both Champions love. They've got relatives all around them, friends galore, five spoiled cats, and two white cars in their garage. But most of all, they've got each other, and a marriage that grows richer and firmer every hour. And that, considering Marge and Gower Champion's Siamese twin setup, is the most amazing accomplishment of all.

Now, ideally the ancient rites of marriage should result in a perfect blending. But in practice, many brides and grooms who have shaken the rice out of their hair will attest that it is nothing of the sort, although it is true that sometimes they get to looking like each other even by the tin anniversary. They talk alike. A sort of mental telepathy develops so that they think the same things at the same time. That's evident in the Champions' dancing which, as one critic marveled, "seems as if they had radar in every muscle." For example, Marge tripped, making an entrance, and fell on her face. Behind her, Gow immediately made the same stumble and flopped the same way.

When they played the Statler hotel in Cleveland, Marge got woozy with a fever. The doctor came and gave her sulfa. Next day she was all over red spots. "Measles," he said. So they slapped her into the contagion ward of the City Hospital with barely time to tell Gow goodbye, and no way of communicating with him—no phone, not even notes that might carry germs. A City doctor took over, and for a couple of days Marge might as well have been in jail.

The place was swarming with speckled kids. One of them peeped at her and blurted, "You don't have measles—you don't have measles eyes." Marge began to wonder. That noon, her original doctor came in. "I'm not supposed to be here," he said, "but your husband keeps insisting you don't have measles. To keep him quiet, I came over." Well, she didn't have measles. Just flu and a sulfa reaction. But how did Gow ever know that, with Marge incommunicado?

That phenomenon is sometimes weird, but it's also fairly common with any Mr. and Mrs. What's remarkable in the Champions' case is that the side-by-side, round-the-clock, foot-away life they lead, constantly under the nervous tension of creating, pressed by deadlines, exhausted by physical exertion, remains a lovebird affair. As a good pal of theirs, a star whose home broke under similar Hollywood strains marvels, "By now, those kids should be sick of each other, but they get sick without each other. The way they live they should be throwing rocks. Instead, they throw kisses. How do they do it?"

MARGE and Gower Champion are very different. The Midget has a personality as open and airy as a barn door. Gower keeps his corked up like a bottle of champagne; when he pops it, the boy can bubble in sparkling style, but usually he's standoffish, even shy. As a new acquaintance put it a little bitingly, "Somebody left the 'I' out of Gower's name." Another long-time friend, warm, demonstrative Nanette Fabray, always used to greet Gow with a hug and a smack until Marge took her aside one day. "Nanny," she said, "if you don't mind, please don't swarm over Gower like that. It makes him miserable." Yet, Marge is inclined to do the same thing to her friends' husbands, or to practically anybody she's fond of.

Marge's piano smile is easily her best feature. Often you wouldn't know Gower had teeth. He's a worrier, she seldom creases a wrinkle. He's the grand sweep boy; Marge ties the ideas down. Gow writes and Marge edits. In most other ways you stack them up they're different.

Marge is a gourmet; food is just food to Gow. She has to watch stuffing; he has to be coaxed to eat. Marge will have a drink or two; her husband doesn't touch the stuff. He likes to get up early; she clings to the hay. In money matters he is extravagant and Marge makes like a Scotch housewife. Gow will shoot the roll on a canvas while Marge argues with a housepainter over how much thinner to use. And so it goes up and down the line—big things, little things—they're no double exposure. But this, some people think, is exactly what keeps their sandwich style married life from going stale.

"You see," explains the same Nanette Fabray, "Marge and Gow don't blend at all—they balance. What Marge lacks, Gower has; what he's missing, she makes up. They need each other every hour. It's as simple as that."

Another factor, as Miriam Nelson (Gene's estranged wife) points out rather wistfully, "is a little item called love." Stanley Roberts, a screen writer, once observed, "When Marge looks at Gower her eyes tell him he's the most important person who ever lived—and to her he is." Experts agree that even in their dancing Gow's "I-could-eat-you-alive" look is a big reason why both sexes, from sixteen to sixty, get mushy inside and stay breathless when they float out on a stage. A huddle of terpsichore critics, analyzing their success, explored every egg-headed angle of technique, training, art and what-all. Finally one blurted, "You can plant me in rows for a corn crop, maybe—but in my book, the extra factor that makes them great is this: You can tell they're so damned much in love!"

WHEN you look beyond moonlight and roses for the ties that bind the Champion marriage, they aren't hard to find.

One of the strongest, of course, is the mutual life's work. It throws Marge and Gower together in what could be explosive proximity. Like the husband and wife who run a chinchilla farm together, they both work every day toward the same goal. They worked toward it separately, as kids, before either looked sideways at the other.

To say that dancing is the mutual driving force of Mr. and Mrs. Champions' lives is an understatement. They never get away from it and never really want to. Of course, what Marge gets asked, ad infinitum, is, "Do you ever have any fun just going out dancing?" Her answer is always, "Of course. If we don't have to perform." Nowadays, what the Champs call "Arthur Murray dancing" is for them, curiously, a rare treat. Not long ago they decided, sentimentally, to step out to the Del Mar Club at the Beach. As teenagers, they had gone on dates there.

But after just one dreamy waltz, sure enough, the bandleader spotted them, stepped to the mike and—there went the romantic evening. They were on exhibit. That happens all the time. They're glad it does, of course, but admittedly it's one of the things that keeps them at home, or sends them scurrying back early. "At midnight," laughs Miriam Nelson, "Gower and Marge turn into pumpkins." But there's a bigger reason for that. Their home is another powerful binder for their marriage. Both Marge and Gower fervently appreciate it.

For one thing, neither of them ever really had a home until they had this one together. Gower was a divorce orphan from the age of three, brought up by his mother. Marge had the same story, only it was her father who brought her up. In both cases, the job, though done singly, was done well. Still, it wasn't what the rest of the kids had. Now, a couple of families have, in effect, joined up.

ALL this is more than either Marge or Gower Champion dared dream about when they first teamed up to dance. Their love story started when both were junior high adolescents, but between that groping time and their marriage they both collected some beautiful bruises going through separate mills.

While she was still in her teens, Marge had the shattering experience of a broken marriage. Gower racketed around, too, with disappointing attachments. Both tackled New York alone and when they met again they finally knew what they wanted—each other. They didn't launch their lives together with champagne, nor even beer. When they were married six months after their first dance engagement, they couldn't afford a honeymoon.

Marge still can't stand the taste of boiled eggs, because in those newlywed years she bubbled so many over a hot plate in their hotel rooms. There's a battered portable refrigerator in their studio today that helped keep them alive on the road when they couldn't afford to buy a meal where they danced.

But if Marge and Gower Champion were sometimes short of cash, they've never been short of love and courage. It took a helping of moxie, in the first place, for Marge to ditch the best chance she'd ever had at Broadway fame, when she passed up the lead in Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Allegro* to join Gower chasing their rainbow. Later, it took some more to leave the east, where they'd made a name, and take on Hollywood. That shrewd show business queen, Sophie Tucker, for instance, told them they were crazy to come to Mocambo in Hollywood. "You'll die on that small floor with that tough audience," she predicted. "But," she sighed, "you're both young and you'll bounce back."

As everyone knows, at Mocambo the Champs bounced not back but ahead—right into pictures. And on the first Hollywood hop they bought the house where they live. They couldn't afford that then, either; the price was as steep as the hillside it clung to. But they know it's been worth every penny they mortgaged themselves for—not only as the security anchor both Marge and Gower craved, but also as the escape valve for their high pressure two-career marriage.

Marge has a deep affection for flowers. She still keeps three pressed roses which Anna Pavlova gave her the first time they met. That was following a performance, during which the ballerina slipped to the floor in a rare fluff of her art. Afterwards, taken to her dressing room by her dad, Marge noticed roses scattered helter skelter in a corner. Although at that point Pavlova rated with her like Babe Ruth would rate with a boy, Marge, five, indignantly spoke her piece.

"You oughtn't to throw roses like that," she lectured. "They can't help it if you fell down!" The dancer laughed, promised never to mistreat flowers again, and gave her the three posies.

GOWER is not so romantic about flowers, but just as artistic outdoors as he is in. As in his dance numbers, he does the spade work, lays out the plots and manages a ballet effect, sometimes with the strangest things. Last spring they set out some deep blue delphinium. That called for a color contrast, Gower felt, so he backed it with a hedge of rhubarb. In front, he planted parsley. And on a bare slope that threatened to run mud with the rains, he dotted artichokes. It looks surprisingly good, and tastes good, too.

Once you penetrate the Champion jungle and step inside the house, there's evidence all around of Marge and Gower's relaxing outlets at home. Marge, by now, is a cook

UNIQUE SUCCESS STORY

Denise Darcel, the Cattle Boat War Bride

■ Although the love has long since gone, French-born Denise Darcel arrived in this country as a French war bride, aboard a cattle boat. Later divorced, she began to concentrate on her singing career, and oddly enough her extreme beauty has been her greatest handicap. She first created a sensation in the picture, *Battleground*, in which she had the only feminine role in a costume that out-Russelled Jane Russell. From that point on, producers couldn't see her talents as an actress for her statuesque and startling physique. Slightly snubbed by those who failed to realize that she had both dramatic and comic ability, Denise took to the night club circuit. One evening she volunteered to substitute for Danny Thomas and went on with such competition as the Ritz Brothers and Jane Powell, and completely stole the show. She kept the promise she made to herself not to go back to Paris until she had made good. When she returns to this country this time, not on a cattle boat but on the *Ile de France*, she will begin work in the life story of Jane Avril, the magnificent character played briefly by Zsa Zsa Gabor in *Moulin Rouge*—a far cry from her first effort as the slave girl in Lex Barker's initial Tarzan picture.

That will still leave her with one unfulfilled ambition: she'd like to fall in love again, for keeps. In Hollywood she has yet to meet the man who will look not at her figure, but into her eyes, which, by the way, are about as disturbing as a pair of eyes can be.



supreme. As for Gower, he's eternally got some Rube Goldberg device underway. The latest is a dumb-waiter to their pool, four flights down the hill from the kitchen. He overlooked the small matter of motive power, so you have to haul it up and down by hand, but he thinks it's wonderful. Sensitive to noise, he's got all the phones artfully padded with some sort of fluff so, as Dick Pribor, their accompanist, says, "they don't ring—they purr."

The Champs have flocks of friends in all sets and circles and by now about everywhere you can name. In Hollywood, their house, which has Victorian ice cream parlor chairs in the kitchen, antique bird cages in the front room, modern paintings on the wall and functional pieces under Gay Nineties fixtures still blend in what they call "modern-baroque" for a colorful, cozy effect. As Lisa Kirk has noted, "Marge and Gower's house says, 'Come in' and after that, 'Be yourself'." And that's a compliment.

Their friends do come in, constantly and endlessly, despite the Alpine climb. The favorite open house is Sunday around the kidney shaped pool when Marge whips out the herbs and prepares her famous 'California hamburgers.' Regulars include Lisa Kirk and her husband, Bob Wells, Paula Stone and Mike Sloane, Nanette, Miriam Nelson, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, John and Jeanne Champion, Marge's brother, Dick, and family, Dick Pribor—and of course the five haughty pussy-cats—Clarabow, Flowerpot, Muggins, Lester and Albert.

In their friendships, neither Marge nor Gower are passive. Their outgoing natures, one demonstrative, the other reserved, seem to be equally spontaneous and sin-

cere. Almost everyone they know can come up with a story wherein the Champs have been actively friends in need.

Nanette Fabray moved into her new house last spring, and got the flu on moving day, a dismal ordeal anyway. But Nan is a lone divorcée, and she couldn't have been more depressed, with everything piled in a mess and her temperature up to 102. Although they were busy getting together new dances for their last tour, Gower and Marge rattled right over, shifted all the furniture into place, screwed in the light bulbs, hooked up this and that, hung pictures and cooked her dinner, too.

PEOPLE are so used to seeing the Champions *a deux* that when either shows up publicly without the other, it's a natural gossip item.

Last time, that happened after one of those Sunday night parties when the Nelsons, Nanette, Lisa Kirk, Curtis, Leigh and company wanted to go on to Mocambo. Gower shook his head because he had a dance idea on his mind and wanted to block it out at the crack of dawn on Monday. But Marge got talked into going on alone. "You'll be sorry," kidded her boss. She was. That brief exposure without Gower made the room buzz and next morning the columns had question marks after their names.

It will take mightier crowbars than those to pry the Champions apart. After six solid years, they're still happy with each other, although they are together every hour. That could be because, as one critic recently observed, "They dance, not from their feet up, but from their heads down." It could also be because they keep dancing from their hearts out.

END

is it bad to be good?

(Continued from page 51) Debbie hasn't sworn off Hollywood's social circles; her life just isn't confined to those orbits. She had a well rounded, satisfactory life before she ever got into the movies. She gets a kick out of the after-première parties, the gay Bel Air affairs and the Strip-club shindigs she sometimes attends, but she walks and talks best to the tempo of the life she was born into. The real Debbie Reynolds is the girl who spent her last vacation exactly as she used to spend vacations when she was a school girl; she slept a lot, cleaned the yard, helped her father paint the back fence, got whacked at tennis by everybody and put in a week as a counselor up at the Girl Scout Camp in Fraser, California.

She was at Ciro's when Peggy Lee was singing there. She is crazy about Peggy's song technique. She spent a lot more nights at the Melody, an unpublishized jazz grotto in Burbank, where the musicians turn real "cat" while the bopster-patrons, Debbie included, sit swaying ecstatically with the beat and whispering, "Go! Go! Go!"

It is true that she was squired by such Hollywood men as Dick Anderson, Hugh O'Brien and Tab Hunter. But much more often her escorts were Paul Lillard and Danny Sites—together at that—a couple of Korean war veterans who love Debbie like brothers. Paul is the soldier-fan who wrote such interesting letters to Debbie and her folks from the battlefield that they invited him to visit them when he came back. Now, they have informally adopted him into the family. Danny has lived near Debbie since they were both children. When he was leaving for Korea two years ago, Debbie gave him Paul's address. The boys not only met but became fast friends. Now that they are back they are writing a book about their war experiences—much to Debbie's discomfiture, sometimes.

"I often wonder if they know I'm with them," she complains. "Each one carries a little pad and pencil, and every few minutes one of them thinks of something for the book. Out comes the note pad and they scribble away like mad. If I want to dance they offer to find someone for me!"

LIKE the rest of Debbie's friends, Paul and Danny see her as a sweet, bright girl, not as a movie star, and they aim to keep seeing her that way. They are not a bit bashful about straightening her out when they think she needs it. Like any girl, especially one with an inborn gift for mimicry, Debbie will sometimes unconsciously take on the color and manner of people around her; she'll return from the studio, for instance, acting a bit like the *grande artiste*. When this happens the kids go to work. They look at her coldly and ask, "What's with you?" And before she can figure out what they mean, they add, "So shut up and sit down!" Then Debbie knows she has been "glorifying."

Her mother, Mrs. Maxene Reynolds, takes a hand at this, too. Not long ago, Debbie came home after a fashionable reception attended by many of Hollywood's English set and began talking like a female David Niven. After she had "rawthered" all around the place for a few minutes Mrs. Reynolds interrupted to ask Debbie to please swallow.

"Swallow what?" asked Debbie.

"All that mush you've got in your mouth," her mother told her.

Debbie swallowed and talked straight again. She is grateful to her mother and the others for jerking her back into character every time she starts riding a high horse.

"If ever I get away from being just me," she says, "I'd be sure to wake up some

day and hate the person I was pretending to be. I spent years, from the time I was nine, developing the friends I have around home. I've got all those years invested in them, and they'll keep me happy for the rest of my life. That's my way of being rich and secure. They make me content to come home when otherwise, well—who knows what would happen, where and how I would seek to express myself if I didn't have them?"

In Hollywood, where the next flower, you pick up can sting you, it isn't bad to have this sort of background, this incentive to settle for the good and not seek the overgay.

DEBBIE is still "investing" in friendship.

Between her South American tour and the summer theatre work, last season, she had just five days in Hollywood in which to study scripts, learn the musical score of her first show, *Best Foot Forward*, and be fitted for costumes. Any other star would automatically have gone into seclusion under the stress of a rugged schedule like that. Not Debbie. She not only called and talked to her old pals, she took a day off to give a baby shower in her home for one of her three closest friends, Diana Higley, now Mrs. Barry Cheek. The other two members of this high school

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foursome, Barbara Christie and Jeanette Johnson, suggested that Debbie might not have the time to spare. "Of course!" responded Debbie. "Diane's first baby? Why nothing could be more important than that!"

That wasn't all. Debbie had just returned from playing Hinsdale, Illinois and Dallas, Texas, when Diane went into the hospital to have her baby. Her three pals got hold of her husband, Barry, took him to Debbie's home, fed him and tried to talk him out of his worry. Three times, they pulled him out of the pool into which he kept falling while he wandered around the place in his distraction. "This boy is positively the end!" the girls agreed, and kept a sharp eye on him until the baby was born.

Debbie keeps her appointments straight by using a system unlike any other star's. She has no book. She just uses the annual calendar issued by the Girl Scouts of America. It hangs on the wall of her room. Whenever she makes an appointment, she jots down a note about it in and around the particular date on the calendar. Noodled between the numbers in the month of July, for instance, are fragments like "HOB Tennis" (tennis with Hugh O'Brien), "P. O." (piano lessons), "PR-TH" (attend première with Tab Hunter) and "B" (bowling with Paul and Danny).

When Debbie attends a première she is both star and fan, of course. She drives up in style, makes her little speech over the public address system for the benefit of

the crowd, enters the theatre—and then sneaks back out to a convenient corner where she can watch the other stars arrive. That's exactly the program she and Tab Hunter followed when he took her to the *Stalag 17* première in his salmon-colored convertible.

After the show he checked his money and told Debbie they could have as wild a time as could be squeezed out of two dollars. It turned out that they only needed forty cents for a root beer float and a lemonade in a drive-in.

When Debbie is with kids she grew up with, being herself comes easy. With others she sometimes has to work at it. And she does. She can't stand the strangeness that falls like a damp cloak between her and people who are overpowered by her professional identity.

"The most important things about the kids I know is that they are down to earth, yet very reasonable about other people's lives. If you are wealthy, that's okay with them, just so you don't pin the dollar sign on your sleeve. They know I'm doing well in the movies, but when they hear about my getting up at five o'clock, morning after morning, to get to the studio, and not getting back until way after dinner, they begin to think I'm crazy.

"Hey, that's not like you," they say. "You're working too hard, girl. Slow up."

WHEN she went to Girl Scout camp, Debbie had a different problem. She had never met the seventeen-year-olds placed in her charge and her first two days with them didn't go well. She knew they couldn't accept her as a real person. She was a movie star and they insisted on being overawed about it. They were shy; none of them ever cut up and whatever they were asked to do, they did without any back talk.

That was bad. Debbie felt that she was not only spoiling their vacation, but her own as well. She quietly discussed with her mother, who had come along, the advisability of slipping away and leaving the girls free to enjoy themselves without the distraction of her presence. But her mother urged her to stay for another day, anyway.

Debbie worked hard at it, kidding the girls, poking fun at herself, asking their advice on a whole series of subjects including diet, make-up, etiquette and boys. When one kid tentatively suggested that Debbie didn't eat enough, she felt she was getting somewhere with them. When, by nightfall, another girl let something slip about Debbie's being too skinny, she knew the girls were getting to be themselves again and everything was going to be all right. For the rest of the week they all had a hilarious time together. The last night the kids staged a gag ballet performance for her. They ran around under the stars, tripping over huge blankets they were using as veils. Debbie fell off her cot laughing.

When she got back to Burbank, she got in touch with Jeanette Johnson and they had a conference about a matter that has had them thinking a lot the last few months. Out of the eighty girls in their graduation class at Burbank High, only Jeanette and Debbie are still unmarried. At first they kept asking each other: "What's the matter with the boys around here?" Now they are beginning to take a more objective view of the situation. "Do you suppose it's us?" Debbie asked.

"Wouldn't that be, positively the end?" asked Jeanette.

"We better check," Debbie replied grimly.

That's what they've got a thing about right now.

END

(Debbie Reynolds can be seen in MGM's *Give A Girl A Break*.)



Donna Reed

starring in

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A Columbia Picture

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(Continued from page 58) looking in person than he is on the television screen. He moved effortlessly among these people, stopping to say "hello" to a friend, to confer momentarily with his manager or to step onstage and rehearse a number with Ann Crowley, the pretty singing guest of that day.

Eddie had a word of greeting, a smile, a nod for everybody. Virile, vibrant and personable, he seemed to be exactly what a young American star should be.

Since he got out of the Army last April, after a two-year hitch, ex-private Edwin Jack Fisher's rise to fame has been meteoric. While he was in G.I. garb and maybe on some Army detail, entertaining in the front lines at Korea or another U.S. base, or recruiting on the home front, his singing voice rang out on radio and juke boxes around the country. Some \$300,000 in record royalties from his long string of song hits was piled up and waiting for him on his return to civilian life.

Eddie Fisher alighted in New York from a Washington train one morning last April, and still in uniform, went directly to the Paramount Theatre. His fans were lined up, impatient to see their singing hero.

Backstage, a tailor and a hurriedly-hired valet were waiting for him in his Paramount dressingroom. His clothes for the opening had been ordered long distance. Cashmere sports jackets, slacks, blue suits and two tuxedos, all fresh from the tailor's workroom, were hanging neatly on the racks. The transformation from Private Fisher, soldier, to Citizen Fisher, singer, was completed.

An hour or so later, onstage at the Paramount where Frank Sinatra rocketed into fame via bobby-soxers' swooning, Eddie Fisher was crowned the new "King of Sing." To make his coronation official, the first week after his Army discharge, he launched his twice-weekly TV and radio show, *Coke Time*.

LEST he have time to catch his breath, the bachelor baritone temporarily suspended his American activities to take his place in the spotlight of the London Palladium where Britishers flocked to see and hear the slender singer. He was making a benefit appearance at the Red, White and Blue ball, a big charity affair at the Dorchester Hotel, when he received a note from a young lady in the audience.

"Don't be nervous," it read, "the response may not be like that at the Palladium, but I shall lead the applause and they will love you." As everybody knows by now, Princess Margaret Rose, sister of the Queen of England, was Eddie's royal cheerleader. After he sang, she invited him to her table.

This acclaim abroad and his popularity at home might turn another's head, but not Eddie Fisher's. He's grateful for it.

He lives unobtrusively in a 4½-room, furnished apartment on New York's Sutton Place, which he took over lock, stock, furnishings and books from Eddie Cantor. He got his headlong start to success four years ago, when the older Eddie heard the younger Eddie sing at Grossinger's, a Catskill Mountain hotel, and hired him for a cross-country personal appearance tour.

A hospitable host, the singer welcomed MODERN SCREEN into his home. In the diningroom, an alcove off the livingroom, a round pedestal table was attractively set for luncheon. One whole wall consisted of windows opening on a view of the East River with its bridges and barges.

The singer's personal belongings were strewn with wifeless abandon around the room. In one corner on the floor, there was

a big movie projector and photographic equipment. Against one wall was a piano, and piled atop bookcases and a combination TV set and phonograph, were stacks of long-playing records, classical and modern.

On the lower shelf of an end table were mementoes of Eddie's trip to London, "Golden Book Of The Coronation," "The Connoisseur, Coronation Book, 1953" and "King George V, His Life And Reign."

There was evidence of the life and reign of King Eddie Fisher, royal crooner, too. He has a plaque in crest form, imprinted "Eddie Fisher, London Palladium, Variety Season, 1953." A glass-encased gold record of RCA Victor's "Anytime" was shining testimony that his recording of that song had passed the million-sales mark. In a corner cupboard was a trophy, a sculptured figure holding a gold disc and inscribed, "The Cash Box, in behalf of the Automatic Music Industry of America, the Best Male Vocalist of 1952."

There were no personal pictures around the apartment, no likenesses of pretty blondes or brunettes.

IN HIS bedroom, besides the unmade bed were well-stocked closets and dresser drawers. Hanging alongside his expensive suits was a khaki souvenir of his Army days, his G.I. jacket with the Korean and

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of modern screen
presents four pages
of liz taylor, mike
and their baby in
exclusive color photos
with liz and "britches"
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Overseas medals still fastened on the front.

"I like to keep it where I can see it. It reminds me how lucky I am," civilian Fisher said.

Being able to buy all the clothes he wants is a comparatively new experience for him and he doesn't pretend not to enjoy it. Cashmere jackets, shirts and sweaters are his sartorial weakness, he admitted. Black is his favorite color in suits. Not funeral black, but the shining richness of mohair cloth or shantung.

"Somebody gave me a black cashmere sports shirt," he explained, "and I just liked the color." Argyle socks, colored handkerchiefs (which he wears in his jacket pocket in preference to white), sweaters and sports shirts were tossed about in the drawers. It looked as though the owner had dressed in haste.

"I have a valet, but he's away on vacation and I'm kind of lost without him." His one other servant, Gypsy, an attractive, poised maid, prepared luncheon.

"Bring some melted butter for the lobster, will you please, Gypsy?" he re-

quested, gawping unglamorously on an ear of corn. True to his sponsor, he drank several Coca-Colas.

When Eddie excused himself to answer the telephone, Gypsy discussed her famous boss.

"He only has dinner home on Tuesday and Thursday nights," she said, "and I never know how many there'll be for dinner. He often calls up an hour before and says he's bringing several friends home to dinner."

During luncheon, relaxed and easy to be with, Eddie talked.

He had celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday on August 10.

"I think back when I came to New York eight years ago and it seems like yesterday," he said. "I think I should be about eighteen now and I'm twenty-five. Otherwise, I feel very young. I'm ready to go . . . I'm kept busy these days, but I was just as busy in the Army. I always had to be up early. I used to record at 9 A.M. for the Army shows. At least I don't have to do that now."

"I sing best when I feel good, when I'm not under pressure and when I sing what I like. When I was in the Army, I didn't always sing what I liked, but when you're in the Army you do a lot of things you don't want to do."

His face and voice are very expressive as he speaks, although he says he was bashful and shy as a kid. The fourth of Kate and Joe Fisher's seven children, he had a tough life as a youngster in Philadelphia. The Fishers didn't have much money, and Eddie used to accompany his father's fruit and vegetable wagon, vending his wares in song.

He has sung ever since he can remember, in the synagogue, in amateur contests, over radio station WFIL in Philadelphia. His mother nicknamed him "Sonny," because as a little boy he used to imitate Al Jolson's "Sonny Boy."

When he was seventeen, he came to New York to seek fame and fortune—and a singing job.

"I went down to the Copa and auditioned for Monte Proser," he recalled. "I sang many songs. Afterwards, Proser told me, 'I'll pay you \$125 a week. Is that enough?' I would have paid him to let me work there if I had had the money, but I didn't realize I'd be singing with girls. I wanted to sing alone and I wanted to sing what I liked. That's why I didn't want to sing with the bands."

"I woke up wearing a costume and singing with eight girls," he said. "I was at the Copa for three months. It was like home. Joe E. Lewis was the star while I was there. I sang songs like 'The Great Big World Is Yours And Mine,' 'Simon Bolivar' and 'They Say That I'm Too Young To Know'—and they're so right," he ad libbed. "I was and I still am."

A special evening at the Copa is a bright spot in Eddie's memory.

"They would have informal evenings," he said, "when Joe E. Lewis would introduce the celebrities in the audience. One night Frank Sinatra, Eddy Duchin and Vic Damone were there. Vic had just started to work at the Martinique. Joe E. Lewis introduced all of these people. Then he said, 'Now I got a kid. This is my kid.' And he pointed to me! I felt like crying. I went on after all these people and sang. Afterwards, a couple of people wanted to be my manager, but Milton Blackstone, a friend of Monte Proser's and head of an advertising agency, became my manager."

"Everyone said to him, 'What are you messing around with this kid for? He's not good enough. He's not going to be that big.' But Blackstone was one of the few people who really had faith in me. He has

taught me many things. He taught me patience, which I didn't have."

Eddie needed patience. After his thirteen-week stint at the Copa he was out of work for nearly a year, with an occasional singing engagement at some small club, or the steadier but financially not very remunerative work of singing on the staff of Grossinger's.

As he sat on one of the modern sectional couches in the livingroom, looking casual and comfortable in brown slacks, a white, long-sleeved sports shirt and brown and white loafers, the tv star discussed many things: that he likes to get presents; he doesn't smoke, although once in a while he'll pick up a cigarette, but doesn't inhale; that when he first came to New York he saw a Perry Como picture. He couldn't remember the title but he remembered that Perry sang "Here Comes Heaven Again."

When he played in a recent golf tournament, he was in the foursome behind Perry Como.

Eddie sang his own song hit which was particularly apropos, "I'm Walking Behind You."

Perry's answer was his favorite quip, "You crazy, mixed-up kid," and then Perry burst into song, kidding back, "Mine, Tell Me That You're Mine."

Eddie's buddy, Bernie Rich, dropped by. Bernie has his own apartment, but while his mother or visiting friends use his abode, he bunks at Eddie's.

This is very convenient for Bernie. He gets to wear Eddie's shirts, socks, and ties which as he says, "are so much nicer than the ones I can afford."

Bernie can have delusions of grandeur, too, for Eddie lets him drive his new navy blue Cadillac convertible. They're used to sharing what they've got because for a long time they had nothing between them.

FIVE YEARS ago, Bernie and another friend from Philadelphia, Joey Forman, came to New York. Bernie wanted to be an actor and Joey a comedian. Eddie was living in a hotel room and his two pals moved in. Since Eddie was the only one working he got the bed. Joey used to take the mattress off the bed and sleep on the floor. Bernie didn't have it so good. Frequently he found himself relegated to the bath tub.

Bernie had one phrase to describe his friend Eddie: "Completely selfless." "There's nothing he wouldn't do for any of his friends," he said, and told how when Eddie was booked into the Paramount after being discharged from the Army, he insisted that Joey Forman be signed as the comic for the stage show.

Excusing himself with, "You don't mind if I borrow one of your shirts, do you, pal?" Bernie left.

Eddie called after him, "See you at rehearsal. Do you want to borrow the car?" "No, I'll let you use it this afternoon," Bernie said generously.

Laughing after him, it was evident that the comfortable-as-an-old-shoe friendship he enjoyed with Bernie helped to relieve the strain and tension of many a day. As long as Bernie and Joey Forman were around it was pretty hard to think of himself as anything but Eddie Fisher, the poor kid from Philadelphia who used to play "Slick" on a teen-age program there for 15¢ a week carfare.

"Ever since I was a kid, or ever since I can remember, show business was a big dream," Eddie reminisced, "show people and people like Bing Crosby, John Garfield and Al Jolson weren't like other people to me. They weren't earth men. But when I came to New York this whole bubble burst. It wasn't what I thought it was. It's glamorous but not as glamorous as I thought it would be. There's only one

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WESTMORE *Hollywood* **COSMETICS**

thing left—the movies. I was out there in 1949 and I had a taste of it.

There was a chance he might go to Hollywood, the tv star said. His agent was talking over a one-picture-a-year deal with Paramount.

"If I made a picture I'd like to play opposite Debbie Reynolds," he said, "but I don't suppose Paramount could borrow her."

It was the first time in all his conversation that Eddie had mentioned a girl. Except for an occasional line in a column, linking him with a pretty model or an aspiring actress or a young singer, there have been no stories about his romantic life. But there have been theories and speculation.

"He's carrying a torch for a girl he was in love with," some said:

"The truth is," whispered others, "and I have this right from the horse's mouth, that he has been told not to get married for fear he'll lose his bobbysox following."

"Nah, that's not the reason. He won't marry anybody unless his mother approves of her."

IF A fellow won't talk about his girls, other people will, especially if he's famous, for when a man becomes successful there are all sorts of people who knew him when, the "I remember" friends.

"Eddie went with a girl by the name of Joan Wynne," a Fisher expert had told MODERN SCREEN a few days before the meeting with Eddie.

"He met her when he sang at the Copa. She's in the chorus at the Riviera now. Nobody knows why they broke up."

Joan Wynne was sixteen, brown-haired and blue-eyed, when she first met Eddie Fisher at the Copa. She's twenty-four now, and still single, as cute, pretty and shapely as ever, but her hair is tinted a soft red and she wears it short in the current fashion. Backstage in the dressingroom of the Riviera nightclub, where she has worked for three seasons, she was willing to discuss Eddie.

"Eddie and I were a big romance for a long time," Joan Wynne admitted, "something like five years. When we first met we were both just out of high school, a first



Joan Wynne: the girl he didn't marry.

job and everything. There wasn't any of this glamour or anything there is now. It was completely different.

"Besides working in a nightclub, we never saw the inside of one. In the first place, Eddie never had any money. He only worked at the Copa for three months. I was there for a year and a half. After he left, he didn't have a job for almost a year, I'd say, but he still came around to the Copa and waited for me. He never came into the club because he didn't have the money. He didn't like to be around like a bum.

"When he was working at the Copa, we used to go for walks along Fifth Avenue and Central Park between shows. In the afternoons, we went to the movies on Forty-second Street, sometimes two and three double features a day. Eddie loves the movies. Afterwards, we'd have a hot dog. That's all we could afford.

"Sometimes we visited his family in Philadelphia. We talked about a lot of things, our future, religion. His career was

always uppermost in his mind. It came first, which is the way it should be, I suppose.

"We used to have a lot of fights and arguments, then two years ago at Christmas we had a big fight. That was the beginning of the end. He wrote to me when he was in the Army, and we're still friends. A couple of weeks ago, he was out at the Club with some friends. I went out and sat down with him.

"I don't think he's changed at all. He has good instincts. He isn't flighty or fickle. It's just that there are always millions of people around him, a million phone calls, a million things to be done. It's as though he hasn't had time to rest. He thinks nothing of working hard and singing and meeting people.

"Eddie always said I was the only one he could ever really relax with, but after we had our big argument, I started seeing other people. I want to be happily married. I met someone who is just about the finest person I ever met. He's wonderful, but Eddie was on my mind when I met this person and I know that was bad."

Why, then, if this love of Eddie's had consumed a fifth of his lifetime, was he so reluctant to talk about it? Or maybe there was some truth to the report that Eddie's mentors thought it better if he remained single.

THESE were questions that only Eddie could answer.

He was there for the answering, relaxed and handsome, sitting in his livingroom, one of the most successful entertainers in America, today, and an eligible bachelor.

Because he is a nice person—honest and anxious to be liked and understood he broke his long silence about his love life, his romantic interests and told his side of the story.

His dark eyes flashing, he unleashed his feelings.

"I have never been advised by my managers nor anyone else about my personal life," he said adamantly. "I'm free to do whatever I want, when I want, and how I want.

"It's just that I have been so tied up with my career, with the tv show and radio, that I haven't had time for much social life. This is the first time since I've come back from the Army that I've been in one place so long.

"As for Joan Wynne, she's a wonderful girl. We're friends. We went together for a long time. I was just starting out in show business. I didn't meet many people. We always went around together. I was struggling and she was very, very nice. We were good company. I went steady with her, but I was out of town a lot. I never knew anybody when I came to town. I'd call her up and we'd go to a movie, sometimes two or three," he chuckled.

"Although we went together for a long while, I guess I just didn't love her enough, if I didn't marry her. All my time was spent with my work, with my singing. There was never a girl in my life who came before singing.

"This business of not getting married because it might affect my career is nonsense. I won't get married until the right girl comes along.

"I like the outdoor type, the natural girl. I would prefer that she not be in show business. It wouldn't be good to have two careers. There'd be a conflict. I'm very jealous. I would want my wife all for myself.

"So far," he said simply, "I haven't met the right girl. When she comes along, it'll be wonderful."

With fervor and feeling, the bachelor baritone had cleared up the secrecy surrounding his love life. He proved another thing, too—that he's an all right guy looking for the right girl.

END

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11/3

(Continued from page 54) Lone Pine had promoted another half-degree of heat while he was talking. This was August and Lone Pine was really leaning into it. The scene was location for 20th Century-Fox's *King Of The Khyber Rifles*, the fourth week the company had been at it, and everybody looked a trifle wilted. Power and his leading woman, Terry Moore, were having a rough time of it in a dismantled fortress looking out on what was presumably India's Khyber Pass. Although Power and Miss Moore had spent most of the day in the fortress, they now were just getting ready to reach it, a piece of directorial sequence too complicated to go into. They had to grope in out of a dust storm, and not even Darryl Zanuck can will a dust storm in the Mojave Desert. Explosive had to be detonated and wind machines set to work. Visitors to the set were being urged to step aside a trifle—say about a mile down the road. "Please, please!" said an assistant to Director Henry King. "Anybody not connected with this sequence, please! Take to the hills!" The wind machines snarled into action and Miss Moore, who is not fond of noise of any kind, squeaked and cowered.

She and Power, among others, were seated on canvas chairs banked forward on a slope of earth, directly behind the cameras. Power wore boots, rather snazzy campaign breeches and a T-shirt, having divested himself of tunic and kepi shortly before. Miss Moore, on the other hand, was dressed to kill—any male, for example, who happened to be lurking around Khyber Pass in the middle of the nineteenth century. What she was doing in a besieged fortress thus toggled out was anybody's guess, with the script writer the probable winner.

"I'm not just generalizing," resumed Power, over the noise of the machines. "I'd be a fool not to know this thing's going to blow up. My association with pictures, I mean. I'm pushing forty. The younger men are pushing up behind me. The kids are pushing up behind them. But the trouble with that figure of speech is, they're not boosting me, they're dislodging my handhold, and sooner or later, there's not going to be room for everybody. All right. Last come, first served. That's how I got there, too. But now's the time to get the net ready, the one that has to break the fall. Not later. And there you have *John Brown's Body*."

Paul Gregory's production of *John Brown's Body*, as just about everybody knows by now, is the dramatic reading of Stephen Vincent Benet's poem, in which Power, Raymond Massey and Judith Anderson have been touring the country. It is significant that of the original group, only Power was reasonably firm in pictures. "When," he said, "you're through in this business, you've got to have established that you can do something else."

AS HE spoke, Power's professional standing, as closely as can be determined, was approximately this:

When he first went out with *John Brown*, he was slipping. He was, for instance, no longer the apple of Fox's eye, no longer tendered their gaudiest parts as a matter of course, and there had even been talk of a loanout to a lesser studio, worthy picture makers but sometimes an oasis on the escalator down. Instead, the loanout was to Universal-International and a film titled *Mississippi Gambler*, made in five fast weeks but mother lode as far as boxoffice was concerned. Since there was no discernible reason for this, save Power's presence in the cast, he found himself promptly back on top of the chute again



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and tossed by his home studio into *Khyber Rifles*, big budget stuff for these days. Yet the resurgence appears neither to have excited him nor settled his qualms. His verbal animation he reserved for his upcoming *John Brown* reprise and his problem as a whole. Indeed, the process of *Khyber Rifles* seemed to affect him as no more than a chore he had done before, likely would do again, and where was a good place to eat that night?

"Forty," he repeated, as though the idea both fascinated and oppressed him. "Forty years old. Not quite but almost. There's no such thing as forever. That loanout was the first I'd had since I've been with Fox. Seventeen years with one studio, take or give a dime. That's all right in a way. In another way—well, it's the old squirrel cage again. This kind of picture here—" he indicated all of the *Khyber* set with a wave of his hand, "I guess it's fine for the studio. I've made enough of them. Dashing fellow under the kepi, and all that. Stand the varmints off and tell the little lady to keep her head down. But the edge wears away and wears away until one fine day you're looking down a one-way street and no room to turn around. That's when you need an out.

"Mine, in a sense, came with the war." Power served with honor as a Marine flier, first lieutenant when he returned to peace time. "A man would be a dangerous lunatic to speak of war as a blessing in any way, shape or manner, but I did come back to pictures with an entirely new perspective. That lasted two, three years. Then I could feel the staleness setting in again, the edge going. You know? Over and over. Swash and buckle, damn the torpedoes. One picture I liked. Nobody else seemed to. *Nightmare Alley*." *Nightmare Alley*, re-capsuled here simply to illustrate the divergence between Power's point of view and his employers', was derived from a book that featured the degeneration of a carnival performer to the role of what carnies call a "geek." A geek does not rescue distressed females. He bites the heads off living chickens in a sideshow. Power later named a plane in which he toured the world *The Geek*. "I thought that picture would do something for me," Power said. "My mistake."

"Here's where I earn my money," said Power. "Don't go away." He and Miss Moore walked out into the desert about fifty yards, turned and oriented themselves toward the fortress setup. They joined hands. The spectators were clear. There was a deep, coughing blast, three converging wind machines boiled into high, and dust writhed and billowed up in an impenetrable cloud. A few onlookers were genuinely scared. Presently Power and Miss Moore appeared out of the holocaust. They were the dustiest people you ever saw, their eyes staring out in pale, dark-ringed surmise. It developed they couldn't see a thing in there.

"All I could think of," said Miss Moore, "was, what if we walked into a wind machine?"

"A hell of a thing to happen to a man up in Khyber," said Power.

There was excitement and confusion up forward. Power grunted and turned sideways with his hands up. "A hair on the lens," he translated obligingly. "Got to do it again." A hair on a camera lens makes for a picture that is divided and tricky indeed. "Well, what's the difference? You know what they'll say anyway, when the picture's released. 'Doubles. They always use doubles for shots like these.' That's what they'll say."

POWER does not, as you know, look forty. He looks, as you know equally well, like an amalgam of all the gentlemen in the toothpaste ads with the redeeming qualities of animation, humor, and high,

articulate intelligence. He no longer has the juvenile façade of the pre-war years—his features are set now—but there are few lines, few departures from symmetry. He could still bound onto a musical comedy stage in flannels, carol "Tennis, anyone?" and get away with it, were he so a-mind. He is not so a-mind.

"After every picture," he said now, while functionaries were chipping off the lamp-black, "I'd go to the front office and ask for another formula, a change of pace. It was like talking down a rainspout. I don't have to tell you. They knew best. Well, they did know best—for them. And for me, too, looking at it in a different way. You know, I sit here barking like a seal with colic, but this is strictly shop. I mean, you take the broad view and I owe pictures everything I've had in life, or adult life, and that's been plenty. And by pictures, I've got to mean Fox. Besides all the other stuff, money and whatever the polite word for fame is—public interest, I guess—I've been all over the world, met kings and presidents—there's just been no limit to it. I've got to say that. Every star's got to say it if he's not the world's bottom slob of an ingrate. But the mistake is to ride with it, sit back and figure you've got it taped once and for all, I've made it, this is the end, I'm up to my rump in the pot at the end of the rainbow, amen. Accept that and it's the beginning of the end. You haven't arrived. You're dead."

A while back, when Tony Curtis first landed in Hollywood, voice coaches went to work on his Bronx accent to eliminate its traces in his film roles. Now Tony is working with a voice coach—to get back some of that Bronx accent for his role as a hoodlum in "Drifting."

Sidney Skolsky
N. Y. Post

He stretched out his dusty boots, leaned his head back and closed his eyes, blood-shot from dust and sun and ready for the little man with the drops. "Take Hollywood," he said. "I mean, the industry, the climate of Southern California, the whole set-up. It's not really a good place to work. And it's a worse place not to work, to lay off between pictures. Hollywood's a lotus land. The sky is blue, the air is soft, the swimming pools are the right temperature, flowers everywhere, even the outdoor furniture is comfortable. Oh, you could lie back between jobs and vegetate in those lush surroundings, and God help you! What you ought to do—what I ought to do, what I have to do and do do—is get out right after a film and stay out till the next one. Complacency is too easy down there. They say death comes like a lover sometimes, and when I breathe night-blooming jasmine, I believe it. No, lotus land is no good for work. The thing now is, make two pictures a year—you can't make more anyway—and when fall comes, go out on the road and work at your trade. Keep at it. Stay alive, or that monkey with the jasmine breath will get you yet."

ONE PINE proper, 1000-odd population, twenty-seven miles distant, drowsed heavily in the late afternoon sun. It would have drowsed in the shadow of Mt. Whitney, the United States' biggest, if Mt. Whitney had been casting a shadow that day, which, oddly enough, it was not. Lone Pine is a village long inured to movie locations. In a combination restaurant and bar, a waitress said to another: "You seen Tyrone Power yet?" giving it a pretty big *Ty*. Power thinks of his first name as *Tuh-rone*. "Unh-uh," said the other. "One I want to

see some time is this Robert Wagner." Both girls are under twenty. At the bar, a deterrent of sensational aspect was in the custody of local law, who had orders to have him on the next bus out of town. "I threw a guy through a plate glass window last night," he said tiredly. "I wish I wouldn't ever again throw a guy through a window. They run me out of Frisco for the same thing."

In the evening, it was cooler, down to about a flat ninety-five. Power, in his room in a motel south of town, was crisp and shaved and dapper in grey slacks and sports shirt, ready to take local friends of his to a farewell dinner in a nearby cafe. The friends had a filling station out the road.

"When you're a so-called rising star," he said, "which I was back around the time Alcock and Brown flew the Atlantic, or so it seems right now, the psychological outlook is entirely different. You live from one picture to the next, there's no tomorrow, and you never had it so good. Then one day you're what they call an established star. Don't ask me when or how that day comes about because I don't know. But that's when you're supposed to have it made, really made. Naturally, that's not the case. That's the day you begin building for the future. That's the day you remember that sooner or later you start down the other side. You asked me about the difference in psychology, that's the best I can do for you. Come to think of it, it's good enough, at that." He changed the subject.

"You know, these four weeks up here have really been something. Work, eat, sleep, read, go to the movies if you feel very footloose. Nothing else. It's wonderful, except that I ought to be home."

Linda Christian Power was, roughly two weeks thence, expected to present her husband with the Powers' second child, confident it would be a boy. The prospect momentarily derailed Power's train of thought.

"Linda is truly the one to ask," he said. "The mother's so much closer to these things. For my part, any child of mine, boy or girl, would have free rein until he reached the age of reason. What's that—seventeen? Then I'd want to steer them as best I could, then implement for all I'm worth the decision they reach. Doctor, lawyer, merchant, nurse—or actor. I haven't any fixed ideas right now, but then our first child, Romina, is only two, you know. There's time. By the time she does reach that age, I'll be close to fifty-five and ought to have made up my mind in some way. One thing, if either or both do decide that acting's the deal, then I think we can dispense with some of the formal education. It's not necessary to an actor, and I think I speak with some authority. A different sort of schooling and environment would be better. That's pretty sweeping speculation, though. They'll make up their own minds."

Power, of course, is as much the product of theatrical forebears as the Barrymores are. His great grandfather started it all on the Dublin stage in 1827. That was Tyrone Power, the original. A grandfather declined this particular tag, but Power's own father, a noted Shakespearean actor earlier in the century, was Tyrone Power II.

TYRONE POWER may be ready to say goodbye to Hollywood now, or *au revoir* at the least. It is fairly well established that he wants to set up his own producing company in Rome and that plans are, at this time, well along toward completion. When he's not doing that, he'll be play-acting wherever audiences can be found. The circle that, for him, began in earnest in 1936 with the Fox picture, *Lloyds Of London*, has come complete now. The dossier above is offered in evidence.

But it was quite a circle for all of that,

and considerably slow in beginning. The first breath took place in Cincinnati, where testimony indicates he was a well-behaved if not prodigious infant. After that, there was a spell of being trunked about from one theatre habitat to another, and a sitting out of World War I on the sands of Coronado, California, while his mother supervised troop entertainment in and about San Diego. Power was roughly thirteen years too young for the draft.

The legitimate theatre took rather kindly to Power as a child mime, although veteran player Fritz Lieber almost tore his head off with a knife—purely by accident—during a rendering of *The Merchant Of Venice*. By and by, he was ready to forego this and sniff around the edges of the Hollywood cheese. But the time was not yet.

Furthermore, his associations with the place had been jarred shockingly by the death of his distinguished father. While working on the film, *The Miracle Man*, he collapsed, and, hours later, he died in his son's arms.

There was stage and radio work further east for a longish spell after that, usually under expert tutelage. Don Ameche helped, Eugenie Leontovich helped, Helen Mencken helped. Katharine Cornell helped. You can't get much better help than that.

Followed then summer stock, followed then more Broadway (notably the role of De Ponlengey in Miss Cornell's *St. Joan*), followed then Darryl Zanuck.

Nor is it, nor has it ever been, at that time or later, fair to say of Power that his prime asset was a supremely photogenic face with an overlay of animal magnetism. Spectacular refutation, at any rate, of this quasi-slur is contained in the observation of Edmund Goulding, a stage and film director of sound critical faculty, who has referred to Power categorically as "the greatest actor of this generation." The effulgence of that one is thought by friends sufficient to warm Power for a lifetime.

ONCE set in films, Power played his cards as they fell, but with the increasing restlessness of an authentically sensitive and creative talent. The timely—as ever—arrival of the United States Marines intervened. Sensitivity was not precisely what they sought, but Power proved an asset, anyway. He moved up from boot camp at San Diego to ocs at Quantico, into Squadron 353 of the Marine Transport command, and flew out of such rest spots as Kwajalein, Saipan, Iwo Jima, Okinawa and Kyushu.

A new grip on things subsequently brought him in the post-war years to his greatest stature as a film actor, but, as duly recorded, the inroads of what he believed to be a static situation began to gnaw at him again. The hair in his personal lens diffused the frame into several Tyrone Powers: star, world traveler, international gadabout in a quiet way, some disposition to a scholarly bent to which he has always been more or less subject, and finally the flowering of his professional growth in *John Brown's Body*. Here was a cleavage, an incisive turning away from one thing and toward another.

Power's official Fox biography, a rip-roaring document of eleven pages, states among other musings that its subject's favorite color is blue, his favorite fruit the avocado, his favorite classical painter Van Gogh, and his favorite illustrator Petty, he who throws perspective away when it comes to girls' legs. Assuredly, the biography is thorough. Its one manifest failing is that it comes to an end. There is a strong feeling here and there that this is not the case at all, that there is a great deal more to come, and that the second part will be better yet. The hair in the lens may have moved aside now; the picture should be clearer.

END

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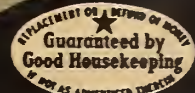
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lanza lives big

(Continued from page 48) no gate around it. One night they entertained at a buffet dinner, and afterwards Mario was asked to perform. He sang six numbers, the last of which was "Call Me Fool."

Applause, bravos, shouts of "More. We want more. Don't stop now," began to emanate from outside. Betty went to the window. "You wouldn't believe it," she recalls. "People in cars going down the highway had heard Mario singing. The drivers had stopped. They had followed the sound of the music. They had parked their cars in our driveway, and a whole audience had formed outside our windows. Mario was giving a free concert, and these people didn't want to miss a single trick."

"Mario didn't mind. He was pleased and flattered. Only the very next day, the word spread around. Soon we had coeds from the university banging on the door, and that surprising woman who saves Mario's old clothes (she wanted to know if he had anything to throw away) and all kinds of salesmen and crackpots; so in self-defense there was only one thing to do. I ordered one of those photo electrically-controlled gates installed across the driveway. That was the first change we made in the house."

Others followed. A complete inter-communications system was placed in the fourteen-room mansion. Betty insisted upon this very quickly. "I always want to know what's going on in the nursery," she says. "Besides, this house is so large that if I didn't have an intercom I'd walk my feet off going from one room to another." Betty also made sure that the garden fish pond was well-fenced. And a month after the Lanzas moved into the place, they found Ellisa climbing up the Chinese carved balustrade that adorns the living room balcony, whereupon the railing was backed with smooth plywood boards.

At about the same time, there was a series of robberies in the neighborhood, so Mario had the house rigged with a complete burglar alarm system and then flooded the grounds each night with exterior lighting to keep the prowlers away.

MARIO'S favorite room is, of course, his studio, which he also uses as a den and office. It is a large room, equipped with sliding glass doors and furnished in contemporary style. It contains all his recording equipment, his vast record library, his books, and his scripts.

The furniture is oversized and covered with a green and white worsted to match the draperies. There is a green leather easy chair and a small upright piano. There are no rugs in the room because of the acoustics. The studio has its own private patio, and Lanza usually has his lunch there. Two hard-boiled eggs and coffee.

The house is built in the form of a large "H" with the enormous living room as the center line. Running parallel to the living room is a glass-enclosed sun porch, one end of which Betty Lanza uses as her office. She has four in help plus Mario and three children to look after, and this takes quite a bit of careful planning. Betty works at a large-top desk with a telephone at one elbow and a filing cabinet at the other. Near her desk, as a memento of Mario's childhood, she keeps the phonograph which his family bought for him when he was a boy of ten.

The sun porch is done in Nile green. It boasts a brick floor and contains in addition to some solid oak furniture, another television set, a radio, a fireplace which backs up the one in the living room, and an octagonal table good for card-playing.

The eating rooms are downstairs, the nursery and sleeping quarters upstairs.

The children's bedrooms are grouped around one large playroom with Colleen and Ellisa sharing the nursery, and Damon, eight months old, coming in once in a while for his bit of fun with his sisters. The nursery is decorated in pink and equipped with quantities of toys.

"We don't believe in spoiling our children," Mario says, "but childhood is the time for fun, and Betty and I just live for the smiles on those little faces. When I see Ellisa and Colleen and that Damon—that boy is really a bruiser—when I see them all playing together in that nursery, I just want to sing until the rafters shake."

There used to be two nurses for the three Lanza children, but now there is one nurse who looks after Damon while Betty supervises the two girls.

The Lanzas have two rather small dining rooms, small, that is, for a family that rarely dines out. The breakfast room is bright and gay, and exactly right for the children, who take their meals there. The dining room, on the other hand, with its well-cushioned wrought-iron furniture and its \$1000 tea service, is a mite too small for the large dinner parties Mario likes. Of late, however, the Lanza family has limited its guests to ten or twelve and gone in for barbecues. Thick charcoal-broiled steaks are the main dish. This Christmas, as usual, Mario plans to have open house with brunch served from noon until midnight. Ordinarily, from two hundred to five hundred people show up at these festivities. Sometimes the activity gets so hectic at this affair that Mario and Betty go upstairs, lock themselves in the master bedroom, and toast each other with pink champagne.

THE master bedroom is dominated by one of the largest beds in the entire film colony. In Betty's own words, "It stretches from here to eternity." The room, however, is extremely large and the oversize bed is therefore in proportion. It cost \$1800, handmade bedspread included.

"The reason we like a big bed," Mario says, "is because the children come in every morning and climb all over us and we like to rough-house with them. Betty screams when they jump up and down on the mattress, but I don't mind. It's much better than their jumping up and down on my chest."

Green and red are the dominant colors of the room, and there's a balcony which looks out on the garden. The room also contains a small desk at which Betty does some of her work. All the furniture is modern and utilitarian, with no period pieces whatever.

The Lanza house is a happy home, and stories to the effect that Mario and Betty are constantly quarreling simply amuse them.

"For years," Betty says, "those rumors used to upset me. Now, we realize that they're just an integral part of the Hollywood grapevine, and we don't pay them any attention. A few weeks ago Mario bought two of the cutest boxer puppies for Colleen and Ellisa. He built a play pen for the dogs, and the girls have just been having the greatest time with them. There's one columnist in town, however, who insists that our puppies are really ferocious Great Danes, guarding the property."

In a home where people sing and children smile, happiness must play the major role. The size of the Lanza estate, the Cadillacs, the equipment, the gadgets, the physical property—all these are nothing compared to the light in Colleen's eyes, the smile on Damon's lips, the clapping of Ellisa's hands, and the beating of Betty's heart when Mario comes into his house, looks around that tremendous living room of his, and at the top of his lungs, shouts, "How's my family today?"

END



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anything can happen

(Continued from page 44) reporter. Lana was at Elstree, outside of London, finishing up *The Flame And The Flesh* when the newsman called.

"Is it true, Miss Turner," he began, "that you and Lex Barker plan to get married some time after October 15, when his divorce becomes final?"

"I don't know anything at all about it." "But you do know Mr. Barker, don't you?"

"Of course," Lana said.

"Well, Mr. Barker has never made his fondness for you a secret. In fact, he has told many friends that he's in love with you."

"Is that bad?" Lana Turner smiled.

"No, I'd say it's good," the reporter continued. "After all, you two have been going together for almost a year now. Will this friendship culminate in marriage?"

"Look," Lana said, "I don't have any marriage plans. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"There's a story making the rounds that you and Lex have quarreled. Is that one true?"

"No," Lana said. "It certainly isn't."

"Have you seen Lex since he went to Italy to make a picture and you stayed in London for *The Flame And The Flesh*?"

"Yes, I've seen him."

"Isn't it true," the reporter asked, "that Lex missed you so much that for the weekend, he flew in from the continent for a rendezvous with you?"

"Had a rendezvous where?"

"In Maidenhead, twenty-seven miles west of London."

"Yes, that's true."

"How is he?"

"Just fine," Lana said. "He has had his two children visiting him in Italy."

"Isn't your daughter, Cheryl, with you?"

"Yes, she is. She came over with my mother."

"Had they ever been to Europe before?"

"In 1948."

"How does Cheryl like it? In fact, how do you like it? Have you been working hard?"

"Very hard," Lana agreed. "And it's been so dull, but Cheryl loves London. She has a tutor, and we're not going back to Hollywood for a while. She's going to stay over here with me."

"How does Cheryl like Lex Barker?" the reporter asked.

"Very much. She likes him very much."

"Don't you plan to meet Lex in Paris after your picture is done?"

"I don't know. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Suppose Lex proposes to you. What will your answer be?"

Lana thought for a minute. "I don't know."

"You don't know or you won't say?"

"I just don't know. When and if the time comes, then I'll make up my mind."

"Are you in love with Lex Barker?"

Miss Turner's voice stamped its foot a little. "Look, it's my personal life, and I'll live it the way I see fit. Some magazine carried an article saying that Lex and I scandalized Europe by traveling around together. Why! The nerve of them! It's my life, and it's my business, and I'm going to run it."

"Of course it's your life, Miss Turner. All we're trying to find out is whether you are in love with Lex Barker and, if so, if you intend to marry him."

"I honestly don't know. Right now, I have no marriage plans. How things will be in the future I can't say."

"Would you say," the reporter persisted.

"that you have no intentions of ever marrying Lex?"

"I'd never say that."

"Then there is that possibility?"

"Of course," Lana Turner said, "but right now I don't know."

"Is that because, Miss Turner, you've been going around with Carlos Thompson in London?"

Lana was angry. "I should say not. I haven't been out with anyone."

"What do you do at night?"

"I told you. It's dull. I just work and sleep."

Not very long before this conversation took place, Lana had told another reporter, "I'm being attacked in Hollywood for seeing too much of Lex Barker since I left. We've been misquoted as saying we're deeply in love with each other. We're just close friends, and we've definitely no marriage plans. I want a rest from marriage."

What is the truth? Will Lana marry Lex or won't she?

According to an intimate, "Lana doesn't know, herself. She says she wants a rest from marriage, but that's only because her marriages, thus far, have been unhappy. This girl is completely without self-sufficiency. She's got to have a man. Now, for a girl like that, marriage is indispensable. That's why I think she'll marry Lex before the year is over."

This same source, a leading figure in the motion picture industry who has known Lana since she was fifteen, goes on to point out that Barker would probably make the actress an excellent husband.

"One of Lana's biggest mistakes," he explains, is her poor judgment when men are involved. Artie Shaw was too smart for her. Stephen Crane wasn't good enough for her, and Bob Topping had too much social background for her.

"This Barker boy, however, seems to fit her needs perfectly. You'd never call him dull, but certainly he's no mental heavy-weight. Neither is Lana. He got a few more years in high school than she did, but intellectually, they're on a par. That's one reason they get on so well together. Primarily, they're physical creatures, both very attractive, both very charming, both very kind.

"Lex has been married a couple of times and so has Lana. What have they got to lose?"

THIS seems to be the consensus of Hollywood opinion about Lex and Lana, but where the Turner beauty is concerned, one rule has always held true—anything can happen.

Lana is a mercurial woman who falls in and out of love quickly and unexpectedly.

Just look at some of her past performances. Supposedly, she was in love with Greg Bautzer when she ran off and married Artie Shaw. Supposedly, she was in love with Turhan Bey when she ran off and married Steve Crane. Supposedly, she was engaged to Tyrone Power when a few months later she became Mrs. Henry "Bob" Topping. Supposedly, she had been in love with Fernando Lamas when, not long after, she flew to Europe with Lex Barker.

How do you figure a girl like that? Is she a creature of whim, a victim of circumstances, a child of impulse?

Adela Rogers St. John, a writer who has watched Lana in action at MGM for more than a decade, says, "Lana is an exaggerated, unconventional, slightly mad, utterly enchanting creature unlike anybody else in the world, with plenty of brains but practically no sense."

All of which means that Lana Turner is absolutely unpredictable, or as one girl on the set of *The Flame And The Flesh* confided to a columnist, "She'll marry Lex Barker, I think, provided she doesn't fall



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in love with somebody else before she gets around to it."

Friends of Lex Barker say that Lex knows this, that he realizes how susceptible Lana can be to masculine charms, and they attribute his European stay to that very understanding.

When Lex flew over to Paris with Lana this past spring, he was scheduled to return to Hollywood in the summer to make a film for producer Eddie Small. Only Lex didn't return. He had his agent, Paul Kohner, find some film work for him in Europe. Lex wanted to be near Lana. For weeks during the months of April and May they had been inseparable, traveling through France, Spain, and Italy. Lex had even accompanied Lana to England. He had spent so much time courting this beauty in Hollywood and Palm Springs, he was taking no chance of losing her to some European dandy. He asked Eddie Small for an extension of *Cannibal Island*, the picture he was scheduled to make in Hollywood. Small said, "Sure."

ODDLY enough, there wasn't too much difficulty in getting Lex a job or two in Europe, despite the fact that most continental film producers had never heard of him except in connection with Lana Turner. This isn't surprising. As an actor, Lex is a relative beginner.

Anyway, Paul Kohner signed him to a role in a picture tentatively entitled *Tiger Of Malaya*, and then booked him for work in a French film, *They Still Fish On Sunday*.

As a result of these bookings, Kohner is now asking \$25,000 per picture for Lex Barker, and Lex has had enough money to phone Lana in London practically every night. Not too long ago, Lex wrote a friend in Hollywood, explaining that he was very upset about items in the newspapers to the effect that he had quarreled with Lana.

"We've been apart for about a month," he wrote at the time, "but we call each other every other day. It's expensive but helpful."

A few days later, unable to stay away from his love, Lex flew to London. He and Lana saw each other at Maidenhead over the weekend. Then Lex flew back to work.

When Hollywood heard about Lex's fast flight to London, one columnist quipped, "Boy! That's a switch."

The reference was to the time in 1947 when Lana was very much in love with Tyrone Power. She was making *Green*

Dolphin Street at MGM and Ty was on location in Mexico. Undaunted, Lana decided that she simply had to see her sweetheart. She flew to Mexico where bad weather prevented her from getting back to work for two days. Luckily, a kind director shot around her while she was absent.

Lana isn't that foolhardy any longer—either that, or she doesn't care for Lex in the same way she cared for Ty—but she still believes in obeying her impulses. As a matter of fact, that's how her friendship with Lex began—on impulse.

Last year, at the extravaganza thrown for Johnny Ray at the Marion Davies mansion, Lana was escorted by Fernando Lamas.

Lex came to the party with Susan Morrow. During an interlude, Lana impulsively asked Lex Barker for a dance. Lex said it would be an honor. It's a matter of record that Lamas blew his top when he saw Lana and Lex together. He called Lana some choice names, challenged Lex to a fight, and then drove Lana home.

Lana will not tell what happened after Lamas brought her to her house on Mapleton Drive. The next morning, however, she was in a sorry state, and admitted that she and Fernando were finished.

SEVERAL weeks later, Lex Barker began to lay siege to the Turner heart, and his ardor has never diminished. For almost a year, he has been Lana's trusted friend.

When Lana announced that she was going overseas to make pictures, Lex, through his press agent, announced that he was seriously thinking of forming his own independent production company in Europe. What this meant, of course, was that Lex intended to follow Lana, to be with her as much as possible. An MGM executive, upon hearing this, expressed the opinion that it would not be in the best taste for Lex and Lana to travel all over Europe together.

Like Rita Hayworth and Ava Gardner, two other children of impulse, Lana Turner has never catered to public opinion. When she flew to Paris this past April, Lex Barker was with her. When she arrived in Spain, Lex Barker was close at hand. At Cannes, Capri, in Rome, in London, it was Lex and Lana. Tongues wagged but the lovers paid them no heed.

Allegedly, Lex said that it was okay for him to travel with Lana, because his intentions were honorable; and they certainly have been.

Flynns." He stays close to his wife and family. Also, much has been made of the fact that Alan, due to the number of pictures he has made abroad, was partly eligible for the "tax dodge."

I know these things. Many another reporter-photographer knows them, too. I know that Ladd, like every other star, is open to criticism. Wide open in every move he makes. Yet, here at Banff, in this conservative crowd of people, many of whom had never seen a movie star and had a pardonable antipathy for celebrities, Mr. and Mrs. Ladd got along as though they had known the other guests all their lives.

It was not until I woke up the next morning at ten—with a guilty conscience—that I was aware that Alan was still a movie star, and he was still the same old Alan Ladd. He and Sue never have been the up-and-early-chest-beating type. When I called their room I was given a D.A. (Don't answer). So I knew that their telephone would be shut off until around noon. Not that they sleep that late. It's only their way of squeezing in a little private family life before they expose themselves to an admiring, but endless public. As I

When Lex left Lana in London to continue work on *The Flame And The Flesh*—some background shots had been made in Naples previously—Lana had dyed her hair from the familiar blonde to dark reddish.

Lex was sad to leave her. Lana, however, threw herself into the picture with enthusiasm and vigor. "I've got more acting to do in this one than I've ever done before," she explained to one newspaperman. "It's really very tough. I play a young Italian girl, cynical, tough, jaded. She's not exactly a prostitute, but she wanders from man to man, and I'm trying to make the girl look very real."

"I don't want people to say, 'Turner's bitten off more than she can chew.' I spent a lot of time in Italy watching how girls of this type dress and walk and behave, and in this picture, I just wear a dress and an old suit, and my hair. Well, you can see for yourself. Pretty dark, isn't it?"

THE reporter asked if, after thirty or forty films, she had conquered her stage fright.

"No," she said, "I still almost have a nervous breakdown before a picture starts. I'm afraid I'll forget my lines or trip over my feet or just make a fool of myself."

Reputedly in financial trouble (the story goes that she had to take a whopping advance from MGM in order to meet her back income taxes) Lana admitted that she is trying to sell her Holby Hills house, the one with the six tv sets. "I don't intend to return to Hollywood for a while, so I might as well sell the place." No one has met the asking price of \$175,000.

Lana also said that she did not favor her daughter's future entrance into show business. "I once said I'd try to keep her out of this rat race, and I mean it. It's okay if you stay up there among the winners, but everyone can't be lucky."

As for being in love with her latest suitor, Mr. Alexander Crichton Barker of Rye, New York, Lana insisted that she had been misquoted. "We're just good friends."

There's nothing wrong in a girl's marrying a good friend especially when he's tall, handsome, slavish in his devotion, and capable of making a good living.

Now, that *The Flame And The Flesh* is finished, and work is no longer on her mind, Lana has done that very thing. If she hadn't, all of Hollywood would have been disappointed.

Lana has been in love with the idea of marriage for a long, long time. **END**

homesick but happy

(Continued from page 43) "This is some reception," I said. "What's to be so excited about?"

"Don't flatter yourself," Alan advised. "You're the first of the Old Guard we've seen for a long time." He handed me the kind of drink that separates the men from the boys.

As we mingled with the guests, I kept a reporter's eye on Sue and Alan to see whether or not their extended European trip had changed them. I confess that even if I hadn't liked them for many years—even if I had been looking for trouble—I couldn't have taken a poke at their behavior. I suppose ten or twenty million words have been written about the Ladds, and I've never seen them referred to as "homey people." Oh, I know that people write a lot about their magnificent home and their still more magnificent ranch. The fact is that Alan is perhaps the richest of the present generation of movie stars, and possibly he is a little dull for reporters, because he never engages in what we refer to as "Errol

stepped off the elevator, I saw Alan sneaking through a side corridor, a frisky dachshund tugging ahead on a leash.

He never has been the type to stroll through a lobby to let the people know there's a movie star around. As a matter of fact, in order to reach Banff Springs, he and Sue had arranged their schedule so that they could leap into a cab (two cabs to be exact) with their family, directly from the *Queen Elizabeth*, and land on a Canadian Pacific railway car, spending only a half-hour in New York. Alan has more friends among reporters than almost any other star, but he can't get used to the fact that every move he makes is an event.

"I'll meet you at one o'clock on the first tee, if you're not doing anything else," he said, knowing full well that my camera and I were there only to take pictures of him.

"It's a date," I replied, and went into the dining room. A captain came up to me. "Mr. Parry? Mrs. Ladd just called and suggested that you'd better have a big breakfast. She ordered orange juice, wheatcakes and ham and eggs. Will that be satisfactory?"

I said it would, realizing that, as always,

Sue had automatically adopted me as one of the family. It was a good feeling. I ate the breakfast with considerable relish. And while I was at it, I pondered the talk that Alan and I had fallen into the night before. I think his thousands of friends should know this, too: that for many years Alan had planned his trip to Europe. He is not the type of actor who starts counting his money when he wakes up in the morning. His business manager does that kind of worrying for him. Alan did a couple of pictures in Europe and he's going back for another one. But he didn't do these pictures in order to take advantage of the eighteen-month tax exemption. All of his earnings have been impounded by his own business manager, and whatever taxes are to be paid will be paid. Like any other tax payer, if he has a legitimate deduction, he'll be grateful for it, and he reserves the right to beef about the amount of taxes he pays, just like the rest of us. But he knows, too, that the movie business has been wonderful to him and to his family. He wants no more, nor less, than what is coming to him.

As I say, Alan Ladd is family. With many another actor the emphasis is on the big "I am." With Alan, it's different. He's not an actor first and a human being second. That's clear enough if you have seen him with Sue and their children, Carol Lee, Laddie, Alana and David. Any of these kids, stripped of the glamour and wealth that surrounds them as children of Alan Ladd, could walk into a schoolyard and "get with it" with a gang in a matter of minutes. They have never been pampered and do not expect any favors.

Only in one department are the Ladds "too soft" in their family relations. They are suckers for their dogs. The boxers and the dachshunds can ruin their gardens, jump through plate glass windows and ruin

the rugs with no more punishment than a harsh look. The newest arrival in their canine division is an impudent little hound they've named Beret, for the picture, *Red Beret*. They picked up this important little monster on their European trip, and he acts just like what he is—a German dog with a French name.

I made Beret's acquaintance out on the golf course right after breakfast. Alan had been making some practice shots while waiting for me, and Beret was showing how smart he was by retrieving the golf balls. As I arrived on the tee, a young lady was having words with Alan. She flounced away with no small degree of petulance.

"What was all that about?" I asked.

Alan grinned. "That dope, Beret. I hooked out into the next fairway. What did this guy do but run over and bring me back two golf balls. I tried to explain to the lady, but she wouldn't buy my alibi."

We settled down for eighteen holes of golf, with Beret tagging along and giving us dirty looks because we wouldn't let him retrieve every shot we made. Alan played his usual steady game in the middle eighties. "I can't say I care too much for this course," he said. "The scenery is so great you can't keep your eye on the ball, and the grass grows so fast you feel as though you ought to run to the next tee before it's up to your ears."

Later, at the nineteenth hole—the one golfers find in the tavern when the game is over—he grew serious. "This trip has been wonderful for my family," he said. "Long before I earned my first dollar in pictures I thought about having a family and getting around the world a little. I know how many other people spend years saving for a trip, and I wanted my kids to have the experience before they settle down to the serious business of getting an education, working for a living and raising

their own families. I'm proud of my kids. They have some special talents, but being an actor's child can be a handicap, I know. I hope that Sue and I have taught them to meet their problems on a level with everyone else. Sue, like every other mother, has had most of the responsibility, and I think she is doing a tremendously fine and normal job."

I am not a writer, but as an old friend of the Ladds, I think I can explain them better than most writers. Carol Lee, soon to graduate from her teens, took a year off from college to make this trip. She is second mother to the Ladd children, while Laddie, now fifteen, is the big brother. The only discord I noted was the kind that is normal in all families.

TALKING with them, I discovered that theirs was nothing but a "fun trip" through Europe, during which Alan was kidded unmercifully because he couldn't get used to the foreign food. Everywhere they went, the rest of the family delighted in trying strange dishes in interesting restaurants but Alan kept asking for hamburgers. Despite their jeering that he could get a freight car of them when he got home, Alan finally located a sympathetic chef in Heidelberg, and talked him into preparing hamburger with chili.

"I still think," Alan told me, "that nothing would perk up those countries like a few chains of motels and hamburger stands."

On the second evening of our stay at the Banff Springs Hotel, one of the college kids invited the Ladds to their dance. It was held on the ski lift, which was bereft of snow at that time of year. Alan and Sue mingled with the kids and had a wonderful time.

Unfortunately, this is not the best place in the world for fishing. Due to the altitude,

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REPORT ON A SWEETHEART

*Joanne Gilbert is 21,
In Love and Engaged*

■ Ever since MODERN SCREEN introduced Joanne Gilbert to its readers some months ago there has been a flood of mail asking for more news about her. This is it: Joanne has just turned 21, and to celebrate she returned to sing at night club Mocambo where she was discovered a year ago. This time she smashed all records, including the one set by veteran comedian Joe E. Lewis. Among the big stars who flocked to see her was Rosemary Clooney, who is Joanne's Number One Fan and vice versa. Rosemary brought Joanne a piece of wedding cake, a "residual" from her own marriage to José Ferrer, and was greeted by the news that Miss Gilbert, too, had cause to celebrate. She is engaged to marry Danny Arnold, ace writer for Martin and Lewis. Joanne, who has the most exciting pair of legs since Marlene Dietrich, and a figure that doesn't take second place to Marilyn Monroe, has always been a "one man" girl.

Her first night's appearance at Mocambo was torture, "like being put in an arena with wild lions," but Joanne has managed to suppress her timidity, and in the Paramount picture, *Red Garters*, the report is that she comes over like Gang Busters. Bold though her costumes may be, Joanne Gilbert is a definite introvert. To the annoyance of other actresses, her ceaseless appetite for sweets has no negative effect on her supple figure.

or for some other reason, the fish don't spawn in the multitudes you would expect. Still, Alan and David had a fine time. As Alan explained it, "When a boy and his dad go fishing, it's not what they catch that matters, it's the companionship they get out of tossing their lines into the water, talking and being together."

It's the "being together" that makes the Ladds a great family. Alan Ladd is not put together like the movie star who feels that he is not being "manly" unless he gets away from his family and carries on some minor or serious flirtations with local belles, wherever he goes. Somehow, young people sense the integrity in this man and respect him for it.

We were sitting in the tavern, having a last glass of beer. Outside, the rain poured down in a flood. The tavern keeper came over and said to Alan, "There are a lot of kids outside, waiting for your autograph."

Quickly Alan replied, "I know there are too many for you to ask them to come in. And if I went outside, they would have to stand around, soaking wet, waiting for me to sign their autographs. Why don't you ask them all to sign their names, bring them to me and I'll see that autographs are mailed as soon as I get back to Hollywood."

The tavern keeper thought that was a considerate plan, so he went out and told the kids.

I don't have to tell you that Alan kept his promise. He always does. By this time he's back in Hollywood, and it's like he said to me: "This trip is the greatest thing that ever happened to us, but we've been homesick as the devil, most of the time. We're happy to be home in Hollywood where we belong."

END

(Alan Ladd can be seen in *Saskatchewan*, a Universal-International picture.)

the big guy takes the stand

(Continued from page 16) that Mrs. Wayne is going to amplify her charge of physical cruelty against America's number-one box office attraction.

The elaboration of that charge is certainly going to be one of the most fascinating aspects of the divorce action.

Mrs. Wayne has been seen with a black eye on occasion, and she is sure to testify or offer depositions as to how, where, why, and from whom she received such tell-tale bruises.

It is no secret that in preparation for the divorce trial, private detectives have been hired "to get the goods" on each of the participants. Both the plaintiff and the defendant in the pending trial have made that clear.

A FEW weeks ago, Mrs. Wayne's lawyer hired a couple of detectives to see what they could find out about Wayne's behavior while he was in Mexico making his latest film, *Hondo*.

He explained to the two investigators that Mrs. Wayne did not have enough money to pay them at the time. Should the private eyes return to Los Angeles with evidence that could be used in court—either photographs or recordings—then they would be well taken care of. That is, they would be paid at the end of the divorce trial when the Court ordered a final financial settlement.

The detectives were also told not to undertake the job unless they sincerely believed in the righteousness of Mrs. Wayne's cause—that out of the \$500,000 John Wayne makes each year, she was entitled to more than the temporary alimony allotment of \$13,200 per year.

The two detectives made their way to Camargo, Mexico, where Duke was on location. They attempted to install small, hidden microphones in Wayne's hotel suite. Instead of entering Wayne's suite, however, they got into the apartment of the governor of Chihuahua, the top official in that area.

They were arrested and (with their recording equipment) tossed into the Camargo jail. A few hours later, the news services were carrying reports to the effect that the two detectives, both of Los Angeles, were in jail for installing "bugs" in the suite of the governor of Chihuahua. These two detectives were sent to Mexico by attorneys representing Mrs. Esperanza Wayne, John Wayne's estranged wife. Allegedly, they were below the border to gather evidence against Wayne who is in Camargo working on a film. His two sons are with him there on vacation.

According to Ward Bond, one of Duke's best friends, who was down in Camargo at the time, this is what happened.

"One afternoon," Bond recalls, "Duke gets a phone call from one of the Mexican police officials. He tells Duke that the Mexican police have picked up two guys from Los Angeles who were attempting to 'bug' a room at the *Santa Rosalia Motel*. He also says that after searching these two characters they found one with a letter addressed to John Wayne."

"Duke says he never heard of the guys. The police say, 'We've got 'em in jail, and we're holding them on four or five different counts, entering the country illegally, working without a working permit, forced entry into a room, tampering with the mails, spying on the governor, and a lot of other stuff.'"

"One of these two detectives is fat and the other is lean. One lives in Glendale, and the other in Los Angeles. They're interrogated by the police, and they say that they were hired by Chata's lawyer, Jerry Rosenthal, to come down to Mexico to investigate Duke. They say very frankly, and mind you, they swear to this in a signed statement to the Mexican authorities, that they were trying to find Duke with some girl. This is a very funny thing in a way, because at the time, Duke's brother, Bob Morrison, was down there with his fiancée. These two guys apparently got some wrong information from someone and figured that Duke was with a girl who'll probably be his sister-in-law eventually."

"Anyway, the governor of Chihuahua didn't know what to believe. He didn't know whether these two guys were private detectives or spies or Communists or what."

"Being the kind of decent fellow he is, Duke explained that they had been hired by his wife to tail him and that they had no evil intentions toward the Government of Mexico."

"The police official then stepped in and said, 'We're gonna try these two men, and I think we can send them to jail for thirty years. One of them is sick. Looks as if he's got a ruptured appendix, but we'll get that fixed up and then we'll try them.'"

"Duke and I went to see these two private eyes, and they told us everything. They had come down on speculation with cameras, microphones, and the whole works, just to get the goods on Duke, just to catch him with some girl, just to get some pictures they could show in the divorce trial."

"One guy, I forget which one, he pleaded with Duke. The sick one. He said, 'Please, if I'm operated on down here and something happens to me! I've got three kids and a wife back in the States."

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I'm their only means of support. Please give me a break.'

"I'll tell you frankly," Bond goes on. "I said to Wayne, 'Duke, let these guys rot in jail. They knew what they were doing when they came down here. You're trying to make a picture for Warner Brothers. It's tough enough without these guys. They upset you, me, everyone. To hell with 'em. Let 'em rot.'"

"But you know Duke, a real soft-hearted, good-natured guy. He goes to the police officials. He goes to the governor, and he pleads for the release of these two private eyes who came down to Mexico specifically for the purpose of ruining him. I know it's their job to get evidence. But there's evidence and there's evidence."

"After these two jokers give a complete statement of their whole background (and this statement is part of the record in the possession of Duke's attorney) Wayne springs the men."

"Not only that, but he charters a private plane to fly them to Chihuahua, and then he sees that they're flown back to L. A."

"I was there. I witnessed the whole incident, this attempt to crucify one of the nicest men on earth. And that's what happened. With such tactics as these, you can get an idea what an unholy mess that divorce trial's gonna be."

FROM the other side, Chata's side, also comes stories of private detectives. Wayne's attorney, Frank Belcher, says, "At no time has Wayne ever had his wife followed or shadowed by detectives."

Mrs. Wayne, however, insists that "I've been followed for months. I have positive proof," she states. "I've seen the cars outside the house, men in the cars."

"Only a few weeks ago—well, I will tell you the whole story. I was riding with my cousin Charles—Carlos Baur, he is fifteen years old. He is my cousin from Mexico City."

"We are riding along. I think it is Ventura Boulevard. I see in the mirror we are being followed. The same car is following me for weeks. I jam on my breaks, and this car runs into me."

"I get out and I run back to him. 'You've hit my car,' I say. 'And you've been following me. I'm going to call the police.'"

"This fellow, this detective, he says it's part of his job. And I say, 'What do you want to know?' And he says, 'Who is that young boy you've been riding with?' And I say, 'It's Carlos. My cousin.' He puts it down in his book, and he apologizes, and then he rides off. So I know very well I am being followed."

Why can't this divorce be settled amicably?

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icably? This is the question many people in and out of Hollywood have been asking. Why all this cloak-and-dagger routine? Why can't the Waynes get a divorce quietly and preserve some dignity?

The answer is money.

Duke's wife claims that Duke earns \$500,000 a year. She claims that they used to spend \$13,000 a month. Under the law, she says, she is entitled to live after the divorce, in a manner similar to her way of living before the divorce. She wants approximately \$9,000 a month in alimony after seven years of marriage to Duke.

Wayne admits that his monthly earnings average \$40,000—this is all part of the public record—but he has also said that after taxes and expenses, all he has left at the end of the year is \$60,000.

Moreover, he has to support his four children by his first marriage; and they get twenty per cent of his earnings.

A few months ago, in an attempt to award temporary alimony, pending the divorce trial, California Superior Court Judge William McKay ruled that Chata would have to get along on \$1,100 a month until the final divorce settlement.

Not long after this decision was handed down, Chata's Cadillac was attached because of failure to pay \$2,367 in grocery bills. Mrs. Wayne, in this case, testified that she knew she owed the money, but that she had expected it would be taken care of in her separate maintenance settlement. She lost the case and was given ten days in which to raise the money or lose her car. She now rides around in a half-ton pick-up truck.

What are the reasons behind the failure of the John and Esperanza Wayne marriage? Are the partners equally to blame? Is one more wrong than the other? Was Duke really physically cruel to Chata, as she charges? Was Chata's extravagance, as Duke testified, responsible for much of the stress and strain, and for the final break?

Adultery, alcoholism, sterility, extravagance, physical cruelty, mental cruelty, aggravation—all of these have been advanced as possible reasons for the Wayne marital mess.

This magazine, of course, takes no side in the case.

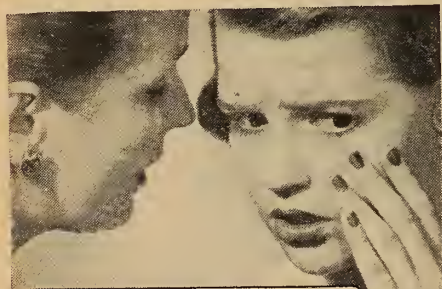
On October 19, unless there is a cancellation, postponement, or private settlement—and lawyers for Chata and Duke say none of these are probable—the truth will emerge in the Domestic Relations Court.

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END

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to all as to myself

(Continued from page 49) as a patient, and one of the things he mentioned was that I should "feel free to express myself."

"How far can I go along this line, doctor?" I asked. "No restraint at all?"

"Well, let us say you want to express an anger which has gripped you," he said. "An anger at me, for instance. You are privileged to double up your fist and swing it at me as hard as you can. But the instant you hit my nose you are no longer privileged. The point is that that's the way of the world. I am your doctor and you are my patient. But I, too, am privileged to express myself. I can be just as angry as anyone else and can retaliate as fast as anyone else because I have my own life to live and to protect. Does that make sense?"

Everybody ticks in his own way. Most of us can do with some regulating of the works. That's why I had the experts check mine. As a result, I think I'm running a little smoother and my alarm is not so liable to pop off when there is no need for it. Nobody wants to hear it and I want to hear it least of all. The main corrective I required was oil—the oil of understanding; not only of others, but of myself.

WHAT makes a fellow become wound up too tightly is not always easily explained. Very early in boyhood I began holding my fists in front of me and people started to call me cocky. Maybe it was because I was raised in one of the world's most competitive spots—New York's west side—where nobody needs any special reason to pop you in the eye, and I got popped. Or it might have been the sum of my particular reaction as a child to the bitter realities of life. You go along with them, but not always as the same kid. I remember, for instance, that it was years before I got over the shock of my grandmother's funeral. She was a favorite of mine and died when I was only eight. When she was laid in her grave, when I saw the first shovelful of earth thrown on her coffin, I broke down and cried out in resentment. It seemed to me that someone I knew to be a wonderful person was being treated cruelly, while other people, not at all as nice as she, were escaping this punishment.

I'm guessing at the psychological effect on me but it could be that I got badly twisted as a result of this, developing a feeling that not even being good (and to me my grandmother was the epitome of goodness) could save you from being a victim of life. And very probably (but still guessing) I could have felt that a fellow had best protect himself from this fate at all times. At least that's the way I acted as I grew up—pugnaciously protective about myself.

At home, on the street, in all my contacts with people, I was touchy, very conscious of my rights. When we bought a loaf of bread and it wasn't fresh, I was the kind of kid who liked to go back to the grocery store with it and plank it down, saying, "This bread is stale!" No, sir, nobody was going to put anything over on me! (Nobody, that is, but myself—by getting a little hipped on the subject!)

I can look back now and put my finger on what was wrong with me—I was afraid of life. A lot of us are. But even worse than fear itself was the fear of having the fear known. This, too, is a common reaction, and among kids that's exactly the kind of personality you need to get yourself booked for a steady series of scraps.

Of course, I didn't know it as fear, then. I accepted others' appraisal of it and they called it temper. When on my grammar school graduation day I took a swing at a lad a lot bigger than I, I analyzed my ac-

tion afterward as a case of my temper overcoming my brain. Most kid fights are over with quickly. This one turned into one of those long, terrible sessions that seemed to go on forever. Long after my "temper" had cooled off, when I was sick to death of the fight, yet wearily swinging away, I can remember thinking how stupid it all was. But I couldn't stop. I had to keep punching. To quit, to be thought a quitter—that was worse than anything.

I THINK that fight did me some good, but also because I had held my own with a larger fellow and that gave me a measure of confidence in myself. I didn't walk around with my hands up in front of me so much. Since I really had confidence, it wasn't so necessary to show it by my demeanor. It was there if I needed it. But it wasn't all there, yet. I know that when the time came for me to go out with girls, as it must to all boys, scared or not, I played safe. I wasn't a one-gal man for a long time. I was the kind who comes to the dances to look over the field and then leaves, unattached—the lone stag. I was as unsettled on what I wanted romantically, you might say, as I was in every other way. And when, eventually, I did pick out a girl whom I wanted to know better, she happened to be someone else's—a football hero's, no less.

I had no car, no money, yet life was good to me and gave my confidence another boost. I learned that what you are comes through. What I was she liked, and she overlooked what I lacked in position or possessions. Now I know that if a girl doesn't go out with you (or if you can't impress a boy) you might as well not try to reach her with outside accoutrements or veneers. If you can't reach through to each other for what you are, you can't do it by pretending to be something better.

The way we got along was quite a boost to my ego, but the cure was by no means complete. Many years later I was still fear-bound and swinging out, figuratively, when I should have kept my hands at my side. Even when my big chance came up in Hollywood I nearly scared myself out of it by behaving in a crude manner born of my fear of not making good.

At MGM, I was asked by the dramatic coach, Lillian Burns, whether I wanted to do a light or heavy scene for my first test. I will never forget the look on her face at my reply:

"Why ask me? What do they pay you for?"

I actually cringe at the memory. One of the reasons I even mention it now is as a sort of additional apology to the lady. She came out of this little set-to a much bigger person than I. She came to downtown Los Angeles to see me in the legitimate show, *I Married An Angel*, and decided I had possibilities despite my rudeness.

She had told Billy Brady, head of the studio's talent department, that personally I was "... a most revolting young man." Later, she changed her opinion (I hope!) and we became very good friends. But because of fear I had been rude and had darn near frightened myself out of a movie career.

I think that if I had enjoyed a stronger spiritual identification with my faith during my early days as an actor I would have been able to accept my later success without having it affect me temperamentally as much as it did. I was nervous about the kind of roles offered me, the dramatic values involved and the theatrical level of the productions. A man with trust in the ultimate meaning of his life is not inclined to be overwrought about its day-to-day phases. I am still concerned about the way I am represented to

the public in my pictures but now I am much more aware of the problems of the directors and writers.

WHEN I was making *I Can Get It For You Wholesale*, the director and I made a pact to meet each night in my dressing room for a talk, no matter what happened during the day's shooting. Plenty happened. Some mornings and afternoons we couldn't lay up a scene because of the arguments we had to go through first. But every evening the director and I got together and worked out our differences with an honest discussion and a handshake that washed out all bitterness. We recognized that no matter what else was involved, we had a common cause—a good picture. People thought the production was going to pieces, but because we trusted each other's hearts, if not each other's ideas, we finished up with a good job.

I should have had this sort of tolerance long before I got to Hollywood, but I didn't. When I was bouncing around on Broadway, trying to get a part in a show, and getting turned down, I used to get pretty bitter. Everyone said I was a good actor, but no one had anything suitable for me. Even when I got going a bit, and won top comment as a good comedian and dancer, I would hit against stone walls of opposition. A good friend of mine was (and is) Jack Nonenbacher, manager of José Greco, leading male exponent of Spanish dancing. Enviously, I had mentioned to him some big names who were in Broadway shows.

"I know I can do better than those fellows," I said. "Why can't I get a chance?"

"Look, Dan," he replied, "you'll be better off, eventually, if it isn't too easy to get started. The very thing that holds you back, now, keeps you up there when you make good."

"But what do I do in the meantime?"

"Have faith," was the simple answer.

"That's what faith is for."

That's what every man needs—a deep trust in himself and in his future. He needs it in everything he tackles, particularly in the job of being a human being. I know faith can move a mountain; I moved one when I was in the Army.

This particular "mountain" was a problem handed to me when I attended Signal Corps Officers School at Fort Monmouth, N. J., in 1942. If I passed, I was to graduate and get my officer's commission. If I didn't, back to the ranks. I took one look at the problem and knew I was licked. It consisted of a map of the communications system of Berlin, and I, on the premise that the whole system had been wrecked, was to tell exactly how I would go about restoring it to working order if I were to be the first American Signal Corps officer to enter the city.

I found just a small job in the communications map—a generator to provide power. Then I located a switchboard which could be run from this generator. And from this I progressed via small segments of the problem until the whole thing was done!

I don't think it matters much that I didn't turn out to be the first signal officer to enter Berlin. I was sent to Italy and never had a thing to repair. It didn't matter much to the Army, that is. But it made a lot of difference to me to learn that small gains plus strong faith can add up to big victory.

A great many of the fears I used to have are not with me any more. Over the years, I have learned that when I have stewed and worried it has been for nothing. I am not speaking here of actual danger to life or limb. As a matter of fact, whenever I have actually been on the point of breaking my neck, my mind has always refused to accept the fact and busied itself with an inconsequential aspect of what was hap-

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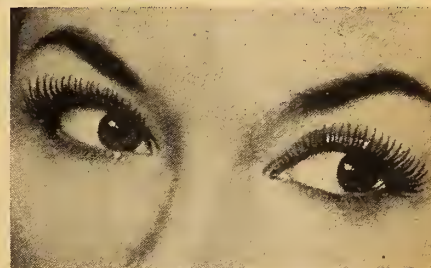


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pening. A year or so ago, while driving a new car, I was forced off the road and turned over. The thought in my head while I was in mid-air was, "Gee, this is going to scratch up the car!" Only recently, my horse failed on a high jump. Even as I knew I was falling, I was conscious only of the fact that I would probably rip my riding coat and it was the only one I had.

What I have in mind is the sense of peril to your well-being that settles on you like a weight and very often makes you a hard man to live with.

I HAVE no desire to become the biggest star in my profession. There may have been a time when I was dedicated to that proposition. I'm not sure. But I am certain it forms no part of my thinking, now. I am more tolerant of people, now, because I judge them by the basic level of their relationship to me, not by all their outward manifestations. I can forgive a friend any mistake if there is no mistake about his friendship for me.

I am trying to enjoy each day as it comes along, and without causing others any harm. I am remembering, always, that if I want to antagonize someone, it is within my power to do so. And therefore it is within my power to accomplish the reverse—to win them over. This, I have actually demonstrated to my satisfaction a number of times, and I have come to the conclusion that if I can win other people

over to me, I can definitely win myself over to a better way of life.

From what I can see, most of us are problems to ourselves. I have had to be honest and admit it to myself. But I'm working on it. That's the most—and the least—a man can do. **END**

monroe and the wild life

(Continued from page 38) that Joe DiMaggio planned to check in a day early. The dreamy look left her eyes.

"Honest?"

"Not honest," he covered himself. "It's just what I heard."

"Maybe you heard something I didn't," she said, anxiously.

"No, I don't think so. After all, you talk to him every day, don't you?"

"Every day," she agreed, "when he can get a call through." Then she added as an afterthought, "If for no other reason, we'll probably get married to cut down on the long distance telephone expense."

Marilyn grinned as though she had a secret all her own. That secret may be that she and Joe are already married. Nobody could swear to that, although Louella Parsons may confirm it one day in an exclusive scoop. It is safe to say, though, that no girl's heart ever belonged as thoroughly to any man as Marilyn's does to Joe. If they have some complications, they have already been settled, spiritually and

mentally.

"What's to be so nervous about?" he asked her as they discussed Joe's arrival. "Everybody has been telling me how relaxed you are."

"I'd be relaxed," she flashed, "if Joe were here."

An assistant director on the set of *River Of No Return* called her, and she walked toward the camera with that deliberate, slouchy gait that has become so famous. If she had been Betty Grable or Jane Russell, somebody would have whistled. But they wouldn't whistle at Marilyn. The easygoing fun and harmless wolf passes accorded a glamorous star aren't tossed her way. Because, clearly, she is deeply in love and would resent any of the rough fun that passes for nothing when a star has been married a long time. Then it's a mark of respect. Now, Marilyn behaves like a bride, and the studio crew treats her like one.

THIS was a scene in which Rory Calhoun and Marilyn were caught on a raft running wild down the churning Athabasca River. Bob Mitchum is supposed to toss them a rope, r'ar back on his steed and pull them to shore. When Marilyn walked past Bob, for just a moment he started to register some overt, masculine appreciation. He didn't. He never even dropped a lazy eyelid in her direction, and Mitch usually does that with every female in the cast.

It took an hour to go through the scene. On one occasion, Marilyn slipped into the river. Casually, Bob pulled her out. It was a little thing, but big enough to make headlines in the next day's newspapers.

That night, back at the location lodging, Marilyn chatted for a few minutes after dinner.

"Coming over to the tavern, tonight?" someone asked.

"No, thanks," she replied. "I've got some work to do."

Now, almost every other member of the cast was there that night, and to be friendly, Marilyn would normally have dropped in. Everybody knew she was waiting to hear from Joe. It isn't that Marilyn isn't a trouser, or couldn't be—it's just that building a career which will make up for all that flamboyant, early publicity is the important thing with her, just now. The career—and Joe.

At five o'clock the next morning, the camp was up and roaring in order to catch the private train which had to leave at 6:30 to reach the location scene in time for early shooting. Everyone was aboard on time, but Marilyn. She showed up almost fifteen minutes later. If her fellow workers wanted to complain, they didn't. There were no wisecracks. Apparently, everyone knows that Marilyn is living in a world of her own.

At times, she snaps out of it, though, and does extra favors for people—as she did for the engineer and the Canadian Pacific Railway people who wanted her to pose with their train. She made like a switchman, a brakeman and a conductor.

There's something new with Marilyn. Instead of her short haircut, she showed up with golden strands hanging twenty inches down her back. The visitor exclaimed in amazement, "Where did you get that hair?"

"Makeup department, of course," she replied. "They put it on for me, every day, because I have to wear my hair with a bun in the back and there's not enough of it. Now I like it long, so at the end of the day I just let it down and parade around as if it were my own. When I get some time off between pictures I'm going to sit around and grow my own."

She looked at him gravely to see if he understood that she was kidding. Much of what this girl tosses off, ad lib, is con-

easy money!

Got a yen to see the world? Or get to know your own state better? Remember—big travel funds from small deposits grow—and MODERN SCREEN can get yours off to an easy start. All you have to do is read all the stories in this November issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started right now. You may be one of the lucky ones.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Movie Reviews
- ☐ Sweet and Hot
- ☐ The Big Guy Takes The Stand (John Wayne)
- ☐ "It Just Didn't Work" (Jeff Chandler)
- ☐ The Shocking Foilure of Suson Hayward's Morriage
- ☐ "Hi, Honey—So Long, Dear" (Charlton Heston)
- ☐ Perfect Balance (Morge ond Gower Champion)
- ☐ Monroe and the Wild Life (Morilyn Monroe)
- ☐ Love Begins At 30 (Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Homesick But Happy (Alon Lodd)
- ☐ Anything Con Hoppen (Lana Turner-Lex Borker)
- ☐ Lanzo Lives Big (Mario Lanza)
- ☐ To All As To Myself (Don Doiley)
- ☐ Is It Bad To Be Good? (Debbie Reynolds)
- ☐ Audrey Hepburn
- ☐ It's Been A Good Life (Tyrone Power)
- ☐ Rito's Forgotten Child (Rita Hoyworth)
- ☐ The Kid From Philly (Eddie Fisher)
- ☐ Hollywood Abroad

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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sidered dumb or accidental by some listeners, razor blade wit, by others.

MARILYN doesn't appear to be overly enthusiastic about the rugged life in the north woods. After all, she has just settled down in a magnificent little apartment on Doheny Drive in Beverly Hills, and it has all the comforts that she never has known before. She's hardly the type whose idea of fun is getting up for a before-dawn breakfast ride, but she did fool the boys when they asked her to pose with a horse. The horse took one look at her and plainly fell in love. They nuzzled each other for fifteen minutes, to the delight of all cameras present.

In a way, Marilyn is a little pathetic. She's so darned pretty and sexy-looking that everyone expects her to be stupid in the bargain. She isn't. She obviously follows every direction and suggestion made by her coach, Natasha. For two days I watched for director Otto Preminger to blow his top. He is a shrewd, always fair, but sometimes extremely sarcastic veteran. On some takes it was obvious that he wasn't getting things his way. But he patiently did the scenes until he was satisfied. It's problematical whether the finished version belongs to him or to Natasha, to whom Marilyn is so intensely loyal.

That's the word—loyal. That's the way Marilyn Monroe is to Joe DiMaggio, too. She is like the bride waiting for her new husband to come home, behaving as though no matter what his excuse for being late, it's all right with her. But in this case, "the bride" is always working late, and she isn't going to let anyone whisper to Joe one legitimate word of real or imaginary misbehavior on her part. She's loyal and in love, and she doesn't care who knows it. **END**

it just didn't work

(Continued from page 31) into a series of bickerings, clashes, and almost constant domestic quarrels.

Meyer Mishkin rapped on the hotel door and entered. Meyer is Jeff's agent. He hero-worships Jeff, his most profitable client, and spends most of his working day in an effort to convince the world that Chandler is the kindest, greatest, most talented actor on earth.

"Here is a for instance," Meyer will explain to a reporter, "about Jeff's versatility. You think he can only act? You're wrong. Did you hear him with Peggy Lee on the radio? Nothing but sensational. She asked him to come back again. Not as an actor, as a singer. Chandler is also a singer, a great voice. He was in Chicago recently, plugging his picture. Vic Damone was on the stage. He called Jeff up. They sang a duet and brought the house down. Now they want Jeff to sign a recording contract. Make records. I'm telling you. The guy is sensational."

Meyer Mishkin, the cheer leader, is also a perceptive man. When he entered the room, he knew at once that Jeff was unhappy.

"Just spoke to Marge," Chandler said. He shook his head, and by that one movement, Meyer understood that between Jeff and Marjorie it was all over.

THE following morning, the news came out of Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Chandler had decided to call it quits. The studio issued the brief announcement.

The truth, of course, is that Jeff and Marjorie decided to separate before he left for New York, but no one else knew about it.

While Jeff was on tour, he phoned Marge every night to ask about the children. In

his heart, he hoped that he might effect a reconciliation.

When announcement of the Chandlers' impending divorce was made in Hollywood, reporters, remembering that Mrs. Chandler two years before had called off divorce proceedings against her husband, wondered if she might not do the same thing again.

"This isn't just a separation," Jeff's wife explained. "I think we've had it. Jeff has moved to an apartment in Westwood, and I'm here in the house with the children.

"What caused the break? Another woman? No, nothing like that. Nothing like that, at all. Just a bunch of little things. Incompatibility covers it. It's been two years this month since we reconciled. We tried. We really did. Very hard. Call it differences in personality, temperament, outlooks. We just can't see eye-to-eye on the things that count.

"Jeff is a wonderful man, and we're both adjusting to the situation. No, I haven't got a lawyer yet. The same lawyer I used last time? I don't know. We're going about this whole thing very slowly. There's always time for a divorce. He's in no big hurry to get one and neither am I.

"Will it be one of those Nevada quickies? I don't think so. In fact, I'm sure it won't. We'll get the divorce in California."

Marjorie Hoshelle Chandler was under contract to Warner Brothers long before her husband first set foot on a sound stage. She was asked if she contemplated a renewal of her career.

"I think so," she said. "I'm the kind of girl who needs to be busy. I like to have a lot to do. With my children and any jobs I can pick up, I should keep occupied."

"When you file for a divorce," a reporter asked, "what will the grounds be?"

Marjorie thought for a moment. "I guess it'll have to be one of those mental cruelty things."

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"You mean," the reporter said, "that no one is going to give out with the real reasons."

"It has been very nice speaking to you," Mrs. Chandler said.

WHEN Jeff was approached and asked to comment on the divorce, he shrugged his broad shoulders. "What can I say?" he asked. "It just didn't work out."

But there are others in Hollywood, friends and acquaintances of the Chandlers, who have much to say.

One radio actor, for example, who has known the Chandlers ever since Jeff got his start on the *Our Miss Brooks* show, says, "I think it's a case of jealousy, pure and simple. Two acting careers in one family never work. Marge used to be much bigger than Jeff. So what happens? She becomes the wife and mother and he becomes the star and the celebrity. Unconsciously, she resents that."

"Look," an actress points out, "I know women, and I understand what makes them tick. Marge Chandler is the kind of girl who dies a thousand deaths every time Jeff hits the road."

"Marge Chandler has been in show business a long time. She's nobody's fool. She knows all the angles. She has friends. She hears what Jeff is doing wherever he is. She knows that girls go nuts over her guy. My feeling is that the minute she lost sight of Jeff, she began to worry."

"Mind you, I'm not saying this is exactly what happened between Marge and Jeff. I'm just suggesting the possibility based on my own analysis of the situation."

IN ALL fairness to Mrs. Chandler, it must be pointed out that when a man and wife separate in Hollywood, the person who is under contract to a studio usually receives the better press. Studios must protect their investments and cannot afford to have their stars subjected to close scrutiny.

This, for example, is what happened with Shirley Temple and John Agar. To this day, Agar has never given his version of their marriage and divorce. "I would never do anything to hurt Shirley," he said.

Marjorie Chandler feels the same way about Jeff, which is why, in the interest of fair play, it is equitable to hear from a director who believes that in every marital failure, blame may be attributed to both parties.

"I like Jeff," this director points out, "and as actors go, he's a pretty nice guy. He's level-headed. He has both feet on the ground, and he has a good mind. But let's face it. He has changed. He has arrived."

"The guy has confidence in himself. He knows he's a star. Whatever humility he once had—well, it's gone. There's nothing wrong with that. It's inevitable. Same thing has happened to a lot of kids who were born poor. They may deny it, but money makes a lot of difference to them. It introduces them to a new kind of life. Humility is not one of its large components."

"Jeff got himself a wonderful agent in Meyer Mishkin. What I'm waiting for is the day that Meyer goes up to Jeff and in all honesty says, 'Jeff, you know that last performance you gave? Well, it wasn't great.' I'm waiting for that sort of objective appraisal. Idolatry is what most actors love and what they receive from the subordinates around them. Especially Jeff! He may step out of line once or twice, but who is going to tell him? Well, I think Marge told him and told him in candor and honor and objectivity. And I think his vanity was hurt. That's how quarrels start, and sometimes they never stop."

"Also—and this is very important—there comes a point in a woman's life when she realizes that her husband no longer needs 22 her advice. He's a big shot. He has got it

made. His stardom is achieved and from here on in, if necessary, he can go it alone. There was a time when Jeff needed his wife's advice, her encouragement, the benefit of her experience. That's no longer true, and Marge knows it. The realization must hurt."

"Marriage is very tough for a career woman. She is torn by two instincts, the maternal one and the professional one. She wants fame, and still, she wants to take care of her children, to supervise their growing up. It's very tough."

"I've been very long-winded about it, I know. But I just want to be sure that you don't make Marge out to be all wrong and Jeff to be completely right. There is always that temptation when you write about a movie star. We forget that movie stars are also made of flesh and blood and have weaknesses as well as virtues."

Now, Jeff Chandler would be the first to

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Rosemary Clooney came back for a visit to her hometown of Maysville, Kentucky, we were standing on a wall watching her dedicate a street in her name. Before she broke the bottle of champagne she rolled up the sleeves of her mink coat. Everyone wondered at this, but we understood when she said, "It took a long time and hard work for this coat."



Libby Yarber
Marsha Vanlandingham
Maysville, Kentucky

admit that. I remember not too long ago when he was discussing his first break with Marge. "A funny thing," he said, "but success can be an influence in any separation. When you're very poor you don't have enough time to analyze and figure out why you're not ecstatically happy all the time. You're too busy making a living. When you do make a few bucks, you have some leisure to stand back and evaluate and criticize. One of my main troubles in my marriage was my moodiness. When something bothered me, I didn't speak out; I clammed up."

WHAT hurts him most about the failure of this, his first marriage, is the effect it will have upon his children. Both he and Marge are children of divorced parents. Jeff's youth, as a matter of fact, is something he has almost succeeded in blocking out of his consciousness. It was tragic, jammed with heartache, and he hates to think about it, much less to talk about it.

So more than anything else, he wants his two little girls to enjoy a normal childhood. If there should be another reconciliation, the welfare of his daughters would be his primary motivation. One of Jeff's most acute little sorrows lies in the fact that he was separated from Marge and away from home when his daughter, Dana, began to mutter her first few words. It was Dana, too, who didn't recognize her daddy in 1951, when he landed at Los Angeles International Airport. Marge and Jeff had decided on a reconciliation over the long distance phone. When Chandler pulled in from New York, Marge and the two girls were on hand to greet him. Only Dana had to be told who her daddy was.

A sensitive man, Jeff remembers all this with poignancy and pain. He remembers the glowing pride and the wonderful hope when, seven years ago, he and Marge were

married in the home of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Solloway, in Beverly Hills.

Jeff had been out of the Army only one year. He had practically no money, and Marge married him because she loved him and for no other reason. They spent their honeymoon in a motel out in North Hollywood. It was a small motel off Ventura Boulevard. No scenery. No de luxe accommodations. Only the smell of gasoline and the roaring of the trucks bound north for San Fernando. But they cherished every minute of it, and when it was over, they moved into a one-room apartment in Hollywood. No kitchen. One Murphy bed. A small hotplate. Seventy dollars a month and plenty of love.

The early years were the good years, so good, in fact, that the Chandlers were remarried in Glendale, a second ceremony just in case there had been some legal hitch in the first. And then there was the little house they bought on Jeff's G.I. Loan, and the arrival of little Jamie, and Jeff's contract at Universal and another deal at 20th Century-Fox. It all seemed too good to last. And it didn't.

After five years and two daughters there was a separation. It lasted seven months, and in that time Jeff learned that he was in demand with the ladies. It was very flattering to have many of the biggest names in the business make a play for him. But as he says, "I found it was no substitute for marriage."

So he called Marge from the east, and they both agreed to let bygones be bygones. Marge had bought a new home, and she introduced Jeff to the domestic staff. He felt a little awkward at first, especially with his new daughter, Dana, but gradually he got used to it. After three months, it seemed to all of the Chandlers that Jeff had never been away and they were very happy.

THEN Chandler's contract was renewed by Universal at a large increase. The studio rushed him into one picture after another. His fan mail tripled. He began to dream up a Jeff Chandler comic book. Demands for benefit appearances grew geometrically.

Jeff decided to branch out. He began to take singing lessons. And his marriage began to crumble. One columnist said it was because he worked too hard. Another expressed the opinion that Jeff's agent who was also Marge's, should spend less time praising Jeff and more time finding jobs for Marge. Other bystanders declared that Marge was jealous, Jeff was jealous, Marge was ambitious, Jeff was flirting, Marge was an extrovert, Jeff was an introvert, Marge was retreating, Jeff was developing, Marge was frustrated, Jeff was neurotic, and on and on *ad nauseum*.

Quarrels at the Chandler household became incessant and all of the Chandlers were unhappy. One night Marge and Jeff decided it was senseless to continue. Perhaps they were mismatched. Whatever it was, their unhappiness was certain to tell eventually on their children. This, neither of them wanted.

Secretly, Jeff hoped to bring off another reconciliation via long distance telephone. In New York, just before he returned to the coast to do *Yankee Pasha*, he learned that he hadn't a chance. The die was cast and the announcement was made.

Fortunately, Jeff and Marge are mature, intelligent adults who decline to lead their private lives in public. As a result their marital difficulties have never inspired fault-finding, recrimination, or name-calling.

It is sorrow enough for both of them to realize that after seven years their marriage will end in a divorce court. This is a high price to pay for success, but it is the price Hollywood chronically demands. **END**

"hi, honey—so long, dear"

(Continued from page 35) Lydia Heston can rattle off half a hundred upsetting domestic *contretemps* like those, brewed by the zig-zag, water spider pattern on their ten years of hectic, but still happy, married life. There was the time for example, when Lydia, after a year-and-a-half's separation from her Charlie, came back from a Chicago run with *Detective Story*—all set for a few cozy months of married life in Manhattan. When she boarded the train, she was sure Chuck would be still safely involved in his tv work.

But when he met her in Grand Central Station he was lugging a suitcase.

"Well!" she gasped, "where are you going?"

"Hollywood! Got a contract at Paramount." It was the first she'd heard about that. What's more, his west-bound train left in exactly one hour—so the long anticipated home life turned out to be a couple of stools at a coffee shop while crowds of people scuffed suitcases around their toes, redcaps dashed in and out and the clock hands circled ominously.

About the time you read this, too, the big, blond bruiser will be giving a hasty bear hug to his cute life's companion and dropping her off a flight from Bermuda in Chicago before he hustles back west to finish *High Andes* in Hollywood, while Lydia opens on a Windy City stage in *The Seven Year Itch*. For all she knows, the run might be seven days, seven weeks, seven months or seven years—but the itch to get back together will still be there, as indeed it has been ever since the Hestons swore their hurry-up marriage vows back in 1944—and two weeks later lost each other for two long years via Air Force

duty in the Aleutians for Chuck. Their "Hi, Honey—So long, Dear" domestic pattern has been more or less the same ever since, and seems a good bet to continue.

Meanwhile, they've got two separate sets of furniture on two coasts, two Packards parked 3000 miles apart, two complete wardrobes, right down to lipstick and shaving kits, two maids who've never seen each other, and sets of unacquainted friends in the three first cities of the land.

Now, all this sounds like a sure-fire formula for domestic disaster. It's certainly true that the Hestons have had the odds stacked against their married life.

"Goodnight" is too often relayed over telephone wires, and on at least one anniversary, Chuck and Lydia actually passed each other in mid-air, headed in different directions. It's true, too, as previously hinted, that there are moments of long distance stress and strain, misunderstandings, and mixups brought about by their stop-and-go home lives. Not long ago, Chuck invited forty-five people to a gala dinner completely unknown to Lydia, then breezed off east on some career summons. She was amply paid back for the day she hopped away from New York, leaving him to prepare food and drink for the eighty-five guests set to swarm into their flat.

But none of these harassments seem to have altered the firm status of a happy union which one of their best friends, Jan Sterling, calls, "so perfect it's a little embarrassing." There's only one word to explain it—love—but it's two kinds of love, love for each other and love for the thing that's terribly important to them both—acting.

That might sound a little on the serious side, considering the subjects—a deceptively Dulcy faced girl who's as full of beans as a Boston belle and a super-

charged husky whom one critic recently described as "A 3-D Mister Coffeeneerves." Chuck and Lydia Heston maintain a life of love on the run without wilting in the race because all their lives they've never been in love with anyone in the world but each other. And all their lives they've never really wanted to do anything else but act.

Seventeen-year-old Charlton Carter Heston first met Lydia Clarke, or rather stared boorishly at the back of her pretty neck, in a drama class at Northwestern University. He had never had a date in his life. "And, to tell the truth," says Lydia, "he looked it." She got this impression when she turned the neck in surprise at a statement Chuck made regarding a play they had studied, and about which the instructor asked for critical comment. The voice back of her boomed, "It's skeletal," as Lydia remembers, and when she swivelled around to see just who came up with that, she thought, "Brother, so are you!"

Charlton had gone to a one-room school in the backwoods of the Michigan peninsula where the ink froze in the inkwells. That's where he was born and spent his boyhood. It's a boyhood that Chuck Heston still looks back on today with a fond longing tugged by strong family roots. The 1300 acres and the hunting lodge, that he recently bought for a get-away is part of a whole wild county which his speculator grandpa bought up for taxes years ago. Russell Lake, on his place, is named after Chuck's dad.

As a kid in this wilderness, Charlton (that's his mother's maiden name) had roamed happily around by himself, lugging a string of rusty traps, for muskrat and beaver. He tangled with scrappy bass on a bamboo pole, was trusted with a .22 almost as soon as he could go out alone.

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At eight, he'd been lost in the woods—no light matter, even for adults, in that country—but got home by himself, following a flight of ducks for direction.

But there weren't many kids around to play with. About the only girl he ever knew was his little sister, Lilla. Chuck was a lone wolf, hunting his romance in adventure books, then going out to his woodsy hiding spots and pretending to be every character in the tattered volumes. "There's no doubt in my mind," Chuck says, "that my acting kick started in those days. I was acting all the time. I never did anything else."

Once, spurred by an adventure tale, he wrapped up a book and an apple inside a shirt, tied it on a stick for bandle and set out to see the world. Way down the road, about dusk, his father met him, coming home from work.

"Where do you think you're going, Son?" he inquired.

"I'm running away," stated Chuck.

"Well, goodbye," said his dad, passing calmly on. That wasn't the way Chuck's script was written. He had envisioned his parents in tragic tears. He turned, ran and caught up and was glad he had when the owls started to hoot.

BOTH Chuck and Lydia had won scholarships to Northwestern University. She wasn't as lost in the clouds as Chuck, and Lydia Clarke arrived in Evanston a much smoother article all around. Undoubtedly, this accounts for her reaction to Chuck after she had given in to his awkward advances and granted a date. Lydia scribbled home to her mother: "I've just gone out with the most uncivilized, crude and rude, wildly untidy, impossible man on the campus!"

With that impression, naturally Charlton Heston's first and only dream girl gave him a pretty hard time, or if you prefer Chuck's description, she was "interestingly combative." When he pestered this contrary cutie with reckless, absurd proposals she would yawn, "I'm just not interested in getting married."

"Well," he'd press, "if you ever did get married, do you think you'd be interested in marrying somebody like me?"

"Not possibly!" she'd dust him off, but in the end Chuck outhammered her.

At that time, he was running the night elevator in a swank North Shore apartment house, inhabited mainly by rich, retired tenants. You could tell just about when they'd go out and when they'd come in. There were long, idle hours when Chuck could stalk out of his cage and emote to the overstuffed furniture in the lobby. Sometimes a querulous guest would ring to ask if somebody was being murdered, but usually it worked out fine. At Christmas, too, there was a jackpot of tips which added up to the magnificent sum of \$75 and gave Chuck his chance to make an impression on his reluctant lady love.

He took the \$75, rented a swank suit of tails, top hat and boiled shirt. Then he called up Lydia at the campus cafeteria where she worked. She almost dropped a stack of plates when he invited her to do the town. "We'll dress, of course, white tie and all that" she actually heard this untamed bumpkin declare.

They went to the Pump Room at the Ambassador East—Chicago's finest—and even though they rolled down and back on the bus it was pretty high style. The awkward moment of the evening came when the captain steered the elegant revelers right past the table of a resident of his building who had unwittingly contributed a ten-dollar tip to this spree and was stunned speechless to see his elevator boy sweep by in full dress and wave a chummy "Hello!" Looking back, Lydia thinks it was then and there that she knew resistance to

Chuck was no longer possible. But she didn't let him know that, of course.

In fact, Charlton Heston was quite surprised when a telegram from Miss Lydia Clarke arrived. It stated rather primly and right out of the blue, "I have decided to accept your proposal." Chuck had been canned from his hotel job, but had been picked right up by the Army Air Corps and was in basic training at Greensboro, North Carolina. Lydia had spring vacation coming up. They were married on St. Patrick's Day in Greensboro when Chuck promoted a pass from the sarge by pretending he was an Irishman. Being a pair of true artists, they wandered around town until they spied just the right setting—a church with a white cherry tree blooming in front. They went in and even though it was almost six o'clock, they managed to do it up right.

So—you can see that romance and acting have been twisted together like sweet-peas on a trellis ever since Charlton Heston and his Lydia spotted each other—although usually the peas themselves have been in widely scattered pods. In fact, on Chuck's brief leave the newlyweds took in a theatre performance—and the usher placed them in separate seats! "We should have known then how things were going to be," Chuck grins. Pretty soon he found out for sure. In a matter of days, the groom was at Port Heiden, in the clammy Aleutians, hunched over a radio transmitter, and the bride was back at Northwestern.

When the conquering hero came back he had never looked better in his life. "He weighed 225 pounds," remembers Lydia. "I thought, this is war?"

It was peace. And, of course, peace to Mister and Missus C. C. Heston meant launching a couple of green acting careers—a project guaranteed to reduce overstuffed figures. In the first year, Chuck regained his Lincoln-esque look with no effort at all. He settled with his bride in a shabby furnished room in Chicago. They stored their food in a foot locker, cooked on a hot plate and washed dishes in the bathroom basin. The family budget for feasting was \$6 a week.

In New York they lived in a railroad flat in rough, dockside, Hell's Kitchen. It cost \$30 a month and it meant sleeping on a bed Chuck had hammered together from a few boards. The Hestons look back from these affluent years on those hungry ones with special tenderness. Until a few months ago, they sentimentally kept the Hell's Kitchen flat as their eastern hangout. They would have it yet, if the city hadn't condemned the building.

The reason is simple. They were together then. The clicking sound in their two careers was also the snapping of their poor, but permanent, home ties. Chuck, for instance, blew off alone to Boston for his first big break in *The Leaf And The Branch*. When Lydia's turn came with *Detective Story*, it was back to Chicago for her, with most chances to see her husband coming via a tv set in her dressing room. Then there was Hollywood for one, New York for the other. Separation has been the price of their success.

"It would be silly to say we like it that way," Chuck will tell you honestly. "But," he asks just as earnestly, "what can we do?"

One thing the Hestons could do—if they were the types—would be settle down cozily in Hollywood and never move. Ever since *The Greatest Show On Earth*, Charlton Heston hasn't had to beg for screen jobs. He's the heroic toughie type who's box-office bait as his jobs in *The Savage*, *Pony Express*, *Ruby Gentry*, *The President's Lady*, *Naked Jungle* and others have proved. Lydia did perfectly all right, too, in *Atomic City* and *Scalpel* with Chuck. Both are tailor-made for Hollywood's tv radio and the west coast stage stops

which are multiplying season by season. Unfortunately, that's not the antidote for their particular acting bugs—as virulent as ever, after all these years.

Chuck's goal is to play *Macbeth* better than anybody has ever played it. Already, he has done some pretty terrific performances of it, the last being this summer in an ancient British fort hanging over the surf in Bermuda.

By now, Chuck and Lydia Heston are conditioned to settle down like tabby cats wherever they are. But anywhere at all Chuck is in levis or shorts and a T-shirt the minute he slings his bags to the floor.

Except for Charlton's sketching kit, a couple of cameras and the necessities of a peripatetic existence, the Hestons travel light—and they almost live as light as they travel. Long ago, they learned that collecting plunder is just a headache when you're hotfooting around. Luckily, neither is interested in rich trappings or fine feathers. It took Lydia years to talk her husband into investing in two suits. He had a collection of antique ties, hoarded since college days, and as rag-tag as kite tails, which she spirited to their incinerator, replacing the shabby lot with seventeen bright new ones. It almost caused a rift in the family. Probably the only other time Chuck got as riled at his wife was when he impulsively bought her an elegant mink stole as a surprise. But when she opened the fancy box Lydia popped his balloon. "Why, it's a mink stole!" she exclaimed. "I don't need a mink stole. Wherever would I wear one? Take it back."

Both Chuck and Lydia are used to separation rumors and don't get too upset, knowing what the score is with themselves and what they're in for as movie celebrities. They know that as long as they keep hopping here and there, rift rumors are an occupational hazard. But the lack of a solid homelife, as the years tick by, worries them a lot more. For one thing, there's the matter of a family. "Sure, we want kids," Chuck will boom from under a wrinkled brow, "but not in a suitcase." The only live dependent they've owned was their Great Dane, Caesar, whom they parked with Chuck's dad as they rambled around. The big pup died when he was only four. "Ulcers," explained the veterinarian. "Purely from loneliness for you two." So thoughts of a family give them real pause.

In fact, the only way Chuck Heston has figured out to carry on the line is to revert to his rustic beginnings, hole in on the shores of Russell Lake and commute to Hollywood and all directions by rocket plane. The Michigan place is paid for. There's plenty of wood for the fireplaces and the big eight-room lodge could take care of all comers.

"Snows are deep in the winter," muses Charlton Heston at that pipe dream, "and we could just hibernate—like the bears. Lydia could have a baby every spring and I could grow a long beard like Father Abraham." On him it might be becoming, but probably it will be a while before we see it. At twenty-nine, and with things going the way they are, that would be strictly a thought for the hustling Hestons' future.

END

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GREGORY PECK who has been accused of having more girls overseas than an Arab sheik has wives in his harem, is miffed about reports that he was responsible for Audrey Hepburn's wedding cancellation. Audrey, twenty-four, Belgian born and British bred, was scheduled to marry Jim Hanson until she co-starred with Peck in *Roman Holiday*. After that, she called off her wedding, and gossips attributed her precipitous action to falling in love with Greg.

When questioned about this in Munich, where he is starring in *Night People* for Nunnally Johnson, Peck said, "Miss Hepburn is an excellent actress. I enjoyed working with her. I know she will be a great success back in the States, and my schedule being what it is, I probably won't run into her for another six months."

Greg was also rumored to have fallen in love with Jane Griffiths, his leading lady in *The Million Pound Note*. But when the last scene was shot in this film at Pinewood, near London, Miss Griffiths scotched the rumor once and for all by going out and getting married to Gerald Nell-Nichols, company director.

As to his marital status, Peck insists he contemplates no divorce—which is exactly what his wife says. The eldest Peck boy, Jonathan, is scheduled to join his father in Switzerland this Christmas for some skiing provided Greg hasn't returned to Hollywood by then.

PATRICIA NEAL, whose heart was broken when Gary Cooper refused to divorce his Rocky and marry her, was recently in Rome on her honeymoon. She is married to an English writer, Ronald Dohl. Coincidentally, Cooper was in Rome at the same time. He had gone there with his wife and daughter, both Catholics, for an audience with the Pope. Although Pat and Coop lived in hotels less than half a mile apart, they fortunately didn't run into each other. Mrs. Cooper says her husband can have a divorce any time he wants one. He doesn't. It's much safer for an American actor in Europe to remain married, at least technically.

GENE TIERNEY is wearing a five-carat engagement ring from Aly Khan who is being most faithful to her. When Aly was in New York several weeks ago selling some of his father's horses at Saratoga, the only woman he had anything to do with was his ex-wife Rita Hayworth, who refused to let him take their daughter, Yasmin, overseas for a visit. It has been rumored in Paris that Aly's father does not approve of his son's companionship with Gene Tierney. This isn't true. Knowing Aly, he feels that only a European wife might be able to tolerate his son's behavior as a husband. Gene, once married to an Italian dress designer, feels she is well-qualified to get along with Aly Khan who is half-Italian.

CLARK GABLE is no longer making a secret of his love affair with Susanne Dodolle d'Abadie. They're seen all over Paris together and make no effort to avoid publicity. Gable, who knows one sentence in French ("C'est beau."), seems happier now than he has for a long time. He and Susanne took strolls on the Champs-Élysées, and Gable doesn't mind being stopped by the autograph hunters. One afternoon he spent more than an hour signing two hundred autographs, and a smile never left his face.

When asked recently to explain his turnabout in public accessibility, Gable said, "I like France so much that it's just impossible for me to turn down any Parisian. This is a great country and I'm happy to be here for a while."

Susanne, who speaks excellent English, gave up her job as a Schiaparelli model to tour the continent with "the King," is confident that he will marry her eventually.

CHARLES BOYER saddened many hearts in Europe when he announced, "I am through with love. Now I'm going to act my age, which is 53. Love, kisses, the deep voice... can I help it if I am French? But let us have no tears because my lover's role is gone. There are still new horizons to be met." Boyer just finished *Madame de X*, his first French film since 1937, starring opposite Danielle Darrieux. He says that instead of the lover, he plays the role of the sophisticated husband who struggles to save his son from a cunning lady ambassador.

shocking failure of susan hayward's marriage

(Continued from page 33) My mind went back many years to that time when Susan was pregnant with her twins. She and Jess had a battle royal in front of the Tom May home, following a party. It was a secret she had asked me to keep, and I had.

At that time, as now, she had come to see me; but then she had been forgiving of Jess. She said she was not going to divorce him.

"Jess is miserably unhappy," she had said. "Only I know how miserable. His work has gone against him; there don't seem to be any parts for him in pictures. I don't know why; he's really a good actor."

"Maybe being my husband, sort of a Mr. Susan Hayward, has affected his career. If that's true, I am sorry. The least I can be is understanding."

"I don't believe in divorce. I'm going to fight to keep our marriage together, not only for ourselves, but for the babies we expect. I took a vow when we were married—for better, for worse—and I'm sticking to Jess. I hope for the better from here on in."

I was pleased, after the twin boys were born, that things really seemed much better between Jess and Susan. In the early years of their nine-year marriage, Susan would often see the question in my eyes and she would always assure me, "Things are all right, Louella. Honest!"

Of course, the very big obstacle of Jess' not working was still a large factor and a problem. Always it was Susan who comforted him and sympathized, although it became increasingly difficult, for her own career was zooming. She was one of the most important stars on the 20th lot and was being given outstanding pictures and fine roles.

Now the end was here, and there was no more strength in Susan to keep trying.

HER lovely red hair was moist against her forehead as she sat talking with me across a table in my playroom. I had ordered coffee, and she sipped it gratefully. This girl, I realized, was exhausted, not only physically, after the beating she'd taken, but emotionally and spiritually as well.

Her voice was calmer as she said, "I don't have to tell you that Jess has never contributed any money to my support or to the support of Timothy and Gregory. You know all about that."

"And I know you realize that I was deeply sympathetic with him, at first. I believed him when he said he was an actor and couldn't do anything else. But there must come an end to the unnatural way of living in which the woman is the wage earner and the man sits home with the children."

"The little boys couldn't understand why I got up early every morning and went to work and Daddy stayed home. It was not that way in the homes of the children they played with. Children can be cruel. I'm sure their playmates often taunted Greg and Timmy about their father's going to the market and driving them to school, when in their homes it was the mother who did these tasks."

"A mother can give her children love and tenderness, but she cannot set the example of a father, a leader—a man who is head of his home. Boys need to respect their fathers, and Jess was letting things slide to the point where he didn't even try to get work—as an actor or anything else."

"We began to quarrel about this more and more bitterly. Jess would be angry. But this last time it was blind rage."

"I was not only terrified when I saw

Jess' fury, but I realized he was trying to ruin my face—the very means by which I earn my living."

"Well, I've already told you what happened: the nightmarish scene at the swimming pool, the police. Then I sneaked away. I had to be by myself for a few days. I knew they were saying I was hiding because of a black eye, but I didn't care. The end has finally come, Louella. There is no turning back."

And what a heartbreaking ending, I thought, to the love story of the gallant, spirited, redheaded little Susie, who was born Edith Marriner in Brooklyn and who came to Hollywood as one of the original contestants for the role Vivien Leigh played in *Gone With The Wind*.

Of course she did not get the role, but there was to be much glory and success for Susie in Hollywood. Not at first, however. She almost died out as a perennial ingénue and milktoast heroine in many Paramount pictures.

Just about that time, I asked Susan to join some other young starlets for a Hollywood stage act I was going to take on tour for eight weeks, playing all the key cities.

She was delighted to join Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan, June Preisser, Arleen Whelan and Joy Hodges, and she was her cute, completely honest self when she told me right to my face that she thought being associated with me "will help my career".

You come to know people well when you travel with them, and I was surprised that with all of Susan's luscious, sexy beauty that she was at heart a real Miss Prim, easily shocked by the backstage "stories", even when they were mild. And her feelings were so easily hurt she dissolved into tears if anyone even looked at her crossly.

She seldom went out, even when we hit such big towns as Philadelphia and New York. If she did go, it was usually with a relative or friend from Brooklyn.

She was an ultra moral and conventional little thing, a quality which endeared her to me fully as much as her loveliness and sweetness. Many years have passed since then. I brought myself back to the present and to the heartbroken girl who had once again come to me with her troubles.

She said, "My reputation is highly valuable to me, or I would not be telling these things against the man I have loved for so many years."

"But I am shocked to my soul about some of the terrible stories being circulated about why we separated. What I have told you is the truth."

"Since I first met Jess there has never been any other man for me, and I really believe there has never been any other woman in his life."

A little sigh escaped Susan; she leaned back against the wall and closed her eyes as though she were consciously remembering Jess as he was when they first met and fell in love.

SHE had known Jess when they were both on the Paramount lot, he playing young leads just about as important and lasting as Susie's ingénue parts.

It wasn't a case of love at first sight—but they had much in common, particularly their being on just about the same rung of the ladder of fame.

They began to see more and more of one another and discovered their tastes were delightfully similar. Neither liked the nightclub circuit, both liked to save money and they spent hours driving up

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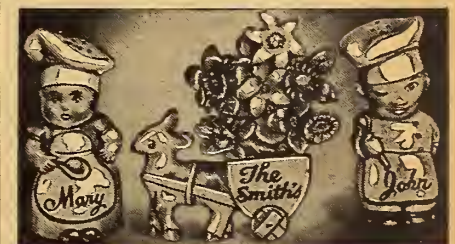
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the beach roads talking about their careers.

Jess was really more ambitious than Susan. He was (and is) a sensitive actor and he had had a greater sampling of real drama at that time than she.

In 1944, they were married, and to all outer appearances, very happy. They continued their simple manner of life, invested their money and continued to keep abreast in their careers. Then, gradually, so gradually that it was hardly important—Susan began to forge ahead. Success wasn't a blinding thing, in her case. It came, picture by picture, year by year, until today she is one of the most important stars on the 20th lot.

And, picture by picture, year by year, until there were few and then no offers, Jess' career moved backward.

A resentment he must really have felt against fate and himself, Jess began to take out on Susan. They fought frequently and he became very unreasonable about how she spent her money.

"But even then," went on Susan, "there were many wonderful times of happiness between us, particularly after the boys were born.

"Jess can be so charming. He is handsome and young and no one has insisted louder than I that he has real ability as an actor.

"Recently, he has been getting some offers. I hope they keep coming for him. If so, I'm sure Jess will be himself again. He is easily discouraged and he had only three days' work in his new picture."

"If Jess does change, is there any chance of your taking him back, Susan?" I asked. "Perhaps he has learned his lesson."

"No, no," she cried, "Never. It's too late. There have been too many 'lessons,' too many 'new' starts, too many times to forgive. When I could keep things to myself and no one else knew about it, I could take it. But this time there were not only the police, but we had a house-

guest, Martha Little, staying with us. She is the sister of one of my old schoolmates from Brooklyn.

"Soon—just as soon as Jess signs the property settlement—I shall take the children to a ranch in Nevada and file for my divorce," she said. And I knew she meant it. "Now that the end has come, I want it over as soon as possible."

She picked up her bag and prepared to leave. She had talked as fully and as much as she could. The wounds were literally so fresh that she could go no further.

But as she rose she said, "There's just one thing, Louella. Despite the sad memory of what brought on our final break, don't be too bitter against Jess in the future. In every marriage breakup there are two sides, and I'm not pretending to paint myself as an angel and Jess as a devil.

"I have a temper and a hot tongue, and I work so hard I'm frequently tired and almost sick with nerves. Movie stars are never easy to live with, and no one knows that better than I."

I said, "I suppose a psychiatrist might say that Jess' sudden violence was a defense mechanism against living in a set of circumstances intolerable to a man's pride, or perhaps a guilt complex from doing nothing about the situation.

"Perhaps, Susie," I added as I walked with her to the door, "Jess' violence was not really directed so much against you as it was against himself."

"Maybe," she replied softly, "I don't know. I just know that my marriage is finished and done with—a sorry, shabby ending to many moments of happiness. My heart aches very much, but it is closed forever on the past." **END**

(Susan Hayward can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's CinemaScope, Demetrius And The Gladiators.)

love begins at 30

(Continued from page 40) and lit a cigarette. "Being married to Frank Sinatra," he said good-naturedly, "would not exactly simplify any woman's life. Another thing," he added, "Ava's been abroad a great deal of the time. I don't see as much of her as I used to."

Weren't you in London recently?

"Yes, and I saw her there. She had a very nice apartment out at Regent Park and a very nice secretary. And when I was there, Frank was with her."

How were they getting along?

"I will tell you," the executive continued, "Ava gets more beautiful with the passage of time."

Do you think Ava's rid of all those little devils that used to plague her?

The executive thought for several moments. Then he mashed his cigarette in the ash tray. "Well, Ava is happier now than she was five years ago. She has grown up intellectually and emotionally. She has also discovered that as an actress, she has talent. Not so much talent as Sinatra. Did you see Frank in *Eternity*? A sensational performance. Academy Award caliber. The guy is really great.

"Ava," the producer continued, "has developed her talent through hard work. It's a source of satisfaction to her. What you must never forget about Ava is this: when she came out to Hollywood, she had nothing. She couldn't sing, she couldn't dance, she couldn't act. All she could do was pose for cheesecake. As for her mentality—well, you remember. She didn't show much judgment in her private life.

"But she has come a long way since then. A long, long way. And shall I tell you something? The guy most responsible for her mental development is Artie Shaw. Whatever you say about Artie, you must admit that primarily he's a scholar, a man who worships the intellect, a student of art and literature and good music. In my opinion, he's the one who really developed Ava. He showed her the door to knowledge. He forced her to read books. He made her brain come alive. As a husband, the dames say he's impossible. But certainly, he stimulated their pretty heads. He attracts intellectuals.

"All right, so his friends are all in analysis—that's neither here nor there. The point is that he taught Ava plenty. She began to assess herself, to take stock. Unfortunately, she is more emotional than intellectual. I mean she knows when she's doing wrong or taking chances, but she goes ahead, anyway.

"A few years ago when Sinatra was down in Texas, she knew she shouldn't have flown down to him, but she did, anyway. I'm sure her brain told her not to marry Frank, but her heart told her just the opposite. She listens to her heart.

"Why do she and Frank fight? They both have violent natures; they are both creatures of emotion. Ava is happier now than she has ever been before. Her new contract calls for \$5,000 a week for the next five years, so she doesn't have any money worries. She didn't like most of the pictures we put her in, but she's no Garbo. She doesn't like Hollywood because she doesn't have very many friends here. Just Les Koenig, Fran Heffin and a few others. She says she wants six kids, but I don't think she'd ever give up her career.

"Maybe, now that she's financially fixed, she and Frank will adopt a couple of kids. Maybe that's what she needs to fulfill her life. You ask me if, at thirty, Ava Gardner is a happy woman. I think she is happier than she was five years ago, but she is still an unfulfilled woman; she is unrequited. She has found flashes of love but she is still bedeviled.

"As I told you before, that's just my opinion. Why don't you interview her friends and acquaintances? Ask people about Ava. See what they say."

DIRECTORS, producers, publicity men, old friends, old lovers, old schoolmates, shopkeepers, people who somewhere along the line had made contact with Ava Gardner—all had different interpretations of Miss Gardner.

A director said, "I don't know Ava except professionally. She's a good actress if you don't ask too much of her. She is cooperative. She doesn't hold you up, and she's easy to work with. One of these days she's going to get a role she falls in love with, then watch out. She's going to surprise the world. Is she really thirty? You'd never think it."

From a publicity representative: "Ava Gardner is a lot better than some actresses we've handled. You know what they say about actors and actresses—they need you on the way up, and they need you on the way down, and in between you can go to hell. Ava has never been like that. Of late, she has regarded us with a jaundiced eye but the still men swear by her, and you could never call her anything but cooperative.

"She's really a level dame. If she gives you her word, you can count on it. She never pulls rank, either. At heart, she's a nice kid. I'd say that she has given us less trouble than practically any other actress. To a large extent, she owes her success to publicity, and she knows it."

Said one reporter: "She's okay, I guess. I've written about twenty stories on Ava. I've always asked my photographer to get her best angles. Never once has she sent me a thank-you note. I wrote one yarn about her fights with Frank and right away I was the prize heel of all time. A lousy double-crosser. Boy! You should have heard her."

And a man who used to take her out says, "She's a beautiful girl. No doubt about it. But when she's got you on the hook, she can really give it to you. Maybe deep down she hates men. Some of them have given her a hard time. Anyway, I'm glad she's married to Sinatra, and not to me."

An old schoolmate from Newport News, Virginia, says, "I haven't seen Ava Gardner since she was twelve or thirteen. Her family came from North Carolina, I think. I don't know how long they lived in Newport News. She was in my class at school and seemed very shy, almost backward. Maybe it was because she was new. I never thought she would become famous. Just goes to show you."

A fellow-citizen of Grabtown, North Carolina: "She comes from good old stock. Her daddy never made much money. He shared crops around here. I think there were seven kids in the family. Her mother died of cancer a couple of years back. A fine woman she was. They say she was plumb crazy about her brother, Ava was. Family kinda scattered now. Lot of nephews and nieces. They all speak very well of her. She used to send money home. Very proud of Ava Gardner in North Carolina. She and Kay Kyser. Right nice girl, Ava Gardner. They say she married that Italian crooner fellow, Perry Como, or somebody like that."

A Hollywood girl who knows Ava well:

"Ava's a doll, a beautiful doll. Not a phony thing about her. Speaks her mind. When L. B. Mayer tried to take care of her because she was dating Frank, she told him right off, told him, but good. Anything she's got she's earned the hard way. She's very honest. She thinks that making movies is a whole lot easier than working at a typewriter. She doesn't mind saying so, either. None of this dramatic coach business with her. She calls the shots as she sees them."

A BRITISH newspaperman reports, "Ava's a good interview, speaks frankly, once in a while claims she's being misquoted. I was down in Africa with her on that Mogambo location. I heard some funny stories about her and Sinatra. I don't know how true they are, but here's one.

"One night when she and Frank were way out on location—no cities or towns nearby—they got into a battle royal. I've had it," Frankie said. "I'm finished. I'm getting out." And with that, he walked out into the jungle. Incredible! Where could he have gone?

"I think they wanted Lana Turner for that picture, originally, and I don't think Ava was a particular favorite of the director, John Ford, but she gave an excellent performance. The British fans like her quite well. She had an apartment in London when she was there, and she had English friends.

"I understand she suffers from an inferiority complex and is wary of people. Oddly enough, she never seems especially happy. Do you think her marriage with Frank Sinatra will last? Over here, we don't."

A Hollywood actor indulges in a little professional jealousy, perhaps. "I judge Ava on the record. She married Mickey Rooney in 1942. She divorced him in 1943. She got \$25,000 for her heartache. She married Artie Shaw in 1945, divorced him in 1946. She got \$5,000, a liberal education, and an introduction to psychiatry. I read all the time about this poor, fear-ridden, insecure little girl from North Carolina. This poor lil' ole Ava honey-chile is gettin' five grand a week, and I wish I were she. I can't work up one ounce of sympathy for Ava."

A Hollywood agent discusses her: "Ava's a sweetie but when it comes to men, she has no judgment at all. She is attracted to men in show business because she speaks their language. That's why she married Rooney, Shaw, and Sinatra.

"My wife said to me only the other day, 'Ava Gardner should have married a doctor,' and I said, 'And what would she have talked to him about?' With people in other professions—doctors, engineers, lawyers, scientists—Ava feels strange. She doesn't belong with them.

"She's like Lana Turner. They are lusty, frank, down-to-earth, laugh it up, live it up, tell-him-off girls. Ava has a lot of bounce; so has Lana. An unhappy marriage? Okay, try again. These girls go out and do things."

Another former escort from Hollywood says, "Ava likes the simple things, informal clothes, plain food, staying at home and having a good time. In Hollywood she stays out of the night clubs now. She's crazy about kids and if she has any sense she'll adopt a few. Joan Crawford has four, and they keep her darn busy between pictures. That's what Ava needs. From *Here To Eternity* should make it easier for Frank to get jobs in town. Maybe he won't have to be on the road so much, and maybe Ava won't have to spend so much time worrying about him. Both of them are truly wonderful people, and I hope they do settle down and be happy now."

END

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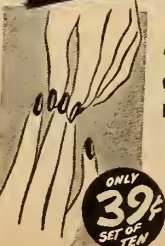


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audrey hepburn

(Continued from page 53) This type of interview had its limitations, of course, for there is no possibility of a normal flow of conversation. The reporter remembered Miss Hepburn's dignified manner in *Roman Holiday*, and began with "Well, Miss Hepburn, I'm going to have to ask you a lot of sassy questions."

If she objected to such personal questions, fired at her for a solid half hour by an utter stranger six thousand miles away, her reply gave no sign of it. Her answering tape arrived from England within a few weeks, and was equally long and extremely gracious in tone. The most immediately remarkable thing about it was her voice. Having been educated in England she speaks with the precise and clipped diction of the British, yet there is something so soft, almost sleepy, about her voice that it is enchanting. It is unfortunate that, along with a report of the questions and answers, it is not possible to allow the reader to hear this voice. It is expressive, sometimes lilting in laughter, sometimes, when speaking of tragic things, barely audible. Maybe you can imagine it as you read her answers.

Q. Would you describe the house near Brussels in which you lived as a child? What was your father's occupation? Did you have any brothers or sisters?

A. The house we lived in outside Brussels was a very charming, quite large country house where I lived with my father and mother and my two brothers, both of whom are older than myself. My father was a businessman. I was very fond of my brothers. We had the normal squabbles, but they were always happy ones.

Q. Were your parents strict, or do you feel you were spoiled? Were you a tomboy? Do you think you were particularly difficult to raise?

A. My mother, I think, has brought me up as well as any mother ever does. I think she did a wonderful job, with three children, and I don't feel she was over-strict or that we were spoiled. She brought us up in a very natural, healthy way.

I don't think I was a tomboy. I'd say I was a rather moody child, quiet and reticent, and I liked to be by myself a great deal—which made me quite an easy child to raise. Nevertheless I needed a great deal of understanding, which I always got from my mother.

Q. You were sent to school in England? Did you like school?

A. I was. I went to a little private school in England as, at the time, we were living in Belgium and my mother thought it was right for me to speak English, being brought up as an English child. I spent the first years of my life there, with periods back home either in Belgium or wherever my parents happened to be at the time.

"Did you like school?" you ask me. Well, I liked the children and my teachers, but I never liked the process of learning. I was very restless and could never sit for hours on end, learning things. I enjoyed learning the subjects I liked—I always loved history and mythology and astronomy—but I hated anything to do with arithmetic or that sort of thing. School in itself I found very dull and I was happy when I finished.

Q. Your biography says you were ten when the war broke out and your mother took you back to Holland, where you later studied ballet. Why did you attend school in Holland under a Dutch name? What about your entertaining in Underground concerts to raise money for the Dutch resistance movement?

A. Actually, my mother was in Holland when the war broke out, and I was at school in England. I flew over to join my mother in Arnhem—that was Christmas of 1939, just before the Germans entered Holland—because things were beginning to blow up all over Europe, and Mother thought the safest place for a child of ten was with her mother, after all. No one knew where it was safest at the time.

Yes, I did go to school under a Dutch name. I used my mother's name because it wasn't too good an idea to draw attention to the fact that I was English. My nationality just might have got me into trouble.

I was there all during the war, and I started studying ballet very soon after I arrived in Holland. I had taken various lessons in England and loved dancing, and once I'd started in Holland, I decided I wanted to be a ballerina. I had a rather sketchy and erratic training because of the war. Malnutrition stopped me on one hand, and conditions got more and more difficult.

I did indeed give various Underground concerts to raise money for the Dutch resistance movement. I danced at recitals, designing the dances myself. I had a friend who played the piano and my mother made the costumes. They were very amateurish attempts, but nevertheless at the time, when there was very little entertainment, it amused people and gave them an opportunity to get together and spend a pleasant afternoon listening to music and seeing my humble attempts. The recitals were given in houses with windows and doors closed, and no one knew they were going on. Afterwards, money was collected and given to the Dutch Underground.

Q. Would you tell me about your family and your life during the war? Did your family suffer any hardships because of it? Didn't the English parachute into Holland near your town of Arnhem in an attempt to deliver the Dutch from the Nazis?

A. I couldn't really talk about the war without talking for hours. It's five years out of my life. I was living there and saw the landing and was there all during the fighting.

Q. An impertinent question. Are your parents still living, and if so, are they still married? I ask this because your biography mentions only your mother in your later life. Does the family still own the home outside Brussels?

A. No, they are not. I mean, they are divorced. They are both living. No, we don't own the home now.

Q. When you went to England in 1948, did you go alone? How did you get the part in *High Button Shoes*?

A. Yes, I went alone to England. It wasn't until I had my first job, in *High Button Shoes*, that I was able to afford the luxury of having my mother come over. At the time, there was a great deal of restriction where money was concerned, and I couldn't get any money out of Holland. I did an audition for *High Button Shoes* and, with many other girls, was put through my paces and then was engaged by the producer of the show at the time—a man called Archie Thompson—who gave me my first real break.

Q. How old were you when you came to America to do *Gigi* on Broadway? Did you sail or fly? Would you tell me your impression of New York? Was there anything in particular you wanted to see, or eat, or experience in the States? How did our cities impress you? What did you like about Americans the most?

A. I was twenty-two when I went to New York to do *Gigi*. I sailed, especially, as I wanted to approach America by sea for the first time, and was dying to see the New York skyline and the famous

Statue of Liberty. Of course it was my luck that we arrived about three o'clock in the morning. It was pitch dark, and I stood freezing in a nylon nightie in front of my porthole, and saw nothing.

I had a great day. I was shown New York, and went to my first baseball game immediately. Within two hours of my arrival in New York, I was standing in the Yankee Stadium, cheering my head off at a great game which I knew nothing at all about, but found very exciting. Naturally, I wanted to see everything, but I wanted to absorb America slowly, to take it as it is, as everybody sees it and lives it. The food? Well, I must say—all those steaks! Very exciting! Incidentally, they did a great deal for my health as I needed them at the time, and I've been a much healthier person since.

The cities showed me America. We went through Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, Washington, Wilmington, Richmond, Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco. San Francisco's a great city, isn't it? Oh, boy! I found it exciting to see America this way—working my way across—and thought it particularly exciting because each city was so different. It was like arriving in a different country each time.

I liked the unaffectedness of the Americans. They're warm, they're kind, and whatever they've got to say, they say it.

Q. Were you homesick when you were making Gigi? Tell me about your meeting with William Wyler.

A. Never. I was too happy to be homesick. I was too excited about what I was doing. This was something I'd been longing for all of my life. I would have loved my mother to have been with me, and to have seen it all with me, but otherwise there was too much to be grateful for to nibble away at it with petty homesickness.

Mr. Wyler came to London and I met him and his wife at his hotel. We talked about the picture and he agreed I could be tested for it. I made the test, which he arranged for me, as he wasn't able to stay in London, and it wasn't long before I heard the great news I could do *Roman Holiday* and that I was under contract with Paramount.

Q. Did you enjoy making Roman Holiday, and American methods of picture-making?

A. The American method of picture-making was slightly diluted by the Roman and Italian atmosphere. I don't think I'll get the real American method until I work in Hollywood. I thought it was a great combination—good Hollywood organization with a bit of Roman sunshine thrown in. We had great fun, and it was a fantastic experience.

Q. Has anyone ever told you that you resemble Gregory Peck? Some people here have said your face looks like a feminine version of his.

A. I must say I haven't noticed, because I've never thought of it. I'd like to think so because—I mean, he's a pretty good looking man. Isn't he?

Q. Do you consider London your home?

A. London is my home. We have a little apartment here and my mother lives here. But I'm quite used to the idea now that I shall be commuting for the rest of my life—I hope—between America and England. I hope to spend a lot of my time in New York. I love New York. I'd love to settle there. I love San Francisco and it's a beautiful city, but you can't compare the two. I like New York because there you're in the center of things. Whatever's going on in the world seems to sort of center around New York. People pass through, and I have the theatre there. If it were not for the theatre, I might very well live in San Francisco.

Q. What about your appetite? What are your favorites?

A. I don't say I eat a lot. I eat small meals, but I love to eat quantities of the things I like. I love meat. I love a steak. And I adore sweets and chocolate and things like that. But I try to take myself in hand.

Q. How about reading? How much? What type of thing?

A. I read as much as I possibly can, not as much as I'd like to. Anything, as long as it's by a good writer. My great hero has always been Rudyard Kipling—right now I'm a fan of Graham Greene's. I've found that my life has been spent so much in ballet class or studios or working that I haven't spent as much time in studying these things as I'd like to. In short, I'd like to see and read and know a lot more than I do, and I'm working hard on it.

Q. What about love life? What can you say about your romantic life and your ideas on it?

A. Oh, boy. (pause) I've been asked the question often enough—I should know the answer. Everybody knows I was engaged and no longer am, at this point. I've not as yet discovered a way to combine a career and married life, both of which are full time jobs and entail a great deal of responsibility because mainly they involve other people. It would be simple if it involved only one's self. You've got to be pretty sure, and to be able to say with certainty that you can cope with the combination, and until I find a way of doing that, I don't think I dare get married. Right now I'm still pretty level-headed about it. I'm not a great girl for going out with a lot of people. I have my particular friends and like to see a lot of them. This is all a lot of talk—you realize that, don't you? One day I'll just fall in love and get married, career or no career. That doesn't mean I wasn't in love last time—I was very much so. Perhaps too much so to dare embark on a life I didn't know too much about. Well—at this point I'm free lance, and I think it's the best.

Q. What about Sabrina Fair?

A. I read the stage play but haven't yet read the screen script. I love the story, I love the idea. I think Paramount bought it for me partly because I like it so, and I'm very happy about the whole idea—and that Billy Wilder is going to direct. How lucky can a girl be? She makes her first picture with William Wyler and her next with Billy Wilder. It almost seems too good to be true, and I'll try to live up to all this.

I'd like to add something to this now I've finished it. Dear Miss Wilkie, I want to thank you very much for this interview. On hearing it played back, I find it rather incoherent and hope you will forgive me for being so. I do hope to meet you very soon when I come out to Hollywood. I'll say goodbye, and thank you very much.

If Miss Hepburn thinks she gave an incoherent interview, she should know that the most vitriolic profiles ever written were those in which the writer reported verbatim the conversation of his subject. It is an unflattering method, usually. Miss Hepburn had no idea her replies would be set down verbatim (and they wouldn't have been if she had been less competent). Yet she comes out of it a charming and articulate girl.

At first glance, the story seems to give little besides the statistics of Audrey Hepburn's life. Examined more closely, it establishes the fact that she is a girl of tact and refinement. She is a grateful and devoted daughter. The utter silence on the subject of her father suggests that the



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family rift disturbed her considerably, yet she has the taste to bypass the subject. She is a candid person, being one of the few actresses to admit delight when school was over, and to admit a feeling of inadequacy where self-education is concerned. Reading between the lines, one understands that Miss Hepburn suffered considerably during the war, yet she does not dwell on the fact. She glosses over the fact that she has been a victim of malnutrition, that she was a spectator of bloody fighting, and that today she can't get enough meat or chocolate. She treats lightly the fact that she contributed to the Dutch resistance movement, an activity for which she could have been caught and put into a concentration camp. She modestly neglected to answer questions that would necessitate a bit of boasting—such things as her linguistic ability and the extent of her travels. She discloses a delightful sense of humor, a zest for life, a

sincere liking for Americans and the adoption of American slang. She seems to be a self-reliant, ambitious and courageous girl who has a deep capacity for love. Her recent engagement to a wealthy British businessman is discussed, however briefly, in a frank and refreshing manner, and her ideas about marriage would prove her to be an unusually thoughtful girl.

This is all we know. This, and the description of people who have met her. They are the only ones, at this writing, who are capable of describing her in terms slightly new to the Hollywood vocabulary. They include coquettish, saint-like, alluring, hoydenish, disarming, sensitive and captivating. The American press will soon be swamped with news about her, but in the interim MODERN SCREEN has copied the first interview for a fan magazine. Despite the revolutionary method of interviewing, it was successful because the new star is, among other things, coherent. **END**

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Rita's forgotten child

(Continued from page 57) room. He beckoned and she darted to his side and put a trusting hand in his. Eduardo Cansino is a kindly man who has worked hard for all of his fifty-odd years. He loves and understands children. A few minutes later, Rebecca was laughing in the tiny kitchenette, while Grandpa was fixing her a cheese sandwich.

THE Cansino dancing studio swarms with children. Eduardo goes through class after class, pointing his stick, demonstrating intricate steps. Between classes, he tucks his castanets into his belt, sits briefly at his desk and goes over his accounts. Some stars are very slow to pay for their children's lessons. Eduardo's life is not easy. "It is strange. They expect me to carry their accounts when they are not working, but so often when they are successful they are too busy to remember to pay me."

Perhaps Eduardo is the most normal influence in the lives of Rita's children. Simple, unassuming, he is a man with natural sympathy for the awkwardness of kids, and takes pleasure in encouraging them. His pupils adore him, and most of the youngsters knock themselves out trying to please him.

At Grandpa's studio, Rebecca has a chance to be with other children like any normal eight-year-old. "Normal" is a word that could not be used to describe the life of the little girl up to now. Before she was born, on December 17, 1944, Rita had announced that she wanted a boy "just like his daddy—another Orson."

Rebecca's proud father declared that he wanted seventeen children. Nothing was said, then, about Christopher, his daughter by his first wife. Christopher is now eighteen and lives in North Africa with her mother, who is remarried to a British diplomat. Even Orson's best friends admit that he never has contributed consistently to the support of Christopher, although he has shown great interest in her during recent years and carries on a steady correspondence with her. He has displayed a similar attitude toward Rebecca, contributing little or nothing, financially, but showing concern for her welfare.

Even in the beginning, a hectic life eddied around Rebecca. During her first year of life, her parents raged and quarrelled. When Rebecca was four months old, Mrs. Volga Haworth Cansino died, and Rita was grief-stricken.

Work became an escape for the film star. Rita wanted to forget her personal life. She

became feverishly active. A few days after Rebecca's first birthday, Rita told reporters she would keep working with the "exception of a few days during the Christmas holidays" which she planned to devote to her daughter.

Rita has always professed devotion to Rebecca. She has a great deal in common with other working mothers who are constantly torn from their children. Some of Rita's yearning that things might be different came out in her statement following her divorce from Orson Welles.

"Right now there is a young person named Rebecca Welles who means more to me than career or anything else. I will always be grateful that I have her. You don't know what it means to me to come home and have her put her arms around me and hug me. She's awfully smart, too."

Rita's alleged romance with Haymes is one of the latest items of Hollywood gossip—and it is amazing how much of that gossip is known to the small fry of Beverly Hills, who repeat to each other morsels overheard at home. Ugly reality and cynical wisdom can come during childhood in this tinselled town, and more than one famous parent has come to the point of asking, "What have I done?"

Rita, as everyone knows, has made mistakes of judgment, but not of the heart. No one knows how she may have suffered during the long hours of the night. Surely, her intention has not been to harm Rebecca.

Rita's turbulent existence—the demands of her career and her need to rest and relax between pictures—has kept her away from Rebecca four to six months of every year of the child's life. Yet she listened attentively five years ago to the counsel of Dr. Maurice Bernstein, a surgeon in Beverly Hills, who has been Rebecca's doctor since she was born and her former guardian. He advised Rita, "You are leaving Rebecca alone too much. I would suggest you spend more time with her. She cannot grow up normally and develop as she should without the love and attention of her mother. I feel that a child needs the closeness of her parents, and I strongly advise you to spend more time with Rebecca."

Rita probably did not intend to ignore Dr. Bernstein's advice. But her personal life was becoming more complicated and she was on her way to Europe again.

While she was abroad, the doctor and his wife, Hazel, did all that they could for Rebecca. The child's serious little face would light up when Dr. Bernstein made his daily visits. He provided toys and gifts from Orson Welles, who is the doctor's

best friend. The doctor also brought drawings made by Orson in Paris, which delighted Rebecca, who enjoys a talent for art. The little girl must have felt that she was loved, even in her mother's absence. During the period that Rita was making international headlines, the doctor brought Rebecca steel bars, paints and brushes, a swing and a sandbox.

Rita provided every necessity and luxury for Rebecca, and did little to attempt to collect from Orson Welles the \$50 weekly support awarded by the court. Frank Belcher, the attorney who represented Rita at that time, says that to the best of his knowledge the sum due Rita is now almost \$15,000. Rita would never press Orson for the money, knowing that times were difficult for him.

Neither attorney Belcher nor Dr. Bernstein ever see the film star any more. Dr. Bernstein just shakes his head sadly and says, "Something has happened to that girl. What, I don't know. I am not allowed to see Rebecca any more, and I love her like my own. I write; I wire; all my communications are ignored. I don't know if the letters and gifts I send on to Rebecca from her father ever reach her. There is a wall. Rita seems to be so suspicious now."

When did the change in Rita begin? It is difficult to tell. She seldom associates with any of her old friends any more. Even so, her co-workers are still loyal to her and only reluctantly admit that she has changed.

MILLIONS of words were written about Rita's mad fling with the still-married Aly Khan, just as the presses are rolling now with stories about the still-married Dick Haymes. But in the midst of her idyll with Aly, Rita dashed home, took Rebecca and her nurse and kept them with her for several months.

While Rebecca was traveling with her mother, her father hoped for a chance to see her. When he learned that they were at Aly's *Chateau L'Horizon*, Orson sent Rita a wire stating that he wanted to see his daughter and giving the time of his intended arrival. He practically bought out the Paris toy shops. But when he reached the *chateau*, Rita, Rebecca and Aly were gone. Orson waited two days for Rebecca to return, amusing himself by playing with the toys he had brought. He waited in vain.

Finally, there was the belated wedding of Rita and Aly on May 27, 1949, six and one-half months before the royal birth of Princess Yasmin in Lausanne, Switzerland, on December 28, 1949.

This event was regarded as so important that it stopped traffic in Lausanne and made banner headlines in newspapers all over the world. There was some criticism of Rita by church and women's groups, but there was no condemnation of Rita at home by Dr. Bernstein. He waited patiently, regarding the Aly episode as a "fling." He hoped that Rita would have time for Rebecca, now that she no longer toiled before the cameras.

Instead, Rebecca was packed off to Gstaad, Switzerland, with her nurse shortly before Princess Rita's regal *accouchement*. The advent of Yasmin completely eclipsed Rebecca. Months went by while Rebecca waited in a lonely hotel for her mother to return. Meanwhile, the world press spewed millions of words over the birth of the Princess Yasmin.

Finally, in February, 1950, Rita and Aly joined Rebecca in Gstaad, and she no longer played alone in hotel corridors.

But the months that followed were no happier than before. Rita and Aly led a tumultuous life. Rita's old complaint against Orson—"he was not interested in making a home"—was also directed against Aly. Does Rita now see twice-

married Dick Haymes as her future defender of the home?

WHILE she decides, Princess Yasmin, the \$3,000,000 baby, and Rebecca are at home with the servants. Rita said that she needed a rest. She had been working hard at the studio for the last year. When she is making a picture, there is little time for her family. If she has an early call, she seldom can see the children before she goes to work. When she is not working, she sleeps late.

Only on weekends, when the warm, family-loving Cansinos gather at Rita's house for Sunday dinner, are they really together. When Rita is depressed and mistrustful of the glittering existence she has sought—then she turns to her family. And they come—father, aunts, uncles, brothers and in-laws. In Hollywood, where dependent relatives are the rule, Rita's family is a well-known exception.

It is a pity that Rita, who came from such a warm and loving family, has not succeeded in duplicating such a home life for herself. She has complained loudly of her husbands' lack of interest in "home life." Has she ever shown them what a loving home life is like? When she is busy with her torrid romances, doesn't she neglect her family?

Rebecca has needed protection from stupid people. More often than Princess Rita cares to remember, little Rebecca has overheard such careless remarks as, "Isn't it a shame she isn't as pretty as Yasmin? . . . too bad, she looks just like Orson . . . well, at least, people say she's smart. . . ."

Thoughtless "friends" have said these things. Rita's secretary, Margaret Parker, has shuddered as she saw the impact on little Rebecca, who has grown more and more silent, more and more given to bursts of temper and outright rebelliousness.

But four years ago Rita thought she had gilt-edged insurance on happiness for herself and Rebecca with marriage to the Prince of the Moslem world.

When Rita married Aly Khan her father remarked, "Now, all we know about Rita is what we read in the papers." Then he wrapped up a bottle of perfume and mailed it to his daughter as a wedding present.

FAMILY ties were renewed when Rita came home with Rebecca and Yasmin in tow. Rumor has it that she was absolutely broke. According to the stories, the film queen had spent her entire fortune during her two-year tenure as Princess Margarita, and she had to borrow \$50,000 from her agents to get started again.

Even her hope for a settlement on the Princess Yasmin came to nothing. All she has is an empty court order awarding her \$48,000 annually for Yasmin's support, signed by Judge A. J. Mastretti in a Reno courtroom. Announcement of the award drew this comment from her father-in-law, the Aga Khan: "Aly need not pay one penny, as the court order applies to Nevada, and, at most, to America, where Aly has no money."

Rita finds herself in the same position as thousands of other American mothers who are divorced and unable to collect support for their children from their ex-husbands. Fortunately, she has enough earning years left to be able to compensate for some of the income she has lost. But this film star has much more to recover than her fortune.

Rebecca Welles lives in her mother's shadow. When Rita devotes herself to making her daughter's life happier, she may find more contentment in her own life. Rita will learn that the sparkle in her child's eyes can outshine Aly's diamonds, her own name in lights, and the fleeting glow of romance.



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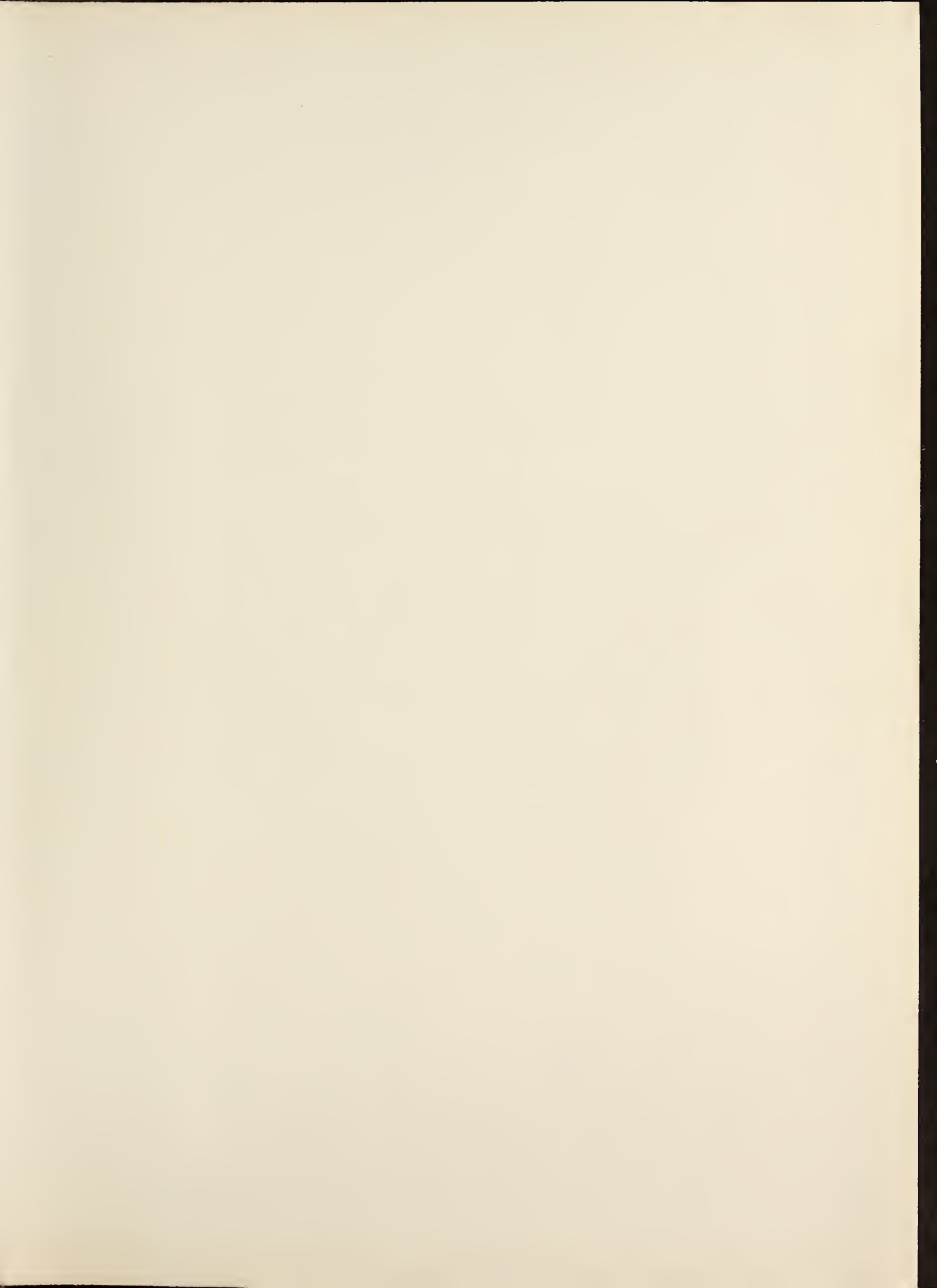
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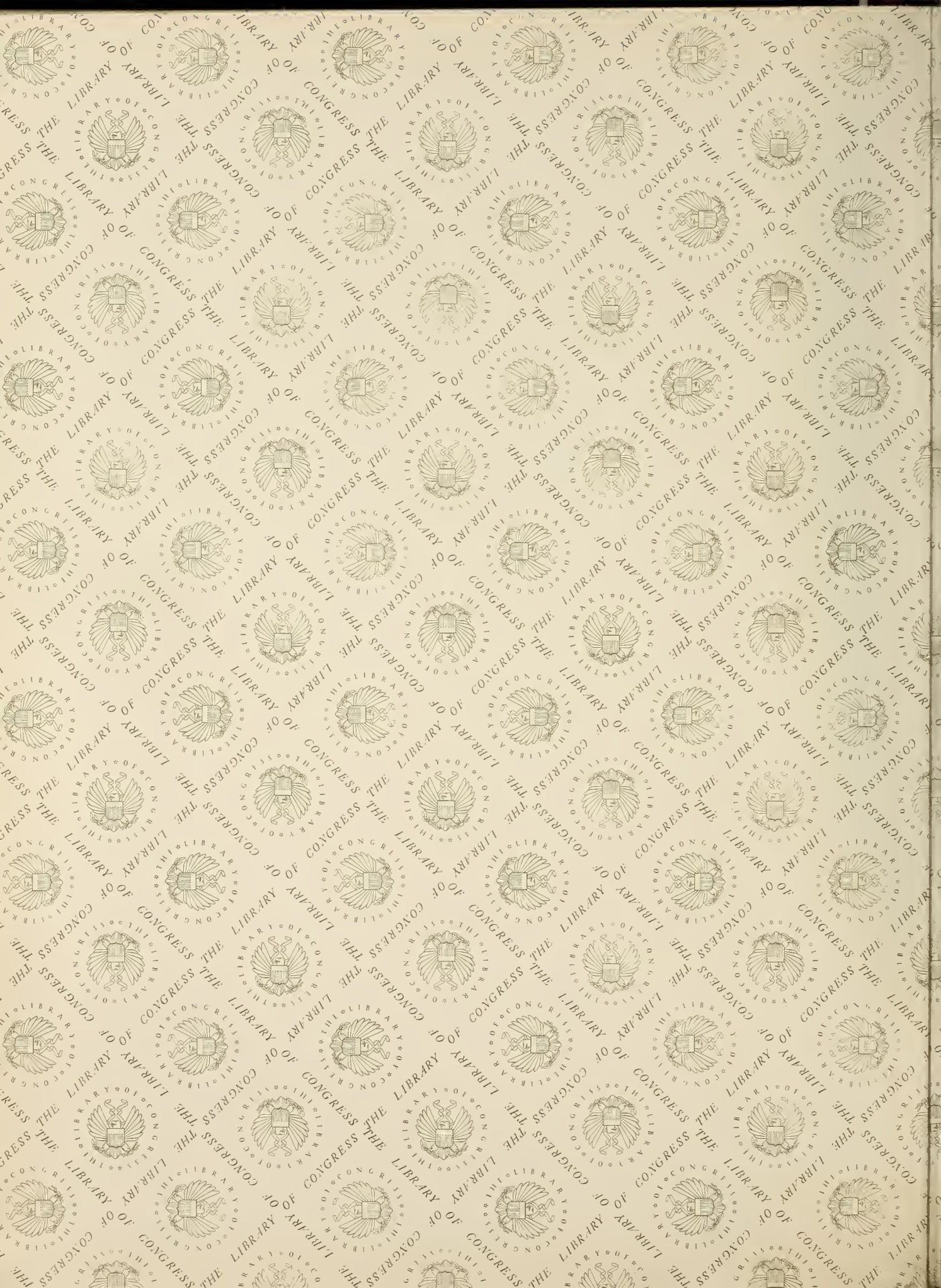
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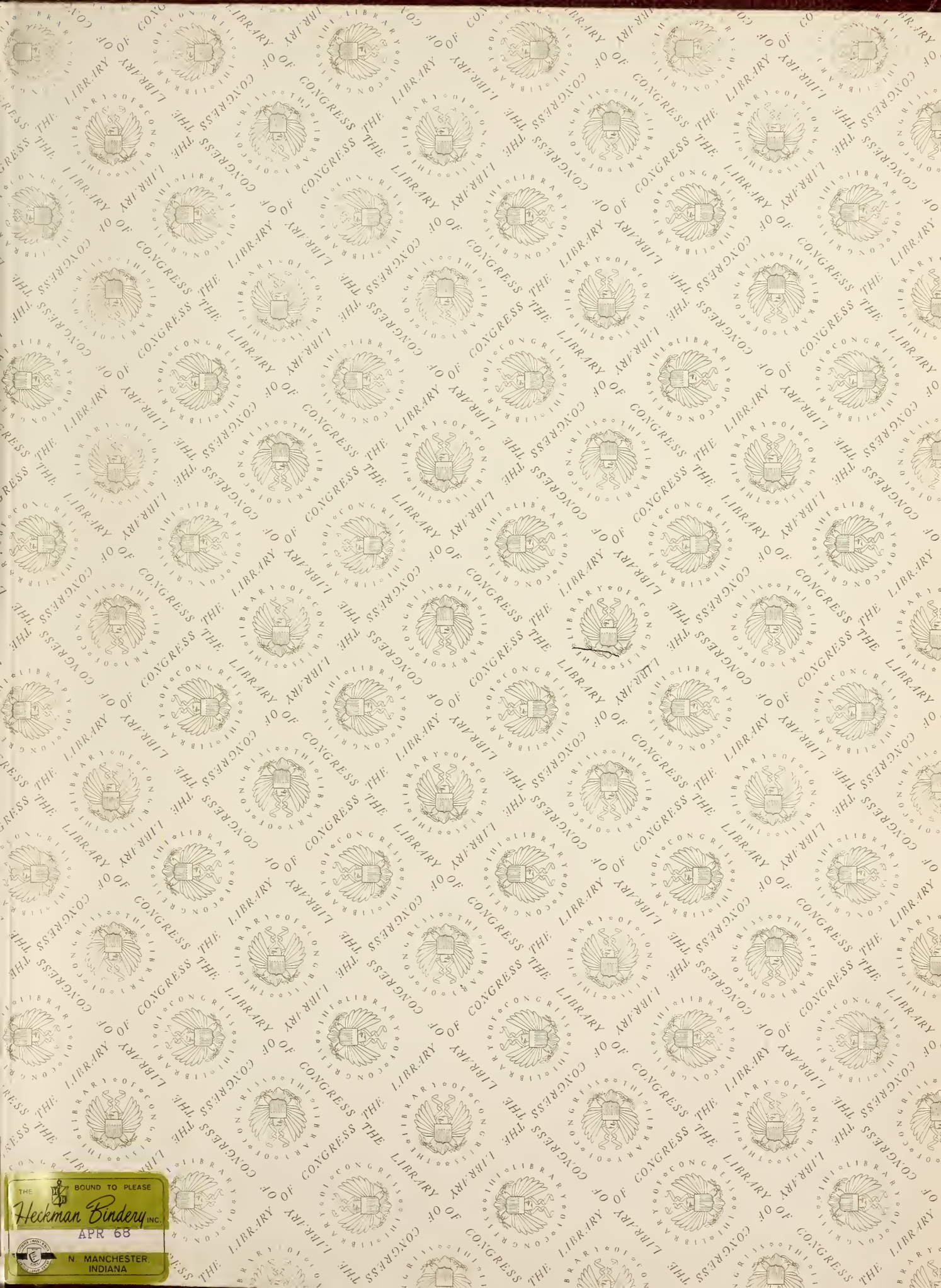
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